

In the true, Catholic idea, life is a sacred trust that we are not free to fling aside at our discretion or caprice, or before its great Author and Giver calls for its surrender. As Fanny Kemble said to a student on his first entry into the world of men:

'A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.'

Yet another poet of our day warns those impatient ones who would themselves shuffle off this mortal coil, that they must bear bravely on

'In obedience and humility,
Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it.
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election; poison not thy wine
With bitter herbs if He has made it sweet;
Nor rob God's treasures because the key
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.
The gifts of birth, death, genius, suffering,
Are all for His hand only to bestow.'

A Domestic and Moral Landslip

By an easy association of ideas we pass from the Godless school of Clermont-Ferrand to those that are nearer home. In Dunedin last week, the Hon. Dr. Findlay, Minister of Justice, referred with much concern to the relaxed parental control that has marked 'the last thirty years in New Zealand, and has produced some, if not much, of that absence of respect, and that assertive independence and equality of judgment, which we see sometimes too conspicuously in our young men and women. But,' added he, 'there is a deeper cause still, in my view, for this lack of respect, and one which, I think, will more profoundly influence us than any other to which I can allude. I refer to the decline in the disciplinary influence of religion. It is idle to ignore the fact that the disciplinary influence of religion affects the lives of our young men and women now less—aye, much less—than it did the lives of our fathers.' The relatively high material well-being of the country may, indeed (as the Hon. Dr. Findlay opines), have something to do with this relaxation of parental control, this easy-going domestic management, this lack of juvenile respect, this slump in the disciplinary influences of religion. But there are two circumstances that the speaker seems to have left out of sight and out of mind: (1) The time covered by this domestic and moral landslip coincides with the period (thirty-one years) during which God and religion and the influences of religion have been banished from the public school system of New Zealand. And (2) this deplorable policy is (as we have shown elsewhere) sufficient by itself alone to account for the slip-away that our Minister of Justice so heartily deploras. Of the two causes here assigned, it is easy enough to determine which follows the lines of the greater suspicion.

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Quite opportunely, there comes to us a declaration somewhat in point, from a recent great gathering of Presbyterian General Assembly at Denver (United States). This time (says the *New York Globe*) 'the "godless" State university has been attacked, this time in no less a place than the Presbyterian General Assembly and by no less a person than the secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education.' The *Globe's* reference is to the speech of Dr. Joseph W. Cochran during the consideration of the report of the Board of Education in one of the Assembly sessions. 'Why can't we get the young men to preach?' asked Dr. Cochran. 'I'll tell you. In the first place, there is but little Christianity in the home. If there is any it is gone by the time the young man is ready for education. Does he go for his education to a Christian school—a Presbyterian school? No. He goes to a Godless State university, and when he returns to his home town he puts religion at low ebb. And if you ministers find your churches at low ebb, know where to place the blame.' In an allied connection the Melbourne *Southern Cross* (Methodist) cites as a warning example the sort of training that has been stuffed into the brain-case of the babu of India. In an article on the assassination of Sir William Wyllie, the *Southern Cross* says (quoted by the Melbourne *Advocate* of July 17): 'Which is the discontented and dangerous class in India, the class that breeds anarchists and produces assassins, and, as far as any danger to the British rule exists, creates that danger? It is the class which Great Britain has done the most to educate—the babus, as they are called, graduates of the Indian Universities; and the secret of the whole trouble lies in the character of the education given to them. It is an education exhausted of all moral or religious elements, secular in a degree which would delight the secularistic Pharisees of Australia. British administrators. . . give an education divorced from morality; and a babu is usually a clever

Hindu who has lost his own religion and gained no other. He has Western knowledge without the guidance or restraints of Western faith; and he and his class constitute the most restless and bitterly discontented section of the Indian populations. They are the danger spots of India.'

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In, as out of, school, 'religion,' as Disraeli remarks, 'should be the rule of life, not a casual incident of it.' And the chief function of the school is to train human souls and form to high character, and not merely to turn out automatic human hammers or automatic calculating machines.

A SKETCH OF PIUS X

A RECORD OF HIS DAILY LIFE

First as to the Pope's appearance (writes the Rome correspondent of the London *Catholic Weekly*), has he grown very old during those six trying years since he took his last ride over the quiet lagoon of Venice? That is a question to which you will get the most contradictory answers from persons who have seen him only occasionally during the interval. There are days when the Holy Father looks worn and almost haggard, others when he seems to have all the buoyancy of a man ten years his junior. But, after all, the best indication of the state of his health is to be found in his capacity for prolonged and regular work, and that capacity seems, if anything, to have increased. He is not so ready to take exercise in the open air of the Vatican Gardens as he was in those early days of his Pontificate, when he used to take a brisk walk in them once and sometimes twice in the day, whereas now his visits are few and far between and never last longer than half an hour. The change would seem not to be for the better, but the Pope does not appear to have suffered from it. He has perhaps grown a little heavier, but his movements are remarkably easy and graceful for one of his years; he suffers only at rare intervals now from the gout in his hand or foot which caused him much discomfort while he was Patriarch of Venice, and that he is capable of undergoing considerable physical fatigue was seen the other day when he pontificated the Mass and performed all the ceremonies of the Canonisation of St. Clement Hofbauer and St. Joseph Oriol—a function which began at 8 o'clock in the morning and did not finish until half an hour after midday.

The strain was all the harder upon Pius X. owing to the fact that he is always an early riser. On that same morning he was afoot early enough to see the first groups of pilgrims arriving in the Piazza of St. Peter's. His day begins at 5, he has said the Little Hours of his breviary, celebrated Mass, heard a Mass celebrated by one of his private secretaries, finished his breakfast of coffee and milk with a very little bread, by 7 o'clock, and shortly after that he is seated at his desk with Mgr. Bressian and Mgr. Pescini, the two secretaries he has brought with him from Venice, to aid him in his correspondence. At 9 the Cardinal Secretary of State comes with his daily budget of affairs, then some Cardinal Prefect or some Secretary of a Roman Congregation with other business, then the private audiences to be given to Bishops and other important personages, then the semi-private receptions and the public ones, at some of which the Holy Father delivers important addresses.

The morning's work is thus prolonged almost to the very moment of dinner—for the Pope dines at 1, and sups in the evening, and there is this important difference between the two repasts, that whereas there are two dishes for the midday meal, there is only one in the evening, and both of them are cooked by the Pope's old cook from Venice. Mgr. Bressian and Mgr. Pescini, one or both, invariably share the Pope's table, from which all formality and ceremony have been banished since those distant days nearly six years ago, when Pius X. made a painful but unsuccessful effort to carry out the stately etiquette of the Vatican which required him to eat his food in solitary grandeur with a lofty functionary standing erect behind his chair to see that everything was all right. Most Romans and most Venetians, including even the laboring men who can do so, try to get half an hour's sleep or semi-sleep in the early afternoon, especially in the hot months of summer, and the Pontiff is no exception. After the cup of coffee following dinner he reposes for a little while in an armchair. If he sleeps he needs no awakening, and the time remaining until 4 o'clock is spent in his bedroom (the two Secretaries have bedrooms adjoining his) saying the Matins and Lauds for the following day, reading, or writing. At half-past 4 he has again descended by the lift reserved for his own use to the library in his state apartment, where he remains at work with brief in-