been worshipped as a god? It was for her sake that I labored—yes, and for the sake of our child. I wanted big things out of life: I wanted success. But, beyond every ambition, I wanted a woman's love—the love of my son. But such things have been denied me. I have won gold, but have lost everything else—robbed by death of one, robbed by you of the other."

He spoke with a note of deep emotion sounding in his voice. Breaking the silence came a sharp ring at the telephone, and Quesnal started.

He took down the receiver and attended to the call, speaking in his sharp, hard voice—the man of granite once more. Within a couple of minutes a big transaction was settled, and he turned again to Haydon.

"Send the boy to me to-night," he said. "He must dine with me—at 8. In the meantime, tell him everything, and ask him to spare me any sentimental scene. I don't want sentiment, but I shall expect my son to possess common sense."

He stopped abruptly, then glanced at Haydon.

"Is the lad—worthy?" he asked in low tones. "Not of me"—he gave a low, queer laugh—"but of his mother, worthy of the woman I loved."

The answer came without hesitation or pause.

"Yes," said Haydon slowly, "your son is worthy."

* * * * * *

It seemed to Cecil Quesnal—a name that sounded so strange to him, giving him the feeling that he was masquerading as some one else—as if he had found his way into an enchanted palace that night.

The man whom since childhood he had imagined to be his father had told him the truth a few hours before. Passing through a suite of exquisitely furnished rooms, he was ushered by a quietly dressed man servant into a small oval chamber, where Peter Quesnal awaited him. The man withdrew, and father and son stood facing one another. Those keen, openly critical eyes of Quesnal brightened in a wonderful manner, and he took his son's hand in a firm grasp.

"It is good to have you here," he said, slowly. "Welcome to your home, my boy."

They talked little during dinner, which was almost at once served, but afterward Peter Quesnal linked his arm through his son's and together they wandered through that great mansion. Presently he began talking of his plans for the lad's future, leading up gradually to the point which had been settled in his own mind from the moment he had discovered that Cecil was living.

"You must marry, my son," he said, "choosing your wife from a class above our own. As I have succeeded in the financial world, so must you succeed in the world which is still apt to look down upon self-made men."

"But I have already chosen my wife, sir," he exclaimed.

"Eh?" What do you mean?"

"I've been engaged for a year to the girl whom I shall marry."

"What is her name?" asked Quesnal slowly.

"She is called Judith," he said—"Judith Aintree—who will one day be Judith, my wife."

There was a certain challenge in his words and in his confident, smiling eyes, but his father did not take it in. Yet the planning brain was active, weaving its own web.

* * * * * *

Cecil came back to the great house, which he could hardly realize was his home, a few weeks later in a state of alarm and agitation. Judith had disappeared. She had vanished like a shadow from his life, leaving him despairing, desolate. She had written him a letter in which she said he must forget her; that was all.

His mind filled with suspicion of the truth, he sought his father.

"Father," began Cecil at once, "I want to ask you a question. Have you been to Judith Aintree. Have you seen her at any time?"

"Yes, I have seen her?"

"And—and you urged her to give me up, pretending it was for my own benefit?"

"I admit that such was my intention in going to her But there was no need for such persuasion. She told me that she had made up her mind to end the engagement when she first learned that I was your father.

"It appears that her own father was ruined, and she places the blame of his subsequent death upon me. He dropped his money in a company I had something to do with promoting—that was one of my early mistakes. She called my money gold with a curse on it. She does not understand that there is no room for sentiment in business. If ever you became a poor man she would marry you, she said, but not until then. The girl lacks common sense. She would keep any man down."

"No," Cecil replied. "She would lift a man to her own high level—somewhere a little nearer to the angels. You do not understand, father; yet surely you must realize that there are some women to whom money is of little value save for the power it has to soften the pain and sorrow that darken the world. Judith is such a woman—my Judith."

He spoke in tones of reverence and passed out of the room. Half an hour later he came back.

