

Lashed to the Mast.

A bark on the wild wide ocean Was helplessly fighting the sea. While the waves dashed o'er and the thunder's roar...

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 situated on the banks of the River Ammer, just where it issues from a deep and narrow gorge.

CHAPTER II. THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE.

My first impressions of Ober-Ammergau and its people may be of some interest to those who have not been there. I find them thus recorded in my note book at the time:

the people of Ober-Ammergau urged the religious obligation of their vow. They represented, too, that their Play, which had been conducted under the enlightened guidance of the Benedictine monks...

In the year 1810 the Passion Play seemed once again on the point of extinction. The monastery at Ettal had been unhappily suppressed some years before; and when the monks were gone, there seemed to be, no longer, any sufficient guarantee that the religious character of the Play would be upheld.

In addition to the constant revision which the Play received, for many generations, from the hands of the Benedictine monks, it has been greatly improved by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers. When the monastery at Ettal was suppressed, one of the monks, Ottmar Weis, who afterwards became parish priest of Jessewang, where he died in 1843, was for some time allowed to retain his personal copy of the original text.

As the first representation took place in the year 1634, it will naturally be asked how the decennial repetition has happened to fall on the year 1871. The answer to this question is easily given, and is not without interest. About the year 1650 it was deemed expedient that each recurring representation should correspond with the beginning of each successive decade of the century.

tickets for the Play. When they arrive, travel-stained and weary, they are met with a cordial smile of welcome, they give their names, and at once an attendant is at hand to lead them off to some neighboring house, where rooms have been neatly set in order, and religiously guarded for them.

"I had not written before; but I arrived 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 once, and, after some hunting about, got shelter and welcome in the house of a humble 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 writing at, which has been generously supplied by my hostess, not, I fear, without some sacrifice of her personal conveniences.

"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 adorned with a bunch of wild roses in an earthenware mug. A lovely boy of three years old, and a pretty little 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.

This was Sunday morning. The masses 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 Missa Cantata, 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 organ-gallery like a song of joy and triumph coming from a sacred and purer sphere.

"After Gospels, the music was hushed for a time, and one of the priests gave, apparently out of respect, stood until he had anticipated, but from what I have seen to-day, I cannot doubt that it will be solemn and impressive."

"Many English Protestants were there, and a large sprinkling of regular English tourists, a class not generally remarkable for their ardor in Catholic matters. But here they seemed all deeply impressed with the religious character of the scene. They retired, for the most part, to the rear of the church, and looked 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 solemn and impressive."

TWO CONVERTS.

In the year 1849 two Anglican clergymen, an Oxford man and a Cambridge man, were engaged on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, their religious creed under a great transition. Arriving at a monastery, where they announced themselves, in the lingo of the High Church School, as Catholic priests, they were asked to celebrate Mass, an invitation they were honest enough to refuse, making at the same time further explanations of their ecclesiastical position.

It is with the utmost confidence in the result that the manufacturers of the "Mistle Navy" tobacco ask all who have not tried it to do so. The thousands who have already done so are living witnesses of its excellence, and are unanimous in the verdict which they give in its favor.

PRIESTS AND MINISTERS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic states that Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Philanthropic Society, on "Scientific Education," said: "It was my fortune, some time ago, to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard."

"I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way, and I 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 than Mr. Huxley. For these are the 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 from particulars. Never draw a greater conclusion than your premises warrant you. Do not use the argument a pass ad cas, etc., etc.

THE BUILDERS OF ENGLAND'S CATHEDRALS.

