

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

On Sunday, June 19th, the Pope was presented with the first of his annual medals. These are issued for the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and constitute a record in gold, silver, and bronze of the leading events of his Pontificate. They are buried with him in the tomb, and in the future ages it should occur that the tomb should be opened, these medals would contribute to a certain degree, to build up his history.

Cardinal Mario Moceni, accompanied by Cavaliere Francesco Bianchi, Medalist of the Pontifical Palaces, presented to his Holiness the medal of this year. It bears on one side the medallion bust in profile of the Pontiff, around which is the inscription: "PIVS. X. PONT. MAX. ANNO. I." On the reverse is the coat of arms of the Holy Father, around which is read the inscription, composed by Monsignor Aurelio Galli, Secretary of Latin Letters: "SAERO. PRINCIPATY. FELICITER. INITIO. PRID. NON. AVG. A. MDCCCIII."

The portrait of the Pope is described as most successful in its resemblance to the illustrious sitter, the coat of arms—the Lion of Saint Mark, the star, and the anchor in the sea—are designed upon a shield of antique form, and are very beautiful. The whole medal is wrought with that exquisite art that is so distinctive of the able artist.

The Pope held a lengthened conversation with Cardinal Moceni, and passed a high eulogy on the work of Cavaliere Bianchi. Cardinal Merry del Val, who is Prefect of the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, to whom the medal was presented afterwards, also praised the medal highly.

On the afternoon of the same day Pius gave audience to the Society of "Work for the Preservation of the Faith." In the open air Court of San Damaso the audience was held, the Pope was accompanied by the members of the Pontifical Court, and by Cardinals Casetta, Martinelli, Merry del Val, and Vives y Tuto—all belonging to the Cardinalitial Commission which presides over the Preservation of the Faith. There were fully 3,000 persons present, the greater number being boys and girls attending the Catholic Schools recently established in Rome to save these children from being tempted to one or other of the various systems of Protestantism existing in Rome for purposes of proselytism. Each separate institution was represented by its special standard.

When the Pope had taken his place on the throne, surrounded by the Cardinals already named, and by the promoters and directors of these schools, he spoke to these young people, exhorting them never to separate themselves from the faith of Jesus Christ and from His Holy Church. Taking for his theme the Gospel of the day in which mention is made of the great crowds who gathered around the Saviour on the shores of Lake Tiberias, constraining Him to enter into the boat of Peter, whence He addressed His divine word to them, Pius X. applied these incidents to the present circumstances, inciting all present to the most fervent sentiments of piety and love of Jesus and His Church, and confidence in Divine Providence.

To those who follow the artistic movement in Rome, the work of the Papal Commission for the study and restoration of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel has been of the greatest interest. Shortly before his death the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., learning that there were lesions and cracks in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel which would, if not repaired, bring about the ruin of some of these great works, applied to Professor Seitz, the painter of the Pontifical Palaces. The latter, fully comprehending the immense importance to the artistic world of this masterpiece of Michael Angelo in the way of fresco painting, suggested to the Pope the propriety of summoning a representative Commission to study the condition of the ceiling frescoes, and to consider what means should be employed to repair the mischief.

An opinion prevailed that certain cracks in the pictures were the work of the artist himself, who took a pleasure in painting a wavy crack over the surface. A close examination of the pictures from the top of an immense scaffolding, constructed expressly for this purpose, enabled the members of the commission to see that this story had no foundation in fact. A voluminous writer of the latter half of the last century, treating of the life and works of Michael Angelo, describing the material preparation for the painting of the ceiling frescoes, declares that the plaster on which the artist painted was made with a very even and polished surface. Unfortunately there were many chips in it, from which it was seen that it was pure lime, being composed of Roman white and marble dust. "The plaster employed was perfect in his business, for, besides the smoothness and admirable level of the intonaco, or plaster surface, the joints, which mark each day's work, are so fine that they can scarcely be traced. The plaster is now hard and solid, except where it is torn into fissures by movements in the masonry, arising possibly partly from slight shocks of earthquake, which at rare intervals are felt at Rome."

