The Men of the Music.

I heard it first one August morning as I hay flose to the thatch in the gable-room of the little country hatel where I had come to seem that the state of the little country hatel where I had come to seem the state of the little country hatel where I had come to seem the state of the little country hatel where I had come to seem the state of the little country hately state of the little country hate gable-room of the little country hatel where I had come to spend my fortinght's holidays. There was a sudden shock to my dreaming my love's smiling face disappeared into soft shadows, and I wakened to a droning whirr of melody that further dazed my half-slumbering senses. For a moment I did not realize that the music was aught but imaginary, thus as I beard it growing louder and louder, I sprang out of bed to discover the cause. A thick curtain of my almost concealed the four-paned winfounder, I sprain out on the territain of try almost concealed the four-paned win-dow, which moved inwards on a lunge and was open owing to the heat. Through this curtain 1 thrust my head and saw, coming down the only hilly street of the village, two old men-two stooped and slender old nach whose resemblance to each other as tomsked die. It was as exact a regonomed the first and as a second are semblance as if one of them were grazing into a mirror. They were clad in the ordinary homespun clother, of the peasant; each wore a cloth cap with ears drawn close on his grey head, and round each wrinkled neck was

and round "ach wrinkled neck was tied a blue-spotted cotton handker-chief. Their faces were thin but ruddy; their features acquiline; their eyes were a bright blue-grey. As they marched in steady step together they kept playing a sad, tender, crooning air which I have since learnt to call "An Bunan Buidhe"—the Yellow Bittern. The old man nearest me played upon a fedan or whastle, the other had his lips curved around the mouthpiece of a flute. Their harmony was perfect as they trad lighting by over the cobble-stones, their bent elbows almost touching, while the yly over the cobble-stones, their bent elbows almost teuching, while the tune floated away in a thin wail on the hittle window, as far as was compatible with my safety, and watched them disappear round the bend of the tarrect. Then I went back to my pillow to pass the time in wondering—until the household should be awake my what was the story of these two -what was the story of these two who had gone by with their strange music so early in the autumadawn-

"Ah, then," said my host, Niali Beg "Ah, then," said my host, Niall Beg MacGinley, as we sat one in each coramer of the wide settle in the window, that faced the street. "Ah, then," filling his after-breakfast pipe with great deliberation, "Itis the same question as has been often put to me, and what man has a better right to can give you the truth as I can word for word, Yes, God He sees, word ford word."

Here he reached out for a lighted turf which he applied to his pipe and puffed away in unctuous silence.

puffed away in unctuous silence. Floundering through my amateurish Gaelic I begged him to proceed.

"Ah yes, it is myself, Niall Beg MacGinley, can tell the tale. Often and often I have told it, gentleman, to others coming like yourself for the fishing to Loch na Saluis—for the music going by so early has wakened many in that gable-room. One time it has been, 'Is that room of yours haunted, Niall?' or 'What was the music that disturbed me?' Or again, 'Cannot the local band choose a more Cannot the local band choose a more 'Cannot the local band choose a more suitable hour than dawn for their statising?' or maybe another would ask. I saw two strange men go by blaying this morning, Niall. Who were they? What does it mean?" He paused to gaze for a moment into the fire, and his jovial face grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, it was the Men of the Music you saw-the Men of the Mu-

Who are they, and why are they

alled so?" I queried.
"That you will hear in good fine."
te replied slowly with all the dignity
the scanachie. "It is a sad story, heirs, and a strange"
I leaned back in my corner resign-

ally, seeing that my eagerness merely

Padraic and Brian O'Keeney are names they will be having," he names they will be having," he ounced at last, "and they went by morning to cut the little field of morning to cut the little field of in they have ripening on the loch. Do you see that little house up the slope there? here he led me the arm to the dogrway, "with its the walls and the neat fences could be a fine the local three born, and where they have there ince the mother of them a good woman and kind was regread. They were never a day write in their growing-up, nor had a thought apart from the other. Thandsome lads they were too handsome lads they were too—somest in the parish—and first y diversion, with their music and t-dancing and their love-eyes at tolleens. Padraic, it was the fidhe played; and Brian—Oh, where his equal with the pipes?" modded solemnly at the fire, as repeated the last sentence, half to

If.

If mother, God be good to her, often to say that she felt the lines around her when Brian would playing his pipes of a surdner everon the rath behind; and then she d grope for her beads in the big at she wore, so as to keep their away. She knew the Little le must be jealous because he had an their art, for I swear to you, leman, it was like no hugan mushen Brian O'Keeney put his finthe the beat of the lipiece. Oh, no, like no human that ever was."

the keys and his hips to the thipsec. Oh, no, like no human to that ever was."

