

in such matters, we know that the people there are certainly struggling towards the light; and, moreover, that their power is being recognised more and more as days go by. The Frankfort *Volkstimme* says: "Necessity may overcome the revolutionary will of the Russians; maybe they will accept with rage in their hearts whatever the conqueror's might may enforce on them. But the German people, the laboring and struggling millions, demand of the Reichstag that it shall secure the simple and sincere execution of the ideas which were expressed in the Reichstag resolutions of July 19, 1917, and in the answer to the Pope as being the will of the German people's representatives, and of the German people. It is a great and important task to crush the great pan-German 'Vaterland' will. But it is greater and more important to secure the people's peace against the diplomatists' peace, with its stealthy, veiled annexations. The people are embittered against the pan-German manoeuvres: they are dissatisfied, and will become embittered, against a Reichstag that will not do its duty. After more than three years' restraint the dissatisfaction of the people can no longer be held in by censorship and state of siege. The storm is gathering. . . . If these storm portents are unheeded the storm may break overnight. . . . It is becoming more and more evident that the people will not take all that is given to it, and that the embitterment over the Jingo cries will at last break out in an elemental manner." Whether printed in a German or in a Russian paper such sentiments express the general discontent of the people of every country engaged in the war. There is little in these words of the *Volkstimme* that has not been said in the English Parliament and shouted from the housetops by English labor orators. For the present the autocrats have the upper hand. They have the money and the big guns. But the lesson of history is that ideas beat big guns in the end.

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How will the end come? For it must end somehow. The oppression of the Russian serfs ended in bloodshed and flame. How will the dragooning of the German workers end? and the inhuman barbarism of the English Government in Ireland, with its total disregard for the will of the people and for pledges and promises? and the secret plotting against the Pope and the shameless lying that tried to bolster up that scandalous episode? The Northeliffes and the Reventlows and the Carsous and the Kaisers will yet come to learn that the mob was never made by God to minister to the pleasures and the whims of the rich. If ideas conquer, if the principles of Christian charity and brotherhood overthrow the prepotence of the tyrants all the world over, if there is ever to be a lasting peace and a freedom from Kaiserdom and Carsonism and the oppression of capitalist Governments, it will be a gloomy reckoning day for the men who now hold the reins of government in the various countries of the world. So far it would seem that the writing on the wall is not read in high places. Belshazzar is drunk with power. But the only hope of the world lies in the fact that ideas prevail and that moral force is more than armies in the end. Whatever history may record as to the facts of the war itself, one thing it is sure to record: that the war freed the democracy of the world from the tyranny and feudalism under which it groaned hopelessly for centuries.

Right Rev. Denis J. Dougherty, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, N.Y., has been appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia, in succession to Most Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, D.D., who died about two months ago.

The new Prefect of Propaganda is his Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, a native of Holland. He was born in the village of Zolle, where *The Imitation of Christ* was written by Thomas a' Kempis. He is the eminent successor of a long line of distinguished prelates who tenderly and zealously cared for the interests of Catholic foreign mission work.

NOTES

Italian Cities

From some points of view Venice and Naples might be described as more beautiful than Rome and Florence. The scenic beauty of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking against the azure sky in the background and the white villas among the vineyards in a long curve until they fade dimly against the heights of Sorrento, is wonderful. Venice is unique in its loveliness as it sleeps among its lagoons, amid which the sea breathes softly, as if loth to awaken the old city from its slumbers. Yet we dare maintain that they who know Italy would unhesitatingly choose either Rome or Florence for a dwelling place if a choice were to be made. Of Milano and Torino there can be no question when a comparison is made with the others. These cities of the north are indeed beautiful, and they have marvellous attractions. Yet they have neither the beauty nor the historical associations of Venice, Naples, Florence, and Rome.

Florence or Rome?

One would be hard put to it to decide between Florence and Rome. Both have claims so manifold that it is impossible to appreciate them rightly at all. What a host of memories the name of Florence summons up! What magnificent figures arise out of the past! Lorenzo, who was called the magnificent; Savonarola; Leo, who was the Maecenas of the Renaissance; Dante, Filippo Neri, Poliziano, Macchiavelli: Every name suggests a volume of history in itself. One recalls the great cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the graceful dome upon which Michelangelo looked back as he was going to build San Pietro, saying: "*Come te non voglio, meglio non posso*"—"I will not build it like thee, better I cannot." Then comes the campanile of Giotto, unapproachable and matchless in its grace and beauty; and the bronze doors of the Baptistery so marvellously carved by the hand of a dead Florentine artist, Bernini. Going through the streets you will be reminded at every step of the living past—for the past never dies here, and of all old-world cities Florence is least changed by the years. Here was the house where Dante was born; there the church in which Fra Girolamo preached. The names of the buildings are like heads of chapters in history—La Signoria, Or San Michele, Santa Maria degli Angeli, Santa Croce. And through it all winds the Arno, bringing recollections of the green hills from which it came, swollen by the little streams that ran down among the vineyards in Casentino—

*I piccoli ruscelletti che dai i colli verdi
In Casentin scendon giuosa in Arno
Mi stanno sempre innanzi, e non indarno!*

What a touch that was in Dante, and how true! The grim old Florentine in the *Inferno* remembered more vividly than anything else the little streams amid the green hills in the Arno valley.

O Roma O Morte

"Rome or death," said Garibaldi when he drew a ring of steel around the city of the Popes. And lovely as Florence is, Rome is, in many ways, first of all cities in the world for us all. An American tourist once saw Rome in three days. We who lived there more than twice three years did not see it or know it thoroughly; and men who have devoted their lives to studying it do not know it yet. Rome is eternal and infinite. All the Romes are there together still. The Rome of Romulus, the Rome of Nero, the Rome of Peter, the Rome of Rienzi, the Rome of Raphael, the Rome of Philip Neri and of Tasso, the Rome of San Callisto, of St. Leo, of Hildebrand, of Julius. It is too much for any man to grasp all that Rome is and all that she has been. It is the work of a lifetime to know any one of the many Romes. One always finds something new there where so much is so old. And