JNE 4.

d on another hawks, detere race or des forever. M years of age, fter reaching through hard-iid, as soldiers rench troops ges deserted, isions, happily these villages, ine. But the ious could not s, which were their remains, ons unrequired

t consigned to n this haughty nediate conse with its long tion, unwilling ebec amid the of that city, r the Iroquois

wards returned ief administra. of M. de Cour-

vas still admin. o applied his lopment of the narine resources to induce emimeeting, for a success, chiefly of the Home obtained for the country to nists. The of-sive seignories, vers as vassals. his temporary 1669, succeeded with three hunndred emigrants By the grants to val of the new

ncement of the

population was id, exclusive, of may be judged ear alone eleven ort Quebec, and the furs exported riod, reached the e of 550,000 terprising activencourage the ominion to tched M. de es beyond the sionaries had alive tribes in the ance of French y, in May, 1671, Father Allonez, Lake Superior rie, and acknowacclaim the so-untry of King f his acquisition France and for sn erected a large he arms of his couraged by the sson, Talon dessson, Taion des-lbanel, with La-o visit the Hud-de relations with e into facilities on of the north-

ved the way for de, in which the ss energy of the ered such signal zation. The de-y placed, as we urcelles in the y, but caused no

FRIDAY, JUNE 4.]

THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

Lashed to the Mast.

M. H. CROWLEY. A hark on the wild wide ocean Was helplessly fighting the sea, While the waves dashed o'er and the thun-der's roar. It was rightful to hear and sec, But the mad'ned waters with fury dashed Against the frail bark to whose mast was lashed A poor, little sailor boy, stiff and stark. The only one saved from the fatal bark. and been conducted under the enight-ened guidance of the Benedictine monks attached to the neighboring monastery at Ettal, was free from the abuses that ex-isted elsewhere. Their prayer was heard, and e second encoded in their and a special exception was made in their favor

"How came he up there," our skipper said. "So young, so fair, so pretty and bright, I fear the poor lad, alas ! is dead, For he's been there aye many a day and night. night, Ho! mate, lower boats, to yon bark pull the oar, We'll lend her a hand e'en if 'tis our last ; Let the storm, my brave lads, and the wild ocean roar We'll save the young lad that is lashed to the mast."

Courageous, undaunted, they faced the wild Singing, "pull, jolly tars, pull strong and We'll save the young lad, and a sailor he'll

be, So pull, jolly tars, pull strong for the mast." All faces on board with eagerness watched The frail, little boat on the wild waters tossed. Not a muscle was moved, not an eye turned aside

aside While--'' My God ! they're capsized, the poor satiors are lost,'' Was the wild cry on board, " they are lost, they are lost." All were quiet as death on a dark, mournful day All were quiet as death on a dark, mournful day, As the many sad faces scanned wave after

wave, Hope fied on fleet wings as the deep seemed to say. I have buried them all in a watery grave. Look ! look ! that dark spot! 'tis a sailor Look! look! that dark spot! 'tis a sailor the ery, He swims-now he climbs and springs on the deck." And quick in the ice frozen rigging on high, Bettrows his brave arm 'round the young sailor's neck. "This the skipper. Hurrah, for the skipper, brave man, The young sailor boy is now saved at last. Rewarded be him that does all he can To save a poor sailor that is lashed to the mast."

The young sailor lad though bound by mast in the storm, still he prayed to To the

an angel of God, his faith and his 'Twas hope In the mother of mercies—the star of the sea. Aye! many are lashed by passion and sin. To the mast of destruction that quickly doth

To be dashed 'gainst the rocks of despair, with a din, When all energy, hope and manliness fail. Yet, a short little praver to the Star of the Will produce a strong hand to wrench off the

chain of that passion which makes your young life misery, And 'twill soothe your poor soul with sweet peace again. Mit of the peace of the peac

New York, April 21, 1880.

