The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

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—BY—

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JAMES McISAAC, Manager,
Charlottetown.

Calendar for May, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

1st Quarter, 8th day, 2h. 30.0m., a.m., N.W
Full moon, 15th day, 2h. 29.7m., a.m., S.W
3rd Quarter, 21st day, 5h. 40.6m., p.m., N
New moon, 29th day, 1h. 7.1m., p.m., S.W

D M	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon Rises	The Moon Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	after'n	after'n
1	Wed	4 51	7 2	5 49	8 41	11 40
2	Thu	49	4	6 19	9 43	morn
3	Fri	48	6	7 1	10 36	0 14
4	Sat	47	7	7 39	11 35	0 49
5	Sun	45	8	8 48	morn	1 23
6	Mon	44	9	9 22	0 23	2 12
7	Tues	43	11	10 22	1 7	3 0
8	Wed	42	12	11 28	1 44	4 9
9	Thur	40	13	aft 25	2 16	5 16
10	Fri	38	14	1 43	2 44	6 20
11	Sat	36	15	2 56	3 11	7 26
12	Sun	35	16	4 10	3 56	8 29
13	Mon	34	18	5 28	4 1	9 15
14	Tues	33	20	6 46	4 30	9 59
15	Wed	32	21	8 6	5 [illegible]	10 41
16	Thur	31	22	9 25	5 48	11 25
17	Fri	30	23	10 42	6 29	aft 10
18	Sat	29	2	11 31	7 26	0 57
19	Sun	28	25	morn	8 31	1 39
20	Mon	26	26	0 19	9 41	2 44
21	Tues	25	27	0 57	10 52	3 50
22	Wed	24	27	1 28	aft 2	5 4
23	Thur	23	28	1 53	1 1	6 20
24	Fri	22	29	2 22	2 15	7 23
25	Sat	22	31	2 41	3 23	8 14
26	Sun	21	32	3 2	4 26	8 55
27	Mon	20	33	3 24	5 29	9 34
28	Tues	20	34	3 52	6 31	10 15
29	Wed	19	35	4 27	7 33	10 43
30	Thur	18	36	4 56	8 33	11 18
31	Fri	4 18	37	5 33	9 30	11 54

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Barrister-at-Law,

Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,

OFFICE, CAMERON BLOCK
(Head of Stairway),
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

☞ Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

Nov. 21, 1888—1y

BEST ON EARTH.

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT 1 LB. SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise Soap Wrappers to the Four Seasons Building, Montreal, for a beautiful Art Chromo, 22x28 inches, worth $1.00.

Use of Surprise Soap means economy in time, labor and money.

Ask your Grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

D. A. MACKINNON, LL.B.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Solicitor in Equity,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner of Deeds, Wills, &c.

☞ MONEY TO LOAN. ☜

Georgetown, November 21, 1888—3mos

Burdock Blood Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE.

DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Liebig Company's EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale, 800,000 jars.

Justus von Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Limited, London.

February 13, 1889—yly

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS ALMOST IN SUFFICIENT OR OF ALL KINDS IN SUFFICIENT OR CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

Eggs. Eggs.

SEASON 1889.

DURING the Season the highest prices the Market will afford will be paid for GOOD FRESH EGGS.

JOHN KELLY,
American House, Dorchester St,
Ch'town, May 1. 1889—tf

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

STAPLE & FANCY

Dry Goods

—AT—

LOWEST PRICES

—AT—

STANLEY BROS.,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

BE SURE YOU SEE

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

AT AUCTION PRICES.

HAVING secured about Eight Thousand Dollars worth of CLOTHING at about Half price, we are going to slaughter it right and left, and the Man or Woman that don't see our Stock before buying will get left, sure.

Over 1000 (One Thousand) Children's Suits to select from.

Over 950 (Nine Hundred and Fifty) Men's Suits to select from.

In fact, we carry the largest stock of CLOTHING AND HATS on P. E. Island.

We know what we say when we tell you we will give you Clothing less than any other House in the trade. We can prove it. Don't pass us.

