



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Christian Endeavor Convention is over, and we are heartily glad. It was a grand affair, as far as numbers and enthusiasm are concerned; and we are confident that the great majority of the delegates have gone away with a favorable impression of this immense Catholic city. A couple of very unpleasant incidents took place, but for these the Convention is no more responsible, on the one hand, than is the city on the other. The unwise tone and ungenerous expressions of one or two of the public speakers called forth severe criticism and the criticism prompted a few persons to enter a mild protest in the way of a small demonstration. But the Rev. Mr. Clark, president of the Convention, expressed the feelings of the whole delegation when he openly censured the thoughtless orators of the tent. We say that we are glad the great event is over; and for many reasons are we pleased. In the first place they remained just sufficiently long to accomplish their mission; any longer stay would probably afford an opportunity to other reckless speakers following in the footsteps of those referred to above, and the parting might have been much less pleasant, as there are elements in all parties that cannot be always kept under control. In the second place, the city gained nothing, from a pecuniary point of view, by the visit of such a vast number; the truth is that numbers have lost most heavily. People whose rooms were engaged, and who let every opportunity of leasing them in the spring go past, some who came in from the country purposely to fulfil their engagements with the committees, others who had gone to great expense in procuring provisions for the expected guests, were left with their rooms, their provisions and their lost opportunities upon their hands. In fact, from a temporal point of view, the convention was of little benefit to Montreal; from a spiritual standpoint we are not judges.

SOME TIME ago we wrote an editorial on the subject of "Respect for the Dead," in which we pointed out the impropriety of trotting at funerals, laughing, joking, smoking, and hurrying, when carrying the remains of some departed one to the City of the Dead. We should all remember that some day, sooner or later, if we have the grace to die on land, our bodies must be carried in the same direction and to the same destination. How would we like to be hurried off, amidst the jovial expressions of the thoughtless, to that "last home of youth and old?" But, above all, when our ashes repose in the mounds of "God's Acre" would we like to have the tranquility unbroken and the peace, that hovers like a bird of mourning over the grave-yard, never take wing from the place. There is a time and place for everything; and the cemetery is the abode of silence and mournful respect. Last Thursday afternoon, while moving through the Cote-des-Neiges cemetery, we were astonished

to hear boisterous laughter, loud yells, and lusty singing. Two carriages drove along between the rows of graves, and the occupants, visitors to the city, were making the air ring with their screams of laughter; presently they sang "John Brown's Body," and as they turned from the Catholic into the Protestant cemetery they struck up "Marching through Georgia." This conduct needs no comment; it is only a degree less disgusting than that of a cab-load of young men—probably citizens—whose oaths and filthy expressions were never intended for that locality.

THE New York Sunday Democrat received a letter from a correspondent asking the editor for an opinion on the Christian Brothers. In reply, the editor states that "it is not easy to disassociate the Christian Brothers from the education question," and after a very graphic description of the life of abnegation and self-sacrifice, of humility and penance, which a member of that order must lead, he speaks these words of truth:

"Who that knows anything of the art of teaching, or who even recalls his own school days, will not acknowledge that such a life is one of wearisome monotonousness, of ceaseless, painful drudgery? What never-falling patience, what unremitting assiduity, what enduring forbearance are requisite? From the Brother's rising, at the early hour of five in the morning, until he retires at night, his thoughts, words and actions are on God, or for God and his useful charge. Thus his life is spent among the little ones of Christ, 'making himself all to all' with them, bending himself to their little mental capacities, encouraging the timid, rousing the indolent, and urging forward all in the glorious but toilsome work of self-improvement, until, when gray with cares and bowed with the weight of years, he is called to receive his well-earned repose in the bosom of his Master."

ON SUNDAY next, at Plattsburg, the formal religious opening of the Catholic summer school will take place. We trust that the attendance will be so great that before long Cardinal Gibbons' idea of several summer schools will have to be put into practice. Very eminent names are on the programme, and very important subjects will be treated. There is not a walk in life that may not be improved by the lessons to be received at the summer school. It is to be hoped that this first venture will be a grand success, and that it will serve as a model for all its successors *ad infinitum*.

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT'S sermon, preached last Sunday, at High Mass, in St. Patrick's church, and which we publish elsewhere, was one of those masterpieces of reasoning and clearness that come but too seldom and leave impressions that can never be effaced. The vast temple was thronged, and not a few of our separated brethren were in attendance. The subject was: "Why I am a Catholic." The sermon was a splendid and complete analysis of the Faith professed by the true Catholic, it was a synopsis of the history of Catholicity, a compendium of the countless reasons why a person should be a Catholic. Amongst other striking features in the sermon was that statement that "the reason why I am not a Protestant is not the reason why I am a Catholic." "The reason why I am a Catholic is be-

cause I want God to possess, to enjoy, to live in, to become part of Him, to a degree that nature cannot procure." It is the craving after a supernatural life that makes the Catholic. But we cannot give even a *resume* of that grand compendium, a synopsis of that great synopsis, an analysis of that minute analysis; to do so would require columns. However, the best evidence of the power and effect of that sermon may be found in the remarks of two gentlemen, wearing the Christian Endeavor badges, as they came down St. Alexander street. We heard one say: "what a grand preacher! We seldom hear a man like that." The other replied: "it is not so much the man as what the man said that struck me. If these be the reasons why he is a Catholic no wonder his Church has lasted two thousand years; that authority question....." We could hear no more of the gentleman's remarks; but we heard enough to satisfy us of the effects of that sermon.

