

XIII., recalled a remark made by the late Pope in April 19 of last year to Father Lorenzo Perosi, the renowned composer, when making kindly inquiries regarding the latter's distinguished friend and prelate, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice. 'Hold him very dear, Perosi,' said Leo, 'as in the future he will be able to do much for you. We firmly believe he will be our successor.' A curious instance of the unconscious prescience of childhood, or the instinctive attraction that the little ones find in a kindly face, was recorded in the Victorian secular papers. While the Holy See was vacant, our valued friend, the Rev. G. Doyle, pastor of St. Arnaud (Victoria), placed the published portraits of all the leading Cardinals before the children of his parish school and asked them to pick from among them the one that was to be the next occupant of the Chair of St. Peter. The children selected Cardinal Sarto. Another happy guess in this connection was made by our valued contemporary, the Milwaukee 'Catholic Citizen,' in an issue recently to hand. After having detailed the expeditious elections to the Papal See that had taken place during the nineteenth century, it deduced therefrom the following conclusion: 'By August 5 (next Monday) we should know the name of his (Leo's) successor.' And so it came about. Edmund Burke declared somewhere that one can never plan the future by the past. But the rule is clearly not of universal application.

Then and Now

We remember reading, many years ago, a magazine article in which an American newspaper editor stoutly maintained that 'special articles' for the daily press should invariably be written by persons who had little or no previous acquaintance with the subject which they were required to treat. A cutting sent us by a Palmerston correspondent from a North Island paper reminds us that, in the estimation of some of our non-Catholic clerical friends, the same principle applies to the lecture platform. At any rate a Protestant clergyman, according to the brief report, waxed eloquent in a recent lecture over the manner in which Italy has 'improved' since it shook itself free from 'papal domination.' Improved? Well, it has 'improved'—to use an Irish proverbial saying—'like bad fish in July.' The demands on our space in this issue forbid us entering into much detail upon the subject; but we will call in two unexceptionable Protestant witnesses who will set the matter in its proper light.

The first is the distinguished American Protestant author, Bayard Taylor. He is an eye-witness for the conditions that prevailed in the States of the Church in the days when they were under 'papal domination.' This is what he has to say:—

'I have read in various papers the Papal States are the worst governed in Europe. The precise nature and extent of this despotism I am a little in the dark about. Our generous enlighteners, the editors, do not condescend to come down to particulars. Still, a plain man may be permitted to ask a few questions. In what does this despotism of the Papal Government consist? Is it that clergymen hold office? For many years there has been a smaller proportion of clergymen holding office in the Papal States than in some of the States of this Union, and their salaries have been in a still smaller proportion to those of secular offices. Is it in the expense of the Government? It is one of the most economical in Europe. The salaries of higher officers of State do not exceed 300,000 dollars (about £60,000) a year, and the whole civil list costs about 600,000 dollars (about £120,000). Are the people ground down with taxes? The taxes in Rome are far less than in England, France, or New York. Are they deprived of the benefits of education? The Papal States, with a population of less than 3,000,000, have seven universities; and the city of Rome has more free public schools than New York in proportion to her population, and what is still better, a larger proportion of children attend them. Perhaps the poor are uncared for, and their sufferings treated with neglect? There are more and better free hospitals for the sick, the poor and aged, the suffering of every class, in Rome, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world. It is not asked in

Rome what is a man's country or creed. Perhaps the bad government has reduced the people to pauperism? Holland, France, the other free and enlightened countries, have from three to ten times as much pauperism in proportion to the population. The government is an elective monarchy. It has a liberal constitution, light taxation, very little pauperism, an economical administration, a cheap or free education for all classes, and abundant institutions of charity for the needy and suffering. I venture to assert that the single city of New York pays more taxes, is more plundered by dishonest officials, supports more paupers, has more uneducated children, tolerates more vice and drunkenness, rowdiness, etc., and suffers more from crime year by year, than the whole (nearly 3,000,000) of the people of the States of the Church.'

Let another Protestant writer, a resident in Italy, point the moral and adorn the tale which tells the bitter contrast between the days of 'papal domination' and those of 'improvement,' 'freedom,' and 'prosperity.' The appendix to 'A Village Commune' thus briefly sums up the ruin of to-day:—

'I did not live during the old regimes and cannot judge of them: but this I do know, that the bulk of the people passionately regret the personal peace and simple plenty that were had under them. . . . The Italian people, beholding all their old plenty and ancient rights slipping away from them, stand sullen and full of futile wrath to see all that for twice a thousand years has been their own passing into the coffer of the foreign speculator or money lender. This ruin is called "Progress," and the whole land groans and the whole people curse.'

Half an ounce of fact from residents on the spot is worth a hogshead of the sort of fiction that was poured out on that northern platform by one who had clearly never set foot within the borders of Italy.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

XIV.—THE FRASER CANON

By the Editor.

A passing interruption has been given to the flow of travel-talk by the great events that have lately occurred in the Eternal City and by other special and heavy demands that have been made upon the 'Tablet's' space during the past few weeks. I now resume the thread of the story of movement by field and flood across the forehead of the American continent.

The last instalment of travel left us at Yale, on the Fraser River, 103 miles from Vancouver. We had left behind us the rich green flats of the Fraser delta, and the mountains along its narrowing sides had gradually closed in on each hand till at Yale the valley tapered to a point and stopped short before a vast rampart of sheer rock. Out from a deep, wide cleft in this stony barrier the Fraser came tumbling in a swift and sullen flood. It was far past seventeen o'clock (5 p.m.) when our long train snaked its winding way out of Yale. As we rumbled slowly along over the street-level, to the clanging and the jangling of the big brass engine-bell, the slanting sunlight glinted on the gaudy joss-house and lit up the gay sides of the flat-bottomed steamer that lay at the wharf below. Thus far into the mountains goes the course of navigation, and no farther. The little river-steamer was the last reminder of the salt sea that we met until we touched the great Lakes 1800 miles away to the east. We were soon puffing—all too fast for our eager eyes intent upon the swiftly changing beauties of the scene—along our winding and upward way into the rugged heart of

The Cascade Ranges.

They form, in good sooth, a noble cordillera. They bend away north-westwards, following the coast-line, towards the ice-fields and the snows of the Arctic Circle and raising an unscalable fence between John Bull and Uncle Sam where British Columbia shoulders Alaska. They run South in rugged chains far into the United States and fill Oregon and Washington with scenery of massive grandeur. Mount Baker—that peeped down at us a hundred times along our way over the heads and shoulders of lesser heights—is one of the taller summits to which the Cascades soar in the Washington State, just beyond the southern frontier of British Columbia. In British Columbia the Cascade mountains cool their conical heads in the snows of the higher cloudland and bathe their feet—that is, their coastal spurs and