

In the Basilica of the Old World.

On the Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany we were invited to attend the exercises held in the Propaganda, in the broad Piazza di Spagna. We knew Marzio well, for he had not a few weeks previous given us that glowing description of Venice, the Venice, the "Bride of the Adriatic." He would get the tickets for the "forestieri," but "pazienza," "pazienza," patience, patience.

We first met him with a number of his companions in "camerata" form in the Villa Borghese, and Jack, knowing a few words of Italian, immediately proceeded to in-liaison with the poor Venetian. He was most affable and over-generous in his praise of Jack's Italian, and told him with practice he might be able to secure a professor's chair when he returned to some American University.

We met him on several occasions, sometimes on the Piazza Hill, which we had journeyed to hear the music of the municipal band, but more frequently in the little church at the foot of the hill where he and his companions were wont to make their evening visit.

Jack grew very fond of him, and so did I, and the many pleasant hours we spent in Marzio's company are indeed to-day a delightful memory.

One afternoon towards the end of our stay in the Eternal City we ran across himself and a few others at the Tre Fontane, and he told us the reason why the different temperature. "St. Paul, you know, was beheaded near here, for he was a Roman and could not be crucified. When the executioner's sword severed the Apostle's head it leaped three times and in each place a fountain arose."

"A very pretty tradition," said Jack, teasing him.

"No, signore Americano, no my dear American, it is the truth, and if you will taste the waters you will find them all different as to temperature."

We told him we were leaving Rome shortly and would give anything to see His Holiness.

"E difficile, it is difficult," said he, "but after you come to our Poliglotta I will try and secure for you the 'biglietti d'ingresso.'"

To say we were delighted would be putting it mildly, for we were beside ourselves with joy.

"Then, after you leave Rome, you must go to Venice and see my church San Salvatore, and ride in the large covered gondola on the Grand Canal and hear la musica, la musica, die angeli, the music, the music of the Angels."

"I hope it won't be like the music of the old woman who cries out every morning under my window 'acqua acetosa,' and gets in about forty grace notes of the 'acetosa.'"

"Maché, Signore! By no means, it is the music of the gods. Wait until you hear 'Santa Lucia.'"

"Venite all'agile barchetta mia Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia."

"Well, I guess Marzio, the old water woman must have been an 'angela decaduta,'" said Jack, who had been thumping Millhouse for an hour in the hotel library that morning.

"It really must be a dreary place," said I.

"Signorina, Venice is poetical, Rome is historical. But to appreciate Venice it is necessary to see it and one who has never seen it can never appreciate it."

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pretia."

"Why, it's a little puddle," said Jack, "compared to the East River and we have buildings over there in New York forty times the size of the Doge's palace or St. Mark's, and as for Lido, why we could put the whole business under the Brooklyn Bridge."

I could see his large Italian eyes dancing as Jack kept up his teasing or, to use his own expression, "jolly-ing."

"E uno bello paese,"

"Well, you can just bet it's a fine country," said Jack, "and in a few years more we intend to come over here and start an automobile factory on the Campus Martius or perhaps the Palatine, and a patent medicine establishment in the Forum."

Just then the prefect of Marzio's band beckoned him and he left us.

"I like that young Italian," said Jack, "and I wonder if we offered him a little present would it be offensive?"

"Wait," said I, "until we arrive in Venice, and both of us will send him a nice souvenir of his native place."

"But you know we must be present at the Propaganda to-morrow, and I am just dying to see what it is like."

"Well, Marie," said Jack, "if your

mother and mine and the entire Eaton family are told to begin preparations at once, we might be able to be ready for to-morrow afternoon."

I had to laugh, for Jack Winslow was an irresistible young man, and one with whom you could never remain angry for he would never allow you that "once and awhile for pleasure." We grew up together and were always friends. I went to his birthday parties, he went to mine. Our summer cottages were near one another, and, in fine, "his people were my people."

"Oh, Jack," said I, "when I left Smith's after graduation I was just crazy to write a novel."

"You must have been crazy to think of such a thing. I had that dream once, but an editor beyond the Rockies dispelled the clouds thus:

"Dear Sir:

The editor regrets he cannot use your manuscript. So many things enter into the refusal, such as lack of space, other articles on the same subject, etc., etc., that we really cannot give specific criticism to your article. However, the return of a manuscript does not necessarily imply lack of merit or unfitness for publication. Thanking you for your courtesy in submitting the same to us, we are

Very truly yours,

The Editor."

"How perfectly kind of them, and I bet it was a real thrilling—love story, Jack."

"Well, it had Laura Jean Libbey beaten a mile, and as for a plot, Bertha Clay was a 'dead one' when my 'plume tranchant' got working."

"Oh, Jack, I wish you would stop using slang. Only the other evening when we were at the pension Bellovini on the Via Sistina you made use of some horrid college expressions, and I saw an English lady level her glass directly at you and mutter something to her companion."

"She was no lady to level her glass at me; she should have raised it Delsartian like to her ruby lips (if she was an artist, and most of them are) and say 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"

"Jack Winslow, you are incorrigible, and I don't blame poor Marzio to get piqued when you are always teasing him."

