

THE PAPACY, 1903

A venerable figure-head, imbued with an extraordinary sense of the historic prophecies of his position—such is (writes "A Roman Catholic," in The Outlook of the 7th inst.) the notion of most Englishmen in respect to Pope Leo the Thirteenth. Novelists have vied with one another in descriptions of the frail, almost diaphanous body in which a rare spirit burns like a small clear flame in a lamp of thinnest porcelain. And journalists, inverting the idea of Peter's Pence, have turned the intimate life of His Holiness into a source of crowns and guineas, till the world is weary of listening to chit-chat about the daily two glasses of Bordeaux, about the salad coveted but forbidden, about the cat in the Vatican gardens, and about the incessant conflicts with the physician Lapponi. Last Tuesday's great ceremony, when the "Te Deums" of the Catholic world celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Joachim Pecci's elevation to the Papal throne, was signal for one more opening of the

SLUICE-GATES OF ANECDOTE and of descriptive reporting. But there were comparatively few of the larger sayings which the occasion might have been expected to evoke. To discuss the person and acts of Leo XIII. would not have been lese-majeste in this land of England, seeing that our diplomatic relations with the Holy See were broken off nearly four hundred years ago, and that long after the nineteenth century had passed its prime the majority of Englishmen thought of the Pope, so far as they thought of him at all, as the Man of Sin, the Scarlet Woman, the Ten-horned Beast of the Seven Hills, and even as anti-Christ. Probably it is because the conflict between the

OLD OPINIONS AND THE NEW is still acute that secular journals have mostly preferred the prudent course of silence. Through the machinations of monarchs and statesmen who have plotted to harness the ecclesiastical power to their own selfish schemes, it has often happened in the past that the Church has been ruled by weak or even by bad Popes. But a Pope's private weakness or badness does not alienate from him the veneration of the faithful. "Not to thee but to Peter," said one of the many proud kings who have gone to Canossa, and to this extent it is correct to explain last Tuesday's demonstration as a homage rendered not to Joachim

Pecci but to a figure-head, to the passing occupant of ST. PETER'S CHAIR. Over and above the honors paid to a figure-head, there remains, however, an immeasurable volume of enthusiasm for Leo himself. The Church feels that she has assisted at the jubilee of a Pontificate which must become historical, and that in Leo XIII. she has been blessed with a great Pope and a great man.

The nineteenth century seemed destined from its birth to witness the extinction of the Papacy. At its outset not only was the Pope humiliated into leaving Italy to play a secondary part at the coronation of Napoleon the First, but (exactly a hundred years ago) the Holy Roman Empire came to an end after an existence of a thousand years. Wars and revolutions, followed by the rise to power of classes which were confidently indicated as the implacable foes of supernaturalism and sacerdotalism.

DEEPENED THE GLOOM: and the decay or unrest in Catholic countries simultaneously with the undreamed-of progress of the Protestant people gave ever-increasing assurance to the prophets of evil. Ireland, that brave and desperate outpost of the Faith in the Old World, appeared to be beaten at last, not by penal laws or the missionaries of heresy and schism, but by famine and political strife. As for the New World, the Latin populations of the South were declared to be on the point of throwing off their allegiance to Rome even as they had thrown off their allegiance to Most Catholic Spain, while the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the North were reported as eager, worldly-wise ones to whom tradition and authority must for ever be themes for

CONTEMPT OR LAUGHTER. And when the Papacy blazed up into the promulgation of its ex cathedra infallibility, those who spoke of the last leap of a dying flame had their triumph in the quickly ensuing breach in the Portia Pia and the downfall of the temporal power. It was freely predicted that the successor of Pius the Ninth would be the last of the Popes.