PROWSE BROS..

The Wonderful Cheap Men, Queen Street.

NEW GOODS!

Perkins & Sterns

WE are now showing our New, Large and Well-bought Stock of GOODS, for this season's trade. Our motto being "Quick Sales and Small Profits," you can depend upon getting the very Cheapest Goods by trading with us.

Millinery Department.

We have stocked this department brimful of the Choicest Goods from London and New York—Bonnets, Hats, Frames, Feathers, Flowers, Laces, Ornaments, Beaded Goods, &c., &c.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Piles of the Newest Goods, with suitable Trimmings to match. We have high and low-class Goods to suit all. Anyone buying a new Dress before seeing our stock will make a mistake.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MOURNING GOODS.

New Prints, Sateens, Ginghams, Parasols Umbrellas, Laces, Fringes, Gloves and Hosiery.

Household Goods of every description very Cheap. Come and see.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, April 24, 1889.

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

St. Benedict and Monte Cassino.

Paper read before the Charlottetown Branch of the League of the Cross, in St. Patrick's hall, on Wednesday evening, May 15th, by the Rev. A. J. McIntyre.

The illustrious Dr. Johnson, whilst contemplating the ruins of the celebrated monastery of Icolumkill, has left us those imperishable words: "Far from me and from my friend be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and immoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." No words, I think, could form a more befitting introduction to the subject, which I intend speaking on to-night: 'The ground dignified by the virtues of St. Benedict.' Those are the sentiments which must arise in the mind of every pilgrim who visits to-day the shrine of that illustrious Saint. More so, if they have a knowledge of the deeds performed by him, of works he accomplished for the good of his own and succeeding generations. You will pardon me, therefore, if, before I describe to you the many wonders of the monastery of Monte Cassino, I detain you for a while with some facts relative to the life of its Founder. In order to thoroughly understand the position which St. Benedict obtains in the world's history, we must take a retrospective glance at the condition of Europe during his lifetime.

About the end of the fifth century the

COLOSSAL ROMAN EMPIRE

was threatening dissolution. The spirit of life was passing quickly away. Nor was there hope of its being in any way reanimated. The blood still circulated slowly in its veins; but the illness was incurable. Symptoms of consumption showed themselves everywhere. And this happened at a critical and terrible moment, when it should prepare itself for a dreadful struggle for a blow that was to hasten its death. At the frontiers of the Empire the barbarians swarmed like voracious animals attracted by the odor of carrion. At a crisis so formidable, it must be supposed, that society was on the vigil of a doleful catastrophe. All the known world was about to undergo a complete change. To-day was certainly not to be like unto to-morrow. The tree was about to fall; but the roots were deep, and it could not be overturned without changing the whole surface of the ground. Face to face with the most refined culture stood the ferocity of barbarians. The robust sons of the wild forests stood before the effeminate people of the South. The chances, therefore, were not doubtful. Laws, costumes, habits, monuments, arts, sciences, all civilization and culture were in imminent danger. It was a sign that God in his eternal decrees had fixed the moment that an end should be put to the power of the Conquerors of the world. The barbarians who wounded to death the Mistress of the world were but the instruments of that same Providence who touches the mountains and they give forth smoke. Christian souls saw everywhere the formidable prophecies of the ancient law against a false-hearted race realized anew. "Lo! I raise up the Chaldean, that better and lasting nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land to possess the dwelling places that are not theirs. They are terrible and dreadful. * * * Their horses are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves. * * * And they shall scoff at kings, and the princes shall be a scorn into them; they shall deride every stronghold; for they shall heap dust and take it." Christianity itself having passed through the

CRUCIBLE OF THE CATACOMBS

was at that time passing a severe ordeal. In the East two theological tyrants disputed the dishonored throne of Constantinople,—the one with his bishop launched anathemas against councils and popes,—the other authorized heresy by his edicts. In Europe the barbarians founded states and kingdoms, some of which were destined to be not without distinction, but of which not one belonged to the Catholic faith. Germany was still entirely pagan, as was also Great Britain, where the new-born faith had been stifled by the Angles and Saxons. Gaul was invaded on the North by pagan Franks, and on the South by Arian Burgundians. Spain was overrun and ravaged by the Visigoths, Alans and Vandals, all Arians. The same Vandals made Christian Africa desolate by a persecution more refined in cruelty than those of the Roman Emperors. In a word, all those countries into which the first disciples of Christ carried the faith had fallen a prey to barbarism, which barbarism was always employed by the Arian heresy as an instrument of its hatred against the church of God.