"Never mind, Marie, we're good good friends, anyway, you and I, and when I return from South Africa and gently ring the bell at the old familiar place on Bay View avenue, I want to hear you playing the old favorite of mine—

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,

And oh, it fills my heart with joy To see my home once more."

"I'll take a run down to Gatti's on the Piazza and get the English papers for you, so good-bye until dinner, and for heaven's sake, Marie, tell them to be ready for to-morrow."

Did I love Jack Winslow? Yes, I always loved him, and while at college how eagerly would I count the days until we met again, and how I would devour each letter of his; and yet I feel sometimes as if Jack cares only for me as a brother does for a sister.

Then again, our religions are different. Why is it that such things always have to happen, and become an almost insurmountable barrier?

"Look here, Marie, if you're coming to this Propaganda, 'blow out,' it's about time to get a hustle on and for heaven's sake don't put on that green hat you wore out to the Catacombs the other day, for it's the limit for fair."

"Oh, Jack, do stop, and I'll be down in a minute."

From the hotel Europa in Rome to the Propaganda is but a very short distance, yet I dare say around that piazza are gathered more types of humanity than in any other similar space in the world. Here we find the veritable example of "Dolce far niente," basking in the bright gorgeous sunshine of a Roman afternoon and waiting to be chosen as a model for some American artist; travellers from every conceivable place and nearly all "armed to the teeth" with Baedeker's, Murray's and Hare's.

"You see that tall gentleman with long shaggy hair at the beautiful statue, or rather monument, erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception by that great and good Pius IX? Well," said Jack, "that is an author who intends writing a book on 'Roman Sociology.' I met him the other evening at the Café Dante near the Treir fountain. Nice old fellow but with awfully enlarged English ideas. A stickler on the Reformation business. When I told him it was more of a deformation he re-

plied, 'Young man, you are a 'parvenu.' I bet he will have that word in his book.'

"Oh, I do so admire authors, Jack. An author never dies, you know, he just departs."

"No, he never dies a natural death, he generally gets murdered or chloroformed."

"I mean what the quotation says, 'an author departs,' he does not die."

"I bet a woman is the perpetrator of that quotation, Marie. Pope says 'authors, like corns, grow dearer as they grow older.'

"Well, Jack, you are really terrible, and I will say no more."

When we arrived at the large door of the Propaganda Jack said something in Italian to the portiere and we were allowed to enter.

I shall never forget that afternoon and how pleased Marzio was when Jack told him after it was all over that it was magnificent.

Here we heard speak or chant in their own languages Greeks, Syrians and I couldn't tell how many from other nations—even a negro from Senegambia who was not applauded the least, for though his Wolof was understood by hardly any one, his powerful and pathetic voice made a wonderful impression on the whole audience. Jack had some verses recited at the exhibition given him by Marzio, and I have preserved them or "but them akeep," as Jack would say.

"Toute diversité vient ici se confondre," all races are here mingled. The Chinaman converses with the surprised Turk, and Gambia is questioned by Hindostan. The negro listens to the sweet chants of Greece and in the choir of voices, constantly increasing, Providence has prepared a place for the Bedouin of Algiers. Rome it is in thy bosom that this union is effected? In the confusions, harmony is restored by thy universal hymn. The God of unity, whom thou alone proclaimest, hears the same accent of faith in our different languages. Thy apostles, guided by the star, go forth to every shore where a vessel can land, to bind all nations to their venerable head. Truth repairs the devastations of sin, and Rome, sublime antipode of Babel, restores the unity of the scattered human race." Written underneath were these lines, and in Jack's handwriting:

"These verses express this unique character of Christian Rome which is the harmonious fusion of Catholicity with unity. Besides, are not these two prerogatives one and the same thing under different aspects? For what is Catholicity but a unity which expands and is diffusive—And what is unity but Catholicity drawn to its centre?"

How strange of Jack to give me this, for he never spoke of religion to me, and although I was a Baptist and all our family professed the same belief, I loved Jack Winslow, and his being a Catholic could never make me like him the less. He had his faults, but who hasn't, but he was a friend you could trust forever and one who looked you straight in the eye, and was sans peur et sans reproche.

"So, Marie, to-morrow is our last day in the Eternal City and we are to see Marzio in the afternoon after we have seen the one thing for which I came to Rome—our Holy Father, the Pope."

"I do hate to go. I wonder if I shall ever return. It does really seem like Jack as if one were bidding good-bye to a dear old friend."

"I heard them speaking at table the other night that if you threw a copper soldo into the Trevi fountain you would some day return to Rome."

"Is that superstition, Jack?"

"Well, Marie, once at the beach when I teased you about something or other, you threw a pillow at me and I came back. But let us hope some day we may all return and in retrospect live over again these happy days, for they really have been happy; don't you think so?"

"I do, Jack."

"Now, be sure you have your yellow veil, Miss Marie, and don't be yelling for pins for I'm not going to sew Jack as if one in this dress coat of mine."