Most of the prophets are dead. But the Papacy is more vigorously alive to-day than at any earlier moment during the bitter and long-drawn episode of the Reformation. The scattered exiles from Ireland have planted their Faith in the very countries of which the Papacy most despaired. Against a few apparent losses the Papacy can set twice as many

REAL GAINS. And humanly speaking, its present power and splendor are due to the sanctity, wisdom, energy and self-sacrifice of Leo XIII. A saint, he

still retains a full measure of the worldly prudence for which he became famous as governor of brigand-ridden Benevento, and as a Papal diplomatist under Gregory the Sixteenth. An ascetic living on eighteen pence a day, he has none the less equipped at his own cost a new observatory in the Vatican, and has restored many parts of the Vatican itself in the grand manner. A

SCHOLAR AND A POET, he has not disdained to bless and to practise the naive devotions of the simple. A watchful and strong administrator, impatient of inefficiency and blundering, he has nevertheless contrived to rise repeatedly above the routine of his office, and, as the Bishop of Newport eloquently said in his Lenten Pastoral the other day, Pope Leo has written Encyclical after Encyclical in which he appears "as a philosopher, who has undertaken to reason with the world on the great and fundamental issue. Is it or is not the truth that the world's well-being, progress, and salvation depend upon its accepting the revelation of God and Church instituted by Christ?" The Introit of the Mass of the first Leo fits the thirteenth Leo no less well: "In medio Ecclesie aperuit os ejus; et implevit eum Dominus spiritu sapientie et intellectus." To the

CATHOLICS OF FRANCE who held aloof from the Republic to cherish the relics of an effete monarchy he laid down the duties of Christian citizenship in a letter which will become classical; and there is hardly any great human interest from Home Rule and the Plan of Campaign to Marriage and the Holy Scriptures which he has not studied at first hand and discussed in a spirit of fatherly love. His Encyclical on Labor drew contemptuous retorts from the more militant and materialistic Socialists, but the mere fact of his interesting himself in the economic circumstances of the toiling millions not only won for him the title of "the workingman's Pope," but also gave a direction to the sympathies of thousands of

YOUNG PRIESTS which cannot fail of some immense result. Nor have the activities of which these are a very few examples sprung from restlessness of self-seeking. The itch to do something for the mere doing's sake or for the sake of notoriety is constantly proving too strong in these newspaper days for certain rulers of men. But Leo the Thirteenth was sincere in shrinking from the tiara, and sincere when he wrote under his own portrait, "pro grege Christi dulci pati, ipsoque in carcere dulce mori." He has never spoken ex cathedra or sought to glorify himself by becoming the mouthpiece of an infallible word.

"In carcere dulce mori!" "In carcere" Leo the Thirteenth has professed to live, and except for a hurried visit inognito to the morrow of the conclave to his former house for the packing of sundry papers, he has chosen to labor for five-and-twenty years as "the prisoner of the Vatican." In other words, he has refused to recognize the

SPOILIATION of thirty-three years ago, and has consistently enjoined upon Italian Catholics abstention from the polls and from political life as a protest against the position in which the events of 1870 have placed the Sovereign Pontiff. Hasty persons in England whose readings in paper matters have been confined to a couple of novels by Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine are accustomed to dismiss these "impudent and futile pretensions" of the Holy Father with a patronizing smile. To them "United" Italy is a reality, and Rome—the Rome which would have been wiped off the map two or three times over had the Popes not saved it—is "United" Italy's natural inheritance.

The truth is not so rosy as these fancies. "Italy, alas!" said the jerry-builders of 1870, as they mined and blasted in the Book of Peter, "is at present only a geographical expression." And straightway they put a political expression in its place. "United" Italy

DOES NOT EXIST. The Greek agricultural South cannot longer be taxed out of all life and hope for the empty sake of fiscal unity with the Latin industrial North. The question of Calabria is fast becoming more grave for the Quirinal than the question of Connaught has ever been for Westminster. Artificial remedies are being devised, and for a time they may succeed. But sooner or later the blunders of 1870 must come home to roost, and it will not be necessary for the reigning Pope of that day to connive at bloodshed or revolution in order to repossess himself of the patrimony of Peter. It is not imperial Rome but the

CITY OF THE POPES in which the House of Savoy dwells as usurpers. And to the Popes must Rome return.

For a season "United" Italy remembered Adowah and desisted from adventures; but a recent debate on naval affairs showed that the lust for glory and conquest may at any moment re-awaken. That is to say, "United Italy" may at any moment be the theatre of invasion; and invasion, even in the pastoral republics of South Africa, has nearly always meant a siege of the capital city. And it is only with horror that

TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS OF CATHOLICS can think of the high explosives of, say, the French artillery bursting by some "accident" about the very tomb of the Apostles. For behind the French artillery would be the Government of M. Combes, who sends troops against nuns, and of General Andre, who deprives colonels of commands because their wives have assisted at Catholic charity fetes and bazaars.

