

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1895.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

DAILY LIFE OF POPE LEO.

Rising at 6:30 He Follows a Well Ordered Routine.

MANNERS AND PRESENCE.

BOTH ARE SAID TO BE ALMOST PERFECT.

Every Article of Food Eaten By Him is First Tasted By His Valet—A Sort of Prisoner—A Personal Audience—Notice Change Late in His Appearance—In Fair Health.

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Rome, March 12, 1895.—I live next door to Pope Leo XIII. in the quaint old Palazzo Rusticucci, built by Sixtus the V. who, whatever his shortcomings may have been, knew how to build a house, which now that it is three hundred years old, and more, is still one of the most comfortable in Rome. My windows look out upon the great piazzas of St. Peter's and from my terrace I often gaze wondrously at the vast take of the Vatican, with its eleven thousand rooms. I have friends at court and sometimes get a glimpse of certain apartments which are not open to the public.

The Pope an Earlier Riser.

My neighbor sets me an excellent example as an early riser. He is always up by six or half past six. At seven he celebrates mass in his private chapel. A few members of the household only are allowed the privilege of taking part in this ceremony. At about 8 o'clock he has breakfast, which, like other meals, is eaten in lonely state, every article being tasted by his confidential valet, Pio Centra, before it is offered to him. Breakfast is rich and a cup of coffee or chocolate is soon dispatched, and the business of the day begins with a visit from the pope's secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla. The more important correspondence is read and discussed, the session sometimes lasting several hours. After this, the private secretary is admitted, and the letters which require the more personal supervision of the pope are written.

In all the affairs of this vast establishment, where are many households within one immense one, the greatest exactness prevails. All those who are brought into

contact with Leo XIII. are kept very actively busy. All his affairs, whether of a private or a public nature, are carried on in the most methodical manner. It is interesting to know that he keeps his private account with the Bank of England, and all his checks are drawn in his own exquisitely fine handwriting.

The Pope's Desire to Fly From the Vatican.

"His holiness was so much grieved at the insult directed against the church that he thought of leaving Rome for Civita Vecchia, forthwith. From this place, the ancient papal

A Simple Dinner at Two.

At 2 o'clock the pope dines, very frugally, usually taking a little soup, a very small piece of meat and some fruit. In the summer months he eats little meat, as it is dear and inferior; but the fruit and vegetables of the Roman market are so fine that I have been made to dine because by a certain indolent episcopus for spending the summer in Rome instead of going to the mountains to the winter.

A Member of the Pope's Swiss Guard

Every great man has a favorite tree it seems. The oak still lives and Washington's cherry tree exists, if by tradition only. There is a certain chestnut at Carpineto in the Grand Chateau, as he is sometimes called by his country people. The people of this district are called Carpinetani from the curious leather shoes the peasants wear, made from a simple piece of heavy cowhide, bent to fit the foot, and bound about the ankle with thongs.

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And prudent, two qualities which, however admirable they may be in themselves, are not calculated to make a man, especially a ruler, popular with the masses.

A Notable Change in the Pope's Appearance Recently.

I next saw Leo XIII. at the closing of his Episcopal jubilee, on the 29th of February, 1894. He was much changed since I had seen him last. The rosette which I had been struck with before was a thousand fold increased. His face was infinitely softened, his hands, which had been thin before, were almost shadowy. Old age, like youth and love, is a great beautifier, and it closes a life whose pleasures have been worthily enjoyed, whose gifts have been steadfastly borne.

In Fair Health For a Man of His Years.

In spite of the frequent rumors of his ill health, it seems, if what is given out may be believed, that the pope is perfectly well, and in a vigorous state of health. His doctor frequently says, that unless some now

underseen disease appears, Leo XIII. will very likely live to be over 90.

That he himself does not desire that his life should be greatly prolonged, seems evident from the following lines, which I have translated roughly for the benefit of those readers who may not understand the original.

DEATH.