Amidst this universal darkness and desolation, history directs its gaze to a young patrician who, flying from the delights and dangers of the city of Rome, seeks refuge in gorges of the Apennines, about fifty miles from the same city, in the same spot where, four centuries before, Nero held his nefarious orgies, but where now nothing reigns but solitude and silence. I do not intend to follow St. Benedict through the austerities practised at Subiaco. This place was but a preparation, a novitiate, for what was to follow, for what he was to accomplish at

MONTE CASSINO.

Suffice it to say that this delicate scion of the noble house of Auccius buried himself for years in those wild and inaccessible caverns, until God's own time came when his sanctity should be made known to the world. Then flocked around him clergy and laymen, Roman and Barbarian, victor and vanquished, attracted thither by the fame of his miracles and virtue, so that, to give them shelter, he was obliged to found, in the neighborhood of his retreat, twelve monasteries, each inhabited by twelve monks. Benedict, however, experienced the fate of all great men and saints. Envy was awakened to such an extent against him that he was forced to leave his beloved retreat, not because he was afraid of himself, but evil-disposed people sought to injure him in a most tender point, the spiritual safety of his Monks.

Without withdrawing from the mountainous region which extends along the western side of the Apennines, Benedict directed his steps to the south, and penetrated into the Land of Labor.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,
Where medieval towns are white on all
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman Wall.

He ended his journey in a scene very different from Subiaco, but of incomparable grandeur and majesty. There upon the boundaries of

SAMNIUM AND CAMPANIA,

in the centre of a large basin, half surrounded by abrupt and picturesque heights, rises an isolated hill, the vast and round summit of which overlooks the course of the Liris, near its fountain head, and the undulatory plain which extends south towards the shores of the Mediterranean, and the narrow valleys which, towards the north, the east and the west, lost themselves in the lines of the mountainous horizon. This is Monte Cassino. Upon this predestined height the Patriarch of the monks of the west founded the capital of the monastic order. He found paganism still surviving there. Two hundred years after Constantine, in the heart of Christendom, and so near Rome, there still existed a very ancient temple of Apollo and a sacred wood, where a multitude of peasants sacrificed to the gods and demons. Benedict preached the faith to these forgotten people. He persuaded them to cut down the wood, to overthrow the temple and the idol. Upon the remains of this temple he built two Oratories, one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the first Solitary of the new faith, and the other to St. Martin, the great monk-bishop. Round these chapels rose the monastery which was to become the most powerful and celebrated in the Catholic universe;—celebrated especially because there Benedict wrote his Rule, and, at the same time, formed the type which was to serve as a model to innumerable communities submitted to that sovereign code. It is for this reason

PONTIFFS, PRINCES AND NATIONS

have praised, endowed and visited the Sanctuary where monastic religion, according to the expression of Pope Urban II., "flowed from the heart of Benedict as from a fountain head of Paradise;" and which another Pope, Victor III., who himself issued from Monte Cassino to ascend the Apostolic Chair, has not hesitated to compare to Mount Sinai, because soul-saving laws issued therefrom. The Rule of St. Benedict was founded on the original observance of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, said to have been delivered to Pachomius for the use of eastern hermits by an angel; but to this he added many details to fit it for a community residing together.