"I am going to leave you, father," he said. "I have come to say good-by. I am going to find Judith. I will come back again then, if you wish it."

But Peter Quesnal's face was set in stern gray lines.

"If you go now it is forever," he responded. "Let there be no doubt in your mind upon that point. If Judith Aintree marries you, she will marry a pauper. I have made other plans for you, as I have hinted. Think well, Cecil; I am a man to keep my word. It is between this woman and a great fortune that you are deciding."

"I have chosen," he said quietly.

"Very well," replied Quesnal harshly. "Go from me now and forget that you have a father, as I shall forget that I have a son."

* * * * * *

A babel of voices rose in a storm of sound. Panic had set in on the stock exchange, and prices were falling, tumbling down. Experienced men, whose judgment was ripe with years, lost their heads, affected in some degree by their huge combination of millionaires who had formed together to achieve a certain result.

This object was the crushing of Peter Quesnal. His own schemes and theirs had clashed on several occasions, and, in the ruthless tyranny which marks such men, they had resolved to squeeze him out of the markets for once and forever.

Peter Quesnal, his mind concerned in other matters, private matters which troubled him despite himself, has been caught asleep. Before his natural agility of action had been spurred into showing fight and finding escape he was down, helpless before his antagonists' onslaught, ruined. For once his hand had been forced and himself compelled to play a losing game. So far as future financial matters were concerned, Peter Quesnal would have as little power as a dead man.

He did not complain; he made no whine These were his own methods used against himself. The man was not only crippled in action but broken in spirit as well. The feeling of age was creeping over him. He was too old to begin again. The man of iron will and nerves of steel was inert now, down in the dust.

When affairs were finally settled up, and almost all that he had possessed taken from him, somehow it was not the loss which affected him most. He wanted his boy back with him; he longed for his only child, his son, in whom was blended so much that had brought back to him memories of his dead wife.

He could not complain of ingratitude because the world seemed already to have forgotten his name; there was no one who owed him gratitude. Even Cecil had taken nothing from him—Cecil from whom no word had reached him since the lad had left his house two years ago, though within his heart, unacknowledged even to himself, he had many times yearned to hear from him.

He walked home one night to his cheerless rooms feeling ill and faint, weary of life. He passed up the badly lighted staircase and entered the dismal chamber. But some fairy touch had been at work while he was away, for flowers made a blaze of blossoms, summer flowers, and the smell of jonquils and lilies greeted him, scenting the air.

He sat down, overcome by a weakness that clouded his senses, and from out a mist it seemed to him two faces peered—the face of Cecil, his son, and one other face, a grave tender face with soft, pitying eyes, not dark now with indignation, as he had seen them once, but glowing with the light of love, glistening with tears of sympathy.

Then a kind of darkness pressed down upon him, and he heard words which conveyed but little intelligence to him; heard of Cecil's long search, rewarded at last by finding Judith; heard of their marriage; knew that these two were man and wife, and that they had come to take care of him and love him—these two who alone were faithful, now that fortune was false.

Peter Quesnal had a long illness; not a dangerous illness, but one that left him very weak, with no strength to strive against the gentle rule of love which now seemed to encompass his whole life.

"You will stay with us; you will live with us—always," whispered Judith to him one day when he spoke of making plans. "For your place is with us. And as for a burden, you will never be that. Cecil is making way; he is climbing. We love you father—yes, for I look upon you almost as if you were my own dear father—and we cannot let you go."

He patted her hand softly, but there was a look of indecision on his face. Suddenly he asked to see a newspaper, and when she had given him that morning's financial journal, he turned with utmost eagerness to the money market columns. He ran his eye up and down, then he gave a little cry—a cry of surprise.

"Judith!"

She looked across at him, then went over to his side at once.

"Look at this. Tell me, are my eyes playing me tricks? Read me these figures."

She obeyed him, and Peter Quesnal got up to his feet. There was a flush upon his sunken face.

