

that a poor, sick and unlettered woman living in a little hamlet in Germany, and who never left her native country, should have described so perfectly the *Maisonette* of Our Lady at Ephesus in Asia Minor? And is not this especially remarkable in view of the fact that the tradition of the same had been lost sight of by Christians of the Latin rite even in the neighborhood of the same? I leave it to you to draw whatever conclusion may seem reasonable.

After our descent from Bulbul-Dagh, from whose summit we caught a glimpse of the historic islands of Samos and Patmos, we passed the night near the holy house, in the small hospice recently erected by the Lazarist Fathers. But hereby hangs a tale. When these religious purchased the property spoken of further back, a notorious robber-chief lived with his family in one of the caves of the mountain, whilst his band was distributed at convenient points far and near. He had been the terror of travelers for years and had been arrested by the authorities several times, but always managed (doubtless by a heavy *baksheesh*) to escape with his life. The Fathers found it impossible to dislodge him, and so conceived the idea (on the principle, possibly, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue") of making him the guardian of their new acquisition. It was pursuant to this resolve that he entered upon the office of custodian of their hospice, etc. But alas, his new sphere of action soon grew irksome to him, and he is now in prison for having killed a man—the fourth he is known to have put out of the way. "Extenuating circumstances" have got him off with six years this time, four of which he has still to serve. One of his sons is a Catholic, having been raised and parti-

ally educated by the Lazarists of Smyrna. His wife and remaining children, three boys and a girl, as also he himself, are Greek schismatics. God grant they may be brought to a knowledge of the truth and have the grace to accept it, in His own good time! The Catholic boy showed me his father's portrait. It represents him arrayed in hunting costume, his terrible gun resting in an affectionate embrace at his right side, his eyes blazing, and his entire attitude breathing fearlessness and defiance. I confess I secretly rejoiced at not meeting with the original.

The hospice mentioned above consists of two rooms exclusive of pantries, etc. The bandit's family occupies the outer one. We saw them at their meals, squatted down on the clay floor in front of a huge fire-place (it is quite cool on the mountain), eating with their fingers out of a large platter common to all. (Their bed consists of the skins of wild beasts or of a rug spread on the ground.) The good Capuchin Fathers of Smyrna, knowing, doubtless, the nature of that cuisine, had furnished us with a well-filled basket of provisions, so that we were not reduced, fortunately for us, to the necessity of sharing the repast of our hosts. The "lady of the house" prepared coffee for us à la Turque, however, which was very acceptable. It is in Turkey that one learns to appreciate coffee at its true value. After our night's rest we rose at 4:30, and about an hour later our reverend guide, my companion and I said Mass in the holy house of Our Blessed Lady, and then took a light breakfast preparatory to remounting our steeds. Bidding adieu to our hostess and her interesting family, and giving her and each member of the same a liberal