

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

AN IRISH GIFT TO THE POPE

The Osservatore Romano of today gives a very interesting account of a gift that has been sent from Ireland to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

The said church has thirty-three windows, that is the number corresponding to the Invocations of the Sacred Heart contained in the Litany and the emblems of which are borne by the stained glass in the windows.

The Holy Father was greatly pleased with the project, regarding it as the first time the idea arose of representing in stained glass the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and as a testimony of his sovereign approbation.

conceded certain privileges to the new church, he raised the parish priest—the author of it—to the dignity of "Monsignor," and granted the title and Cross of Knight of Saint Gregory the Great to Mr. Hardman, who executed the work.

Within the last few days the said Mr. Hardman has caused to be presented to the Pope the emblematic designs of the thirty-three stained glass windows, which are to be placed in the new church of Roscommon.

The album opens with a phototype picture of the new church, and in the following page the author makes known in a Latin inscription that he has deduced the emblems from Holy Scripture, from the Liturgy, and from the words of Saint Augustine.

The work, executed in an admirable manner, is very beautiful, and the gift of it to His Holiness has been a great delight to him.

ENGLAND

THE MARQUIS OF RIFON, AND THE REFUGEE CAMPS.

The following letter has been addressed to the Press by the Marquis of Rifon:

Sir—I have just been reading Miss Eimly Hobhouse's report on the so-called Refugee Camps in South Africa, and I am filled with shame that such things as are there described should be possible in a country under British administration.

Miss Hobhouse is an unimpeachable witness, writing with the utmost fairness, and giving credit, where credit is due, to the officers who have the management of these camps.

For that system no condemnation is too strong. It is cruel in the present, and inconceivably foolish in regard to the future. We now know it in all its details; if we allow it to continue, the full responsibility will be ours.

RIFON. LORD DENBIGH TOOK BRICKS AND MORTAR TO ROME.

The late Lord Denbigh was Lord Fielding when, in 1850, he, with his

first wife, joined the Catholic Church under circumstances which led to a rather lively correspondence in The Times. For Lord Fielding had begun to erect at Pantasaph a church with the intention of presenting it to the (Protestant) establishment.

IRELAND MAYNOOTH UNION.

Dublin, June 28.—The annual meeting of the Maynooth Union took place yesterday at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Since the formation of the Union the annual gathering has come to be regarded as an event of great importance, and its proceedings have been followed with deep interest not only by the members of the Union, but also by ecclesiastics and laymen throughout Ireland and the English-speaking world.

His Eminence, who was loudly applauded, said: I see on this agenda paper, which has just been put into my hands this moment, that after the reading of the minutes the first item is an address by the chairman

(laughter). This circumstance leaves me under a very strong impression that the managers of this Maynooth Union, with Dr. Mannix at their head, make me for an American (laughter). I once heard a very distinguished American prelate, Dr. Lynch, of Charleston, state that if you took an American and managed to get him on his feet by any means whatever, and gave him a good cheer, you would have a most eloquent speech afterwards (laughter).

He was expressing his regret for the loss of the illustrious Cardinal who presides over the destinies of the Church of Australasia, and he was very lachrymose on the occasion, and he said: "My dear friends, we all miss him; still I believe if we dug now just straight down under our feet and kept digging on, we would find him at the other side" (laughter). We may say the same of the Bishop of Wilcanna. He has come here to grace our reunion, and I am perfectly sure, I may say, on the part of the Fathers here assembled, and certainly on the part of the Bishops, that he is heartily welcome (applause).

FRANCE

IMPUSING CEREMONIES.

Important ecclesiastical ceremonies have been taking place at Brebieres, in Picardy, in connection with the consecration of a new Basilica. Brebieres has been called the northern Lourdes, and its shrine has long been sacred, and a place of pilgrimage.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.

When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs.

MASSSES FOR DECEASED HERETICS

I would like to call the attention of the readers of The Tablet to a learned article in the latest issue of the Montiore Ecclesiastico on the subject of Masses for those who are not in communion with the Church. The writer—probably Cardinal Gemari, who was lately promoted to the Sacred College from the post of Assessor of the Holy Office—lays it down that it is never lawful to offer Mass for the soul of a deceased Protestant.

THE DESTINY OF ROME.