"Can you send off a telegram at once?" he inquired, glancing at his watch. "I want to wire to a broker who holds certain shares of mine. Fortune is smiling again, my dear; Peter Quesnal's luck has returned. Three years ago I bought twenty thousand shares at about a quarter a share believing at that time that they might be worth money one of these days. But for once it seemed that my judgment had erred, for I had begun to regard them as valueless. But now—read this report—they have gone up in price with a rush, and are quoted at 85 a share and the public are howling to buy them. And they shall be satisfied, so far as I am concerned. We don't risk holding them another hour; they must be sold at once."

He urged Judith not to lose a moment in despatching his telegram. The reply to it came back within an hour. The transaction was completed; the shares had changed hands at $5 a share, and when next settlement arrived $100,000 would be placed in Quesnal's name at his bank.

"Enough for a fresh start," he muttered; "enough to lift me from the mire of failure. One day I'll cry quits with my enemies and drive them into the valley of humiliation where they have driven me."

The old iron lines, the ruthless expression of the man who lives by crushing others came back into his face. He stood staring at the flaming promise of the future, dazzled and restored by its glow.

A soft touch made him glance up. Judith was at his side—Judith with grave, beautiful face and with a wonderful radiance over every feature.

"You won't begin again?" she murmured in soft, entreating tones.

The flame in his eyes burnt fiercely for a moment, and he made a half movement, as if to escape from that touch. The light in his eyes flickered—the hard, fierce light—and died out.

There was silence between them for some moments. He looked at her at last, with that gentle gaze that was new to his eagle eyes. He patted her gently on the hand reassuringly.

"No, my dear," he said quietly, "I won't begin again. I've done with the old methods, the old life. Besides, I will not risk this money, but instead—" He paused a moment, then placed his hands gently upon her hair, adding in low tones. "I will hold it in trust, not for myself, nor for Cecil, nor for any one yet living, but—for a little life—to come."—Tit-Bits.

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THE PASSION PLAY

Translated for the CATHOLIC RECORD from the French, by Mrs. Lavinia Sparrow, Sydney, N. S.

OBERRAMERGAU—THE VILLAGE—THE PASSION PLAY—THE VILLAGERS—ARRIVAL AND SOJOURN—THE REPRESENTATION 23 SEPT. 1900—THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES—THE SPECTATORS

Oberramergau is a village in Bavaria situated 120 miles from the city of Munich, and four hours and a half ride by rail, lengthened by the circuitous route through the mountains. Since 1634 every ten years the sublime drama of the Passion of our divine Redeemer is represented. The object is the fulfilment of a vow made by the inhabitants of that period to preserve them from a plague which was ravaging the district. Since then the play has notably improved and so have the actors, who had not previously attained the perfection of the artists of the present day, and thus for a long time it was simply a local spectacle; the fame had not reached abroad. In 1850 the play was revised in a definite form under the supervision of the venerable Abbé Daisenberger, the pastor of the village; tourists from different parts of Europe frequented Oberramergau to assist at this grandiose representation superior to any other production. In 1880, 120,000 spectators witnessed the play, the number increasing in 1890. Twenty years ago, since this marvelous entertainment attracted my attention, I read descriptions of it in various papers particularly in The London Tablet. It was always a cherished wish of mine to see Jerusalem, the doomed city, the scene where the real passion was suffered, and then visit Oberramergau the blessed village where it is so sublimely represented. Previous to my arrival in Oberramergau my fellow traveller and I had written to the mayor to secure and pay in advance for our seats at the play and accommodation at the hotel. These are a joint combination. I also enclosed my card to the president of the committee, who took it for granted that I was a great dignitary, no less a personage than His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, consequently my pro tem secretary, Mr. L'abbé Joseph Dumais, ex curé of St. Séverin, and I were guests at the Curé's house; nevertheless we had to pay like ordinary individuals six dollars each for rental of rooms, and meals extra. Two other Bishops were registered at the time in Oberramergau; one hailed from Australia, the other from Curacoa; of course they came in secondary consideration after the Archbishop of Quebec; we met them in the church but not at the presbytery. The parish priest is always president of the committee, who every ten years presides at the selection of actors, distributing the roles and is engaged in all the details of the administration and division of the profits. The present Curé is the Abbé Joseph Shroder, a perfect type. I met him in the office of the committee rooms, dressed as a civilian, and only at the presbytery did I make his acquaintance and appreciated his capability; he speaks French fairly well, is also an author, and as it is generally the case did not fail to inform me of the fact. Vice-versa I did not wish to be ignored in the matter, and admitted I was responsible for some literary work. What a disappointment! when he discovered I was not the Archbishop of Quebec; nevertheless I was well entertained, occupied a splendid room and enjoyed an excellent cut of café au lait; the Curé furnished me with all desired information. I found him a most agreeable host. We had the privilege to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of Mass at the appointed hour in the beautiful parish church, embellished at different periods by the committee of the Passion Play with five altars, a grand organ and seventy five statues. I visited the adjoining cemetery where the numerous monuments are sculptured by born artists of Oberramergau. Wonderful! this village of only fifteen hundred inhabitants has so many sculptors, moulders, artists, musicians, etc. I may justly remark no town of its size in the world may boast of the number of gifted people. To stroll through the streets, observe the inhabitants, the houses, the gardens; one is impressed this is no ordinary village. During my sojourn of three days I marvelled at the sights.