THE Western Presbyterian, in referring to the anti-Chinese movement in California, has this to say:—"Because the Congress of the United States chose to hearken to the howls of a parcel of IGNORANT IRISHMEN, who have no better right to live in California than Chinamen have." In explaining the term "ignorant" as applied to Irishmen, that friendly organ says that "they can neither read nor write, nor accumulate property." It is too bad, all this; and yet there are twenty million Irishmen in the United States, and most naturally Congress would listen to their "howl." The Catholic Standard tells us how these ignorant Irishmen helped the material, political, intellectual and moral progress of the country: how those Irishmen, "unable to accumulate property," voluntarily, as merchants, supplied the American treasury with the funds required to carry on the war of independence. They are wonderful, those ignorant Irishmen! Just read the following, and smile at the audacity of that Western Presbyterian:

"If Irishmen are 'unable to accumulate property,' they are not 'unable to give money to build asylums, hospitals and churches, and to assist generously every charitable undertaking. They are not 'unable,' furthermore, to pay the taxes which the State compels them to pay for godless schools, and also to found and support schools and colleges in which their own children may receive a *Christian* education. This, undeniably, these Irishmen, 'ignorant' and 'unable to accumulate property,' are able to accomplish. "But to go back again to the fact (or fact it must be since our exchange asserts it) that Irishmen are 'ignorant' and 'unable to read or write.' Isn't it remarkable? Who will explain? We commend it to our students of sociology and the investigators of strange facts in the history of mankind. A race of merchants who can't read the entries in their own ledgers, of bridge builders and ship-builders, of civil and naval and military engineers, who make plans and estimates, and can conquer the most difficult problems in engineering science and applied mathematics, but can neither put their computations on paper nor could they read them, even if they were written down for them by others; of newspaper reporters and editors unable to read or write; of army and navy officers who can neither read the orders they receive, nor write out their own reports. "Wonderful Irishmen! 'Ignorant'!! 'Unable to accumulate property'!!! Yet millionaires, bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., etc. Wonderful Irishmen!"

THE Boston Pilot tells us that "Yale did not allow Harvard to stand alone in its recognition of Catholic scholarship

and influence this year. It conferred its degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Joseph J. Synnott, D. D., Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Scripture, at Saton Hall Seminary, South Orange, N. J. This is the first Catholic priest honored by a degree from Yale, and it is a noble beginning.

IN REFERRING to the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, Mr. Clement Scott sends a letter to the London Telegraph, in which he advocates the opening of all art galleries, in England as well as abroad, on Sunday; and out of a long chain of beautifully worded reasons in support of his contention, we pick the following:

"But it did not seem to me that the souls of the sightseers that Sunday were very much injured when they stood awe-struck and reverential before Bougereau's exquisite Holy Family; or his equally magnificent 'Women at the Tomb of the Risen Christ,' a masterly composition that I would have travelled many and many a mile to see, hanging as they do in the French art gallery. I do not think that the most conscientious and eloquent upholder of the closed Sunday would persuade me it were better to go to dime museums, side shows and thieving shops than to see and admire for a time the marvellous collection of Corots and Geromes and Meissoniers that are among the gems of the American Loan Collection, which is the sight of sights in the wonderful art galleries. Surely there is pathos as deep as any sermon to be found on the canvases of Joseph Israel and De Vos. At any rate the people thought so, for they stood before them with delighted faces, and often with streaming eyes. I don't think much harm was done either if the contented people did stray into the industrial and manufacturing building, or for the workmen to point out to their wives and children what they had done, or to explain the manner and method of their toil. I own that I reverently followed that day in the crowd that went round the miniature monastery on the lake shore, where Mass was said in the chapel in the morning by the Franciscan Friars, who in the afternoon showed and explained the pictures and relics that illustrate the life of Columbus. Besides, with great good sense, the directorate literally cut the ground from under the feet of those who talked of Sabbath breaking. They gave them temples to preach in, and music halls where they could sing hymns all day to their heart's content. Every religious prejudice or conscientious scruple was respected."

PARIS, the city of life, light and loveliness, is the hub of the universe, as far as fashion goes; but Paris is a city that—like many an individual—has a peculiar temper and subject to paroxysms of madness. While one side of the Parisian face is beaming with light, the other is black with shadows; while one face of the Parisian Janus looks upon fountains of crystal in the gardens of delight and along the boulevards of pleasure, the other face gazes upon fountains of blood from the barricaded enclosures of misery and upon the boulevards of strife and revolt. Paris could not exist without a revolution, a riot, an outbreak, a bloody sensation of some kind. A pretext is all that is required, and the liberties pour out their murderers even as ants from an ant-hill. The students—that most incorrigible, most dangerous, and most wrongly pampered class in the continental cities—saw fit to get up a riot—a *propos de rien*, and the result is, military called out, city under martial law, policemen killed, citizens drowned, blood flowing, the government in a dilemma. 30,000 troops under arms with orders to do nothing. Paris is in her glory; it is a grand holiday for the gay capital; as good as a circus for another city.

THE awful catastrophe that took place in Chicago, and of which we are only able to make brief mention, will cast a gloom over the World's Fair. It is to be hoped that a lesson will be learned and a warning for the future from the sad event.