Professor Seitz—the head of the Commission—gives a different explanation of the cause for these breaks or splits. The artist, he says, after having spread the prepared plaster for his day's work, cut it or outlined it sharply, leaving a little margin beyond the figure that he had to paint. When afterwards he added a second coating of plaster to the first, between that already dried and that still wet, tiny pores were formed, which slowly during the centuries have produced the changes which occupy the attention of the Commission to-day. Signor Seitz also notes that several of these flaws have been closed up during the course of the latter centuries with a mixture of resin, pitch and wax.

The Commission has decided, first of all, on the cleaning of the frescoes. This does not mean their scraping, but a cleaning such as was done to Pinturicchio's frescoes in the Appartamento. Borgia under Professor

Seitz's direction. As to the restorations, the system chosen is as ingenious as it is simple. The different parts of the frescoes that show a tendency to fall will be held in their places by bronze pins or nails. The work is not easy; it demands the greatest care on the part of the workmen, and constant superintendence on the part of the Commission. The fact that nails or pins of bronze are about to be driven into the ceiling of the Sistine might arouse a feeling that the ancient work of art was not sufficiently respected; but this is not justified. Michael Angelo himself nailed the cartoons, or patterns, on the wall during his work. The nail holes are little to be seen in the fresco of the "Last Judgment," and in that of Ezekiel in one of the pendentives of the ceiling "an original nail still remains in its place close to this figure."

In the presence of these marvellous works—the most magnificent production of the Renaissance period—the difficulty of finding terms even faintly expressive to describe them, obliges one to be silent on the importance of the work now in course of accomplishment in the Sistine Chapel.

The full effect and force of the Holy Father's motu-proprio regarding ecclesiastical music is beginning to be felt in Rome in a special manner. Though in the vast majority of churches on great feasts the music was of a nature that the Pontiff would allow to be devotional and suitable for Church service, there were other productions of a later time than Palestrina, for example, inspired by a less severe spirit which usage had made acceptable to the multitude. One example of this was the very charming specimen of figured music sung at the Church of St. Ignatius on the Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. This year, on the Feast of the Saint, June 21st, the music, so delightful to the listeners, was superseded by a choir singing in strict accordance with the new prescriptions regarding Church music. Naturally enough, it is not to be expected that the Pontiff would permit music in the churches of Rome of a kind that he prohibits abroad.

And the rumor has gone abroad that in St. Peter's itself, on the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, 29th June, the very celebrated hymn, as arranged by Raimondi, "O Felix Roma," will not be sung any more to this composer's music. As rendered by two choirs, in the gathering gloom of the sunset, when the shadows gather around the dome, and the lights begin to be felt, there was, perhaps, nothing more elevating than that hymn chanted by a couple of hundred voices, when the phrase, "O Felix Roma," resounded through the vast basilica, and was repeated again and again with loving iteration. Nothing could be more impressively dramatic and suggestive. But this, too, must go, as the report has it, and Raimondi's music give place to a severer and more suitable composition. It is hard, however, to part company with such old favorites.

How sad the world is becoming has always been the cry of those who are old and who have outgrown the delights and joys that were so impressive in the days of childhood. It is the eternal complaint. The world is not so bright as it was of yore; the past times were worthy of all praise, the present of much reproach. In Italy especially this cry is heard very frequently. The ancient celebrations of the great feast of the Church, which were also popular festivals, have been, through the hostile dominations that prevail in the Eternal City, deprived of their antique state and ceremony. As a consequence, the popular festive surroundings have been restricted, and the people, who rejoiced and made merry with simple joys on such occasions, have been made sad and gloomy almost to the complexion of that English race which, according to an old proverb, "takes its pleasures sadly."

