

## THE HOME CIRCLE

### Love and Life.\*

Most men know love but as a part  
of life;  
They hide it in some corner of the  
breast  
Even from themselves; and only  
when they rest  
In the brief pauses of that daily  
strife  
Wherewith the world might else be  
not so rife,  
They draw it forth (as one draws  
forth a toy  
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting  
boy)  
And hold it up to sister, child or  
wife.  
Ah me! why may not love and life  
be one?  
Why walk we thus alone, when by  
our side  
Love like a visible god, might be  
our guide?  
How would the marts grow noble!  
and the street,  
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary  
feet,  
Seem then a golden court-way of the  
sun!

—Henry Timrod.

### Defeated Valor.\*

[Ode Sung in Memorial Day Exercises, Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.]

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossom of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
Which keep in trust your storied  
tombs,  
Behold! your sisters bring their  
tears,  
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will  
smile  
More proudly on these wreaths  
to-day,  
Than when some cannon moulded  
pile  
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!  
—Henry Timrod.

### Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy.

A position in hand is worth a  
dozen in prospect.

Love is a monopoly—but it is not  
always a trust.

The egotist uses only one I—and  
that a capital.

One pair of yellow shoes does not  
make a summer.

A ventilator is a small closed win-  
dow in an American street car.

Moving is almost as bad as get-  
ting married—and most people have  
to do it oftener.

You can not take your money be-  
yond the grave, but it will pay for a  
large nice epitaph.

It is seldom that a man is as good  
as his wife tells others he is or as  
bad as she tells him he is.

All can not play golf, but the hum-  
blest may carry a few sticks in a  
canvas bag and look solemn.—Phila-  
delphia Saturday Evening Post.

\*Nos. 130 and 131 of our series of the World's  
Best Poems.

## POPE LEO AND THE CATHOLICS.

### A Readable Interview With a Catholic Priest.

About ten days ago when the ill-  
ness of Pope Leo was first recognized  
as very serious, a Charlotte Observer  
reporter had an interesting interview  
with Rev. Father Francis, Rector of  
St. Peter's Catholic Church in  
Charlotte. We quote it in full here-  
with:

Father Francis was in Italy last  
August and had an audience with  
the Pontiff. Apart from his natural  
interest in the Pope as the head of  
his church, Father Francis has taken  
great interest in the Pope as a man  
and is thoroughly conversant with  
the history of Leo the Thirteenth.  
The half-hour's talk that he had  
with the reporter was in casual order,  
and Father Francis mentioned facts  
or made comments not in sequence,  
but just as ideas occurred to him.

#### THE POPE'S TITLES.

"The Pope," said he, "has a num-  
ber of titles. They are: His Holi-  
ness, Bishop of Rome; the Vicar of  
Jesus Christ; the Successor of St.  
Peter; the Supreme Pontiff of the  
Universal Church; the Patriarch of  
the West; the Primate of Italy; the  
Archbishop and Primate of the Ro-  
man Province; the Sovereign of the  
Imperial Dominions of the Holy Ro-  
man Catholic Church. The Pope's  
name is Joachim Pecci. He was  
born in the Diocese of Anagni,  
March 2, 1810. He was ordained  
priest December 31, 1837; consecrat-  
ed bishop February 17, 1834; trans-  
ferred to Perugia January 19,  
1846; proclaimed cardinal December  
19, 1853; elected Pope February 20,  
1878, and crowned March 3, 1878.  
Pope Leo is the 263rd Pope."

#### AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PONTIFF.

"Were you embarrassed when you  
had an audience with the Pope?"

"Yes, rather. I suppose there  
must have been 1,500 people in the  
Sistine Chapel in the Vatican when  
the Pope was carried out into the  
room in his sedan chair, which has  
the proportions of a throne. Out  
of the entire crowd only about forty  
people were introduced. I gained  
my way to his presence because of  
a card that I had been given by  
Cardinal Martinelli, of Rome, who  
had been an apostolic delegate in  
America. As we approached in file  
order a cardinal introduced the men  
as they came. When I approached  
there was a silence. The cardinal  
didn't know my name. I kneeled  
and kissed the hand of the Pope.  
He said to me in Latin:

"Who are you and where are you  
from?" I told him. 'Oh,' he said:  
'I know your bishop—Bishop Haid.  
He is a man with a big beard.'

"Then he spoke something to me  
in Italian. I replied in Latin that I  
did not understand. Then, reaching  
down and pressing his hands against  
both my cheeks, he said with a  
laugh:

"They must feed you pretty well  
in North Charlotte."

"At that," said Father Francis,  
"the entire audience cheered."

#### BID NOT KISS HIS FOOT.

"You did not kiss the foot of the  
Pope?"

"Oh, no. To kiss the foot of the  
Pope is an extraordinary honor. To  
be exact, the foot of the Pope is not  
kissed, but a cross that is attached  
to one of his slippers. I kissed his  
signet ring—an emerald ring, I think  
it was. Ah! he was such a gentle,  
beautiful old man. He was small,  
thin to emaciation and looked blood-  
less, but he sat erect, with brilliant  
eyes, and his voice gave the impres-  
sion of great strength. He is a  
patrician to his finger tips. He has  
royal blood in his veins, you know."