The Rule is divided into 73 Chapters: 9 are on the respective duties of Abbots and Monks; 13 on Divine Worship; 29 on Discipline-Offences and their Punishments; 10 upon the Internal Administration of the Monastery; 12 on different subjects, such as the Reception of Strangers; the Conduct of Brethren when Travelling, etc., etc. The Rule had two great principles—Constant Action and Implicit Obedience. He did not wish that his monks should confine themselves to meditation on the internal action of the soul, but insisted on continual outward action either of manual or literary labor. Idleness, he averred, was the great enemy of the soul. Every hour of the day was to be employed as the seasons permitted; and as the praises of God were to be sung seven times a day, so seven hours of the day were to be devoted to active labor. If any monk boasted of his own

PROFICIENCY IN ANY OCCUPATION,

that occupation was to be changed, that it might not be a snare to him. Those who sold the produce of the lands of the Convent were always to sell a little cheaper than their neighbor, for the love of God. The patrician youths who joined the community were in all things to live on equal terms with the peasant monks. There was no distinction of persons. Many young men of rich and noble families came here, as at Subiaco, to put themselves under his direction, or were confided by their parents. Some of the young nobles rebelled against this equality. Among these, according to the narrative of St. Gregory, was the son of a *Defender*, that is to say, of the first magistrate of a town or province. One evening, it being his turn to light the Abbot Benedict at supper, while he held the candlestick before the Abbatial table his pride rose within him, and he said to himself: "What is this man that I should thus stand before him while he eats with a candle in my hand like a slave?" Immediately Benedict, as if he had heard him, reproved him sharply for that movement of pride, gave the candle to another and sent him back to his cell dismayed to find himself discovered and restrained in his most secret thoughts.

He bound all nobles and plebeians, young and old, rich and poor, under the same discipline. But he would have excess or violence in nothing, and when he was told that a Solitary in the neighboring mountains, who, not content with shutting himself up in a narrow cave, had attached to his foot a chain, the other end of which was fixed in the rock so that he could not go beyond the length of his chain, Benedict sent to tell him to break it in these words: "If thou art truly a servant of God, confine thyself not with a chain of iron, but with the Chain of Christ."

Obedience in the eyes of Benedict was a work, "*obedientiæ laborum.*" A monk only entered the convent by a voluntary sacrifice of self. He renounced self utterly to fix his soul in God. To the monk his Superior was to be God's earthly representative; to him his obedience was to be prompt, perfect, absolute. Obedience was the first step of humility. "Our life in this world," says St. Benedict, "is like the Ladder of Jacob; in order that it may reach Heaven it must be planted by the Saviour in an humble heart. We can only mount by the different steps of humility and discipline."

THIRTEEN HUNDRED YEARS

have passed away since the Rule of St. Benedict was laid down; yet no change has been made in it by his followers. The only reforms have led back to a more exact observance of the code which the founder drew up.

No kind of praise has been wanting to this code of monastic life. St. Gregory, St. Thomas, St. Antoninus believed it to be directly inspired by the Holy Spirit. Popes and Christian Princes have vied with each other in celebrating it. The Prince of Catholic eloquence, Bossuet, has described it in these incomparable lines:—

"This Rule is an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all the doctrines of the Gospel, all the institutions of the Holy Fathers, and all the counsels of perfection. Here prudence and simplicity, humility and courage, severity and gentleness, freedom and dependence, eminently appear. Here correction has all its firmness, condescension all its charms, command all its vigor, and subjection all its repose; silence its gravity, and words their grace; strength its exercise, and weakness its support; and yet always he calls it a *beginning* to keep us always in holy fear."

But there is something which speaks with a still greater eloquence than that of Bossuet of the Monastic Rule: it is the list of saints which it has produced; it is the tale of conquests which it has won throughout the west, where, for eight centuries, it reigned alone; the irresistible attraction it had for bright and generous minds, for upright and devoted hearts, for souls enamored with solitude and sacrifice; the beneficent influence it exercised upon the life of the secular clergy, warming them by its rays to such a point that, purified and strengthened, they seemed for a time to identify themselves with the

CHILDREN OF ST. BENEDICT.

