

'The secret of the composition of the liqueur,' says the writer referred to above, 'has become the most valuable trade secret of the world.' He tells the following story, for the truth of which we cannot vouch:—'A few years ago it was said—and there is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the statement—that an offer was made through the Pope to the General of the Order, by the Rothschilds, of the enormous sum of eighty million francs (£3,200,000) for the transference of the rights involved in the manufacture from the Carthusians to the great bankers. It was surmised that their intention was to form a gigantic limited liability company, which would go on with the preparation and sale of the liqueur. At the time it was more than hinted that the Pope strongly urged the acceptance of the offer, but it was declined. So runs the story.

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The monks derive no personal benefit from the sale of the liqueur. The large proceeds, after assisting to pay for the maintenance of their existing houses and the building of new ones, have been entirely devoted to charity. The green and yellow liqueur has built and maintained hospitals and other charitable institutions, and in France it had made the path of commerce easier by the number of bridges, aqueducts, and roads it had constructed and kept in repair throughout the Dauphiny.

### The Truth About Bartoli

Some weeks ago, in answer to an Auckland correspondent, we made reference to some of the writings of a Father Bartoli, who, once a Jesuit, had just recently become a Protestant, and who was being somewhat 'boomed' by certain Australian and New Zealand Anglican papers. We showed that in his attempted justification of his new faith the ex-Jesuit was glaringly illogical and inconsistent, and we expressed ourselves as puzzled to understand how a man who must be presumed to have had at least a reasonable measure of education could have left the Church with age, territory, and unity on its side, to join—of all sects in the world—the Waldensians. The puzzle has now been explained. Bartoli, posing as a distinguished convert from errors which had been adroitly concealed from him all through his career as a student—and we may remark, incidentally, that he had passed twenty-nine years of his life among the Jesuits—is now conducting a Waldensian propaganda in the United States, and the accurate and reliable journal, *America*, has given the entire history of the unfortunate man's vagaries. The statement is clear and self-explanatory, and we give it as it stands in the pages of our contemporary.

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'According to the newspaper statements which have appeared from time to time in the last few months,' says *America*, 'it first occurred to him (Bartoli) to doubt about the correctness of his theological views when he was attempting to refute some publication (the name of which is not given) of the Anglican Bishop of Bombay, and discovered for the first time that St. Cyprian, whom he had been taught to regard as a staunch defender of the unity of the Church, was not so at all; but that, on the contrary, his writings had been misquoted, interpolated, and falsified in order to make him appear as its defender. His press agents do not know that the disputed texts of St. Cyprian are commonly treated in text books of Catholic theology. The priest who claims that they have been concealed from him is either romancing or confessing ignorance. It was in India Bartoli discovered his doubts, and so warped and distorted had his views become during his usual four years' Jesuit Seminary course that it took him twelve years, living all this time as a Jesuit, to review these same theological studies, and to arrive at the truth which he now believes he has found in the doctrine of the Waldenses. It is in the interests of the Waldensian Church that he has come to this country to lecture and evangelise.'

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'Father Bartoli passed twenty-nine years of his life among the Jesuits; of this time about twelve years were spent in the Novitiate and in scholastic preparation for the priesthood. Most of the remaining seventeen years he lived partly at Scutari, Albania, and partly at Mangalore, British East Indies, teaching the elementary studies which are usually taught in mission colleges or schools. About 1904, after suffering from sun-stroke and an attack of typhoid fever, he returned to Rome, and, although not a member of the editorial staff of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, he remained for a while in their residence, spending his time in writing stories for that periodical, one of which, the "Biography of a Superman," attracted some attention, although it did not run beyond the first edition. It would appear that his sun-stroke had made him restless and intractable, and he could no longer adjust himself to the observances of a Jesuit community. In 1905 he left Rome

for Dublin, where he attempted to act as correspondent of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, but his contributions were not accepted, as he did not seem capable of regarding the country or its people seriously. Returning to Rome, and unwilling to comply with the rules of the Order, he was, for some time, in a dubious position, regarded by some as a Modernist, although protesting strenuously that he had nothing to do with Modernism, and that he was determined to re-enter his religious Order.'

