

once in a while a reception in his honor is held at the house of a Washington magnate. He appears on such occasions in the formal dignity of silk and cassock, distinguished looking and smiling, and leaves early in the evening.

In appearance Mgr. Satolli is the typical cultivated, intellectual Italian. He is described of medium height and of rather slender build, with raven black hair, to which his years of hard study and energetic work have not yet imparted a streak of gray; with lustrous, expressive dark eyes, a massive forehead and thin lips capable of giving to his face the utmost variety of expressions. Power is stamped on every feature—power and self-control, and, if need be, unfathomable reticence. He is an early riser, a frugal liver and an indefatigable worker. His high office imposes on him for the most part a dignified retirement, but on proper occasions he can unbend and become one of the most delightful of companions, though he usually confines his conversation to the Latin and Italian tongues.

Like all truly great men, although holding an exalted position, he unites a becoming dignity with a humble and simple demeanor which makes him beloved. P. A. B.

Thomas a Becket.

BY REV. P. J. HAROLD,

For the Carmelite Review.

Who has not heard of this valiant son of the church? All who read English history have been strongly moved to love or hate by the story of his life and tragic death; but whether sympathy with his faith moves the reader to venerate the saint, or anti-Catholic prejudice of the myop dims his vision of the halo about the saintly brow, he must, if at all chivalrous, admire the courage, intrepid and unconquerable, of the veteran statesman and christian prelate.

Born in the year 1119 A.D. in London, his education was carefully looked after by Archbishop Theobald, and his studies on the continent bore such fruits of scholarship and experience that his success in a worldly sense was already assured when yet a young man.

He was appointed by Henry II of England chancellor of the realm, an office which he filled without reproach and to the satisfaction of his king, and in 1162 was elected Archbishop of Canterbury.

At this period there were two classes of importance in England, the king and the

nobles, and an unimportant class—as the world takes it—the people. Between the outrageous enactments of the king and the tyrannical bearing of the nobles the unimportant class was ground as between mill-stones. The church came in for a share of noble profligacy too; and, as the occasion offered, the king here, and the baron there, seized on or alienated from its proper use ecclesiastical property and revenues.

The "Constitution of Clarendon" proposed to legalize this royal robbery of the church. Promptly Thomas a Becket protested against the sacrilegious attempt. This was in 1164, from which time till 1170, when the archbishop's blood crimsoned the sanctuary of his cathedral, the royal monster waged incessant war on the great man who alone dared to beard the tyrant despoiler of his See.

Becket fled to France, thence to Rome where he laid his case at the feet of the Pope and returned victorious to his beloved home. Afraid of an interdict on his realm, Henry pretended to be reconciled to the archbishop. He had hoped for a compromise; but the joyous acclamations with which the people received their pastor extinguished his hopes and re-kindled his ire. Sitting at supper with his boon companions he railed at them because none of them would free him from "the turbulent priest." Four of them took up the challenge and a martyrdom was the issue.

In two years a Becket was a canonized saint and Henry III was among those who most revered his memory. Henry VIII, of unsavory report, dug up the saint's bones burned them and scattered the ashes to the winds, but he could not tear the memory of God's saint and bishop from the Catholic heart.

What an example does this saint's life give us of perseverance in the performance of our duty under any trial and against every obstacle.

By a little compromise a Becket might have had an easy time, as it is called by worldlings, but he would have forfeited the respect of posterity and the possession of a martyr's crown.