It is distinguished, above all, by the contrast between the life of faith in countries where it reigned, and the utter debasement of the Oriental Church, dishonored by the marriage of its priests even before it became a prey to schism.

St. Gregory relates that the great patriarch having, one night, anticipated matins, gazing upon Heaven from the window of his cell saw all at once the darkness dispelled by a light more dazzling than that of day, and amid that ocean of light the entire world appeared to him crowded into a ray of sun, "so paltry does the creature appear," says the Pontiff, "to the soul which contemplates its Creator." Tradition has interpreted that sight as a vision of the splendid future awaiting the Order of St. Benedict, which was to embrace Christianity and fill it with its light.

Christians have designated St. Benedict as the Moses of a new people, as the Joshua of another promised land. Nothing permits us to believe he had such ideas of himself; his sole object was the regeneration of his own soul, and that of his brethren. All the rest was given him over and above the one thing needful. Like Romulus, who, tracing the primitive walls of Rome, never dreamt of that king-people, that greatest of nations, to which he was giving birth. Benedict did not foresee the gigantic work which was destined to issue from the grotto of Subiaco and the hillsides of Monte Cassino. The masters of spiritual life have always remarked that the man who begins a work blessed by God does it unawares. God loves to build upon nothing.

However it may be, the results of Benedict's work were immense. In his lifetime, as after his death, the sons of the noblest races in Italy and the best of the converted barbarians came in multitudes to Monte Cassino. They came out again to spread themselves over all the west. They went forth to spread peace and faith, knowledge and art, the Holy Scriptures and the great works of classical literature amid the despairing provinces of the destroyed Empire, and even into the barbarous regions from which the destruction came forth. Less than a century after the death of St. Benedict, all that barbarism had won from civilization was reconquered; and, more still, his children carried the Gospel beyond those limits which had confined the Disciples of Christ. After Italy, Gaul and Spain had been retaken from the enemy, Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia were in turn invaded, conquered and incorporated into Christendom. The West was saved; a new Empire was founded; a new world began.

Considering those results the illustrious Montalambert with ardor exclaims: "Come now, O Barbarians, the Church no longer fears you. Reign where you will, civilization shall escape your hands, or, rather, you shall defend the Church and confirm civilization. You have vanquished everything; you shall now, in your turn, be vanquished and transformed. Men are born who shall become your masters. They shall take your souls to inspire them with their imaginations to delight them; your hearts to purify them; your courage to temper it by sacrifice; your swords to consecrate them to the service of faith, weakness and justice."

Their work was neither short nor easy; but, aided by the barbarian victors of Rome by their civilizer, they carried the sway and laws of

A NEW ROME

beyond the farthest limits ever dreamt of by the Cæsars. They became the nursing fathers of all modern nations, and they exist to-day after almost 1400 years, and can proudly point to the illustrious names inscribed in the catalogue of their members the names of 14 Popes, 200 Cardinals, 50 Patriarchs, 1600 Archbishops, 4000 Bishops, 4 Emperors, 12 Empresses, 46 Kings, 41 Queens, 3600 Canonized Saints.

Eight years ago in company with a number of my fellow-students I had the happiness to visit this celebrated sanctuary of Monte Cassino. In the words of Longfellow:

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate,
Above the convent bell for vesper chimed;
Below the dark'ning town grew desolate.

The silence of the place was like a sleep;
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

A steep and stony pathway which winds above the roofs of the houses of the little town of Cassino leads us to the monastery. At each turn of this path the view is fresh. A beautiful description of it is given by the Rev. Mr. Hare, in his "Day Near Rome." "We look down upon the purple valley," says he, "through which winds the silver thread of the Garigliano, and in which Ponto Corvo, Aquino, and many other towns are lying beyond. Girdling the plain on every side are chains of mountains broken into every conceivable form, every hue of color melting into the faintest blue teasing far away in billow upon billow of rocky surge crested or coated with snow. Some times as you turn a corner a promontary of rock juts out like a vast butress covered with wood. Some times the path itself is lost in the deep thickets where only the blue sky can be seen through the twisted boughs of the dark ilexes, which open again to admit a new snow peak, or a fresh vista of purple mountains."