The situation of Oberramergau is more graceful than magnificent, and to obtain an excellent view I ascended the hill where the wonderful calvary in marble was erected by Louis II., the inscription reads, "Donated by Louis II. to the inhabitants of Oberramergau in recognition of the fine arts, fidelity to ancient traditions and remembrance of the Passion of our Lord." Then another inscription in the centre of the pedestal, "Woman, behold thy son, and son be thy Mother." This is the scene the artist has selected to represent Christ Who has just pronounced these divine words: the Virgin's face is covered with her mantle and the beloved disciple John is shedding tears, his arms outstretched to the dying Saviour. The monument is 40 feet high, the cross 19 feet and the two figures 14 feet. After kneeling in prayer I contemplated the panoramic view; in the east the village of Unterammergau, the theatre in the distance, further the mountains, cone shapes, forming a background to this wonderful landscape. Opposite is the village with its ancient church, pretty cottages and the limpid waters of the River Ammer. At the west side is the beautiful home of Madame Hillier, a veritable chateau, the hospital, and the moresque villa erected at a great cost by the unfortunate Louis II., and last the Kopel peak which rears itself proudly from the valley to a height of 1,650 feet surmounted by an immense cross dominating the whole country. I may mention some of the fine residences, Mayor Lang's, the post office, etc. The streets are irregular, intersecting each other, making it a difficult task to find our destination in this small town.

As I leisurely strolled through the village I observed the inhabitants, their costumes, to facilitate the recognition of the actors when I should see them at the performance; what a fine type of Bavarians and the lovely children with blonde hair. Suddenly I noticed a young man leave a small shop and then return to the same place. "Here is St. John," I remarked to my pseudo secretary, intuitively attracted by his beautiful countenance and dark hair flowing on his shoulders. We entered the shop and conversed in English with him; as I rightly surmised, it was Peter Rendi, thirty years of age; at a short distance he did not appear to be more than twenty; he already personated the part of St. John in 1890; his face recalls admirably the St. John of Leonard of Vinci and above all St. John the beloved of the Gospel; a face never to be forgotten, so handsome and gentle. I was delighted with him, and returned to the store in the afternoon to purchase objects sculptured by himself. In the meantime, I wished to call on his master, the Saviour of this year—Anthony Lang—who lived opposite Peter Rendis' store. He is the grandest and most worthy type to represent our divine Lord. He succeeds Joseph Mayr, who three times acted the part of Christ, in 1870-1880-1890, the latter a success; but Lang, who is twenty-five years of age is the handsomer of the two, more like the Jesus of the Holy Scripture. Mayr is grandly solemn, majestic and severe. Lang is the holy victim: "Jesus meek and humble of heart," the lamb of God who forgives and saves mankind, these noble qualities are depicted in that beautiful face lit by resplendent eyes of sweet and ineffable candor. Not to be wondered; he is as virtuous, as artistic, and probably the saintliness of his life rather than his talent won him the distinction to replace the celebrated Joseph Mayr. I conversed in English with Antnony Lang and purchased his best picture. I shall always remember the pleasure of this meeting, the beautiful face, fair flowing hair. The modest and chaste mien have made an everlastug impression on my mind.