THE PASSION PLAY THE OBER-AMMERGAU.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PLAY. In a pleasant valley of the Highlands of Bavaria is a picturesque village situ-ated on the banks of the River Ammer, just where it issues from a deep and nar-row gorge. The inhabitants, who are simple and primitive in their ways, de-

simple and primitive in their ways, de-pend for their livelihood chiefly in the art of wood-carving, to which they are greatly devoted, and in which they have attained a high degree of perfection. This little village, which, from its posi-tion is called Ober-Ammergau, is the last resting place in Germany, and, I may al-most say in Europe, of a kind of religious drama that was common enough in they are the little village, which, from its posi-tion is called Ober-Ammergau, is the last resting place in Germany, and, I may al-most say in Europe, of a kind of religious drama that was common enough in they are the little village. Which for a common enough in the last stage for the battle-field. Some of the principal performers were, by royal authority, exempted from active

sentries, entered the valley by a secret path, and unconsciously carried the infection with him. In two days he was a corpse. The contagion spread; and, be-fore the end of three weeks, eighty-four of the villagers, about one-fourth of the whole community, had been laid in their graves. The terrified survivors, having lost all hope in human aid, met together and ound themselves by a solemn promise to God, if He would stay the plague, to give a representation every ten years of the Passion and Death of Christ From that moment, as the tradition goes, the pestilence was arrested in its course; and those who were already infected quickly recovered. Faithful to their yows, the grateful <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> villagers gave the first representation in the following year, 1634; and, ever since,

the people of Ober-Ammergau urged the tickets for the Play. When they arrive, religious obligation of their vow. They represented, too, that their Play, which had been conducted under the enlighttravel-stained and weary, they are met with a cordial smile of welcome, they give with a cordial smile of welcome, they give their names, and at once an attendant is at hand to lead them off to some neighbor-ing house, where rooms have been neatly set in order, and religiously guarded for them. Those who come late, and have made no provision, must be content to wander about by day, and at night to lie in the hall or on the staircase, of some hospit-able dwelling, after the more fortunate lodgers have gone to bed. "I had not written before; but I arrived at mid day on Saturday, and the Play was and a special exception was made in their favor. In the year 1810 the Passion Play seemed once again on the point of ex-tinction. The monastery at Ettal had been unhappily suppressed some years before; and when the monks were gone, there seemed to be, no longer, any suf-ficient guarantee that the religious char-acter of the Play would be upheld. A de-cree was accordingly passed by the authorities at Munich, forbidding its further celebration. The energetic vil-lagers, however, sen: deputies to the capital to plead their cause before the king; and their Play was spared. From

at mid day on Saturday, and the Play was not to come off until Monday. So, being early in the field, I set to work at early in the field, I set to work at once, and, after some hunting about, got shelter and welcome in the house of an hunble family. Speaking comparatively, I may say that I am luxuriously lodged. I have four clean, whitewashed walls all to myself; a bed, a chair, a dressing-table; and a second table for warting at which has myself; a bed, a chair, a dressing-table; and a second table for writing at, which has been generously supplied by my hostess, not, I fear, without some sacrifice of her personal convenience. The room is light-ed by two rustic windows. Over the bed is a crucifix, with the inscription 'Praised be Jesus Christ.' My portmanteau rests on a large and venerable stove. And, when every thing is tidily stowed away, I have just room to move about without coming into collision with my furniture. "After taking possession of my lodgings, I went out for half an hour to see the town; and on my return, I found my table adking; and their Play was spared. From that time it has been left unmolested; and it now remains tolerated rather than encouraged by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers, a solitary example of the ancient Christian drama. In addition to the constant revision which the Play received, for many gen-erations, from the hands of the Bene-dictime monks, it has been greatly im-proved and embellished within the present

century. When the monastery at Ettal was suppressed, one of the monks, Ottmar Weis, who afterwards became parish priest of Jessewany, where he died in 1843, was for some time allowed to retain his convent cell. By him the design of the and on my return, I found my table ad-orned with a bunch of wild roses in an earthenware mug. A lovely boy of three years old, and a pretty little girl of eight, convent cell. By him the design of the Play was re-cast, and a great part of the text was written anew. About the same time the music, which is now in use, was composed by Rochus Dedler, the village organist and school-master. Previous to the performance of 1850 the text was again revised by the parish priest of Ober-Ammergan, Anton Alois Daisenberger, who had been bimself a numil of Ottmar years old, and a pretty fittle girl of eight, were playing about in their bare feet. They were the children of my hostess, and are both to appear in the Play. We soon made friends, and, ever since, they have been my constant and most welcome visitors.