Small oratories by the wayside offer shelter from the wind and sun and commemorate the Benedictine story. First we have that of St. Piuridus, the favorite

DISCIPLE OF ST. BENEDICT.

Then that of Santa Scolastica, the beloved sister. Then a triple chapel where a Benedictine miracle occurred. Beyond these a cross upon a platform marks the final meeting place of St. Benedict and Santa Scolastica. It is not known that the beloved twin-sister of St. Benedict ever took vows, though she privately dedicated herself to God from childhood. When her brother came to his mountain monastery she followed him and founded a religious house in the valley below, where she devoted herself to a life of prayer with a small community of pious women as her companions. The Protestant Milman says of her, "There is something striking in the attachment of the sister, the human affection struggling with the hard spirit of monasticism. S. Scolastica was a female Benedict, equally devout, equally powerful in attracting and ruling the minds of recluses of her own sex, the remote foundress of convents almost as numerous as those of her brother's rule, with the most perfect harmony of disposition, one in holiness, one in devotion. They were of different sexes, and met but once a year."

It was here they met for the last time and passed the day together in pious exercises. At this last interview Scolastica implored Benedict to remain with her till the morning, that they might praise God through the night; but the Saint refused, saying that it was impossible for him to remain absent from his convent. Then Scolastica bent over her clasped hands and prayed, and though the weather was beautiful and there was not a cloud in the sky, the rain began to fall in such torrents, accompanied by

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

of such a terrific kind that neither Benedict nor the brethren who came with him could leave the place where they were. "The Lord be merciful to you, my sister," said the Abbot, "what have you done?" "You have rejected my prayers," answered Scolastica, "but God has been more merciful," and thus the brother and sister remained all night. St. Gregory, who tells the story, says that: "One must not be surprised that the wish of the sister was heard by God rather than that of the brother, because of the two the sister was the one who loved the most; and with God one who loves the most is always the most powerful."

We enter the Abby by a gate guarded by two marble lions and ascend a low vaulted staircase, the only portions of the building which can be assigned to the time of St. Benedict. At this gate occurred a miracle which St. Benedict performed in behalf of a poor peasant who was brought to him bound hand and foot by a Gothic Captain. This poor man in order to obtain respite from torture declared to the Captain that he had committed his goods to the keeping of the Patriarch. On approaching him, therefore, while he sat reading at the gate of the monastery, he commanded him in haughty tones to deliver up the goods of the Peasant. The Saint made no answer, but calmly looked up from his book, fixing his eyes on both. Before that gaze

THE PEASANT'S BONDS FELL OFF.

Before that gaze the soldier trembled and repented and at last fell on his knees on the ground, beseeching pardon from the aged Saint, who raised him up, admonished him to turn from evil and use mercy, then gave him food and drink in the monastery and dismissed him with a blessing. What a subject for an artist: The monastic buildings on the mountain, the Abbot seated outside with his scroll, the barbaric Captain and the frightened Peasant and the serene glory of an Italian sunset above. The low vault of the entrance was intended to show the yoke of humility to which the entering monk must bend. The inscription upon it reads thus: "Be not surprised, stranger, at the lowness of this entrance. The sanctity of our Holy Founder has made it great. Bow thy head, therefore, enter and be welcome." And that welcome for which the Benedictine Fathers, from St. Benedict down, have always been noted, is not wanting to-day. At the entrance you are met by a Father, whose sole business is to look after both the spiritual and temporal welfare of the guests; and no one could do it more nobly. Of course they cannot exercise their hospitality to such an extent to-day as they did formerly, for the poor monks have a bare subsistence under the *Paternal* Italian Government, and times are indeed changed since the Abbot of Monte Casino was first Baron of the Kingdom of Naples, Administrator of a Diocese composed of 32 parishes, while among the dependencies of the Abbey were 4 bishopsics, 2 principalities, 20 countships, 250 castles, 440 towns and villages, 336 manors, 23 seaports, 33 islands, 200 [illegible], 1,662 churches. Its revenues at the end of the 16th century amounted to 500,000 ducats.