Ley were young—scarce past the years—when the cruci fever jed off both Mairgread and her within a week of each other thipseed, she was the last to die, at he leds promise to stay togeth. inde:the lads promise to stay togeth-lat the same home. 'It one of ye while,' she said, 'let him bring the man here, and she will be a sister the other; if both of ye do it, then e is room for all—many a small covers great happiness. It is my long I leave ye, and my prayer

"Ah, my grief, it was the knowledge that was in the poor dying heart of her made her speak, for a woman came, and the bitter black sorrow me deed she cast upon them. She was a young colleen and fair—well do I remember—with eyes as innocently blue as the loch water under a sufshiny sky, and the hair of her like the haivest gold, and the hps of her red as rowan berries. Truly the lovely young lass she was, but the lash tongue she had, and the foolish mind for all her beauty. Soon she had set the young men of the Gien against and bet smile to that, and her kind word for the other, and her truth for none. Ah, no indeed, her (ruth for none as I learned to my cost chough," with a sly glunce towards the dair where a short matronly figure move hither and thither, while the thud, thud of the churnstaff as it lashes the milk made a pleasant, subdued noise, the vanithee beyond was nevor a bit the wisen of that young folly of mine, nor need she ever be. Men will be men, and there is much the woman that is your wife had best be ignorant of."

ignorant of."

"True man you are for that saying, Niall Heg." I nodded my head sagely in approval. There was a twinkle in his eye as he resumed.

"Well, at was not long until the village began to see where the tricks of Eths would make trouble. One time she would be walking with Brian through the boreens in the gloaming, and next she would be whispering with Padraic across some stile when she should have been hurrying-home from milking the cows. The other lads seemed to have found out her mischievous ways for themselves before at was too late, but they brothers were simple and no one dared to warn were simple and mo one dared to warr them. Soon we noticed a coolness be-tween them. They did not come to-gether as before to the dance and the merrymaking; nor did they go away together. Maybe, for all we guess-ed, each went his aeparate road to catch a last word or smile from the girl who was torturing both. One evening, it was in the middle of

summer, for I remember tL hedges were dotted with wild roses, I came upon the three, and bitter, bitter speech passed between them. Edis but a-top the stile that was at the sat a-top the stile that was at the end of the meadow I was crossing as my nearest path home, and the brothers stood one on each side, purple with auger, in their faces, and their, mouths hot with the curses that were hotter still. It would have been an ill sight for their mother to see, and I've often chought since that it was the kind God He was to have spared poor Margread this. Their hands were uplifted to strike, while Eilis sat smiling, drawing the strings of her. smiling, drawing the strings of her, bonnet between her lips and taunting one and the other in turn. She grew suddenly white as the ceanabhan blossom when she twisted round and saw

som when she twisted round and saw we standing behind her.

I did not spare the treacherous, foolish thing; for I had my own score to pay back to her. I was the lad she had given her kiss to and her pledge, and it was over the head of Padraic and Brian we had quarrelled. She had cried sore, and clung to me, saying I was the only one she wanted, but I did not heed. I cast her off, and the love I had in my heart died away as a fire, of east might die died away as a fire of reat might die into grey ashes. When I saw her raising the wind of hate between poop Mairgread's sons, all that was in my mind against her went out in flaming words

"Brian, friend of my heart," I said, "and Padraic a dhills, is it for a light foolish woman you will be throwing the curses at one another? Few of them are worth an honest man's rage and she least of all, for it is nothing but trouble she has been stirring up in the Glen since she came. And I said much more, gentleman, which for shame's sake I will no be telling you now that the past is past, and the resentment long left me. Maybe it was 150 harsh my speech was, and she such a slender, pretty young flower of a maid, but I did not weigh the words then, and they tumbled from my lips io a torrent. I only knew how cruel they were by the horror in her eyes. "When I had finished she stepped down from the stile, and stood before

down from the stile, and stood before me. God forgive you, Niall MacGin-ley, was all she said, and a stab ran through my heart that I thought hardened to her wites, for her muser-able eyes had told mo the truth at

His voice broke and I could see :

moisture gather on his lowered inshes as he continued;—
"But it was too late for any under-"But it was too late for any understanding between us, gentleman. I had wounded her to the core. She walked away slowly with head down bent, and the next morning sheeleft the place for some kinsfolk that dwelt in a distant town. I have never seen her since. Sometimes the old people like myself talk over the story, and the young smile at it in their untried wisdom, and now and then a tenderhearted one will drop a tear; but the years have brought little change to the lives of those two—making their music day after day—except the gray hairs and the weariness, and the backward glances into the long-gone time that the old cherish most.