ors. "This was Sunday morning. The mas-ses began at three o'clock in the parish church, and went on without intermission until ten. The parish mass, called the *Hoch Amt* was at half-past eight. It was a who had been himself a pupil of Ottmar Weis. This venerable man, after a quarter of a century spent in the active work of his parish has retired upon a small Missa Cantata, **J**with organ, orchestra, and choir. The music was simply magnificent. I cannot say if it would entirely satisfy the critical taste of musical scholars. But it seemed to me to rise above the domain of criticism. It burst forth from the lofty orran caller like a come of in and the his parish, has retired upon a small stipend. But he still lives amongst his stipend. But he still lives amongst his people; and during the preparations of the past year he was always ready to en-courage them by his presence, and to as-sist them with his counsel. Neither the text nor the music has ever been published; and they are known in their integrity only to those engaged in the performance. organ-gallery like a song of joy and tri-umph coming from a higher and purer sphere. It swelled through the ample sphere. It swelled through the ample nave; it found its way into every heart; and few, I think, who heard it, were dis-

As the first representation took place in the year 1634, it will naturally be asked how the decennial repetition has hap-pened to fall on the year 1871. The answer to this question is easily given, and is not without interest. About the year posed to weigh its merits according to the nice laws of musical science. "Then the devotion of the people was

"Then the devotion of the people was something beautiful to see. Men, women, and children, all had their prayer-books and their beads. Except for a few minutes, they knelt during the whole time of the mass, and were evidently absorbed in earnest, thoughtful prayer. It could not be that a people who had pro-duced such music, in a seeduded valley 1680 it was deemed expedient that each recurring representation should corres-pond with the beginning of each successive decade of the century. To attain this end the time for the next performance duced such music, in a secluded valley, was anticipated by four years; and thus the year 1680 became, as it were, a new starting point, from which the successive were insensible to its influence. But they did not come to hear it as a fine display of art. It seemed rather to enter into their souls, and to blend with their prayers, as they knelt before the altar of God. Never before had I witnessed such a comperiods, of ten years each, were thence-forth reckoned. The play was, therefore, really due in 1870; and, in point of fact, bination of refined art with simple, earn est devotion. "After Gospel, the music was hushed

greatly devoted, and in which they have attained a high degree of perfection. This little village, which, from its posi-tion is called Ober-Ammergau, is the last resting place in Germany, and, I may al-most say in Europe, of a kind of religious gone by. It happened in the year 1633, that a fearful pestilence swept over the dis-tricts of Southern Bavaria. For some mey the local authorities, and every pass was carefully guarded, to shut out the dreaded contagion. At length, however, a native of the place, who had been working in a neighboring district, wisning to return to the family, eluded the vigilage of the blood-stained fields of sentires, entered the valley by a secret But suddenly the war broke out: the call to arms rang through the peaceful vil-lage; and the players had to leave the stage for the battle-field. Some of the principal performers were, by royal authority, exempted from active service, and reserved for garrison duty. Joseph Mair, who represented Christ, had an interview with the king and obtained formed with an entire absence of ostentation and display. "Many English Protestants were there, and a large sprinkling of regular English tourists, a class not generally remarkable for good behavior in Catholic Churches abroad. But here they seemed all deeply decennial celebration the practice is to give a performance once a week, for about three months of the summer; and if, on any occasion, the crowd should be on with attention and respect. What the play might he to-morrow it is hard to

The Notre Dame Scholastic states that Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Philomathic Society, on "Scientific Education," said : "It was my fortune, some time ago, to pay a visit to one of the most important of the in-stitutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these mer and the seem difference between these men and the com-fortable champions of Anglicanism and of

PRIESTS AND MINISTERS.

Dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard. trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard. "The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and to do it effectually. The Professors of the college in question, learn-ed, zealous, and determined men, per-mitted me to speak frackly with them. We talked like outposts of opposing armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and when I ventured to point out the difficul-ties their students would have to encoun-ter from scientific thought they realized ter from scientific thought, they replied, "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it than they have been in former times to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professor of philosophy and science, and they are taught how these

heresies are to be met.' "I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way, and I wish faces its enemies in this way, and 1 wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them, but for us." Undoubtedly, there is no man better qualified to judge of these matters then Mr. Huxley. For these are the only then Mr. Huxley. For these are the only men that effectually oppose him, and call out thus at every step he advances in his theories: "Prove first your premises, and then draw your conclusions. You are not permitted to draw a general conclusion for particulars. Never draw a general conclusion from particulars. Never draw a greater conclusion then your premises warrant you. Do not use the argument 'a posse ad esse, etc., etc." The misfortune is that the multitude of

The misfortune is that the multitude of those who are led astray by false science in opposition to divine revelation are not sufficiently educated in the very first principles of accurate reasoning, and so fail to detect the baseless sophistry by which they are led astray, and accept with-out examination the vain and conflicting theories of modern times ories of modern times.

. THE BUILDERS OF ENGLAND'S CA-THEDRALS.

Speaking of "Benedictine Life and Work in England in the Olden Time," the Rev. Canon Richards, of the Diocese of Newport, said recently: "The church was e monk's home. Seven times a day, e Holy David, did he enter in to sing the Divine Office, at the hour of midnight for Matin song, at Prime when the day dawned, at Tierce and Sext and Fone, at the Vesper hour and at Complin when the day was done. "Religion,' says Carlyle, hung over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere or life element.' All other labor was subordlife element.' All other labor was subord-inated to, and was inter-penetrated with, one supreme purpose, the work of prayer and praise. To build a house worthy of being the dwelling-place of God was David's and Solomon's ambition. It was the one supreme ambition of the Benedic-tine. What a splendid inheritance have

opirit. For it was no mercenary hand that poilt them. The master-mind that design-ed them was often an humble monk. The ed them was often an humble monk. builders were his own brethren, who with the patience of true artists, labored day after day, year after year, whilst the sacred structure rose with slow and stately pro-gress to a glorious completion; but not till whereas moderate sleep and regular exer-cise would produce gatety and strength, forming the true perfection of the body, to say nothing of its influence on the mind, Idleness and weakness being thus united to impressed with the religious character of the scene. They retired, for the most part, to the rear of the church, and loosed on with attention and respect. What the Play might be to-morrow it is hard to anticipate; but, from what I have seen to day, I cannot doubt that it will be solemm and impressive." TO BE CONTINUED. receives and weak less oring this united to ignorance, there arises from this union a pernicious taste for amusement. Girls brought up in this way have all an ill regulated imagination. Their curiosity, not being directed to substantial things, is turned towards vain and dangerous objects. That made heads which name to their term day. We run up a structure in haste to-day that we may get into it by the morrow. But in the old monasteries, the life of the individual was absorbed into the larger life turned towards van and dangerous objects. They read books which nourish their van-ity, and become passionately fond of rom-ances, comedies, and fanciful adventures. Their mind become visionary: they accus-tom themselves to the heroines of rom-In the year 1849 two Anglican clergymen, both of them Oxford men, set off from

A FAMOUS WORK OF ART.

The Notre Dame Scholastic states that In the glittering court of Elizabeth of England, was a page named Conrad von Gemmingen, a member of an old and noble Bavarian family. At that time it was Bavarian family. At that time it was customary for young nobles to serve as pages in foreign courts, that from their early years they might learn the noble car-riage and the knightly manners that be-came their future station. The queen seemed to be particularly pleased by the guileness, the candour, and the fine figure of the German youth. One day when she made her annerame at a couri, festival in

