

dence in Rome there have been pilgrimages to the Eternal City. Once a year the Mussulman yearns toward Mecca: never has morning sun during the nineteen Christian centuries failed to discover some faithful Christians journeying toward the City of the Popes. So to have become a member of that great uncounted army of pilgrims who have constantly worn smooth the Roman roads; to have been admitted to that noble company that includes kings and queens and knights and scholars, tender maids, and gentle saints and sinless children, is no unwelcome distinction. But an audience with Pius the Tenth is vastly more than that. It is a coming into direct communication with the Roman Papacy,

The Great Agency of Culture

that has preserved the continuity of the civilisation of Augustus with the civilisation of the present day. If the Papacy had not existed, it were an impossible task to dream a European history for the last fifteen centuries. When the legions crumbled, and the Goths and Huns and Vandals poured like a swollen torrent into the fair plains of Italy, the Papacy was the only power that could save civilisation and the half-lost arts and sciences. The Popes gathered up the broken fragments of civic institutions and literature, and treasured them for generations yet unborn. During the long centuries of transition that began with Alaric's entrance into Rome, the only unshaken rock in the tempest was the Papacy. Every condition was chaotic; old standards had been swept away; Europe was one great battlefield. Commerce was prostrate; letters were despised; brigands were on thrones; lawlessness was law. As time went on, nation after nation accepted the Saviour. Men who once had hoped to be chosen of the Valkyries for the golden halls of Valhalla, were becoming allied in allegiance with those whose forebears had sworn by Mars and Juno, Odin and Thor were abandoned: Balder was dead with Pan. The Rhine-gods crept farther and farther back into the deepening twilight. Pirate Viking became peer of France. But through all this seething sea of confusion the Canon Law of the Church was being disseminated from one end of Christendom to another, and men were obeying this body of law which the Papacy had built upon Roman legislation and

The Gospel of Christ.

And obedience to the law is the essence of civilisation. Rude peasant and rude lord alike heard the message of the Gospel, bidding them to chasten their passions and forget the strain that was calling in their blood. The great monasteries looking down from the beauteous hill-sides of Prussia, and everywhere from the fjords of Norway to the sunny Mediterranean shores, fostered in the heart the spirit of prayer, and taught the hand the art of cultivating the soil. And these monastic foundations breathed their life and claimed their being from the Roman Papacy. Finally the consolidation of the monarchies was effected, and rest from war gave leisure for higher things. Then the Papacy looked about her to see the fruits of her labor. The literature of Cicero and Horace was safe, to be linked to that of Dante; the old hard conditions of slavery had been ameliorated: the exigencies of poverty had been met; and the battle for the high estate of womanhood and the inviolability of the marriage bond had been fought and won on a hundred different fields. A new Rome had been built, a new Italy, a new Europe.

In the Matter of Education

the story of culture in its relation to the Papacy is as fascinating as romance. The schools attached to the cathedrals, and the schools of monasteries, taught the principles of all the sciences. Men like Bede and Alcuin made thousands of young hearts grow warm in zeal for the refinements of letters, and developed thousands of minds in the training that was to guide them in the varied experience of daily life. Education was ever, indeed, tenderly nurtured, but the full blossoming of its flower came with the establishment of nigh two score universities under the confirmation of Papal charter.

The Papacy has always been the patron of the arts, and no more convincing proof of this may be

adduced than a study of the Vatican, the most wondrous palace on earth. The vast collection of buildings embraced under the name of the Vatican Palace was begun by Pope Symmachus in the early sixth century, and completed in the erection of the Scala Pia by Pius the Ninth of present memory. Its chapels, museums, library, and archives, from the artistic and scientific viewpoint, are priceless in the value of their content.

The most famous of the chapels, and that in which all the Papal ceremonies and functions are held, is the one familiarly known as the Sistine. Built between 1473 and 1481, it is a gem of architecture. The side walls from high altar to entrance door were decorated by Perugino, Botticelli, Pinturicchio, Salviati, and Ghirlandajo, among others. Mino da Fiesole and his assistants carved the tracery on the marble barriers and balustrade of the choir box. But Michelangelo overshadows them all with his ceilings and his 'Last Judgment' that sweeps across the rear wall. Any of

The Treasures of the Sistine Chapel

would glorify a gallery into enduring worth. But the museums proper are no less the delight of art lovers. It is no extravagance to say that were all the other collections of Europe destroyed, the Papal museums would suffice for an understanding of the genius of the ages. The Popes were the first to establish museums, and their work in the perpetuation of masterpieces gave incentive to all the governments of the continent to like endeavor. The Museo Pio-Clementino, with the 'Laocoon,' the 'Torso of Heracles,' the 'Barberina Hera,' the 'Hermes,' the 'Belvedere Apollo,' and the finest 'Bust of Zeus,' in existence; the Galleria Chiaramonti, with the sitting figure of Tiberius and the 'Head of Neptune'; the Braccio Nuovo, with the majestic statue of Augustus and the colossal reclining figure of 'The Nile'; the Egyptian Museum, with its ten halls of statues, sarcophagi and reliques, and its cases of papyrus manuscripts; the Etruscan Museum, with its mosaics, lamps and red-figured vases; all these are known to every visitor to the Vatican.

Shameless Anti-Clericalism

The name of the non-Catholic deputy, M. Barres, will always be held in honor by the Catholics of France for his eloquent championship of crumbling French churches against anti-clerical vandals. As buildings consecrated to divine worship, it would be useless to plead for them before a Chamber constituted like the present one. The only chance for procuring their repair and preservation is to get them classed officially as historical monuments. Otherwise, any excuse suffices an anti-clerical mayor or corporation for compassing their demolition. In vain do Catholics of the commune concerned offer to defray a part, or even the whole of the expense for repairs—which ought properly to be borne by the communal purse. Such aid is constantly declined, and, in due course the sacred building is declared 'unsafe' and demolished. A worse fate than this, however, may befall a church tower needing repair, even when higher authority has intervened in its favor. M. Barres has called public attention to a peculiarly atrocious instance, both in Parliament and in the columns of the *Echo de Paris*. The story would be incredible but for the writer's known probity and the minute acquaintance with every detail of the case which he displays. Moreover, no one has dared to question his facts.

At Vendome there survives a venerable fifteenth century church tower, considered by connoisseurs to possess historical and artistic merit. The Catholics wished to preserve it. They applied to the Government, which appeared to entertain their appeal favorably. This was too much for the anti-clerical mayor of the commune and the majority of his council. They determined to out-manoeuvre the Catholics—to quote M. Barres—they said, in effect: 'You want to keep that tower? Be it so. We can find a use for it. What shall we do with it? Why, turn it into a public lavatory.' And they actually set to work! Apart from other con-