"There now, it is the tongue of me is running too fast, surely, gentleman. When the lease of life is shortening the tongue gets lorger—is a wise saying. Soon we all saw that matters were growing even worse between the boys, so one day I want to the little white house and begged that peace should be made between them for their mother's sake. They were silent at first, and angry belike; then Padraic spoke what was in the heart of him, poor lad, 'twos the sore heart too; 'I will live with him that is my brother, and was my friend, because he is my mother's son," he said, 'but

and the same of th

never again will the word cross my hips to him no, never in this life the congo his own way, I will go mine." "My sorrow! I knew it would make further mischief if I said more, so I only looked at Brian. His eyes were hard and his mouth was set. He glared at his brother for one instact while I saw the muscles of his neck swell and his hands clench, but he did not speak. Instead, he opened the

did not speak. Instead, he opened the door quickly, and stepped out into the night. "They gave up their sports and dana.

"They gave up their sports and dancing, and by degrees their friendly ways of dropping in on this neighbor and that. But I used to go for a chat by their fireside sometimes, though only one would talk to me, and that mostly Brian. Padraio would set in a dark corner as for as would set in a dark corner as for as possible from the fire, playing on his fiddle, so is to keep out of the talk It was afterwards I discovered – through the curiosity of the children who stole off to peep in the window every evening—that when they were by themselves Padraie took up the fiddle and Brian the pipes, and thus they put in the time between supper and bed.

"Well, God be thanked, the music kept them from worse, maybe, and

kept them from worse, maybe, and now when they go to cut their corn by the loch side, or cross beyond to the fields to 1 lough or sow in the spring—'tis ever the same, the fluie and the fedan give notice of their coming. For you see, gentleman, the fiddle and the pipes would be awk-ward to carry morning and evening, leaving aside that the moist air would be bad for both. So his the flute and the fedan they choose instead, for they could play them as well as the others. And now, that is their story

others. And now, that is the story for you, every word true as gospel; Christ and Mary look down on their spoilt, sorrowful lives."

I came back the next auturn to the same little gable-room and the music of the flute and the fedan. The broof the flute and the fedan. The bro-thers were just as usual, my friend, Niall Beg, assured me, in answer to my strange inquiries; yet, strange to say, a change in the monotonous ex-istence was impending, in the bring-

ing about of which I myself was to play a part.

When I was in the place a few days an unexpected invitation reached me from a friend who had taken a fishfrom a friend who had taken a fishing lodge in a distant quarter of the country. "I am m the heart of a glen," he wrote, "and there's sport such as you've never seen in your life before, in these waters. Only a group of cabins in the whole place, and my shanty. So you'll get quiet, and homely fare. Do come."

I went, and drove down that glen and the sunset when every nook and corner of it was glorified in the magic light. The heather ran in flaming purple floods down the mountain

light. The heather ran in flaming purple floods down the mountain sudes, out of which huge boulders rose mossgrown and rugged; and the river, which was so full of promise, wandered like a thread of silver through the gold and russet and purple peacefulness. The corn fields, newly cuttogether with other signs of pastoral hie, charmed my practical eye; and I noticed too that all the women I passed on my way were knitting, or flowering—as the fine hand embroidery on muslin and cambric is called. flowering—as the line hand embric is called.
They returned kindly Gaelic greetings to my "Dia dhuit"—God save you with pleasant smiles.; and truly I deemed my friend and myself fortun-

deemed my triend and myself octu-ate in our surroundings.

One afternoon I had wandered to-wards the farther end of the Glen, and feeling thirsty and very tired un-der the hot sun, called at the open der the hot sun, called at the open door of a neat cottage for the way-farer's bute and sup. Just inside, the threshold an old woman sat spinning, who rose and brought me a foaming jug of milk, and a generous square of thickly-buttered outen bread. As I ate and drank she interrogated me thoughtfully, noting my exhausted condition. Was it a long journey I had come? Had the fishing been good? Bid I think I would feel able to return again that night? If not, she would make me a shake-down by the fire; and her nephew, with whom she lived, would gladly see after my comfort. She was a nittle 'hin woman with a pretty red on her old comfort. She was a little thin woman with a pretty red on her old cheeks, very alort in her movements. As I answered, and told the distance I had come, she made little crooning sounds of interest. I showed her my basket heavy with fine trout, and begged her acceptance of a couple. "Ah no," she shook her head, "the gentieman ought to keep what he had won by his hard day's tramping, to show his friends at the lodge, or herwon by his hard day's tramping, to show his friends at the lodge, or perhaps they wouldn't believe he had caught so many." Then we drifted into conversation about the country beyond the hils that bulwarked the valley. Yes, she had once been beyond there when she was young; though now it seemed like a dream to remember that she had ever been anywhere in the world outside her awn glen. She gave a strange start when I mentioned loch na Soluis, and a shadow catte over her eyes.

