

DEATH OF THE POPE.

HIS LAST HOURS.

The following further cables regarding the death of the Sovereign Pontiff have appeared in the daily press:—

The Pope had a painful struggle for breath towards the end. From time to time he spoke. On one occasion he said: "In ancient times the Pope, with a word, might have stayed this slaughter; now I am impotent and forced to see the spectacle of my own children, even those who yesterday worked here with me, leaving for the war, abandoning cassock and cowl for soldiers' uniforms. Now they are in different fields, armed against each other, and are ready to take each other's lives."

The *Tribune* says that during his last few days the Pope dictated innumerable telegrams in the hope of stopping the war. The rupture of peace destroyed the last strength remaining to him.

Reuter's correspondent advises that the Pope left nothing to his family except an insurance policy of 50,000 francs (£2000) in favor of his sisters. There is much speculation regarding his successor.

The Cardinals' Conclave will begin on the 31st inst.

The Pope's will says that he was born poor, lived poor, and wished to die poor. The bulk of his property goes to the Holy See, and to each of his sisters 300 lire monthly.

PULPIT REFERENCES AT CHRISTCHURCH. BISHOP GRIMES'S TRIBUTE.

At the 9.30 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral (says the *Christchurch Press*) his Lordship Bishop Grimes, speaking of the death of the Pope, said:—

Since we last met, the hand of death has laid low the great and noble Pontiff, Pius X. One of the first fatal fruits of the awful war devastating Europe at the present day was the death of the Pope. His death was certainly hastened by this awful calamity. He himself on his death-bed spoke in unmistakable terms of the grief that he felt, the sorrow which pierced his heart, at the thought of the numbers called away; numbers from his own diocese, numbers from the places he knew and loved so well, and the thought that he would never see them more grieved him. And so the Almighty, in His inexhaustible goodness, wished to spare him further sorrows that the awful news entails. He submitted to the will of God and went home to his God. We to-day are mourning the loss of that great, that good Pope, one of the holiest Popes that the world has ever seen. Remarkable from his very childhood for great simplicity, for great fervor and devotedness in all he undertook, he rapidly made progress and was ordained before the usual time by dispensation from Rome. He became curate for several years, then rector, then canon, and then Bishop of Mantua, and Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal, and finally he became Pope about eleven years ago. He was unwilling to accept charge of the Apostolic See. If time would but allow I could relate many touching incidents that occurred at the time of the Conclave, showing his unwillingness to accept. He begged of them not to elect him. It would be a misfortune for himself, he said, and for the Church. However, he was elected, and became in reality the people's Pope. He had always been a friend of the working classes. As priest, as bishop, and as patriarch he performed wonders, known to God alone he thought, for the sake of the poor and the outcast. And as Pope he changed his dress—his outward dress was changed, but inwardly he was the same—the same faithful, loving, devoted priest and bishop and patriarch and cardinal and pope. Simplicity, humility, I should say, were the fundamental virtues of the great Pontiff. Scripture says that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.

He indeed humbled himself, so he deserves to

be exalted. "Renovare omnia in Christo"—renew all things in Christ. And this he certainly has done. By every means in his power he did what he thought would bring all things back to Christ. He acted for His honor, for His glory, and for the salvation of men's souls. By a strange coincidence, one I shall always treasure, the morning after I heard of his death—I was somewhat indisposed, and the news was brought to me late in the night and affected me a great deal—I had amongst my mail a letter, received through Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State, from his Holiness. He said in the letter that he knows the desire I have to see in this beautiful temple a more suitable altar erected to the honor and glory of God. When I last saw him he spoke to me at length about our Cathedral. He said "I will help you," and promised to send me an offering. I merely thought that it was a promise only and would be forgotten. I have received an offering of 1000 lire. He sends this, which is a trifle in itself, but very great when we consider the charity of the Sovereign Pontiff. He sends his blessing to be upon all those who shall show charity towards the Cathedral. He sends his blessing to me and to the priests and all the people who, he hopes, will not forget to pray for him. The Cardinal sends goodwill. It is a remarkable coincidence, which of course I most treasure, and we must send up fervent prayers to the throne of God. No doubt by now he is reaping the reward of long and fruitful ministry. Still, God sees blemishes where we see nothing but perfection. Maybe our Sovereign Pontiff is lingering in Purgatory. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. It remains for us to pray that a successor may be appointed. It is a most important time, perhaps never more important or more trying in the history of the Church. We hope the Holy Spirit will guide and direct the Cardinals in choosing a worthy successor to the great Pontiff whose loss we are deploring to-day.

THE VERY REV. CHANCELLOR PRICE.

Referring to the death of the late Pope, at the Addington Catholic Church on Sunday, the Very Rev. Chancellor Price said:

Pius X., Pope, the 258th of his line—the great High Priest—the first of Bishops—the heir of the Apostles—the universal Pastor—the Vicar of Christ, is dead, and we are summoned by the Church to offer public prayer for the happy repose of his soul. Denied the melancholy comfort of assisting at his last funeral rites, we ran in our quiet grieving only picture to our minds the scene in distant Rome while we here ask God to give him rest. To his biographers will be left the pleasant and fruitful task of enumerating to the full his manifold virtues. No matter how bulky those volumes may be, how emblazoned with his glories, how appreciative in their comments, they will not adequately describe the deep and lasting niche he has carved for himself in the hearts of his faithful children scattered throughout the world. There was no one who approached him, who had the privilege of holding converse with him, but who came away struck by the beauty, by the simplicity, by the earnestness of his character. And even those who were his enemies were forced to confess that he was a man marked by single-minded devotion to the sacred interests of which he was the custodian. All bore the same testimony, that he was a man who commanded the affection and the veneration of all those who were brought into contact with him. And we know what his purpose was. He never swerved from the first day on which he assumed the supreme control of the Church, from endeavoring, as he declared he would, to restore all things in Christ. What were the things that were of most moment to him? The instruction of the people in the Word of God, the due order of Divine worship, the adequate training and education of the clergy. These were the things to which, had he been left alone, he would have given all his attention, and if he was obliged to come into contact with the powers of this world it was because the conflict was forced upon him. To every Sovereign Pontiff without exception we owe devotion and