"Why take it upon yourself to set limits to Providence?" said Leo wittily to the pious pilgrims who told him they were praying earnestly that he might live to be a hundred years old. But according to all human probability the limits are not far off. And when a new Pope is chosen in Leo's place it will be an anxious hour for the Church and for the Italian Kingdom.

HINTS TO THE SPRING GARDENER. First, the garden should be cleaned. Remove the winter crop of tin cans and throw them over into the next yard. Although you do not need them, somebody else may.

The garden must be dug. To have it done right you must do it yourself. If your neighbors raise (with your help) chickens, or if you support a dog, you may consider that the garden will not require to be touched with a fork at all. However, chickens and dogs are apt to work unevenly, and more to suit their own ends than the garden's.

Put in your sunflowers early, so that you may be fortified against cold snaps and cloudy days; and if you are wise enough to get your moonvines to going you can potter about nights whenever you feel disposed or your deeds demand it. It is well to devote one corner of the garden to chickweed, for through this doing you will be independent in the way of Sunday dinners. Although neighbors are very careless as to their live chickens, they are peculiarly sensitive as to their dead ones.

Or, better still, set out some egg-plant. With a thrifty egg-plant one may be perfectly indifferent to the cold-storage trust. Oyster-plants are nice to have. They demand plenty of water. I have known an oyster-plant, well watered, to supply the church societies of a community through all a fall and winter and not be exhausted. In making your garden do not forget your church. An electric plant will prove an excellent bit of forethought. Horse-radishes are now no longer in vogue, and an auto-radish is about to be placed upon the gardener's list; consequently an electric plant will prove a useful adjunct. If a garden two doors west has let-

tuce, assuredly it is folly for you to have lettuce in your garden. Variety is the spice of life, and ingenuity will make poor soil bear wonderfully. In fact, given ingenuity, the variety will follow. A man I know, whose backyard would grow apparently nothing but cats, by employing a small basket and a good memory, and by working night, kept his table bountifully supplied with fresh vegetables the whole summer through.—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's Magazine.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN.

There is now living in Guernsey an old lady who has passed her 119th year, and who on May 18 will enter on her 111th years. The lady is Mrs. Neve, and her birth is registered in the parish church of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, in French: "Margaret Anne, daughter of Sieur Jean Harvey and Elizabeth Guilt, his wife, born May 18, 1792." The old lady was a great traveller, and little more than twenty years ago Mr. W. Carruthers, of Liverpool, met her travelling between Barcelona and Saragossa. She was a great linguist, and Mr. Carruthers has many interesting reminiscences of the lady. Mr. Carruthers recently received a letter from Mrs. Neve's niece. In this letter it was stated that the centenarian has lost the use of her legs. The letter says: "We enclose her likeness, taken at Rouge Huis." It is very good still, though she is thinner. She cannot write now. The doctor thinks she may see her next birthday in May, for she is still wonderfully strong in voice and look, and has a fine constitution; but she is childish now, and cannot recall the past or realize the present at all." Mrs. Neve was married in 1823, and was left a widow fifty-five years ago. On her honeymoon she visited the field of Waterloo, which was then strewn with battle relics. Perhaps one of the most striking ways of expressing the old lady's age is to recall that she might have seen Marie Antoinette when she wore her ill-fated crown, was playing as a child during the days of the French revolution, and of the trial of Warren Hastings, and while Walter Scott was an ungainly law student, and Burns was writing the last of his poems.

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"A MILL THAT GRINDS NOTHING."

No one knows more of the seamy and sinful side of London than Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known police court missionary, and this fact gives an interesting interview with him in The Pall Mall Magazine special value. He holds very strong opinions as to the demoralizing effect of our present system: "It is (he says) the most senseless, brutal and wicked of all human schemes for checking crime. Appallingly stupid! When I think of men I know sitting in their dark cells at night—they put them to bed at eight o'clock—I can almost cry with the pain of it. * * * What does the prison do? It crucifies a man and hardens his past redemption. It intensifies his bitterness against society and adds a horrible darkness to the chaos of his moral nature." "My mind is a mill that grinds nothing," said a prisoner once to Mr. Holmes. "Give me work—work for heart and mind—or my heart will lose its spark of hope, and my brain its last remnant of reason!"

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