

American Protestant Episcopal (Anglican) organ, has the following remarks on the subject in a recent issue:

'It is a happy omen of better times that Protestantism is being discredited and repudiated on every hand by the children of those who emblazoned Protestant on their banners and thanked God that they were not Catholics. Now the tide is running in the opposite direction. Everybody wants to be called Catholic. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America is simply nauseated with the word Protestant. . . The only trouble about discarding the old name is, we are not quite certain whether we ought to call ourselves simply "the Church in the U.S.," or "The Catholic Church in the U.S.A.," or "The American Church," or "The American Catholic Church," or "The American Branch of the Catholic Church in the United States of America," or just to drop the hateful word Protestant and call ourselves "The Episcopal Church," as most people do already. Nor is it the "Episcopalians" alone who desire to be read and known of all men as "Catholics." The Methodists have discovered that Wesley edited a Prayer Book and that it contained the Apostles' Creed, and that therefore orthodox Methodists believe in "The Holy Catholic Church." Nor in this regard are Presbyterians, Baptists, or Congregationalists one whit behind their Methodist brethren. Even Unitarians want to sit on the Catholic platform. It is also worthy of note that the newest sects and churches precipitated upon Christendom have no use for the word Protestant, it is either "Old Catholic," or "Independent Catholic," or "Polish Catholic," or "Catholic Apostolic"; and that Chicago monstrosity, the sect of Dr. John Alexander Dowie, is, if you please, "The Christian Catholic Church," the most assertive and monopolistic of them all.'

### Interesting Conclave Facts

The hot, sweltering days of early August were memorable ones in Rome. The Conclave was in session behind guarded doors, and an impressive scene was witnessed twice each day as the Cardinals assembled to cast their votes under the storied frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. The true story of those historic meetings of the Church's senators is gradually finding its way over seas and dispelling the wild guesses and surmises, the venomous gossip and tittle-tattle, and the imaginative nonsense that constituted a notable part of the 'news' that was whirled to the ends of the earth by cable-agents during the sittings of the Conclave. In the epigraph upon his tomb, Eben Holden declared that he 'never ketched a fish bigger'n 't was, or lied 'n a boss trade.' 'There is something noble in publishing truth,' said Dr. Johnson. But when the cable-demon is dealing with Catholic subjects, truth is not the dish that he commonly serves up to his readers. It is at best a sauce, like a dash of Yorkshire relish. The decorous realities of the Conclave were many degrees too dull for imaginative writers who were expected to find in its proceedings those snatches of intrigue, sensation, and cheap melodrama that newspaper editors were waiting to feed to a gullible world. Hence the fishy tales and the 'boss trade' lies that were sped round the earth from the special steam-factory of journalistic fable that was established in Rome during the sittings of the Conclave.

So much of a 'contest'—if we may so call it—as there was lay chiefly between two men who, of all others, were most unwilling to assume the heavy burden of the Papal office. These were Cardinals Rampolla and Sarto. In the early scrutines Cardinal Gotti also figured conspicuously. Omitting the lesser names, the results of the first three ballots were as follow: (1) Cardinal Rampolla 24, Cardinal Gotti 17, Cardinal Sarto 5; (2) Cardinal Rampolla 29, Cardinal Gotti 16, Cardinal Sarto 10; (3) Cardinal Rampolla 29, Cardinal Sarto 21, Cardinal Gotti 9. 'Cardinal Rampolla,' says the well-informed correspondent of the New York 'Freeman,' 'from the day Leo XIII died, began a strict fast. He spent most of his time in the chapel praying before

the Blessed Sacrament. Those who saw him moving from one part of the Vatican to another noticed that his lips were continually moving in prayer. His appearance underwent a great change—he grew thin and haggard, and the lines about his mouth became more marked. He looked like a man living in the shadow of a great fear. When the first voting showed that he was far ahead of all others he became a prey to nervousness and depression, and as the days wore on his conclave grew apprehensive for his life.'

When, on Sunday evening, the second day of the Conclave, Austria's ill-timed and intrusive veto was announced against him by one of those rare survivals known as 'court Cardinals,' Cardinal Rampolla rose in his place and with calm dignity said: 'I am not displeased by this act of the Emperor of Austria, because I know that my name does not bring with it sufficient authority, and I feel all my unworthiness to be chosen for the lofty office. Yet I must declare that this note is contrary to the spirit of the times.' When the result of the scrutiny that followed became known, says the correspondent quoted in the last paragraph, 'it was found that Cardinal Rampolla's votes had increased from 29 to 30. The Sacred College had thus solemnly affirmed that the old veto had passed away and that henceforth no interference of crowned or uncrowned heads will be tolerated.'

Through Cardinal Rampolla's continued entreaties, first six, and later on as many as twenty, of his friends and supporters in the Sacred College transferred their suffrages to Cardinal Sarto. On Monday morning the figures were: Cardinal Sarto 27, Cardinal Rampolla 24, Cardinal Gotti 6. On Monday evening: Cardinal Sarto 35, Cardinal Rampolla 16. Cardinal Sarto was one of those who had entered the Conclave with a light heart, looking forward to a speedy return to his beloved Venice. 'On Sunday,' says the New York 'Freeman' correspondent, 'he realised for the first time that he himself might be the "Peter in Chains" of whom he spoke half jestingly two days before, and he felt crushed by the thought of the terrible responsibility that might be laid upon him. Going about among his supporters he begged them with tears in his eyes to give their votes elsewhere—he was unable to bear the burden, his health would surely break down, he had not the knowledge, nor the skill, nor the ability necessary for guiding the Church. Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, endeavored to calm him and to win his assent, but the Patriarch only renewed his supplications. Then Cardinal Baccelli, Bishop of Verona, and his bosom friend for many years, told him plainly that he must resign himself if the Fathers of the Conclave decided to elect him, the Holy Ghost would assist him as He assisted every successor of St. Peter, and as for his health, well, if it broke down, "it was expedient that one man should die for the people." The future Pope consented to abide by the decision whatever it might be.' The end came on Tuesday morning. The final result was: Cardinal Sarto 50, Cardinal Rampolla 10, Cardinal Gotti 2. Cardinal Sarto's majority exceeded the requisite two-thirds. He gave a resigned and unwilling acceptance to the high and onerous position which is to shut him out for ever from a glimpse of his beloved Venice. One by one, in the order of their creation, the Cardinals approached to offer him their 'obedience.' 'But,' says the writer already quoted, 'when the tall figure of Cardinal Rampolla, now radiant with joy and the sense of infinite relief, first prostrated itself at the feet of Pius X and stood erect again, the Pope, rising in his chair, threw both his arms around the neck of his most powerful rival and most strenuous supporter, and for some moments both were locked in a close embrace.' The venerable College of Cardinals looked on with intense emotion.

In cases of attacks of Colic, Cramp, or Spasms, Evans's WITCH'S OIL will be found invaluable.—\*\*\*