shadow carre over her eyes.
"I used to live there when I was a girl," said she.
I mentioned the name of a few of the villagers; amongst others, the Men of the Music.

"Ah, God forgive me," she wailed, putting up her hands to cover her face. "I knew them long ago." At that a sudden light broke on me. "You are Edis," I exclaimed invol-

untarily.

She dropped her hands on the instand, and the old face went pale as "How do you know; who told you!"

Mow do you know, was considered in the passed.

Already I had regretted my hasty and unwarrantal remark, but I had gone too far now to refuse the explanation she cylichtly desired. I Tidgetted a moment awkwardly white she sat expectant. "If you please, will you tell me, gentleman," she said fimidly.

So, as we sat there by the open door of her little cottage, with the twi-light mists falling like a veil upon the heathery slope, and yellow corn-fields, and the river singing a little lullahy of its own to the dying day. I told her the aftertale of Padraic and Brian O'Keeney. She crouched slient, with her apron over her head, rocking gently to and fro, as I spoke.
When the tale was ended she uncov-

ered her face and gazed at me carn-estly, with tear-filled eyes. "What can I dot" she whispered, "Can I do anything at all f"

Then I had an inspiration. "Come back and make prace between them," I said, "You owe this reparation to their ruined tryes."

their runned tives.

She beat her bosom in passionate self-accusation

"Ah, yes," she murmured lowly. "We are old now, and the grave is near. I will go."

That might I accepted the hospitality of the nephew, and the next morning saw me set out accompanied by an old, weeping woman, who all the way kept dabbing with a red cotton handkerchief at drenched eyes that were hardly to be seen under the dark gathered burder of her hood. In spite f her grief she was excited and n ed at the novelty of the journey, and the swift motion of the train inspired I could hear her praying softly at in-

tervals.

When I brought Ealis to Niall Beg MacGinley's that worthy man looked as if a ghost had arisen He recognized her at once, and it was a trembling hand he stretched out to clasp

nized her at once, and it was a treinbling hand he stretched out to clayphers. I drew him aside and explained that after she had rested, he must take her up to the little white house on the hell. I had done my share, with Cod would be the test.

Afterwards Null Beg told inc the details of the interview. My regrees that I cannot give them in the impressive factive of his own words. "They were sitting playing, one on each side of the gressaugh, when we came in," he said, "and the crickets were chirruping very loud. But for all that, it was a lonesome sight. Edils atops d just inside the threshold; for I made her enter before me, and Brian was the first to see "What woman is this?" he called out, and his voice was loud and threatening, "There is no place for a woman here." At that she put ba k her hood and oh, God in Herverk suc.; a look in all their eyes.

"Edilis," cried Padraie.

"I have come to make peace," said she, reaching out her hands suddenly and clutching a hand of each. "To make peace where I made strife long ago."

and clutching a hand of each. To make peace where I made atrife long

make peace where I made atrife long ago.*

"Neither moved; they were too dazed, but I saw clearly the thought running through their minds—that it was for this woman, no longer lovely, no longer young, they had borne the weary burden of hate. They, like myself, had always dreamed of her as we had seen her last in her handsome girlhood, and the reality, though a shock, was the one thing necessary to both disillusion them and to extinguish their antagonism. I drew back into the shadows, leaving the three to themselves. Padraic was the first to speak. to speak.
"Why did you do it, Filis? said he

"Why did you do it, Fiss f said no softly.
"Why did you put this heart-break of us f asked Brian.
"He kind and make peace, and forgive me," she begged. And across her bent head, with the old affection breaking through the crust of dislike, the brothers gazed remorsefully into each other's eyes."

Several years chapsed before I again wisited Loch na Soluis, and then I brought with me my dear wife. I found many changes in the familiar place, but my host in former days, wall leg, was still alive, though rheumatic, and very feeble. In answer to my inquiries concerning the Men of the Musac he shook his gray head sadly. head sadly.