(Voce della Verità.)

To the Rome of Augustus was assigned a lofty destiny which has been consecrated by an immortal verse of Virgil—the destiny of governing nations.

PAPAL ROME, THE HEIR TO THE ROME OF AUGUSTUS.

Papal Rome, the heir to the Rome of Augustus, not only maintained this mission but still further elevated it, inasmuch as the ideal of the Rome of Peter was more exalted than that of the Rome of Augustus. For the gov-

ernment of nations, then became incarnated in the Republica Christiana, subject to the hegemony of the Popes, which saved Europe and the whole world from barbarism, and put it on the true road to progress.

When the wars of the Middle Ages threatened the shipwreck of science, letters and art, the Popes, thoughtful and warthy representatives of the destiny of Rome, raised aloft the torch of knowledge and passed it on through the gloom that lowered on all sides, realizing the classic conception of the Roman poet Lucretius of the strong and like athletes who passed on from one to another the torch of life.

The papal torch threw far and wide its rays of faith and knowledge. Thus in distant Scotland, then entirely and cordially united with the Holy See, through the instrumentality of that great protector of studies, Nicholas V., the august patron of the Italian and European Renaissance, there shone a beam of that light, not vain and fleeting but fixed on the lofty tower of the University of Glasgow, destined to illuminate from age to age the land of Robert Bruce and Mary Stuart.

Since those days the surroundings have been unhappily changed. Protestantism succeeded in breaking the bonds of affection which united Scotland with the Holy See, and the kingdom itself has been submerged in the great British covenant. But high above all religious and political struggle, above the clouds of prejudice and the storms of passion, Papal Rome ever holds the fatidic torch, and the beacon of Glasgow, on its four hundred and fiftieth anniversary, salutes from afar the other beacon wherewith it was first kindled.

To-day Protestants, and even rationalists, cast every prejudice underfoot, and proclaim aloud the social blessings conferred on the world by the Papacy during the uninterrupted succession of its enlightened Pontiffs; they extoll the great figure of Leo XIII., the worthy heir of Nicholas V., in the practice and protection of intellectual activity.

Thus lives on unshaken the worldwide destiny of Rome, inseparably connected with the Apostolic See; and now in presence of this solemn manifestation from Glasgow all right-thinking men must bow, and all who have not sold their pens to the anti-Catholic sects must subscribe to it.

Horace's epic prayer that the sun might never look upon a greater city than Rome has been fully heard. Cities vaster, richer, and more powerful there have been, there are, and there will be—yet none of them greater than Rome.

But which Rome? The one whom friends and foes alike anatomically call "Rome;" the Rome to which the howls of the Los von Rom party and the knightly greeting of the members of the University of Glasgow alike render a very different but always very eloquent tribute.

That patry Italian anti-clericalism which has dared to speak of a "Third Rome," heir to the destiny of imperial and Papal Rome, and which has symbolized this "Third Rome" in the intellectuality of men like Rudini and Pelloux, in the sublime and imperishable art of embankments that topple into the tide before they have been well erected, and of pornographic fountains—this patry and anti-clericalism is no new phenomenon as is commonly thought. Rome has seen it time and again since the days of Raphael.

The only difference is this—that hitherto to observe this exhilarating spectacle one had to go to the Vatican and gaze on Raphael's picture of the vision of Constantine with its famous fool of a dwarf who endeavors to put on his head the helmet of the imperial and Christian hero; while in our own happy days, one has only to put his face to the window to see the dwarf at his ludicrous buffoonery.

But a truce to all this. Echoing the homage of Glasgow, let us all hail Rome the immortal, and to its living genius let us raise the cry which the Roman people greeted Charlemagne: To the Pope, pious, august, crowned by God, life and victory!

WHAT CARLYLE SAID.

In the beautifully illustrated "Pillgrim Magazine" we find, among other good things, a most interesting description of Count Tolstoi, by Ernest H. Crosby, and "What Carlyle said about war," telling how English artisans were enlisted in the army and shipped to the South of Spain to fight French artisans who were forced into the French army. "Straightway the word 'fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful artisans the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury. Had these men any quarrel? Not the slightest. They were entire strangers. Their rulers had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, made these poor fellows do the shooting."

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