What would the great Leo XIII. be like, what would he say, or would he speak, were the thoughts that filled my mind.

No one can make that journey from the great bronze door of the Vatican into the Papal chamber without being thrilled from head to foot. It matters not whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Jew or pagan, he will be moved beyond expression at the solemnity and suggestiveness of that place.

We passed through a door that looks out upon the grand piazza of St. Peter's, where many a martyr's body made a torch for a pagan holiday. Here were the Swiss guards in their variegated colors, designed by the great genius Michael Angelo, red, yellow and black.

We ascended the royal stairway to the famous Sistine chapel and passed onward through the courtyard or "Cortile" of St. Damascus, which is half surrounded by corridors and halls beautified by the hand of a Raphael.

On this spot once echoed the steel shod feet of Charlemagne. Here once Napoleon the despoiler stood, and here we passed until we came to the hall of St. Clement.

There were a number of soldiers about, and all of a sudden came a ringing command from an invisible officer, and the next instant these guards were saluting a stately Cardinal who was no other than His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla.

We passed from one historic chamber to another, and I began to think it was never ending.

"When shall we get there, Jack?"

"Pazienza, pazienza, always pazienza, you know, for

'Patience and perseverance

Made a Bishop of his Reverence."

At last we came to the throne room.

Here we waited, and indeed I was nervous, but for what reason I do not know, for I was being afforded a privilege that is not granted to everybody. Finally we were called into the next room, where Leo XIII. was ready to receive us.

Above the great golden throne shone a triple crown and there was the azure shield, the silver bar and the Cypress tree of the Pecci family.

As we came forward to be presented and salute the Pope, he held out his thin white hand on which gleamed a large emerald. It was the fisherman's ring, the sign of apostolic authority.

I touched his hand, but Jack reverently pressed his lips to the gold cross on the crimson velvet slipper.

It only lasted for a minute or so and as he gave us his blessing I knew and felt I had been face to face with the most exalted personage of modern history.

"Oh, Jack, your religion must be wonderful. I wish I were a Catholic."

"Come now, Marie, all have gone, and the Eaton's and the rest are going to drive outside the walls to San Lorenzo, where another holy personage rests, awaiting the judgment awaiting, Pius IX., let us take a last look at old St. Peter's."

"Why, hello! there is Father Adriano, who spent so many years in America, and a delightful type of a man and priest."

"We are going to Florence to-morrow, dear father, and I have been reading about Savonarola. Won't you tell me something about him, please, his life and terrible death."

"Child," he said with a smile, "have you been reading George Elliot's novel?"

"No, father."

"Ah, good, and it were better had more read something of Tournon, or Marchoese or Eusey Bayonne's attitude than of that novel. Its treatise of the great Dominican is rot."

"My son, his indeed was a mysterious life, his a strange and chequered history."

"Benedict XIV. is said to have held the great Dominican in veneration. 'If God gives me the grace to get to heaven, as soon as I shall have conspired myself with the Beneficent Vision my curiosity will lead me to look for Savonarola.'"

"The three serious questions to be solved in Heaven," said Pius VII., "will be the Immaculate Conception, the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and the death of Savonarola."

"But he preached against the prelates!"

"Yes, and rightly so; he spoke openly of their sins; he said with the Baptist, non licet! it is not lawful. He demanded, like Herodias, the head of this man, and his head they received. The story of his downfall is a long one and a sad one. No one can doubt his zeal, no one can call into question the holiness of his life and the singleness of his purpose. If he had a fault—and who has not?—it is excess of zeal, and excess is always sin. If he erred—and who has not erred in less trying surroundings than his?—his error was an error of judgment and not of will."

"If when the hour came to test his firm resolve, he failed—he had explained before why he failed. 'If His Holiness knew all he would not ask me to go to Rome.' Better for him, better for his memory, had he obeyed even though 'the ruin' had followed. Obedience to a legitimate authority in a Catholic—a priest especially and a religious—is always justice, even though the one who wields the power of authority be not what he should."

"My child, take this little book and read it, it will tell you more than I can of a great and noble life whose sacrifices were many, whose reward was death. When you are sight-seeing in Florence be sure you visit our Church and, dear friend, say a little prayer for a victim of circumstances. If he was disobedient, every Catholic, whether he venerates his memory or join with those who would cast a shadow over a glorious name, must admit that his disobedience was a flaw in the crystal, a black thread in the white woven web."

When he had left us I turned to Jack and noticed how sober and pensive he was.

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to-night." They were alone, it was night in Italy, the garden of the world, and looking up to her, Jack Winslow whispered: "Darling, I love you with all my heart. Will you marry me?"

"Jack, I would, but my religion is different, and the objection to yours by both my parents is stronger than you know. I love you, dear, God knows, but what can I do?"

"Marie, I shall never ask you to be my wife until I have your full consent, and I will wait, yes, patiently, for I have loved you always, ever since we met for the first time at Bay View avenue, and I will never love another. This is our last night, will you kiss me?"

She came to his arms, and there-eried until a step was heard and a voice called, "Marie, we are waiting but I want to ask you something

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