



EDITORIAL NOTES.

MOWBRAY, the English Anarchist, is going home in disgust. He had to send round the hat to secure enough to pay his return passage. He found that anarchism did not take on this side of the Atlantic, and he is vexed with the world. He thinks that American Liberty is a fraud since the goddess at Bedloe's Island did not receive him with open arms and offer him her electric torch to set fire to New York. He also feels inclined to kick himself down to the wharf for being such a fool as to imagine that Wall street was palpitating with joyous expectation and that Fifth Avenue was anxiously praying for his destructive presence. It might turn out that Charles Wilfred Mowbray may yet become the deadly enemy of that Anarchism which deceived him and go back to England to preach order, obedience to authority, and honest government.

IF THE learned editor of the C.M.B.A Journal would be kind enough to give his readers a cut of his doubtless attractive features, accompanied with a sketch of his career in the field of Catholic journalism, not omitting all that he has done, in other ways, for the benefit of our people, the propagation of our Faith and the augmentation of Catholic influence, he would confer a favor on many of his well-wishers and might be aiding far more the cause he has at heart than in wasting time shooting sarcastic arrows at the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. The old motto—*stat nominis umbra*—might suit a Junius, but it is totally out of place when there is question of a modern editor, especially at the close of the nineteenth century.

HAWAII, that interesting little country, lately a Kingdom, now a Republic, has been officially recognized at Washington. We don't know very much about Hawaii, and the little we do know is gleaned from the accounts of the efforts made by members of a recently reigning family to awaken a friendly spirit to their cause in the United States, and from those admirable pages of Charles Warren Stoddard, whereon we behold most glowing pen-pictures of that peculiar country. In referring to the recognition of the Republic at Washington the Boston Pilot aptly says: "Now, will it (Hawaii) please remember that little folks are to be seen and not heard, and keep nice and quiet for the rest of the evening?"

ARTISTS have been invited to send in designs for a monument to be erected in the Church of Saint Michale, in Zolle, Holland, in honor of Thomas a Kempis. It is a project that should meet with universal Catholic support. The monument will be of solid stone, in the style of the fifteenth century, and will cost about \$4,200. The designs must be in before the 15th January, 1895. Any contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee, Rev. W. F. Weijtens, Foure, Holland. It is an un-

dertaking that does honor to its promoters. In Zolle will stand the stone monument to Thomas a Kempis; but all over the world and throughout all time there is another monument "more enduring than bronze," and one that shall transmit his name and his fame even unto the last generation—it is his inimitable "Imitation of Christ."

THE ROCK—not the "Rock of Ages"—but a species of petrified journal that the ultra-anti-Romanists of England pick up and throw at the Catholic Church, whenever a destructive fit seizes them, has got a correspondent who signs "Watchman." This semi-demented sentinel has succeeded in awakening considerable interest—in a considerably small circle—in his exceptionally foolish contributions. He did well to select the Rock as a medium, for anything softer would produce absolutely no effect. "Watchman"—who has been on his rounds—reports that there are at present:

Roman Catholic Bishops in the Established Church who are re-ordaining parsons who are uncomfortable as to their Orders. It is not clever on the part of Catholics?

This is a very interesting geological specimen from this "Watchman's" collection of rocks. He then propounds the following very sensible question:

Supposing a bishopric to fall vacant, who is to know whether he (who?) has received Romish Orders and a dispensation from the Pope to officiate.

We are very much afraid that the London authorities would require to send out another "Watchman" to look after this fellow; he may undertake to fire rocks at the people on the street—merely by way of argument.

ON THE festival of Our Lady of the Snow, 5th of August, an imposing ceremony took place in Rome. A deputation of the Primaria Romana Society for Catholic interests attended, as in the days of Pontifical Rome, to present, in testimony of civic gratitude and devotedness, a chalice to the Mother of God, in the Basilica Liberiana. The offering was accompanied by the following epigraph from the pen of Rev. Vincenzo Sardi:

VIRGO CANDIDIOR . NIVE
SVPINAS . AD . TE . SI . MANVS
NON . SINE . DONIS
FERIMVS
AST . VIRGO . TV . RESPICIENS
VERBEM . ROMANAM . VINDICIA
MORBOS . VISOS . INVISOS . QVE PELLITO
ET . NIVEOS . INVENTAE
MORES . INDITO
SOCIETAS . VRBANA . PRINCEPS
CATH . NOM . PROVEHENDO
NON . ATQ . MDCCCXCV

In connection with this feast we may recall the fact that it was on the 5th August, 1658, that Marguerite Bourgeoys had the first Indian child baptized on the Island of Montreal. The little one was called "Marie Des Neiges," in honor of Our Lady of the Snows.

THE Western Watchman says that "the secret of suicide is disgust with one's own life. The Scripture says that 'he who doeth evil hates his own soul.' This hatred rises sometimes to the sticking point and self-murder is the result." There is a mania in Europe to-day, and we would like if our contemporary would

give us the real cause of its existence—we refer to the suicide amongst children. It is the outcome of some fearful plague—we believe it to be the direct result of infidelity.