#### THE VATICAN.

Father Francis discussed the Vati-  
can interestingly. It is a place as  
large as Charlotte, and apart from  
numerous churches, it is the only  
property that the Popes have owned  
or controlled in Italy since they lost  
temporal power. In the Vatican the  
Pope is supreme ruler, and the resi-  
dents there are his subjects. The  
earliest notice of a building on the  
site of the magnificent palace is in  
the time of Liberius, A. D. 352, when  
the Pope built a house where once  
stood the gardens of Nero, close to  
St. Peter's. Little or nothing is re-  
corded of this house until the time of  
Charlemagne, when it had arrived at  
such a degree of splendor as to ac-  
commodate that monarch when he  
came to Rome to be crowned by Leo  
the Third, A. D. 800. The palace  
was further embellished by Celestin  
the Third in 1192, but was not the  
official residence of the Popes until  
the return of Gregory the Eleventh  
from exile in Avignon, in 1377.  
Pope after Pope added to the build-  
ing until now it is the grandest pal-  
ace in the world. Besides the mu-  
seums and galleries it contains over  
4,000 rooms and has eight grand stair-  
cases, twenty smaller ones, and twenty  
court yards.

#### THE NEXT POPE.

"Who do you think will be the  
next Pope, Father Francis?"

"No one knows," he replied. "I  
cannot even make a guess. But I  
hope that Cardinal Martinelli may be  
elected. He is a wonderfully able  
man and a diplomat without a peer.  
He lived in Washington for four  
years as the Apostolic delegate, and  
has great strength in this country."

#### LOYALTY ABSOLUTE.

"And no matter who the next Pope  
is—no matter if he is not your  
choice, you and other Catholics will  
be perfectly loyal to him?"

"Of course," said Father Francis  
with a laugh. "We Catholics know  
nothing else but loyalty."

"And your Pope will ever be in-  
fallible?"

"Yes. But most people do not  
understand what we mean when we  
say that the Pope is infallible. We  
mean that he is infallible only as to  
faith and morals. For instance, if  
the Pope were to order all Catholics  
to vote the Democratic ticket we  
would pay no attention to him."

#### THE POPE'S INCOME.

"What is the source of the Pope's  
income?"

"From what is termed St. Peter's  
pence—a small contribution made by  
all Catholics in the world. And, re-  
member, there are in this world 265,-  
000,000 Catholics. This does not in-  
clude the 60,000 Greek Catholics, who  
are not schismatic and do not ac-  
knowledge the Pope as supreme over  
them. And the donations that come  
to the Pope from the millions of  
Catholics make his income some-  
thing enormous—millions upon mil-  
lions. Pope Leo, by the way, is a  
rich man on his own account; has  
a lot of property that came to him  
through his family. He supports an  
immense establishment out of his  
own purse, and pays the salaries of  
all the cardinals and other officials  
who are under him in Rome."

#### AND, FINALLY, THE CONFESSIONAL.

Before leaving the charming little  
home of Father Francis, the reporter  
could not resist the temptation to  
discuss the subject that is so interest-  
ing to all people, in or out of the  
Catholic Church—the confessional.

"You tell nothing, Father Fran-  
cis?"

"Nothing."

"Not secret murders?"

"Not even secret murders."

"You affix penance?"

"Yes."

"What, usually?"

"For small sins, say, the repetition  
of the Lord's Prayer five or six  
times; or three visits to the poor, or  
an extra visit to the church."

"And murder?"

"Ah, that is a matter for the bish-  
op."

"You know of secret murders,  
Father Francis?"

"I do; and infanticides," said the  
priest, with a sad look on his face.

"And you must die keeping these  
things secret?"

"I must," said Father Francis.

#### The Difference.

When Robert J. Burdette, Ameri-  
ca's genial humorist, said that in  
traveling from one end of the coun-  
try to the other all the year round  
he discovered or heard very few new  
stories that were good, or good  
stories that were new, he added that  
he had only recently come across  
one that had interested him very  
much. Some one had asked the late  
Thomas B. Reed if it were possible  
for him to describe in one sentence  
the difference between President  
Roosevelt and ex-President Grover  
Cleveland. Mr. Reed replied:  
"Cleveland is too lazy to hunt, and  
Roosevelt is too nervous to fish."

In certain districts of New York  
City the antitheses of society almost  
rub elbows; on the one side is the  
unpolished workaday world of the  
lowly East Side, on the other the  
charm and grace and beauty of the  
world of wealth and fair women.  
Side by side, but unknowing and  
never understanding each other, these  
people live their lives through, hav-  
ing in common only human interest.  
In the August Delineator Lillie Ham-  
ilton French writes of some of her  
friends of both these worlds. The  
pathos of the lives of some and the  
beauty of others is very impressive.