Speaking of "Benedictine Life and Work in England in the Olden Times," the Rev. Canon Richards, of the Diocese of Newport, said recently: "The church was the monk's home. Seven times a day, like Holy David, he had to enter in to sing the Divine Office, at the hour of midnight for Matin songs, at Prime when the day dawned, at Terce and Sext and Vespers, and at Complin when the day was done. 'Religion,' says Carlyle, 'hang over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere of life element.' All other labor was subordinated to, and was interpenetrated 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 Benedictine. What a splendid inheritance have they not left us in those noble cathedrals and monastic churches which survive, some in the glory of their perfection, others in the melancholy beauty of their decay. Surely the minds that planned them, the busy, tolling hands that built them, the generous hearts that lavished their wealth to enrich them, could not have led ignoble lives, could not but have had true culture and largeness of soul, combined with a reverent and devout spirit. For it was no mere vanity that led them to the construction of these edifices. They were often an humble monk. The 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 progress to a glorious completion; but not till the master-mind that conceived it, the busy, tolling hands that laid its deep foundations had long gone to their rest. Time is short and art is long, and well did the old monastic builders understand this axiom. In modern days we limit and dwarf it to the dimensions of our little day. We run up a structure in haste to-day that we may get into it by to-morrow. But in the old monasteries, the life of the individual was absorbed into the larger life of the community. The monk came, lived his little round of days, and went to his account, but the brotherhood lived on with unbroken unity and an unflinching purpose, till, after the lapse of generations, the work was done. And thus in and around the church was gathered everything that could inspire and enoble the soul of the monk and lift it up above transitory cares. It was the dwelling-place of the God that he worshipped, the symbol of the heaven to which he aspired. The bones of the sainted founder rested beneath the costly shrine; the effigies of old abbots and monks peacefully sleeping in sculptured stone or alabaster, linked with him the soul and reminded him what sort of men his fathers were in the generation; while saints and angels looking down from striae pane and carved niche encouraged him onward in the Christian warfare. And when in solemn Mass or at the hour of divine song the solemn anthem was intoned, and there rose the chant of the full resounding choir and the swelling of the pealing organ, till the sacred edifice was full of harmony, can we wonder that the souls of those prayerful men were filled with joy and peace and a sense of the sublimity of Christian worship which not the monotony of their daily service could make pallid?"

NAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

At this season many immigrants are held forth to view the grand cataract of Niagara, which numbers amongst its attractions a boarding school, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, whose reputation as educators of youth is not necessary to remark. The increased accommodation afforded by the large addition now in progress, together with its well-known advantages of position, should decide those desirous of choosing a peculiarly charming convent home for their daughters. Terms, \$15.00 monthly.

A FAMOUS WORK OF ART.

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 customary for young nobles to serve as pages in foreign courts, that from their early years they might learn the noble carriage and the knightly manners that became their future station. The queen seemed to be particularly pleased by the gentleness, 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 page seemed to be dazzled and overpowered 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, Conrad, 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 von Gemmingen had gone back to his native country and entered the Church. Admitted after a time amongst the canons of Eichstatt, it was in 1593, he was named conditor to the Bishop Kaaper von Seckendorf, and in 1592 was made Bishop of Eichstatt, and thus successor of St. Willibald. 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 his youth mentioned above, and made up his mind to recall her promise to the memory of the proud queen, who was now nearly well advanced in years. He therefore 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 glittered numbers of pearls and diamonds. Greatly rejoiced at the almost unhopful present, the Bishop determined to offer up the treasure 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 should form part.

And this is the origin of the Eichstatt monstrance, the celebrated ornament of the cathedral of that place, which at the beginning of this century was sacrilegiously stolen by state robbers. The accounts remaining 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 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 lamb, 100 florins. Thus were the jewels of a Protestant queen of England turned into ornaments for the King of kings.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

One of the greatest divines that ever graced the Church of France, the immortal Fenelon, has well remarked that "it is ignorance which renders women frivolous." 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 industry, they find dull. 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 onerous and laborious life. At an early age they want experience and authority that would make them useful. They want to be occupied with the domestic occupations, unless their mothers have taken pains to instruct them. In this state of things a girl abandons herself to indolence, which is a languor of the soul, an inexhaustible ennui. She accustoms herself to sleep a third more than is necessary for her health. Too much sleep enfeebles her and renders her delicate, whereas moderate sleep and regular exercise would produce gaiety and strength, forming the true perfection of the body, say nothing of its influence on the mind. Ignorance and weakness being thus 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. They are those who so much cherish their vanity, and become passionately fond of romances, comedies, and fanciful adventures. Their mind become visionary; they accustom themselves to the heroines of romance, and are spoiled for common life. So to remedy all these evils, it is necessary to begin the education of girls at their earliest infancy.