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'When refused re-admission by the Jesuits, he made a tour of Italy, preaching against the Romanism of the Vatican and the Jesuits, though still claiming to be a Catholic. The newspapers, even *La Tribuna*, *Il Giornale d'Italia*, and *L'Avanti*, ignored him, and he failed to find either pulpit or audience for his teaching. Next he attempted to found a new Order called the "Guards of Christ" in order to unite all the weeds from the Pope's garden, clerics, friars, and laymen. He announced the foundation of a Theological and Biblical Institute in Rome, appealed to the Americans there for funds, but received no response, and nothing more has been heard of the foundation. Lately he has been advocating Waldensian views, not because they are Protestant, but because they are, according to him, of Italian origin, and peculiarly suitable for Italians, although their founder was a Frenchman, and the first members of the sect were known as "The Poor Men of Lyons." The Liberal or Anti-Clerical papers, which, as a rule, are glad to chronicle any clerical scandal, have paid no heed to his pretensions.'

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It only remains to add that in his lecturing tour in the United States Bartoli has fallen flat. 'The newspapers,' says *America*, 'do not take him seriously. The Italian press treated him as a charlatan. It was too much to expect our American reporters to warm up to the Waldensian exploit. Had he come as a Christian Scientist, an Emmanuelite, a Doukhobor, or a Holy Roller, he might have expected some attention; but the Waldenses are a trifle to long sepulchred for resurrection, and would not stand an equal chance with the cold storage foods now under legal scrutiny.'

## THE FLOODS IN PARIS

### SUCCORING THE AFFLICTED

To the American readers who have followed the accounts of the recent floods in and about Paris, it may be said that, for once, the newspapers have exaggerated nothing (writes a Paris correspondent of *America*). The flood, the like of which had not been witnessed for 300 years, reached its maximum on January 28, a dismal and dreary day, when a leaden sky and downpours of rain added to the general gloom. Never since the tragic days of the siege and the Commune, in 1870-71, the 'city of light,' as lovers of Paris call it, passed through so severe an ordeal. Almost from the first the trains, telephones, and telegraphs ceased to work, electric light failed in many quarters, and the capital of France found itself in an incredibly short space of time cut off from the provinces. Then, as the Seine rose higher and higher, flooding streets, avenues, public and private buildings, all intercourse between the opposite banks of the river became almost impossible; on one particular day only two bridges were available, and the access to these became every hour more difficult.

It was curious to mark the varying moods of the people during a period of acute tension. At first, the light-hearted Parisians were amused rather than alarmed at the unusual aspect of the river. The quays were thronged with men, women, and children of all ranks of society, who spent hours watching with an interest, unmingled so far with fear, the rush of yellow water. Even at night, when the theatres closed, women of the world, closely muffled in furs, drove in their motor cars to one or other of the bridges to watch the Seine under its new aspect. Then, by degrees, when, one after another, the streets and squares filled with water, when in the low-lying suburbs of Grenelle and Javel people had to fly for their lives, when in the wealthy quarters old-fashioned 'hotels' that had been threatened by fire and revolution, but never by water, were slowly taken possession of by the stealthy, creeping flood, then curiosity changed into terror. It became evident, even to the most careless and optimistic Parisians, that the flood was assuming the proportion of a national catastrophe, and that an appalling misfortune had fallen upon thousands of families. The papers have enlarged upon the aspects of Paris during the remarkable week; they described how the avenues that extend on the banks of the Seine seemed to form a part of the river, how boats moved to and fro in the streets and carried provisions to the imprisoned inhabitants; but more striking and impressive than the outward features of the calamity was the outburst of charity and devotion that it called forth. As usual in similar cases,

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