I also interviewed some of the other actors of the representation: Pilate, Sebastian Bauer—one of the first I met at the committee; the superb Caiaphas, Sebastian Lang—who assisted me thrice in his capacity of sacristan; also the altar boys whom I recognized after in the Passion Play, the waiters and maids of the hotel and restaurant who leave their humble employment to figure in the grandest theatrical representation in the world.

It is more than a hundred years since the Passion Play became the life of this pious village. Children are reared and educated to anticipate in the future they may have a part to play; they study elocution, music, voice culture, and when the tenth year arrives they are prepared for the drama, and enables the committee to select actors who have a remarkable talent for this wonderful performance. I must now hasten to describe the grand day. It is Sunday 23rd Sept., 1900; the weather is ideal; at 5:30 a. m. the faithful are filling the church to assist at the Mass and until 7:30 twenty priests offer the Holy Sacrifice. The parish Mass commences at 6 o'clock, singing and orchestra accompaniment; the priest reads the announcements. Precisely at 8 a. m. the representation of the Passion begins before an audience of 5,000 people—4,000 sitting and 1,000 standing. The immense covered theatre is filled, which is separated from the scene by a large opening where the sun shines; the sky and the green mountains seem to reach the horizon. The boom of a cannon in the distance heralds the arrival of the leader, the ancient Christ—Joseph Mayr—who advances in solemn manner with forty choristers placing themselves in a single file the length of the scene as in the ancient times; the leader and the choir announce and chant the scenes which are to be represented and interpret the drama by verse and appropriate hymns. They appear in succession eighteen times, winning the applause of the audience by the charm of their singing and artistic declamation.

The orchestra, played by the home talent, lacked in sweetness, but on the whole was remarkable. The singers were possessed of superb voices, I shall mention the admirable solo of the spouse of the Canticle; the chanting during the washing of the disciples feet was elevating and nigh perfect.

