

Crossing the threshold one by one, we fell upon our knees, and adoring our risen Saviour on the site of His last humiliation and crowning triumph, gave vent to the emotions which this thrice sanctified spot evoked. It is not here that I will speak of the "Basilica of the Resurrection" or of the incomparably holy ground it encloses,—to the Christian, the most sacred on all the earth, because it was upon it that the Son of God offered Himself in sacrifice for the redemption of the world, and in its bosom that He lay in death, awaiting the glorious dawning of the Easter morn.

All-unwilling to break the spell of our first visit to the Holy Sepulchre by turning our eyes towards aught else, however closely interwoven with the mysteries of our divine faith, we quietly retraced our steps to "Casa Nova." It was now after seven o'clock, and almost dusk. Ours had, indeed, been a full day!

When we gathered in the "grand salon" after supper, the Rev. Director announced that on the morrow, according to our program, the "facultative excursion" to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, would be in order, and called for the names of those who wished to make the same, so that the necessary conveyances might be on hand. Some thirty of our number responded, among whom were my companion and I. Then, after briefly comparing notes on the events of the day, our party, not a little fatigued, as you may imagine, but exultant the while over its joint experiences, retired to spend its first night in Jerusalem—not, however, without my having arranged beforehand with several of my reverend co-pilgrims to say Mass the following morning in the "Grotto of the Agony" at Gethsemani. This we could do without interfering with the

journey mentioned above, the time fixed for that being 11.30 a. m. Accordingly, after a most refreshing night's rest, we set out at the early hour of half-past four, 12th inst., (September), and passing along the "*Via Dolorosa*," traversed by our divine Redeemer on His way from the judgment hall of Pilate to Mount Calvary, entered, through the "Gate of St. Stephen," the "*Via Captivitatis*" over which He was dragged by His captors, and which leads direct to the Garden of Olives. Crossing the stone bridge which spans the Torrent of Cedron—now perfectly dry,—we arrived at the grotto already mentioned. This is an irregularly-shaped cave at the foot of Mount Olivet, hollowed out of the solid rock, with natural pillars of the same material supporting the vault. It is fifty-one feet in length by twenty-seven in width, and is dimly lighted by an aperture in the ceiling near the entrance. To this holy spot Jesus and His Apostles often came to spend the night in prayer; and according to tradition it was here, in part, that He agonized on the eve of His death. There are three altars in this subterranean chapel, and I had the ineffable consolation of celebrating Mass at the principal one, which is at the extreme end. As Jesus was wont to withdraw to a distance from His disciples when communing with His Eternal Father, it is believed that it was here precisely that He prayed on the night of His betrayal. It was not more than six o'clock, and the grotto was still quite dark, when sixty orphan girls under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Joseph entered it to assist at one or more of the many Masses celebrated at the different altars. Kneeling on the stone floor, their hands joined devoutly, and the dim light of dawn fall-