When a stranger enters this monastery, it is impossible for him to bear in mind that he is on the summit of a rugged mountain, accessible only by travelling on foot or on horseback. Everything is so grand, so magnificent. As you enter, a

BEAUTIFUL AND SPACIOUS COURTYARD,

adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a noble fountain in its midst, presents itself. Open arcades on either side display other courts, now used as gardens, where, amid the flowers, hops about with saucy air the historic Benedictine raven. Tradition says that St. Benedict, when leaving Subiaco, was led through the windings of the Apennines alternately by two angels and two ravens, until he reached Cassinum. I do not doubt but it is of one of his predecessors Mr. Thomas Ingolsby sings:

When the great Lord Cardinal
From his finger draws his costly turquoise,
And not thinking at all about little Jackdaws
Deposits straight, by the side of his plate,
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

A magnificent flight of stairs leads to a terrace called Terazzo del Paradiso, or Terrace of Paradiso, from its grandeur and from the sublime view which it presents. From it the prospect extends on one side towards Arpium, where Cicero, the prince of orators, was born, and on the other towards Aquinum, celebrated as the place

Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a schoolboy played,
And dreamed, perhaps, the dreams that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And here we might say that this place becomes doubly interesting to the Theological student on account of its association with St. Thomas of Aquino. It was here he first imbued the rudiments of that learning which made him famous for all time. Alexander II offered to make him Abbot, but his humility would not permit him to accept any ecclesiastical promotion, and not far from here in the Benedictine Monastery of Fossanova he gave up his pure spirit to his Creator. As Archbishop Vaughn says, "It is but natural, it is but beautiful, that he who in early boyhood had been stamped with the signet of St. Benedict should return to St. Benedict to die. He had gone forth to his work and to his labor in the morning and he returned home to his brethern in the evening tide."

From the Terrace of Paradise we enter the Church, which is of the most extreme magnificence, exceeds St. Peter's and rivals the Cortosa of Pavia in the richness and variety of its marbles. The paintings are of the first order, and by the best masters of the Neapolitan school. The walls of the Choir are remarkable for their carving and for the number of figures represented on them. They are thirty-two in number, and on each are carved the figures of about twenty angels and saints, each with a different cast of countenance. The organ, too, is worthy of our attention, having few rivals in Italy, or even in Europe. Under the Altar, and surrounded by a chain of lamps, repose

BENEDICT AND SCOLASTICA.

An appropriate inscription tells us that, born at one birth, they returned to God together, and here one grave contains their bodies. In the crypt below is shown the place where Tasso prayed before his last journey to Rome, and before death stretched out its hand between the laurel wreath and the poor maniac's brow.

Of the other points of interest the Refectory claims our attention on account of its unusual size and of a painting which it contains, in the upper part of which Christ is represented performing the miracle of the loaves and fishes; in the lower St. Benedict is distributing the symbolical bread of the Benedictine Rule. In a corner of this picture John Calvin in all his hideousness is represented.

But it is to the Library that the Guest Father conducts you with particular pride. Its origin mounts up to the foundation of the Abbey, for St. Benedict mentions it in one of the rules of his order. It contains 20,000 printed volumes, some of them the first efforts in typographical art, and all of the same kind. In the archives there are some rare antiquarian tid bits. One is a letter from a certain Abbot to the Abbot of Monte Cassino, excusing himself that he could only supply 300 choir monks for a religious festival that was to take place at Monte Cassino, because he intended celebrating it in some humble way himself. From the archives and library we pass through a corridor 200 yards long, and take a glance at the visitor's book. Here we find the autographs of the most celebrated men of modern times. Cardinal Newman breathes in it a prayer for his own dear England, and Longfellow, inspired by the glories of the place, tells in one of his own verses that