

and Ferrera, and, construing the choice of the Cardinals as the will of God, resigned himself to the breaking of the links which bound him to the only life which he knew, loved, enjoyed, and took over a burden which will probably shorten his earthly career.'

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The same writer—who, by the way, is no lover of the Papacy—says that the present Pope is 'above all else a genuine, warm-hearted priest, who cares nothing about high-sounding phrases and possesses divine fire enough within him to purify what it touches.' The charity which actuates him, and about which a whole cycle of legends has grown up, has its roots in selflessness and its fruit in dried-up tears, in assuaged sufferings, in healed hearts and hopeful souls. It is not too much to say that Sarto, who was always a spiritual shepherd and never fully entered into the role of "Eminence," is characterised by true lowliness of spirit. Emerson says somewhere that nothing is more simple than greatness. 'Indeed,' he adds, 'to be simple is to be great.' Pius X. is highly gifted with the blessing of simple tastes. He is an utter stranger to the pomp of circumstance and the pride of power. The instructions which he gave to the architects regarding the preparation of his suite of rooms in the Vatican were characteristic of the man. 'Above all things,' said he "don't let them be too beautiful, and let there be no mirrors." 'In the city of the hundred islands,' says the 'Contemporary' writer, 'Archbishop Sarto was extremely popular. All classes of the population revered him as a public benefactor and looked up to him as an exemplary pastor. The breath of calumny never once assailed him. His simplicity, modesty, and sympathy with human suffering conquered the hearts of all, while his love of justice, which was not always relished by his own colleagues, especially when applied to persons and institutions outside the communion of Rome, caused justice to be meted out to himself even by the outspoken adversaries of his Church. Whenever the archiepiscopal gondola glided along the Grand Canal or over the side waterways the jovial gondoliers gave a hearty greeting to their smiling patriarch who liberally scattered his blessings on all sides. When he left Venice recently for the Conclave, it was they who prophesied that he would never return. "But when he becomes Pope," they added, "he will surely open wide the gates of Paradise to us all, if only that he may have the pleasure of meeting us again and giving us his blessing." His habits were simple, his tastes refined, his affections warm and enduring. He was wont to rise every morning at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, and, having celebrated Mass at six, to hire a gondola and take a trip to Lido, accompanied by his secretary, Bressan. At eight he was back in his palace in excellent spirits, ready for work and accessible to every one. At noon he sat down to a frugal lunch, which three or four times a week consisted of rice and mussels cooked by his own sisters, who always clung to their simple rural habits. These devoted ladies, when called to the telephone on the day of their brother's election and informed that he was Pope, at first fancied they were being mystified by some practical joker and resented the liberty. But when the truth was borne in upon them a harrowing cry came from the depth of their soul: "O God! we shall never see him more!"'

Another Appreciation

'We have not only a new Pope,' says Dr Barry, 'but a saint once more seated in Cathedra Unitatis (in the Chair of Unity) God be with him as he enters St. Peter's prison.' The same distinguished writer says of the new Pontiff—

'He is said to be as cheerful as he is kind; with a great sense of affairs; desirous to lift somewhat higher the studies of the Italian clergy; and if he writes as he preaches, I believe, that his State papers will be marked with a directness and moderation which in them-

selves are sources of strength. The North Italian Popes have nearly always exhibited a serious dignity and a freedom from pretence or exaggeration; their type is the excellent and judicious Benedict XIV. We may feel sure that Pius X. is not likely to embitter any quarrel, much less provoke one. Rumor declares that he chose this title in memory of Pius VII., who was elected in 1800 at Venice, in the island-church of San Giorgio Maggiore. Now, it was Pius VII. who crowned Napoleon, remodelled the French hierarchy, and accepted the Concordat. He was the Pope of conciliation, yet became a martyr when unchristian compromise was demanded of him. Our history is great in these examples. But that which kindles imagination, brightens our eyes, and fills our hearts with unwonted joy, is the sight of a peasant, a saint, a man detached from honors, and a lover of the poor, raised to what Disraeli termed "that immemorial and supernatural throne of St. Peter, which has round about it the prison-walls of a great principle and inscribed above it the everlasting truth: Qui se humiliaverit exaltabitur,"' (he that humbleth himself shall be exalted).

Sir William Butler

White men were engaged in three wars when Mark Twain, in January, 1901, published in an American magazine his witty and sarcastic 'Salutation of the nineteenth century to the twentieth.' 'I bring you,' said he, 'the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched, and dishonored from the pirate raid in Kiao Chow, Manchuria, South Africa, and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle, and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and a towel, but hide the looking glass.'

Africa has been spoken of as the grave of military reputations. The saying has proved emphatically true in the case of the ill-starred campaign against the little Boer republics. But incapable as many officers proved themselves, the report of the War Commission seems to show, in the words of a Scottish contemporary, that 'they were marvels of foresight and genius compared with the Cabinet at Home.' Perhaps the most remarkable figure that appeared before the Commission was the veteran Catholic general, Sir William Butler. He was bullied, persecuted, calumniated, and forced to retire from South Africa because he was too manly a man to allow himself to become the puppet and tool of the capitalist ring that engineered the war. Sir William waited patiently—he lay to and rode out the gale. His justification has come in with a rush, and the War Inquiry has proved him to be the one man that was fitted to deal with the situation that was created by the Rhodesian plotters in South Africa. The London 'Star' has, in a recent issue, the following editorial note on the manly and patriotic action of Sir William Butler:—

'It is something like a shock to those who retain their faith in England's honor and the prevalent integrity of her statesmen to read that uncompromising indictment of the Ministry which General Sir William Butler launched at the War Commission. Here are the words of a man who had grown grey in the harness of the State, a soldier who had known South Africa for twenty-five years:

"My position was this: 'Let my chief at the War Office tell me what I am to do and I will do it, but I cannot be dragged by syndicates in South Africa, and I will not obey them; they are not my chiefs. They brought us into terrible trouble in 1895, and then left us in the lurch.' I refused to have anything to say or do with them, and they turned on me the press which they commanded" (Q13,591).

'For England all; for the syndicates nothing. That was the gallant soldier's determination, and unflinchingly he carried it through. Silenced by Mr. Chamberlain, forced to resign by Sir A. Milner, boycotted by the Cabinet, bowed out by Lord Lansdowne, slandered by