

at the time of the so-called Reformation, and Anglicans have labored and strained themselves ever since to show that England never had been really subject to the Holy See. They try very hard and, if they persuade no one else, I think they partly succeed in persuading themselves — that the Pope's power was a usurpation, that it was introduced by fraud and never willingly accepted by the people. But here we find King Edward, even in that far-off day, showing just the same love of the Roman Pontiff, and just the same loyalty and obedience, as any good Catholic at the present day.

To travel to Rome from England in order to visit the relics of SS. Peter and Paul, and to confer with the Holy Father, is not a matter of any insurmountable difficulty in our own time. We possess powerful steamers that can carry us from the shores of England to the shores of France in a few hours ; then we have enormous steam-engines running on a smooth iron track, bearing us along in a nicely warmed Pullman car at the rate of some fifty or sixty miles an hour. In passing from France to Italy we do not even trouble to scale the great mountains of the Alps. No ; we force a passage right through the very heart of the solid rock, and hasten on in perfect ease and comfort, with miles and miles of solid mountain above our heads. To travel from England to Rome in King Edward's days was a totally different matter. To cross the sea in the crazy sailing boats of those times was perilous enough ; then the journey on land was along ill-made roads, in places often two or three feet deep in mire, in which the wheels of the lumbering, springless carriages would sink up to the axle ; they were further infested with robbers, banditti and foot-pads, and not always free even from the incursions of hungry and dangerous wild beasts. There was no tunnel through Mt. Cenis then, and the difficulties of clambering up and then over the tremendous heights of the Alps were almost inconceivable. The snow would sometimes obliterate every sign of the path ; sometimes an avalanche would bar any further progress and necessitate a long detour. To perish with the cold, or to be buried in the snow and be heard of no more, was by no means an unknown occurrence. In fact, a pilgrimage to Rome was a