

than London is not its historic memories nor its unrivalled supremacy in the fine arts, nor its puny importance as capital of a state in the Triple Alliance, but its being the home of the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and Bishop of the Universal Church. It is a healthy and a hopeful sign as well as a signal triumph for Catholicity that its aged Chief—poor, feeble, shorn of his temporal royalty—could inspire such fervent devotion and heroic sacrifice as the people of all nations testified in his regard. For his sake and to honor what he represents, a numerous pilgrimage came from the country of Garcia Moreno in far distant South America; France, Spain, Portugal and his own Italy, mindful of their past glories as zealous Catholic powers gave evidence of a speedy return to the true principle of their greatness; England and Scotland never assembled so distinguished and representative a body of Catholics since that awful apostasy of three centuries ago; Austro-Hungary, true to its traditions,

contributed thousands in money and faithful hearts; Alsace-Lorraine and Catholic Germany are still marshalling their peaceful battalions. But most imposing of all the pilgrimages to the Eternal City—not so much in number as in deep piety and splendid organization—were those from dear old Ireland and from Poland, Ireland's worthy sister in suffering and oppression for justice sake, as well as in heroic devotion to the See of St. Peter and unflinching constancy in the faith of Christ.

Such was the world-wide demonstration on the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth—outward expression of the heartfelt prayer, "May the Lord preserve him and prolong his life and make him blessed on earth and deliver him not to the will of his enemies"—outward expression, too, of triumphant faith in a gracious hearing and a favorable answer.

M. F. FALLON, '89.

ROME, April 20, '93.



The tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom
 spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth, that breathe
 their words in pain.

—LONGFELLOW.

