



EDITORIAL NOTES.

"TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLE," is an old saying and a true one. During the past few weeks we have been asking the indulgence of our readers on account of the many obstacles that had suddenly arisen in our path; this week we beg to be excused if our editorial columns are lacking in any of the interest with which we always strove to invest them. But considering that this week's contributions have been written from a sick bed and during the short intervals of rest allowed by that torturing monster la grippe, we hope that the will may be taken for the deed; for decidedly the spirit is very willing, if the flesh is weak.

IN ORDER to avoid complications with the post office authorities and long delays in attention to correspondence, we have stated at the head of our editorial page that "all correspondence, business and otherwise, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. J. K. Foran." So that we may be understood, we will explain why this announcement is made. All letters addressed to the TRUE WITNESS have been retained by order of the court and postal authorities from Ottawa, since the 1st November last. It was only last week that we were permitted to take possession of that correspondence. For the future, and while the present suspense exists, which may be for long weeks, all letters addressed to the late proprietor do not come into our possession; in fact we can get no letters from the Post Office unless they are addressed as above stated. Therefore if any of our correspondents neglect to follow these instructions they can only blame themselves if they receive neither answer nor satisfaction.

WHILE on the subject of the paper and correspondence we must not omit to ask our subscribers to make a generous effort to send us in whatever they owe. Believe us that one dollar at this moment is of more value to us than would be five dollars under other circumstances. The TRUE WITNESS is slowly emerging from a severe crisis, and actually we are at the very bottom of the ladder attempting to recommence our career. Decidedly we need all the encouragement that our friends can give us, for it is positively disheartening, after two years of constant labor in lifting the organ up to the point of prosperity and promise which it had attained, to feel the whole ground go from under our feet and to suddenly discover that we are like the fabled giant, destined to begin at the bottom of the hill, to roll the stone upward only to find it roll down again. Well; it is thus we are setting to work, determined to get to the top just as quickly as possible; but we want the help of all our subscribers. Remember the old truism: *Bis dat qui cito dat;* "he gives twice who gives freely."

A COUPLE of weeks ago we referred to the wife-beaters in somewhat uncomplimentary terms; it seems to us that the genius wife-beater has developed into another species of wild animal, a beast with a double-barrelled destructiveness. It is astonishing how many husbands, during the past few weeks, have been seized with this two-fold mania of homicide and suicide. The brute seems to aim first at taking his wife's life and then proceeds to take his own. Now we would have no objection to this sort of frenzy if the victim would only reverse the operation and begin by taking his own life, and if by chance he did not succeed he might then after recovery proceed to try his hand at taking his wife's life. But unfortunately the fellow generally tries to kill the poor woman (and maybe a child or two) before proceeding to blow out his own brains. There is one of these creatures in prison now; it was expected that he would die and that his wife would recover; so much the better. In Illinois there is another of these fellows in durance vile; the wife is dying, and he has had a narrow escape, but may recover. His case reminds us of Tom Hood's lines,—

"His life was hanging on a thread,
But now there's greater hope,—
Instead of hanging on a thread
Of hanging on a rope."

All we can do is to express the hope that insanity will not be allowed as a plea for criminals of this class.

UNDER the title of "The new Pompeii," and over the signature "Helen Zimmer," an interesting article recently appeared in the Westminster Gazette descriptive of the new buildings which have risen up beside the ashes of ancient Pompeii. This new town, grouped around a church erected to the honor of Our Lady of the Rosary, is due to the energy of a lawyer, Signor Bartolo Longo, who has devoted his life to good works, including that of providing homes for orphans and the children of criminals.

THE Hamilton Spectator is evidently not a very warm admirer of Goldwin Smith. It says:

"Goldwin Smith is about to leave Canada. Canada can spare him. He has lived a long time in this country, and has written much learned stuff; but he never was a Canadian, and his great learning has failed to correct a predisposition toward pessimism which made his writings worthless—even harmful. Good bye, Goldwin Smith; may your life be long—in England."

THERE is something really wanting in our age; it is true Christian Charity. Do not run away with the idea that the giving of five cents to a beggar on the street, or the performing of some generous deed that will be recorded in the papers, is being charitable. There is charity of act; but there is charity of word, of look and of thought. A sharp word that might have left a sting in a friend's breast has been left unsaid; that is charity. An inclination to mock another's failings has been overcome; charity again. You know of a fault that another has, and you refrain from

unnecessarily proclaiming it; that is charity. You have a friend who was once the victim of such and such a habit, but who was man enough to conquer it—you speak of him as the conqueror, not as the former victim; that is true charity. In Catholic journalism what we want are Faith and Charity. If the one who speaks disparagingly of others could only see himself as others see him, he would forever avoid using the shaft of sarcasm and the viper sting of cold sneering.