Apart from the Passion Play, a number of living pictures were represented. Adam and Eve, chased from the Terrestrial Paradise, the sacrifice of Abraham, Absolom and his partisans conspiring against King David, young Tobias leaving his mother, the spouse of the Canticle, bewailing the absence of the beloved, the King Assuerus repudiating Vashti and elevating Esther, the manna in the desert, and the miraculous grape of Canaan, the sons of Jacob selling their brother Joseph for twenty pieces of silver, Adam covered with skins of beasts toiling by the sweat of his brow, while Eve holds on her knee the last born child of her sorrow, Joab piercing Abner with his sword while he treacherously kisses him, the Prophet Micheas receiving a blow for speaking the truth to King Achab, Naboth innocent and condemned to death by false witnesses, Job supporting patiently the injuries from his wife and friends, Cain seized with despair before the corpse of Abel, Daniel accused before King Darius, Samson imprisoned by the Philistines and bound between two columns, the sons of Jacob and the blood stained garment of Joseph, the triumph of Joseph in Egypt, Isaac obeying his father and carrying the wood for the sacrifice, the Jews bitten by serpents and healed by the brazen serpent, Jonas coming forth from the stomach of the whale, and the Israelites rendering thanksgiving to the Lord after the deliverance from the Red sea: As the hour was advanced these two last tableaux were omitted. I was delighted with these scenes. At different times there were four to five hundred people in the play; the costumes, the posing, grouping of the actors were so realistic. What eloquent instruction recalling the ancient Testament! What sublime figures in the life, passion and death of Christ! At times a tableau seemed simple, for instance Samson, the whole history of the judge of Israel is told. The same in the scene of Daniel. What labor, good taste and sacred science in all these pictures! At the beginning it seemed as if these tableaux might interfere and cause the audience to lose the interest in the grand object, the Passion Play—not in the least. They were so well distributed, to the point, in perfect harmony with the drama, and added beauty to the scene. No delay occurred either by the choir, living pictures or the play itself. It is a task to describe this stupendous work. I will, therefore, touch on the principal parts. The entry of Jesus into Jerusalem is well rendered, Christ appears for the first time, and He comes with so much dignity and sweetness to bless the concourse of people who crowd around Him and who seem to come from all parts of Judea; the multitude of children singing divinely "Hosanna to the Son of David;" the farewell of the Son and His Mother at Bethania is extremely touching and the last scene, a sublime act, all so true to the text of the Gospel. No doubt the author has introduced several passages and words which are not found in the Bible, for instance, the conference of the Pharisees and the vendors in the temple, the meeting at Caiaphas' house, the discourse and monologue of Judas, the details of the conspiration, the Jews pleading before Pilate and Herod, the answer of these judges. However, there is no contradiction of Sacred History; those additional acts tend to render the play more dramatic and pathetic. How shall I describe the agony in the garden of Olives, where Christ appears stricken with sorrow unto death, His noble attitude before the tribunal, then the cruel flagellation, the crowning of thorns, the way of the cross, the meeting of Son and Mother, the crucifixion, the crowning point of perfection is attained, impossible to better represent the dying Christ and His last words. Lang remains twenty minutes attached to the cross between the two thieves; he really suffers and thus participates in the passion of the divine Master. The blessed virgin, Saint John, Mary Magdalen, the pious women and the soldiers are at the foot of the cross, the tableau is complete and emotion among the audience intense. After the "Consummatus" is pronounced, Lang seems really dead in the representation; the descent from the Cross is like the picture of Rubens, and finally we assist at the joyous Resurrection and glorious Ascension of Our Lord.

Where is there a drama in the world to compare with this one at Oberramergau? Where do we find scenes which could produce real emotion and instruction so productive of beneficial results even as a work of art. I do not believe the equal could be found. Doubtless there are some imperfections and now I will give my personal impression and make just remarks. I again repeat the character of Christ was admirably portrayed by Lang. Occasionally his voice lacked in sweetness, less perfect in this resemblance to the divine model. It is an important point with me as the ear is more sensitive than the eye. I forget a beautiful face more easily than a sweet voice which I retain in my memory. I shall always remember Rendi who portrayed St. John and whose voice reached my heart. What sweet touching accents, when at the last supper after receiving holy Communion he rests his head on the heart of Jesus and speaks "Beloved Master I shall never forget Thy love!" Master Thou knowest I love Thee! Pilate, Herod, Nicodemus, Caiaphas and several others were capable actors, a number of typical jews among the priests, the pharisees and scribes.

