

authority to kneel with him before God, Who, in His Almightyness, can make the 'Papal dream' a triumphant reality."

It is fitting that the Catholics of the Eternal City should have taken the initiative and leading part in the celebration of the third centenary of the immortal author of the "Gerusalemme Liberata." They are the proper custodians of the literary and artistic traditions of days when the glories of Italy were broad-based upon religion and sound exponents such as Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Ariosto and Tasso, Bembo and Annibal Caro, Leo X, and Cosimo the Great. In Tasso's troubled career the brightest feature, was the protection afforded him by the Papal Court. At that time the greatest ornaments of literature looked to the Sovereign Pontiff for inspiration and encouragement and looked not in vain. There was not a department of art, science or letters in which the Papal influence was not felt. How many works full of genius were dedicated to the Pope and other ecclesiastical patrons—the d'Estes, Aldobrandinis, Gonzagas, and others; and, as the result, how thoroughly the writings of the most eminent poets and litterateurs were permeated by the Christian spirit. Tasso was proud of having obtained a laurel crown in Campidoglio from Clement VIII, but as a faithful son of the Church he was prouder and more grateful at having in his final moments received the Papal Benediction.

Father Procter decidedly deserves the thanks of Catholics for the falling exposure of Dean Farrar's caricature of Savonarola, and the *Daily Chronicle* is entitled to no small share of gratitude for giving the same space and prominence to the reply as to the original discourse. Of Father Procter's address, we need only say it renders it quite clear that, though Dean Farrar may be an excellent hand at romance, he has but a very poor grasp of the solid facts of history. The irony with which Father Procter treats him is apparently gentle, but in reality it is terribly severe. The Dean, said the rev gentleman, did well in preparing his hearers for lofty flights of imagination by stating that one of his authorities was the "noble and powerful romance" of "Romola." Had he read Pico della Mirandola, Barlemacchi, Pere Bayonne's "Etude," or even Savonarola's own works, instead of George Eliot's, he might have seen that the sainted Dominican would have regarded the Reformation as an act of apostasy, a religious revolt. It is probable that the Dean will be a little more cautious and self-restrained when he next feels inclined to romance on subjects affecting the Catholic Church. It is pleasant, no doubt, to win plaudits by appeals to bigotry, but such an experience is not likely to be repeated when it is discovered that this can only be done at the loss of reputation.

## MONTI'S MIND.

(Continued)

virgins of Jerusalem, still hang down their heads with grief to the ground" (Lam). Well may one and all cry out in the bitterness of their sorrow—"My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the guide thereof" (2 Kings, 13-15). Dearly beloved in Christ, whilst the Church blesses and respects your legitimate regrets, she will not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope" (1 Thess. iv. 12-17). As in life so in what is called death, the Christian's sleep, she brings the consolations of religion to our help. Costly spices and precious perfumes were employed by the Pagans of old to embalm their dead. The Church does better than this, she embalms their memory with the perfume of pious prayers and fervent supplications to the Father of all mercies. She brings forth the cross of her crucified Christ, sweet smelling incense, symbolical lights, as so many reminders that the separation is only for a time. She would have us lift up our minds and hearts on high towards heaven, the true home and country, where we fondly hope that he whom we mourn is or soon will be, dwelling in the bosom of God. She bids you cherish the memory of your beloved Bishop be faithful to his teaching, imitate his example, walk in his foot-steps, may more, she bids you go to the tomb and listen to him who "being dead yet speaketh" (Heb. xii-1) out of the silence thereof. What does he say? "Remember my judgment: for thine also shall be so, yesterday for me and to-day for thee" (Eccl. 3-23). His whole life was a sermon, the burden whereof was humility, obedience, love of duty, love of his brethren, love of the Church, love of God, love of our neighbour as ourselves. Resolve to put into practice all that he taught during life and all that he teaches now that he is no more. Rev Fathers and dearly beloved in Christ, it behoves me to recall one last and most important duty which devolves on us this morning. We have come to pay one more tribute of respect to the memory of a saintly bishop. But this must be no barren tribute. In the midst of our grief, we must not forget the divinely-inspired oracle, "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins" (Mac ii. c. 12). We know that the holiest on earth were not always exempt from some slight stains which must be expiated in the cleansing flames of Purgatory. You loved your Bishop in life, prove that love now by fervent prayers in behalf of him who, perhaps, may now be appealing to you in the words of Holy Writ, "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least, ye my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me" (Job). Hasten my deliverance from this land of fiery expectation. Then I will lift up my hands for you in prayer with a thousand times more fervour than in the days of my earthly pilgrimage. In the name and in the authority