The last rays of a setting sun, that shall not rise, Fall upon thee, O Leo! Slowly, slowly, in thy aged veins The life-blood ebbs.

ALREADY THE COLD FOLDS OF THY FUNERAL PALL

Close about thee. The tomb awaits for thee. In thy prison chafes thy spirit. Longing to be free and soaring heavenwards.

OF THE LONG, BITTER JOURNEY, THIS IS THE GOAL.

Oh Lord, if it be thy will, grant me this grace, And, though unworthy of such mercy, Into thy holy keeping receive my spirit.

—MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT.

HE WAS OBLIGED TO GO.

"Hello, Harkaway, are you still in town? I thought you had moved west and gone into the mining business."

"No, I didn't go. The scheme fell through."

"Then you are not going to leave us?"

"Oh, yes. I'm getting ready to move."

"Where are you going?"

"I haven't decided yet. But I've got to go somewhere, Higgin. The boys in the club I belong to have given me half a dozen farewell dinners, and as a gentleman and a man of my word, I can't stay here any longer after that."

—Baltimore Herald.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND THOUGHT.

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND SECLAR PRESS.

Words of Wisdom and Thoughts Worth Pondering on Religious and Secular Subjects.

THE WORLD.

The world is good in its own poor way. There is rest by night and high spirits by day.

Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be. Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church bell rings. And the earth is peopled with holy things. Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be. Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

What lacketh thou, world? For God made thee of old. Why, thy faith hath gone out and thy love grown cold. Thou art not happy as thou mightest be. For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is love that thou lackest, thou poor old world! Who loveth thee, love hot for thee, frozen cold world! Thou mightest be. For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! If thou cravest a better day, Remember that Christ must have his own way. I mean thou are not as thou mightest be. But the love of God would do all for thee. —Frederick William Faber.

Religion and Wealth.

The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden contributes to the Bibliotheca Sacra an article in which he sets down the principles furnished by religion for the guidance of our social life. Referring to the many suggestions and rules for the distribution of property he says: "I think that we can see that none of these methods, taken by itself, would furnish a rule in perfect harmony with divine justice and benignity. The Communist would be wasteful in the extreme, for some could by no possibility use their portion; much of it would be squandered and lost."

The divine wisdom must follow somewhat closely the rule of the man in the parable, who distributed his goods among his servants, giving to every man according to his several ability. But ability here is not ability to take, ability to get, to grasp, but ability to use beneficially and productively, which is a very different matter.

Bible Again Confirmed.

A paragraph in a current religious weekly is to the effect that Prof. Sayce, who is carrying on archaeological investigations in Asia Minor, has hit on a definite memorial of Nimrod. He was a contemporary in Babylon of the Assyrian King whose son restored Nineveh, which he had been struck with before was a thousand fold increased. His face was infinitely softened, his hands, which had been thin before, were almost shadowy. Old age, like youth and love, is a great beautifier, and it closes a life whose pleasures have been worthily enjoyed, whose gifts have been steadfastly borne.

Singing With the Spirit.

"The services of song is a large part of any form of divine worship. Singing, capable of being made in a high degree a heart-speech, may reach effectively those who hear, but do not live, God's truth imparted by other methods. It is the people's part of the service of the sanctuary, the place in the order of worship where preacher and people meet on common ground, and, in a peculiar sense, see eye to eye. The service of song, rightly used, is the consistent and harmonious background which throws into prominence the spoken word."

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London has what is called the Police Court Mission. It is a most commendable

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LEO XIII (From Life).

LEO XIII AT THE AGE OF 33.

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At 2 o'clock the pope dines, very frugally, usually taking a little soup, a very small piece of meat and some fruit. In the summer months he eats little meat, as it is dear and inferior; but the fruit and vegetables of the Roman market are so fine that I have been made to dine because by a certain indolent episcopus for spending the summer in Rome instead of going to the mountains to the winter.

A Member of the Pope's Swiss Guard

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