



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Mock Parliament is in full blast. It seems that the blast is likely to become a tempest; even if "a tempest in a tea pot." One member of real legislature deems it well to resign, because an ex-member of a municipal body is honorary member of the debating organization. Then a Gazette correspondent twists the tangle another round by declaring that "Private Rooney is at his post and the fight will now begin." As far as the proper name Rooney is concerned, it has little to do with the matter. But if we rightly surmise, the writer of the paragraph in question is no "private," and, in fact, nothing is too "private" for his search-light to make known to the world; he is always at "his post," but that post is endowed with such perambulating powers, that it is difficult to say where it is to be found at any given time; and as to the "fight," it could not take place unless he were in the midst of it—or at the beginning of it. If the Gazette's scribe had his way, we fear there would be less "parliament" and more "mock" about the institution. We advise the keeping out of all external or real politics and the institution may be productive of real benefit. The introduction of personal animosities, or any of the peculiar party or personal ambitions of the great political world can only serve to frustrate the real object of this admirable training school of debate. From a business stand-point, as well as a newspaper one, we see a grave omission in this queer production. The name of the prominent tea merchant should be given; it would be a splendid advertisement—no mock declaration in that?

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT, the eloquent Paulist, has decided to go into the "Western Reserve," and to continue the work commenced last year in the diocese of Detroit. The Protestant missions, as they are styled, produced some wonderful results, and this year Father Elliott purposes spreading still more abroad the grand truths of Catholicity. Bishop Horstman has placed a house in Cleveland at his disposal, and preparations are being made in all that section to render the energetic missionary all the assistance required. Needless to say that we wish Father Elliott all manner of success.

THE Conservative and Catholic party in Belgium will have to meet, at the next general elections, a coalition of Socialists and Liberals. However, the union between these two factions may not be very formidable, since it will drive a number of Catholics into the Conservative camp. During the greater part of the last quarter of a century the Catholic party has been in power. From 1870 to 1878 the Catholics directed the affairs of the kingdom. For the next six years the Liberals, under Mr. Frere-Orban, held power. But since the elections of 1884 the Catholics have secured the confidence of the people. When the Bel-

gian Liberals were in they had a heavy deficit to show in their budget; but in two years—from 1884 to 1886—the Catholic party replaced that deficit by a surplus. Since then the development of Belgian enterprise in Africa, the reorganization of the national defences, the revision of the constitution, the reform of the labor laws, the passing of an equitable education law, and other sick measures have served to strengthen the party now in power, and there is every reason to believe that the coalition between the Socialists and Liberals will suffer a defeat at the coming election.

THE Church Times and Cardinal Vaughan are not in love with each other these days. "They don't eat on the same plate," as our French contemporaries would say; decidedly they don't worship in the same temple. The Church Times utters a fearful threat; it says: "He must expect to find his public utterances criticised as the sentiments of a foreigner." We heard the story of a good woman who had just landed in New York from the Old Country. She called at the post-office and asked for a letter. "Is it a foreign letter you expect?" inquired the clerk. "No," was the prompt reply. "Then we have none for you." She came a second time and the same question was asked and the same answer given. "But I know there is a letter for me," said she in despair. "Where is it from then?" asked the clerk. "From the Old Country," was the answer. "A letter from the Old Country is a foreign letter, Mama," said the clerk. "No, it is not," she replied. "It is yourself that is the foreigner." How does the moral of the story suit the editor of Church Times? If Cardinal Vaughan is a foreigner, so was St. Augustine; so was William III.; so is Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. But in this case it is the learned gentleman of the Church Times who is the real foreigner. The Cardinal, we understand, expects to outlive the threat.

HERE is a beautiful sonnet, printed without comment recently by one of our contemporaries. It is entitled "The Wheat's Reward." We reproduce it for the benefit of our readers, and we are sure they will appreciate its splendid conception:

"Out of the ground I rose; the seed seemed dead,
But lo! a slim, green arm pushed through the sod,
And by and by, before my Maker, God,
I stood full ripe. A voice cried: 'Give us bread.'
The wind of God went by; I bowed my head,
And one approached who held a curved knife,
And for the life of men he took my life,
And ever since by me are millions fed."

And then God spake these words: "O blessed weed,
The lowly sister of the lily proud,
Be thou my chosen messenger to shroud
The mystery of My Son, the Woman's Seed,
Thou dreadest not the sacrificial knife—
Be thou to dying men the Bread of Life."