of holy Church we are now about to perform one last most solemn ceremony. Full of help for the dear departed it is full of consolation and salutary lessons for his sorrowful survivors. For your beloved Bishop we shall implore the happiness of eternal rest, a place of refreshment, bright light, deliverance from sin. First of all, we shall beseech God to grant him rest, *Requiem eternam dona ei Domine*, "Eternal rest—rest in peace and bliss," *Requiescat in pace*. This solemn prayer is the opening one of the Mass of *Requiem*. It is the last words of the absolution we are now about to perform. Why this persistence of Holy Church? Ah! the soul of your dear Bishop may still be in a state of suffering expectation. The High Priest whose hands were once uplifted for you in prayer may now be in a way of sorrow and suffering, lifting up his voice to you in plaintive appeal, hence not yet in true peace or bliss. Holy Church would have you hearken to his appeal. Pray for him. You have the Divine promise that your prayers shall be heard. We believe that this peace, this rest, will be his, because it is our privilege to believe in a glorious resurrection. The unbeliever would fain have us think that all is over with our departed ones when the funeral rites are fulfilled. No. No. We believe in the Word of Him who has declared, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die for ever" (J. 11, 24.) The true light of heaven is the Spotless Lamb. Far from Him, all beyond the tomb, is dark and dreary. The poor soul momentarily exiled from her true home and country, yearns for that Light. It sighs and mourns in darkness, hence the Church bids us pray that "Eternal light may shine thereon," "*Lux perpetua luceat ei*." Oh, consoling words full of glorious, blissful immortality! Death is but a sleep. Sleep has its bright hour of awakening. As a pledge of that consoling assurance the cross is carried aloft before the funeral bier. We know, with the certainty of faith, that he who, a month ago, was laid low in the graveyard beyond will rise and walk with Him who said, "Oh death, I will be thy death!" We know that the first Bishop of Dunedin is not dead, he only sleepeth. From out that sleep we can hear him cry out: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my earthly course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day, and not only to me, but to them also, that love His coming" (ii Tim. 4-7-8). Again, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the Last Day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God, whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold Him, and not another: this my hope is laid up in my bosom" (Job xix, 23-27). Thanks to Him who died upon the Cross, thanks to Him who, to take their bitterness and a sting therefrom, passed through the ordeal of death and the grave. Thanks to Him "who is risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep" (1 Cor. xv, 20). Your beloved Bishop will surely rise. The lighted torches around that bier are symbols of his lively faith, and of the glory to which, in the re-surrection, he is called both for body and soul. For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in Victory. O death, where is thy Victory! O death, where is thy sting! (1 Cor. xv, 53-5). With the utmost fervour let us then cry out from the depths of our soul, "Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, this mercy unto Thy servant Patrick departed, that having desired to do Thy will, he may not suffer in return for his deeds; and as by the true faith he was joined to the company of the faithful here below, so may Thy tender mercy unite him among the angelic choirs above—Amen. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon him. May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace—Amen.

The King of Siam has presented to the Harvard Library thirty-nine volumes of a Siamese book, the "Tripitka," or sacred books of the Southern Buddhists. They are printed in coarse Siamese type, on dark smoky-looking paper, and are bound in yellow leather of primitive workmanship. The gift was made in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King of Siam's reign.

There are growing differences in policy between A. J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, and the Right Hon Joseph Chamberlain, the leader of the Liberal Unionists. The latter is known to bitterly resent the recent criticisms upon his conduct which appeared in the Conservative newspapers, and he has sounded a note of warning in his newspaper at Birmingham. Mr Chamberlain has represented Birmingham in the Parliament since 1876.

Mr Henry Labouchere comes to the front with the following double-pointed suggestion: "How about the solution of the Premier difficulty if Lord Rosebery is unable to retain the post through ill-health (and strongly as I opposed to him on political grounds, I trust that this will not be so)? Let us ask Mr Gladstone to resume office. That remarkable old man seems to have returned to England as fresh as a young colt. With him at our head we should win the general election."

The eminent Catholic actress, Signora Duse, who has been playing in Brussels was summoned, after the performance, to the Royal Box by the command of the Queen of the Belgians, but she refused the invitation, having a distaste to the practice. At the Stuttgart the Signora similarly repulsed the King of Wurtemberg.

The Geraldines are said to have derived their descent from the Etrurians, and through them from the Trojans. I find it stated in that remarkable historical work written in Latin by O'Sullivan Bears—"His orae Catholicae Hiberniae Compendium," published at Lisbon in 1621—"Iibernix Geraldini suum genus ad Etruscos inde Trojanos usque referunt."