Do you wonder I have not mentioned the part of the Blessed Virgin? Anne Flunger, who has for the first time appeared on the scene, has a very difficult task to perform. She is a beautiful girl of nineteen, resembling an Andalusian more than a Jewess. She is an excellent Catholic and endowed with natural talent, but she is not the Blessed Virgin—better adapted for the part of Magdalen. It is easier to find the latter type than the former. Bertha Wolfe is fair with magnificent golden hair. She is a wonderful success as the penitent sinner. Of course defects might be concealed if the actors had recourse to the make up of the stage, and here they are exposed to the light of day, so vivid that Annas when he leaves his palace the rays of the sun fall on the face of the old reprobate. The actors do not affect disguise, no borrowed wigs. You see them appear in the scenes as they do in their homes and on the street, which make them incontestably superior to the actors of the modern stage. To end the criticism. The angels are not sufficiently angelic. For instance in the agony a young village girl takes the part of the angel. A better selection might have been made. Of all the artists in the Passion Play, Jean Zwink, who acts the role of Judas, is probably the most powerful. He has a noted part in the play and is extremely popular. The author, without infringing on the bible history, wishes to explain his fault to gain him some commiseration and thus conceal the enormity of the odious crime. Judas has a hard face and adapted to the part. Strange in 1870 he represented John the beloved apostle. The spectacle, or play, from beginning to end, is instructive and edifying, and must leave in the memory of the audience an ineffacable remembrance. The play produces deep emotion and the spectators shed abundant tears. This year, 23rd Sept., 1900, 2 Bishops, 2 Roman prelates 40 priests and about 5,000 people congregated to witness this wonderful performance, so many different nationalities and creeds represented, all deeply interested in a supreme degree. We entered the theatre at 8 a. m., left at noon, returned at 1.15 p. m. until 5 p. m. All the morning spectators did not fail to return and listened with the most religious attention. As it is invariably the case there are among the audience some who cannot refrain from talking, must communicate their impressions to their neighbor, which is certainly execrable taste; how often those who criticize should be the last to attempt it; they forget they are neither musical or artistic and the least they should do is to keep silent. A woman fainted; she was immediately revived on the spot to make no disturbance. Another fell in a deep slumber. It was rumored that an American who admired the beautiful hair of Christ wished to purchase it, no doubt to sell it with a profit. He intended to interview worthy Anthony Lang about this traffic. He will certainly receive a cool reception. I felt reluctant to leave Oberramergau. I remained another day to see the actors and actresses whom I met again in the vestry before the representation. It was thus I observed them closely and these interesting faces made an indelible impression on my memory.

The Passion Play has to be again reproduced on Monday in order to accommodate the crowd of tourists who come purposely to witness the performance. Again 5,000 people throng the theatre; this year 220,000 strangers have visited Oberramergau from May until the end of September, and which represents in monetary value $400,000 net profit. To what purpose is this large amount devoted? One part is paid to the actors and actresses who receive their quota agreeable to the importance of the role devolved on them, another part is given to the church the hospital and other public institutions of the village and the balance is divided among the inhabitants. The expenditure totals $100,000 and the additional money spent in board by the visitors and cab fare. I calculate every ten years in the space of four months Oberramergau receives $1,000,000, which means about $100,000 yearly money well earned, and may these excellent people preserve the strong faith which animates them and never be swayed by the passion of commerce and lucre.

I may mention, among the attractive places of the town, the Chateau of Linderhof, of which I visited, erected at great cost by the King of Bavaria; it is a miniature "Versailles," a perfect gem lavishly embellished and enhanced by its admirable environment, but I must confine my description to the one grand theme, and leave my readers with the only thought—Oberramergau—and its incomparable theatre of the Passion Play.

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PERSECUTION IN FRANCE

Professor Rocafort of the Paris Licée must wonder sometimes these days whether he is not dreaming a long and a very fantastic dream. He has for many years been a useful and hard-working teacher of Greek, Latin and French in different government institutions, and he has filled up some of his spare time with journalistic work Croix, the Univers, and the Correspondance de Rome, minding his own business in the schools, and outside them making no secret of the fact that he is an active and practical Catholic. A few months ago he woke up one morning to find himself denounced—as a lay Papal Nuncio in France, the head of an underhand movement against the lay schools, against the Republic, against the government. During two whole days of last week the legislators of France were engaged either in denouncing him or defending him with great vigor. But the thing is not really as absurd as it looks. There is really such a person as Professor Rocafort, but the Rocafort of the debate and the denunciations is nothing more than a type — a type of the government functionary who still cherishes the delusion that in the France of 1910 a Frenchman may profess Catholicism and at the same time hold any kind of office or emolument under the State. A few years ago Combes had to relinquish the reins of government because there was public conscience enough in France to revolt against the hateful system of espionage devised against the officers of the army who performed their religious duties or allowed their families to do so; but freemasonry is now strong enough to proclaim that nobody can be even a fonctionnaire and an active Catholic at the same time.—Rome.

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