THERE seems to be a wave of moral wickedness passing over the continent, compared to which the fearful storm that recently swept the South is but a gentle breeze. If any of our readers will take

the trouble to note the headings over the different despatches in our daily press, it will be found that the great majority of them refer to suicides, murders, horrible crimes of different varieties and a species of madness that is almost unaccountable. The skirt of the hurricane has touched Canada, and under its deadly touch we have had some most abominable outrages to add to the list of crimes committed in this country. Pistols, knives, poisons and other instruments of destruction seem to be brought into almost daily use by characters, young and old, rich and poor, who seek refuge in suicide. In the greatest number of cases there is no reasonable cause that can be suggested for such conduct. As far as the outrages committed throughout the country on women, girls and children are concerned, they are mostly all to be traced to members of that army of tramps that is scattered over the Dominion. Some means should be taken to provide a place of safe-keeping for such vagrants, or else they will augment in number and the dangers to society will increase proportionally. The great source of the suicidal mania is the absence of true, sound, religious principles—of Catholic practice as well as precept. Bad literature, bad company, and infidelity are the devil's agents in most of the cases.

IN our last issue we referred to the nine great literary lights that have shone upon the sky of America's first century of national existence. The last of them was the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is strange how prophetic some poets are; they seem to predict their own fates; they certainly pen expressions that in the light of other years savor very much of prophecy. We could cite several examples, but Holmes is one of the most remarkable. The poem on the "Old Man" was written in 1831, and in 1894 we find its fulfilment. How beautiful and musical that stanza:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Then comes those predicting lines:

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring;
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

A LEADING Baptist organ—the Watchman—argues that is a good thing for ministers, in certain cases, to remain unmarried, and that, as a rule, they enter into matrimony too young. It says: "Generally they marry too early, and assume the responsibilities of a household before they have established themselves in the profession." This style of argument might suit very well in the case of lawyers, engineers, and men of other professions; but it leaves a very poor idea of the serious aims of the young aspirants to the "ministerial professions." Since preaching, with them

is merely a profession, perhaps they are right. But evidently the care of the souls of their congregation don't seem to come in. The idea seems to be: get a solid footing in the profession, secure enough means, and then marry and take up the cares of a household; never mind the flock that you are supposed to watch over. But the Baptist preacher has no necessity of the advice. He has no confessions to hear, no sacraments to administer, no office to say, no consciences to direct; he has only to preach, and get paid for so doing. This article of the Watchman is the best argument that a Baptist, or any other non-Catholic journal could furnish in favor of the Catholic doctrine and practice of clerical celibacy.

IN the editorial notes of a most interesting local journal there recently appeared a paragraph that has puzzled a number of its readers. It refers to some species of Protective Association, a forlorn editor, and a scheme on foot that was shattered by the production of a copy of THE TRUE WITNESS. The mention of this paper probably is the reason why fully a dozen of people came to us to ask the meaning of the remarkable paragraph. We confess that we were unable to explain it. Either, like Carlyle's poem, it is "Too Awfully Deep," or else it was intended as a piece of sarcastic humor. If neither one nor the other, we give it up. "Language," said a French satirist, "is a means to hide our thoughts." One thing certain—the enigmatical paragraph was never penned by the editor of that journal. The style and the sentiment indicate another pen.

MGR. J. DE CONCILIS, of St. Michael's Rectory, Jersey City, tells a most interesting story of the justice that actuates Recorder Smyth of New York. It is evident that when on the bench, Judge Smyth is blindfolded—like Justice herself—as far as prejudices, private feelings or sentiment are concerned. The story, a most interesting and illustrative one, is too lengthy for reproduction, but it so affected the church dignitary that he expressed the hope "that the voters of New York would keep Recorder Smyth on the bench till he is physically incapacitated to remain there by old age." Such a tribute, coming from such a source, is an honor that any man might covet, and speaks volumes for the integrity of the most prominent judicial character in that great city.

IT must have afforded the Holy Father great pleasure to receive the group of sixty Catholics from the Austrian dominions. They came from the mountains of Tyrol, and were of that noble race which struck for liberty under Andreas Hofer, and whose swords carved a pass to glory for the peasantry of Innsprucks. Amongst them were some of the warrior mountaineers who helped to check the fury of Garibaldi's red-shirted brigands, and whose arms taught a lesson to that revolutionary and anti-Catholic leader which he never forgot in after years.