

pray." This is the remedy of remedies, which changes sadness into peace, which in a wondrous way unites us to Jesus Christ; which lifts up the soul, enlightens the mind, strengthens the will, calms the imagination, restores the powers crushed by discouragement and anguish.

Nor must you, my dear daughter, forget the golden rule given by our great Saint Ignatius: When we enjoy divine graces and favours, we must look upward and compare ourselves with those who have received more, to the end that we may not give way to pride; and when we are not afflicted with sorrows and crosses, we must always look beneath us, considering those who are worse off than ourselves, so that we may take courage and find reason for giving thanks to God.

Gaston de Segur was the son of that Madame de Segur, after whom little girls name their dolls as a tribute of gratitude for her beautiful children's stories. He was a priest, a Roman prelate, and a canon bishop of the chapter of St. Denys, though he never received episcopal consecration. He was ordained priest in 1847 and died in 1881. In 1854 he became totally blind, yet continued for the twenty-seven years of his life a career of laborious and truly apostolic activity in good works at Paris. His name is illustrious in the annals of the Church of France, and his character most admirable and lovely.

F. B. H.

A VISIT TO COLOGNE.

It was a beautiful summer evening in August last that I found myself approaching the Rhine as fast as the railway from Brussels would bring me. The golden fields of Belgium, with the long rows of poplar trees, gave place to the green hill-side and more mountainous scenery on the border between Belgium and Germany. Passing over viaducts and through tunnels we soon rose to the higher tableland of the Rhine. And the sun was setting as on a Western prairie when we approached the end of our journey. No fragrance was borne on the evening breeze, warning us that we were near the fountain head of the celebrated "Eau de Cologne," which by the way is as expensive here as in Canada. The bearing of every male citizen, the very formality with which the train was halted and set going, told us we were in one of the great military camps of Europe—Heaven save America from such disaster—while the guttural tones of those around us made us feel awe-stricken. We knew we were in the sacred boundaries of Bismarck's fatherland. Soon Cologne was reached, and we left the railway carriage quite delighted to think that in the Western world there was a great improvement on the hen coops, in one of which we had been guarded for some hours.

Cologne or Koln, as it is called in German, was first founded by Agrippa, who established a German tribe here, when they were compelled to cross to this place from the other side of the Rhine. It received a colony of Roman veterans who were sent here by Agrippa, the mother of Nero, from which circumstance it received the name of Colonia, which it still bears, and was the chief Roman colony on the Rhine. The Huns took and occupied Cologne for a short period, and while here murdered St. Ursula and her companions, the monument of whose fortitude and virtue is one of the chief attractions of the town. It was held by the Normans, and was for a time the residence of the kings of the Riparian Franks. From that far off date down to the present, Cologne has had politically and commercially a checkered history. To-day, however, it is a flourishing city, about the same size as Toronto. A fine railway bridge and a passenger bridge, formed by boats chained together, connect it with a small town, Dentz, on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

The next morning, Sunday, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, I hastened to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass and get my first view of the gem of Gothic Cathedrals. There it stood in the bright morning sheen—its twin-tufted spires rising five hundred and twelve feet above, as if to "kiss the skies with their heads sublime." I could hear "the blue Rhine sweep along." How like the Church, whose index finger of truth points towards heaven, the glory of God from above, and man's talent and devotion upon it, and there and thus it stands

while the river of Time pours its generations of men to the ocean of eternity. With this thought upon me I pass beneath its portals, with its multitude of sculptured scriptural figures. Entering the sacred edifice, and spending a few moments in preparation, I was distracted by a familiar Toronto friend leaning against one of the pillars taking in the scene with ears and eyes. Well he might; the organ pealed forth its solemn tones while the congregation joined in a German hymn, and through the leaf-formed arches, down the long aisles, and in and out amongst the tombs of forgotten bishops, organ note and people's chant echoed and re-echoed, while anon the little silver bell rang out, and organ was hushed and people were bowed in adoration and prayer—it was the moment of consecration. It was a scene too which appealed to the eye as well as the ear. Golden sunlight streamed in through the blazoned windows with their coloured stories of faith and fatherland. High above, one hundred and forty-five feet above, rose the granite pillars clasping each other across the aisles, while beneath, priest was sacrificing and people were worshipping just as when six centuries ago they first raised their capitals aloft. There was the choir with its magnificently carved stalls of the 15th century, whose walls behind are covered with rich tapestry, and whose stained windows over head, dating from the 13th and 14th centuries, cast a softened light upon the rich marble altar and roundabout. It was a fitting day to be there for it was the anniversary of its foundation. Early in the 13th century the Archbishop, St. Engelbert, conceived the idea of building a magnificent church in place of the cathedral which was not considered grand enough. His second successor, Conrad, laid the foundation stone on the 15th of August, 1248—and on the 15th of August, 1886, I had the happiness of saying mass in the very chapel where that venerable bishop rests. Never did I feel the Catholicity of my church so fill my soul. The little German lad who served as acolyte was as much at home with me as if he came from St. Michael's; the priest near by hearing confessions; the few faithful gathered round; the bishop sleeping in his marble tomb—all, both living and dead, could speak the language of the altar and we knew each other in the breaking of that heavenly bread. This small chapel, St. John's, is one of seven which flank the choir. It has a fine wood carving representing the Passion. Entering the treasury of the church we perceive the costly shrine in which are kept the heads of the three wise Kings or Magi. According to tradition they were baptized by St. Thomas the apostle, and died the death of martyrs. Their sacred remains were afterwards brought by the Empress St. Helena to Constantinople. They were afterwards taken to Milan—and in 1164 Frederick Barbarossa presented them to the Archbishop of Cologne. The treasury also contains two or three links of St. Peter's chain, the rest being in the church of S. Pietro, in Vincoli, at Rome. The shrine of St. Engelbert is also kept here. When this good bishop first thought of building a cathedral he made it known to all the monasteries. A certain monk being anxious to build this great church in honour of the Mother of God was favoured by our Blessed Lady with a vision of the plan, thus receiving an answer to his most earnest prayer. Another account of the origin of the plan of this church states that it emanated from a very different source. The architect to whom the work was entrusted could not fix upon a plan, and being out he saw a stag tracing on the snow something which would do. He approached, and to his astonishment, was accosted by the pretended stag, who, it is needless to say, was his satanic majesty. The devil agreed to give him the plan for the price of his soul. After the architect had advanced somewhat in his work, he began to repent of having made such a wicked bargain; The devil, in revenge, told him he would never live to finish the work—the man fell from the scaffolding and was killed. Whatever these legends may be worth, we do not undertake to say, but strange it is that the architect of Cologne Cathedral is not known to history, although a *Meister Gerard* is mentioned as the designer of the noble work. The choir or sanctuary was the first part erected, and was consecrated in 1322. From that time down to