IT APPEARS that the Evangelicals, in England, are adopting a very peculiar style of expression, one that requires an interpreter. The vicar of Old Ford, London, has recently delivered himself of an effusion that may be very good in meaning, but that meaning is very hard to get at. The following passage is quoted by the London Universe as coming from the sage vicar:

"Fault lies with all and sundry . . . the terrible jealousies amongst parishes, fostered by hatreds of the ministers of religion one towards another [what a nice religion!] bulks largely before the all-seeing eye of God. Lay aside such Christless grudges and grudgings and hurt one another less cruelly in that embassy for the welfare of the world in righteousness."

This is quite interesting and just as intelligible as the faith preached by the worthy vicar. A jumble of words and a jumble of religious precepts correspond most admirably.

REFERRING to the grammatical condition of the more advanced Evangelicals in England, the London Universe quotes the following beautiful specimen:

As the Jesuits are building schools now, and can always raise money, they will soon have a net-work of hotbeds of sacerdotalism all over the kingdom [talles ours].

Here is another characteristic effort: It is strange that parents will entrust their children to such influences [what influences?], and that Protestants constantly contribute to the support of these places by giving to the army of begging nuns, who are a perfect nuisance.

Commenting upon this our London contemporary says: "So when the Little Sisters of the Poor get a subscription of money or of broken victuals from charitable Protestants for the support of the sick and the aged, whom they maintain in their well-known houses, this is 'a constant Protestant contribution for the support of Jesuit schools!' Is brain-softening in an especial degree a malady amongst the Evangelicals? If not, why do they not tear to shreds the abominable rubbish which their editors force upon them week after week?"

BY ALL the recent reports it would seem that cholera is making considerable headway toward Europe. From Thursday to Saturday last there were 237 new cases and 129 deaths in Galicia. In Bukowina there were 38 new cases and 31 deaths reported. The scourge is certainly coming West. No matter how far off the phantom is, it is well that no quarantine precautions should be neglected.

REFERRING to public schools—that is to say schools under the control of the State, such as in France and elsewhere—we find that many of our honest-intentioned Catholics have very strange misconceptions regarding them. We purpose next week dealing with this question, which we consider one of the most vital of the day. We are of opinion that State education is contrary to the Religious, the Social and the Natural

laws; three points that we feel able to uphold by fair reasoning, and the establishment of which should suffice to efface any hesitation regarding the matter.

SO THE LORDS have undertaken to reject the "Evicted Tenants' Bill." They are certainly a wise pack in that Upper House—if the reasoning of the Daily News be correct. Every person knows that the sole object of the Lords is to create some disturbance that may serve to antagonize the different elements that uphold Home Rule as a principle. The Daily News very aptly remarks:

"The majority in the House of Peers are concerting with the minority in the House of Commons, with the aim of making the government of Ireland impossible. They calculate that if disturbances can be excited in Ireland during the winter a renewal of the Coercion Act will be demanded, and Chief Secretary Morley must, by yielding, quarrel with the Irish members or fail to maintain order, and so lower the reputation of the ministry. The responsibility of the consequence of last night's vote rests upon the Lords, who have been the enemy of Ireland from the beginning and will remain the enemy till the end."

In presence of the recent clean docket at the different Criminal Court terms all over Ireland, it would seem as if their Lordships were getting a little desperate over the law-abiding spirit of the Irish people. Lord Rosebery pointed out that they were playing with edged tools; but that does not bother the Salisburys and such great men. But when they get cut with those tools they may waken up to the fact that the Premier knew what he was talking about.

INGERSOLL—the famous Bob—does not see any harm in suicide. Since a man has no soul there can be no wrong in taking his own life, thinks Robert. He believes it is no harm to stop a clock that won't keep time. Now would it not be far more sensible to get the clock repaired, instead of letting it rust or of smashing it? Bob's soul keeps good time—although he says he has none—it oscillates to the clink of the quarters that fools drop into the box, for the pleasure of hearing him rave against God. You won't catch Robert committing suicide, he knows a little too much for that. Although he ridicules eternity and scoffs at God, still he is in no particular hurry to test the existence of the former or face the presence of the latter. When Bob commits suicide, then we will perhaps have faith in him; at least by so doing he would show that he has the courage of his convictions and is prepared to practise what he preaches.

SOME genius has concocted a species of leaflet that purports to prove that St. Patrick was not a Roman Catholic and that the Real Presence does not exist in the sacrament of our altars—two somewhat difficult questions to settle in two small pages of a tract. We know not which to most admire or wonder at, the audacity or the stupidity of the compiler of those few paragraphs. We are thankful to our unknown friend who, during our absence, left us this beautiful literary specimen. Not that we attach any value to it; but on account of the many errors it contains, errors that some people take for truths, we will analyze it in another issue.