Men of the Musec he shook his gray head sadly.

"They are under the sod in Kilcreevanty." he said, "sleeping soundly together. It was on a Christmas Day they died, and, curiously, they had long prayed that God might take them to Him on that day of days. They drew their last breath almost at the same moment; and were laid sade by side in the one death-bed. There was never such a wake known in the country before, for people came from far and near. On the morning of their burial it was very wild and stormy, with a cold rain blowing from the weet. Yet, for all that, two lighted candles were carried in front of their coffins across to the church yard beyond, and, though the rain fell and the wind blew, the candles were not quenched nor did the flame flicker even once. This was a sign to show that they were hold souis, and had died at peace with God. May He give them rest."

And "May He give them' rest," I repeated fervently after him.—Ethna Carbery, in Donaheo's Magazine.

A GRAVE SMUATION.

Consideration of New England Vital Statistics.

The Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, a Protes tant minister of New England, has been strering things up in the east by gathering up the birth statistics of New England, and drawing from them

New England, and drawing from them certain obvious co-clusions. The Roston Transcript disputed his statements. To which last week, the reverend gentleman replied;—"I wish to put my statements as I spoke them. I did not speak of a lamentable falling off of children in New England, but a lamentable fairing off of children in New England families. I made the statement in order to show that the houses had as many children to-day as ever, but of a different race. It is a scrious question, this loss of genuine American families; all the more so when American families are the oftenest in the divorce courts. You don't find the foreigner breaking the marriage tie. foreigner breaking the marriage tie. To such an extent has the divorce business grown that it is doubtful whether Mormonism can show such a plurality of wives and husbands as one can find among the Gentiles. Nothing surprises my more when I was the control of t one can find among the Gentiles. Nothing surprises me more when I get as far west as Michigan than to find the number of children who get on the train with their mothers. There is no use in trying by a wrong use of figures to bolster up false pride. For whatever reason, it is true that very few of our modern families have such households as their fathers and mothers hud. I am not judging the motives of people who do not have children. I am merely stating the fact, and I can not but feel that it is a very grave situation. I am not alone. Letters are now coming thanking me for what I said."

In the same connection, the Sacred Heart Review calls attention to a sermon by Rev. Br. vard D. Sinclair, de-

mon by flev Br.vogd D. Sinclair, delivered some years ago at the First Presbyterian Church, Newburyport,—"New England is lifting her hands to-day with horrer at the thought of Catholic domination. We are told that Roman Catholics are going to possess New England Through yoursen they may do so. And if you persent in sin they ought to. In God's providence, and in the struggle for expetence, the fittest survive and the istence, the fittest survice and the weakest and wickedest become ex-tinct. And the criterion of the fit-test of the human race is the stan-dard that those who best subserve the end of God in creating them, shall New Engl nders defeating the end of marriage by the prevention of offmerringe by the prevention of offmerring and the Catholic population obeying God's laws in rearing fans-Les, we are simply seeing the working of God's natural law"

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Archbishop Ireland in the North American Review.

The most significant utterance made for many years acquarding the views and exacttations of the Roman Cethohe Church with respect to the temporal power of the Pope, appears in the March number of the North Amer-ican Review 11s author is Arch-bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and as that distinguished prelate was so re-cently in Rome and sustained the most intimate and friendly relations to the rading powers of the Church, it may be presumed that his article, which is entitled, "The Pope's Civil which is crititled, "The Pope's Civil Princedom," expresses the actual opinions and policy of the Vatican itself. Archbishop Ireland is uncompromising in his declaration in favor of the restoration of the temporal power. While civil independence, he argues, is not a vitat element in the being of the Papicy, it is necessary to the Papacy for the fulfillment of its mission. For, were the Pope subject to a civil ruler, the real or seeming control of his word might aid his sovereign's ambitions, and lessen its force among his word might aid his sovereign's ambitions, and lessen its force among men. As the Church is universal and ministers to all nations, its head should not be ideutified with any single nationality. Archbishop Iretand recalls the fact that Rome was occupied by the Holians in spite of the solemn assurance of Victor Emmanuel that the city of the Popes would be respected, and the Church unceasinly notests against the occupation; while