In the olden time the vigil of St. John's Day, 23rd June, brought to the vicinity of the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome a joyous and happy crowd, noisy but civil, full of fun, yet never forgetful of their neighbors. Nowadays the gathering at the great square between the Lateran and the Church of Santa Croce, is distinguished for its roughness and its consumption of wine, with subsequent "deeds of blood," as quarrels that end in bloodshed are considerably described.

There is a lament also from Florence for the glories of the past. Fifty years ago—that is to say, five years before the fatal Piedmontese scheme of "liberating" the oppressed peoples of Italy was effected in Tuscany—the celebration of St. John's Day was carried out with much picturesque old-world ceremonies. St. John the Baptist is the patron of the city, and in the Baptistery of Florence, "my beautiful Saint John—il mio bel San Giovanni"—as Dante describes it, all the children of Florence are baptized. Half a century ago, on the vigil of this Feast, the bells of the Cathedral that hang in Giotto's incomparable bell-tower, and the big bell of the Palazzo Vecchio, began to ring on the early morning hours. From every part of the surrounding country the people flocked in to Florence. In the afternoon the Old Palace was open to the public, and in the great hall, which was afterwards used as a Parliamentary Chamber by the Kingdom of Italy—the Hall of the Five Hundred, as it came to be called, from the number of members—the peasants danced their peculiar dances.

On the morning of the Feast, 24th June, the churches of the city were thronged with early worshippers. Yesterday—the Feast of St. Peter—although the heat was excessive for the season, being 88 in the shade, the people crowded to St. Peter's, both morning and evening. At eight in the evening of the Vigil, Pope Pius X. came into the church, accompanied by several Prelates, and prayed at the tomb of St. Peter for a considerable time. A report had gone abroad for some days past that in consequence of the Papal "motu-proprio" regarding ecclesiastical music, the celebrated hymn, "O Felix Roma," as set to the music of Raimondi, would not be rendered during the second Vespers, that is to say, on the evening of the 29th. Perhaps

the knowledge of this kept some strangers living in Rome at home; it is certain, however, that several among these wanting. At any rate, the very attractive and emotional music of Raimondi was not heard on this occasion. While the movement in this hymn is majestic to degree, as rendered by two choirs, its achievement, and its effect upon the people, depend upon the repetition of the phrase "O Felix Roma," in gradually ascending force until it would seem as if no human musical capacity could attain a grander phase. The notes also reached a high pitch. In Gregorian chant, or even in Palestrina's compositions, the notes are not written for the high voice; hence while there is a great fulness of sound there is a lack of that sharpness which soprano voices reaches.

Of course the hymn, which is a part of the Vesper service, was sung, and to the music of Palestrina; but it is safe to say that not one half of the vast number of the people in the church recognized it in this unfamiliar rendering. There are a number of reports now in circulation insinuating that a misunderstanding took place, and that Pius X. did not intend to banish this great work of Raimondi's so suddenly. Whatever the cause may be, people, listening to this magnificent hymn for years past, and have been thrilled to tears by its solemn effective notes, feel deep regret at its removal, and declare that a great and emotional delight has been taken from the joyousness of this feast.

Hung Out a Green Flag

Windsor, July 18.—A stirring incident occurred during the speeches at the Central School grounds yesterday. A number of workmen employed on the old Central School building hung out a green flag from one of the upper windows. Immediately there was a howl from the Orangemen and a rush for the interior of the building. On the second floor no ladders were found that would reach to the window where the flag was flying, but soon several of the Windsor Orangemen brought the necessary articles and the flag was pulled down, torn to pieces and trampled under foot.

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

An Irish Widow's Song

The following beautiful poem was written by the wife of John Locke, author of "Dawn on the Coast of Ireland":

Ah, my dead love! sure I little dreamed While the laughter and light in thy blue eyes beamed— As we talked of old days in our own dear land— That our parting-time was so near at hand!

'Tis easy to say: "Bear up — be brave!"— While I think of him there, in his lonely grave— To feel that he's gone when there seemed to be Only one soul between him and me!