guileness, the candour, and the fine figure of the German youth. One day when she made her appearance at a court-festival in all the splendor of her royal robes, covered with diamonds and precious stones, the noble boy seemed to be dazzled and over-powered by the splendor. Noticing this the queen smiled and asked the page: "Do these stones please you ?" When he answered "Yes," she said, smiling: "Then, Courad, as soon as ever you become a prince, I will make you a present of this finery as a token of my good will." Many years passed by. The queen had entirely forgotten the German page and her promise. Conrad yon Geminigen had gone back to his native country and entered the Church. Admitted after a time amongst the canons of Eichstatt, it came to pass that, in 1593, he was named coadjutor to the Bishop Kaspar yon Seek-endorf, and in 1592 was made Bishop of Eichstatt, and thus successor of St. Will-ibald. In this manner the condition laid down by the queen of England was really fulfilled; her little page was a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Then Bishop Conrad called to mind the circumstance of Conrad called to mind the circumstance of of his youth mentioned above, and made up his mind to recall her promise to the memory of the proud queen, who was now pretty well advanced in years. He there-fore sent a messenger to inform her that he was now Bishop of Eichstatt and had a place among the princes, and to remind her of her royal word. Elizabeth, although head of the Protestant Church and an enemy of the Catholic religion, was yet too proud to let herself be accused of not keeping her word. She sent at once to the Bishop the admired finery, in which glit Bishop the admired thery, in which gut-tered numbers of pearls and diamonds. Greatly rejoiced at the almost unhoped for present, the Bishop determined to offer up the tressure to the Lord of lords and the King of kings. He therefore ordered a monstrance to be made, in which all these pearls and precious stones of the royal robe

pearls and preclous stones of the Toyar too should form part. And this is the origin of the Eichstatt monstrance, the celebrated ornament of the cathedral of that place, which at the other active ray accretion of the second se the cathedral of that 'place, which at the beginning of this century was sacrilegiously stolen by state robbers. The accounts re-maining at Eichstatt give us some idea of the magnificence of this article which was destined to be a throne of the Eternal Wisdom. It cost 150,000 florins; the gold alone was worth 14,000 florins; the large diamond. 7,000 florins; the large alone was worth 14,000 florins; the large diamond, 7,000 florins; the large pearls, 1,500 florins; the smaller ones in the hands of the Child Jesus, 1,000 florins; and each of the pearls in the crown that surrounded the luna, 100 florins. Thus were the jew-els of the Protestant queen of England turned into ornaments for the King of kinos kings.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

One of the greatest divines that ever graced the Church of France—the immor-tal Fenelon—has well remarked that "it is ignorance which renders women frivol-ous." When they arrive at a certain age, without habits of application, they cannot acquire a taste for it. Whatever is serious appears to them sad; whatever demands appears to them shar, whatever demands continued attention fatigues them. The inclination for amusement which is strong in youth, and the example of persons of the same age, have inspired them with the dread of an orderly and laborious life. At father's love elevated him to a higher and an early age they want experience and authority that would make them useful more generous, because a more loving orrow. So it is in the Sacrament of Pensorrow. So it is in the Sacrament of ren-ance, when we have indeed tasted that the Lord is sweet, and have been made the sub-jects of His miraculous love. When we have received from Him the pledge that, when as yet we were sinnirs, Christ died at home. They do not understand the domestic occupations, unless their mothers have taken pains to instruct them. In this state of things a girl abandons herself have received from trun the pieuge that, when as yet we were sinnirs, Christ died for us, and while we were yet in our sins, our Heavenly Father loved us with an everlasting love,—*Cardinal Manning*. this state of thigs a gri abalaons hersel to indolence, which is a langour of the soul, an inexhaustible ennui. She accus-toms herself to sleep a third more than is necessary for her health. Too much sleep enfeebles her and renders her delicate,

BETTER THOUGHTS.

3

To know how to pardon, it is but to re-tember that one is human.—St. Ambrog. Beauty and death make each other seem er and lovelier, like snow and m

Christianity: it is man clothed with the Curistianity: it is man clothed with the supernatural and crowned with Jesus Christ.—P.Felin. Created after the image of God, let us take care not to dishonor that divine like-ness.—St. Ephrom. The great Washington said, "Be careful

not to encourage the supposition that mor-ality can be maintained without religion." He who reflects too much will accomplish

He who reflects too much will accomplish too little. Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. I know of nothing upon earth, unless sacrifice and the cross be mingled with it. —*Pere de Ravignan*. There is nothing more touching to a kind and generous heart than to see one, to whom it has refused compassion, with-draw silently, and never ask it again. The prayer or appeal that is never repeated is almost always remembered with regret.— *M.A.T.* M.A.T.