ABOUT eight weeks ago the following appeared in an American contemporary:—

"Dr. Cornelius Herz, who is slowly dying on English soil, promises something of a sensation in his posthumous book, which he calculates upon completing before death overtakes him, which his physician tells him will be in about a month. It is a so-called vindication of his position and the real history of the Panama scandal. As he has still in his possession the hundreds of documents with which he fled Paris, it will be bristling with interesting facts. An English firm will publish it immediately after his death."

The month is long since up and Dr. Herz seems to be hanging on to life "like grim death." Another attempt was made the other day to secure his extradition, but it was "no go." If the doctor lives long enough he may see the whole Panama affair forgotten in the whirl of excitement over French cabinets going in and going out, new policies being shaped, and perhaps a great war being commenced. Things change rapidly in France.

THE Star of Friday undertakes, very good-naturedly and very honestly, to give an explanation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and to furnish its readers with the history of that principle of Catholic belief. As far as the dogma is concerned the author of the Star's article has no more conception of it than has the "man in the moon;" and as to the history of it, he tells a lot of facts that are no more the history of the Immaculate Conception than they are the history of Creation or of the Incarnation. We are unable to refer at greater length to this most interesting attempt at the explanation of a Catholic dogma by one who has never studied Catholic theology; but in the very near future we will take occasion to analyze that article. To do so properly would require three things that are wanting as far as we are concerned at present—space, time and health. You require room in order to point out the hundred errors in that one column, you must have time to go over the field which the author gallops across so carelessly, and you need physical strength in order to wrestle with such a slippery opponent.

THE jubilee year of Leo XIII. will certainly be a most fruitful period in recognitions of sanctity and holiness; before its close, which will happen on the

19th February, 1894, there will probably be two new beatifications—those of the Venerable John d'Avila, the celebrated Spiritual Director of St. Theresa, and of the Venerable Anthony Grossi, of the Congregation of the Oratory, a native of Fermo. Mgr. Nussi has been directed to prepare the decrees certifying the authenticity of their miracles to be promulgated before His Holiness at the Vatican on the second Sunday of November. This precedes the final decree.

OUR FRIEND Walter Lecky comes to our aid just when his good services are most required. We give our readers another of his admirable sketches this week. So like Walter! Warm-hearted, generous, thoughtful for others, self always last, ever ready with something new, and if it is not new he has it so dressed up that you would never dream that it was not fresh from the workshop. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Walter Lecky; not only for his numerous and able contributions to our paper, but also for many a good turn that the world can never know anything about. He seems to be one of those peculiar beings sent on earth with a special mission of making every body happy that happens to come within the circle of his influence; and to do so in a thousand ways so unique and peculiar to their author that no person else can ever attempt to duplicate them. We also desire to state that Walter Lecky is a poet. By this we don't mean a "maker of verses," nor a "fabricator of rhymes;" we mean one who sees the sublime, the good, the true and the beautiful wherever they really exist, and who can tell of them in verse that corresponds ever with the theme,—be it the stately measure of a mourning ode, or the simple jingle of tiny verselets strung together for the nursery-room. But later on we will talk of Walter as a poet! For the present we merely wish to thank him for his interest in the TRUE WITNESS.

THE following, from a letter sent by the New York Times correspondent, from London, is a pretty fair account of the position of the French Premier. The description is too good to be let pass unnoticed:—

"A superstitious matador entering the bull pit with a fixed presentiment that he will never get out alive would afford a fair working parallel for the manner in which Casimir-Perier advanced to assume the Premiership of the French Republic. No man ever fought more resolutely to escape a deadly peril than he during a whole week, to avert that fateful honor. It has been literally crowded and jammed upon him by superior force. Everybody takes it for granted that he is as good as a dead man, and professional prophets only differ by a month or two as to the date of his political murder. The episode, however, attracts attention because he is by far the most distinguished and interesting victim the coliseum of Deputies has enjoyed for a long while. Though he had to be pushed violently into the arena, it is understood, now that he is there, he is going to fight to the bitter end."