My heart is breaking! Life looks so drear; There's no light in the house when he's not here; And my little boy listens with wistful air, For his father's footsteps upon the stair! The rending asunder was sudden and sharp; Then, my love lay still 'neath his silent harp— The brave heart broken that scorned to bow— But the peace of God sealed the poet's brow.

Heaven knows, were it not for my little child! With his father's face, and his blue eyes mild, And smile like the dawn in the May-morn skies— I would pray to be where my dead love lies.

For, what are friendships?—what is a friend To the heart that was shrined in that manly mould? And I weep, unceasing, sad tears of ruth For that soul so tender and full of truth.

But God may lengthen my frail life's span Till my boy wax stronger and grow a man, With soul like his father's—unselfish and light— A heart so pure and a brain as bright. And then when my life's lone toil is o'er

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I will meet my love on God's shining shore; Never to part—hand clasped in hand— We will wander in joy through the spirit land.

Not in Vain

Fault is sometimes found with Catholic papers for pounding so persistently on such subjects as divorce, religious education, etc. The critics apparently do not complain because political papers beat the same old partisan drums evermore, nor do they realize that the only way to strike oil under the rock is to keep on boring. No competent person will assert that the reiterated plea for religion in the schools has been without effect, or that the campaign against divorce has been wholly in vain. The African Methodist Episcopal conference this year adopted rules forbidding ministers to perform the marriage ceremony for "any person who has obtained a divorce for any cause whatsoever." Moreover, there will be no divorced ministers allowed in the A.M.E. church. This is taking up the white man's burden more energetically than did the recent Presbyterian general assembly, which only prohibited the clergy from "re-marrying" persons divorced for other than "Scriptural reasons." It is a significant fact, however, that an amendment by the Rev. Dr. Dickey proposing "to enjoin ministers to recognize the divorce restrictions of other churches, and to refuse to unite couples either of whom could not be married under the rules of his or her church," was defeated by the small plurality of 244 to 202 votes. Bro. Dickey explained that he intended to include the Roman Catholic Church.—Ave Maria.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM, '03-'04.

Bourke Cockran on the Conversion of America

Hon. W. Bourke Cockran was present at Boston College last week and delivered the following address: "Listening here to the addresses which were delivered with so much eloquence, so much force, so much spirit, I was forcibly reminded of an experience which I had recently in the city of Washington. I attended the dedication of a building on the grounds of the Catholic University by the Pastist Fathers which was intended for the instruction of young men who were to be trained as missionaries, not to the heathen in distant lands, but to non-Catholics and non-believers in our own land. It was an occasion which would have well repaid the trouble of the journey to Washington, but its most impressive feature was a sermon by St. Louis, in the course of which he pointed out that while that was a Christian, it was not a Catholic country and he suggested that the conversion of this people to the Catholic faith was the noblest task to which a Catholic, be he cleric or layman, could address himself—the noblest prize that could be won by the Church in this country which is dawning.

"Just conceive, gentlemen, what the conversion of the United States to the Catholic Faith would imply. Conceive the importance of such a conversion to the welfare and prosperity of the people. Consider what a security it would afford to the permanence of republican government on this continent. At the conclusion of the sermon some persons who stood near me suggested that this conception, noble and sublime though it was, was rather the airy creation of an ardent imagination than a practical enterprise to be considered by sensible men.

"I do not know how I can spend this evening better than by explaining to you, gentlemen of the United States, my reason for believing that the conversion of the United States is not an extravagant conception, but a practical enterprise, and that within the bounds of accomplishment, and the part that I expect you and other graduates of Catholic colleges to play in justifying this faith which I possess. Now, we have heard explained with the utmost plainness in the addresses to-night that the Catholic Church from

the beginning was the friend of freedom, of progress, was the agency that addressed itself to the settlement of social problems and was above all, the support of republicanism.