CARDINAL GUIBERT ON THE FERRY BILL.

The last contribution to the protest addressed by the Bishops of France to the President of the Republic is that of the Archbishop of Paris. The letter of Cardinal Guibert, like those of the other Prelates, is couched in moderate language, but it demonstrates not the less forcible the tyranny, injustice, and recklessness of the course upon which the Government have entered. After referring to his long experience and the many political changes which he has seen, the Cardinal writes: "A sadly novel spectacle was reserved for my closing years. I was doomed to see the prejudice of a party violently bringing to a standstill the progress of public liberties, and forcing the Government back to the forgotten practices of the past. If the Republic desire to strengthen her Empire among us, it is clear that she must resort to other means. When it was desired to make us cherish the Republic before hand, she was depicted in very different colors." Finally the Cardinal exhorts the President to accept, while there is yet time, the evils which the country dreads. "The Decrees of the 29th of March are but a menace against the public peace. If that threat be carried out, it is to be feared that it will bring about painful conflicts between law and conscience; and France may enter upon a period of internal dissension, the end of which no one can foresee."

BETTER THOUGHTS.

To know how to pardon, it is but to remember that one is human.—St. Ambrose. Beauty and death make each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight. Christianity is a man clothed with the supernatural and crowned with Jesus Christ.—P. Felix. Created after the image of God, let us take care not to dishonor that divine likeness.—St. Ephrem. The great Washington said, "Be careful not to encourage the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion." 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 Bergey. There is nothing more touching to a kind and generous heart than to see one, to whom it has refused compassion, withdraw silently, and never ask it again. The prayer or appeal that is never repeated is almost always remembered with regret.—M.A.T. 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 is cast out which, in the end, at the time of the web, will have produced nothing.—Mr. Dugan-koop. The life of man cannot be without having some end in view, and it is towards that 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 at hazard all through our lives.—St. Basil. If proficiency encourages industry, so also does industry produce proficiency. They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing incapacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each exertion. 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 pleasure of conscious power.

The prodigal in the far country remembered his father and his father's love. The consciousness that his father loved him still moved him to return, and to accuse himself 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 childhood 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 father was still the same; that, although his heart was hardened, his father's heart was yet full of kindness. All this he felt while he was still 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 his love. He was seen while he was yet trembling in his sins, but keener still when his sins had been forgiven. The absorption of his father's love elevated him to a higher and a more generous, because a more loving sorrow. So it is in the Sacrament of Penance, when we have made confession in the Lord's sweet, and have been made the subjects of His miraculous love. When we have received from Him the pledge that, when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us, and while we were yet in our sins, our heavenly Father loved us with an everlasting love.—Goodall Manning.

THE THURIBLE.

The vessel in which the incense is burned is called the Thurible, a word of Greek origin, meaning the same as our word censet, by which it is more generally designated. Accompanying the Thurible is a little vessel, shaped like a boat, in which the incense 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 Anastasius (Vita S. Siderii, l. 21), presented, among other things, to the basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome a number of Thuribles of the purest gold, set with a profusion of gems and precious stones. In the ancient Anglo-Saxon Church particular attention was paid to the material as well as the form of the Thurible. Nor was the use of incense wholly confined to the sanctuary, for we have recorded that in many churches large Thuribles used to hang down from the roof, or, as was often the case, from a specially constructed framework supported by columns. On the great or festivals incense was placed in these, and allowed to burn throughout the entire service (Dr. Rock, Church of our Fathers, i. 204). That these hanging Thuribles were also in vogue at Rome we read in the life of Pope Sergius, A. D. 688. Around the altar, too, it was customary in many places to have curiously wrought vessels for the same purpose. Some of them used to be made so as to resemble various kinds of birds. In these an aperture with a lid to it was formed in the back, so that when fire was put in and incense cast upon it the fumes would issue through the bird's beak. Conrad, a writer of the twelfth century, describes the hollow-formed silver censet that he saw in the church of Metz, and how the incense issued from them when fire was applied.—Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every ailment, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See their column.