Life is a web, time is a shuttle, man is a

Life is a web, time is a shuttle, man is a weaver. The principle of human action is the thread in the web of life. That which goes into the web will invariably come out with the web, and nothing, it cannot be contested, will come out with the web which has not been put in. Even with the greatest facility of mind a child can do nothing without labor, noth-ing solid, nothing durable. He will be like unstable ground without resisting cul-tivation, but also without depth, and which, in the end, at the time of harvest, will have produced nothing.—Mgr. Dupan-loop.

wp. The life of man cannot be without hav-The file of man cannot be without hav-ing some end in view, and it is towards this end that we must direct all our actions, all our words; otherwise we would be like vessels without ballast; and, reason not being seated at the helm of our soul, we should do nothing but wander here and there at hazard all through our lives.-St.

If proficiency encourages industry, so They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing inca-pacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each ex-ertion. But each exertion must be made intelligently; we must know where to plant our forces, and how to manage them; we must accustom ourselves to use the best methods, and to do all we undertake in the best way. Then success and industry will go hand in hand, and the pain of useless labor will be entirely replaced by the pleas-ure of conscious power.

ure of conscious power. The prodigal in the far country remem-bered his father and his father's love. The consciousness that his father loved him still noved him to return, and to accuse him-elf with a profound humility. The sense of his unworthiness and of his ingratitude is sharpened by the sense of his father's tenderness. The sunshine of his child-hood and of his boyhood, and the light of his father's countenance, rose full upon him once more, and he knew that, although he was all changed his fother was still the

was all changed, his father was still the same; that, although his heart was harden-ed, his father's heart was vet full of kind-ness. All this he felt while he was still far tes, All this he felt while he was still far off in his misery. How much more when his father fell upon his neck, gave him the kiss of peace, and arrayed him once more in the raiment and the ring of his sonship! The consciousness of his own selfishness and ingratitude deepened all his contrition. He was keen while he was yet trembling

ined peace with irmness and pru-rt at Cataraquie, name to be res-fresh water lakes ling posts at Ta-ministration the vith that virulent devotedness of hout this period beyond eulogy as s for recognition, hat devotedness eded succor and d race, could not of the work of this fell disease. ravages only after and effacing en-

he prompt action the missionaries of evangelization ations. Amongs idagas they met M. de Courcelles nt in 1672. His I the humbling of e cementing of he friendly tribes. ncement of the population, en-stered commerce, ninions of New shores of Lake l far off to the de-Bay in the north. with distinction, M. de Tracy and an honored name

NUED. CRIBERS.

show you the writ-ietor of the RECORD th them. In every n the printed form

n the printed form quested to enclose (§2) in a registered (eir name and post e at our risk. We acknowledgment, anding your paper e cannot do. Send your name will be are paid, the law property whether ost office or not, away from a place he name of the post their paper before, (sh it sent to. that you have paid or the coming year the paper stopped e proper time, and The list. e proper time, and f the list. . Redmond and W. do business for the ntario. our ci'y agent, and all bi siness for the France; and one has not been heard of, but his fate is scarcely doubtful. As soon as the war was over the first thought at Ober-Ammergau was to con-tinue the series of representations which

had been so rudely interrupted. In each decennial celebration the practice

on the following day. This year, ac-cordingly, the play was acted for the first time, on June the twenty-fourth; and it was repeated once or twice each week until the close of September. Those who witnessed it early in the

Those who witnessed it early in the season came away greatly impressed with the religious spirit and artistic skill that marked the performance. The news spread abroad that a Highland village in Bavaria was giving to the world such a living picture of the great drama of Redemption as had never before been seen. The name of Ober-Ammergau became famous in the fashionable assemblies of

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO CONVERTS.

. THE THURIBLE.

The vessel in which the incense is burn-ed is called the *Thurble*, a word of Greek origin, meaning the same as our word *censer*, by which it is more generally designated. Accompanying the Thurble is a little ves-sel, shaped like a boat, in which the incense is kept, and from which it is taken by a

is kept, and from which it is taken by a small spoon. In ancient times the material of the Thurible was sometimes very precious. Constantine the Great, as we read in Anas-tasius (*Via S. Silvestri*, i. 31), presented, among other things, to the basiltea of St. John Lateran at Rome a number of Thuri-bles of the purest gold, set with a profusion of verms and precious stones.