that the city of the Popes would be respected, and the Church unceasinly protests against the occupation; while Rome itself persists in being Papal in deriving its life and grandeur from the Papacy. The restoration of Rome to the Church is of profound importance to the welfare of Italy itself;—"Throughout the kingdom, Italians are divued. The acherents of the Pope's temporal power are legion. They are, too, the most conservative elements of the population, and as they refrain, in obcaence to the Pope's order, from active participation in national polities, the piral daily grows that the socialistic ned acvolutionary elements in the country may obtain control of public affairs. Through fear of Papal claims, the government is compelled to impose on the country, much against the country's deepest wishes, the burden of an appressive militarism, and of sm unnatural and unhistoric alliance with Austria and Prussia. No country could hore for termanent peace and natural and uninstoric adiance with austria and Prussia. No country could hope for permanent peace and prosperity under conditions of this nature. All Italians realize this, all slamor for deliverance of one kind or another. Meanwhite, the Papal cause will necessarily be gaining ground for this reason, if for no other, that the Italian people are profoundly Catholic, and will remain Catholic in every fibre of their souls, as long as they are Italians. And once the heat of political passion is cooled, and it is more plainly seen that Papal independence is a religious, not a political, matter, the proper solution to the Roman question, will be given by Italy itself. Time may be required; but the Papacy has the patience of an eternal institution." Austria and Prussia. No country

CARDINALS OF THE CHURCH. The College as it Stands To-day.

will hold a Consistory for the creation of Cardinals, as the Sacred Colege has recently been thinned by death. With the death of Cardinal death. With the death of Cardinal Galcati, Archbishop of Ravenna, which happened recently, the Sacred College is now reduced to fifty-five. Of the Cardinals created by the late Pontiff, Pius IX, but three now remain; Oreglia di San Stefauo, who is twenty-eight years a Cardinal; Parocchi, with twenty-four years in the Cardinalite; and Ledochowski, Prefect of Propaganda, who was made Cardinal twenty-six years ago, at the same time that the late Cardinal Manning was raised to the Sacred College.

College.
The Cardinals who have reached the greatest age are;—Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo, who is 89; Richard, Arch-

of Palermo, who is 89; Richard, Archbishop of Paris, 82; and Gruscha, Archbishop of Vienna, 81. The young-set Cardinals are;—Vive y Tuto, a Capauchin, who is resident in Curia, and is about 47 years of age. Syampa, Archbishop of Bologna, 50; Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin. and Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, 51 each. Of the 55 Cardinals now constituting the Sacred College, 30 are Italians, and 25 belong to other countries. Of the 30 Italians, two are Piedmorses, Orgelia and Richelmy; one is a Ligurian, Gotti, who belongs to Genoa, at the harbor of which his father labored as a stevedore; one is a Venetian Sarto; one is from Bergamo, Agliardi, one is a Lombard, Parocchi, perhaps Sarto; one is from Bergamo, Agliardi, one is a Lombard, Parocchi, perhaps the most profound and brilliant member of the Sacred College; four are Aemilians, Romagnoli or Marcheggiani, Svampa, Ferrari, Manara, and Respichi, the last being Cardinal Vicar of Rome; there is one Tuscanf Pierotti, who is a Dominican, and wears white; one is from Umbria, Satolli, formerly Delegate Apostolic to the United States, a most distinguished theologian and expounder of St. Thomas Aquinas; ten belong (to the Province of Rome—two of which, Casall del Drago and Cassetta, were



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born in Rome—the two brothers, Ser-afino and Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mo-cenni, Ferrata, Cretoni, Macchi, Di

cenna, Ferrata, Cretoni, Macchi, Di Pietro and Segna; five are from Southern Italy, Capecelatro, Aloisi-Masella, Prisco, Portanova, and Cas-ca; and three are Sichians, Rampolla, Celesia and Francica-Nava.

Of the 25 foreign Cardinals, 7 are French, Langenicux, Richard, Per-raud, Lecot, Couillie, Laboure, and Mathieu; 5 are Spanish Sancha y Hervas, Cascagares y Azara, Casanas y Pages, Herrera y de la Iglesia and Vives y Tuto; 5 are Austro-Huagar-ians, Gruscha, Vaszary, Schlauch, Missa and Steinhuber; Portugal has one Cardinal, Netto, a Franciscan, and Patriarch of Lisbon; Germany has two Ledochowski and Kopp; fre-land has one, Cardinal Logue; England has one, Cardinal Logue; England one, Cardinal Vaughan, and Australia' one, Cardinal Floran; the United States has one, Cardinal Gibbons, and Belgium one, Cardinal Goos-

The number of Cardinals who have died since Leo XIII ascended the Pontifical throne amounts to no less than 136, or almost twice the full number of the College of Cardinals.

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