

dead, he could never forget his beloved Venice, and thus accompanied by a people's love and veneration the great Cardinal-Patriarch went off from his beloved Venice—for ever. Had the people feared that this would be? If they had any presentiment that he would not come back it was not shared by their beloved Archbishop, for he had provided himself with a return ticket, which, as it turned out, he did not need to use, and which now forms part of the collection of curiosities of the King of Greece.

The coronation of the new Pope, who took the title of Pius X., took place in St. Peter's on August 9, in the presence of fully 40,000 persons.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

On September 18, 1858, Joseph Sarto—destined to become the 259th successor of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, was ordained priest, in the Church of Castelfranco. Little could this great son of the people have thought that autumn morning fifty years ago that the fiftieth anniversary of that solemn day would be spent by him in the Vatican. He was then in his twenty-third year, and whatever the future held for him, it is very unlikely that the humble student dreamed of such a majestic destiny. Indeed, in the Italy of that day no one could foretell what even the immediate future was about to bring forth. The Austrian yoke was still upon her, but it was not to be for much longer. But what would the 'patriots' do when once the galling Austrian was dismissed the land where he had so long held himself supreme? That was a question that many thoughtful men were asking at the moment when young Sarto was being ordained. And young Sarto himself probably had pondered the question. The Pope is a Venetian. He was born in the little town of Riese, in the diocese of Treviso, on June 2, 1835. He was the second of a large family born to John Baptist and Margaret Sarto. There was a modest patrimony; the father was employed in the municipal service and the mother did needlework. The future Pope was reared in a humble but comfortable home, and in a family which enjoyed a degree of independence somewhat unusual in the class from which he sprang.

The life of Pius X. (says a writer in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*) has been from the first one of consistent happiness and cheerfulness. True, in these days, as Head of the Church, he has his great sorrows. As he looks out from his Palace Prison, the Vicar of Christ sees only too much to bring pangs to his heart, but this can be said of him, that during his whole career he has gone on from one post of duty to another, ever advancing in rank and responsibility, and in every sphere earning universal good-will and intense admiration. The twentieth century starts—it might be said the Democratic century, as it will evidently be—with a Pope of the people, who has gone with flying colors through every office of dignity and importance in the Universal Church, from that of a humble curate to that of Cardinal Prince. Under Providence he owes this magnificent career of advancement to his mother. In the ordinary course, like other boys of his class, he should have gone straight to work from the school of his native village, but the thrifty housewife had managed to have by what would send Joseph, the first son, on to a good school at Castelfranco, four miles away. Thither he trudged twice a day. He was a first-class pupil by all accounts, liked his books well, and was a great favorite, for from his earliest days Joseph Sarto seems to have been remarkable for the charm of his temperament and disposition. A good priest, Father Fusarini, picked him out from his class, and brought him through his Latin exercises. In his fifteenth year he entered the diocesan seminary at Treviso. A little later Father Fusarini was to prove a friend indeed. In his seventeenth year the lad lost his father. The widow had eight children to do for single-handed. It might have gone hard with young Sarto but for Father Fusarini. Through his instrumentality, however, the boy was sent to a free place at the Seminary of Padua—Padua famous for learning and art, and famous in the history of the Church, where Anthony, the Fran-

ciscan, was born, and where Petrarch sleeps. Young Sarto was to have his education free, but there were other necessary expenses to be met so that he might go to Padua the renowned, and to meet these his mother had to part with some of the small patrimony.

She was amply repaid, if she sought repayment, in the success of her son. He was a hard, cheerful student, and he outdistanced his rivals by his mirth and his industry. He was first in his final, to use the parlance of the schools, and as has been said, he was ordained on September 18, 1858. He was at once sent as curate to the parish of Tombolo, where he opened an evening school and a school for aspirants to the sacred ministry, and where he was immensely-beloved by the people.

PARISH PRIEST.

After nine years at Tombolo, he was, in 1867, made parish priest of Salzano. The dread cholera visited Salzano while he was still parish priest there. He devoted himself heroically to the assistance of his stricken flock, even bearing coffins to the local cemetery. The people of the parish loved him. Italy had meanwhile seen many remarkable changes. Solferino and Magenta had been won and lost. Victor Emmanuel had entered Milan, and the Treaty of Zurich had been concluded, and Victor Emmanuel had delivered that speech at the opening of the Sardinian Parliament of 1860, which made it known to all what the Holy See might expect from the 'deliverers' of Italy. The worst, however, was yet to come.

Father Sarto had not an easy time in his new parish. For the first time in his life he was made to feel what it was to be directly responsible for a large community. The public institutions of the place were now necessarily affairs of his, but some of them, especially the hospital, were none too healthy. To the work of improvement, however, he set his hand earnestly, and as too often happens in the case of such labors, the workman found himself only too soon burdened with a heavy debt. Cheerful and charitable to the last degree, Father Sarto was not the man to complain. His works of charity never abated. It is said that the Bishop of Treviso found that he had even pawned the parochial ring to subsidise his benevolence, and that he inquired good-humoredly as to the safety of the thurible. It goes without saying that in Salzano, too, the good priest won the intense affection of the people. Events were marching quickly. The fatal year of Seventy came, and with it went the Temporal possessions of the Holy See. The Pope became 'The Prisoner of the Vatican.' The so-called patriots had now completed their task. Italy was to see forthwith the millennium. It is thirty-eight years since the act of spoliation. There have been now three prisoners of the Vatican. Italy is to-day the most heavily taxed country in Europe. The Unification has not brought a millennium. The Church, of course, stands where she did. The Freemason has not been found a very good substitute for the Pope-King.

BISHOP OF MANTUA.

After having been parish priest of Salzano for nine years, Father Sarto was made a Canon of the Cathedral of Treviso, and Professor of the Seminary at that place. He accordingly once more changed his residence. But he brought with him a load of debt. Now, however, he had a fixed income, and out of this he was able to discharge his liabilities. Pius IX. passed to his reward in 1878, and Leo of immortal memory succeeded. Canon Sarto had been made successively Chancellor and Vicar-General of Treviso. One morning, in the year 1884, the Bishop came to his room and said: 'I am sorry to announce to you, but at the same time I am rejoiced that the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., in the Consistory of the 10th of November, nominated you Bishop of Mantua.' 'God's will be done,' was the calm and humble response. In Mantua, for ever famous, Bishop Sarto labored another nine years. It has been the subject of universal comment that an illustrious change has come to him every ninth year. It had been so hitherto; it was to be so yet again and