"Gentlemen, everything that you said was strictly true. If it were open to criticism at all it was on the side of moderation. You might have gone further and said with perfect truth that the Catholic Church is not merely the friend of freedom, but she is the fountain of freedom (Applause), that she is not only the friend of progress, but she is the light of progress; that she is not only the natural support of this government and of republicanism in these United States, but that the origin of the constitution which we value is hers, that every feature which we prize is not to be found in any proceedings in Philadelphia at the close of the last century; it is not to be found in the declaration of independence, in the bill of rights or in the Magna Charta, nor in any monument to human wisdom or of human freedom. It is to be found on the shores of Lake Galilee when the gospel of Christ was preached to all men, and its fundamental feature was that all men were born equal in the sight of God. (Applause).

"Now, to work the conversion of the United States to the Catholic Faith, it is well that we should first of all explain what we mean by the expression. We do not mean any change in the form of government. It is the most perfect form of government that the hands of Christian men ever struck off at one time (Applause). But it was all preached from Catholic pulpits and illustrated in the discipline of the Catholic Church, before America was discovered.

"But how are we to bring the people of the United States to that Catholic faith from which their government is a logical deduction?" asked Mr. Cockran. "The priests must be impressed into service, with the scope and zeal which marked their apostolate in the days of the Primitive Church."

Then he specifically bespoke for this apostolate the twenty-eight young graduates before him. What must they do? Give up the business or professions which they had planned as their life-careers, and devote themselves formally to missionary work? Not at all. "Follow your careers in the world. I don't ask

you to give up any legitimate plan or hope. I don't propose to you a vow of poverty. I want you to have success in the current, human acceptance of that word. Be the best possible lawyers, doctors, or business men. Get rich, too, by any and every honest method.

"I ask nothing of you but that, mindful and worthy of the philosophical and religious training you have received in Boston College, you will work for the same things as other men of the world, but with a different motive. Christ Himself has indicated the short cut to lawful success, even for this world. Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."

"By your example as honest, intelligent, religious-minded men in the courts, in politics, in medicine, in business, by your dominant motive to honor your Church and serve your country, you will secure the supreme end, and success for this world as well.

"But the opportunity? If you make yourself fit for the work you want to do, the opportunity will come to you. It must. If word goes forth of an old mine at the North Pole or at the Equator, men will dare the extreme of natural perils in either direction to get at it. A man is more than a mine. If you have trained yourself into a man of the hour—a man whom the world needs, you can't escape its demand for you. If you were imprisoned in a diving bell, and sunk in mid-ocean an expedition would be sent out to bring you back. In the pursuit of fortune, he warned them against restlessness in attained riches. The saddest man in the world is a millionaire with his heart in his money, and the dreariest place on earth is a safety deposit vault. Money is good for the good you can do with it; and for the true Catholic, there are no end of beneficent uses for the money and industry which the industrious and high-motived exercise of their gifts will bring them."

He closed with a real clarion call to the lay apostolate for God and country, which stirred the audience into such a genuine heart-outburst, for the man and for the mission, as the writer has never heard before.

If the world would only give a man credit while he is doing things, there would be more incentive to those who bustle.

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One of the last of the old Irish school of traditional pipers was buried a week ago, namely Martin Reilly, of Galway. This old man of 74 years was a marvellous performer on the Uilleann (Union) Pipes, and his fingering was phenomenal. From his master and namesake he picked up Gandsey's method of playing, for Gandsey was a very prince amongst pipers, whose playing elicited the warmest admiration from all visitors to Killarney in the first half of the last century. Not many who heard Reilly give the "Fox Chase" were aware that he reproduced Gandsey's effects with marvellous facility; but, Gandsey himself learned this glorious piece of "programme music" from Edward Keating Hyland in 1820. Hyland died in 1845, but Gandsey survived till 1887, in his 90th year. The greatest of the Galway school of pipers was Laddy Conely, who was presented with Crump's magnificent pipes by James Hardiman, the historian of Galway.