

grim old castle over the town, the beach and the tunnelled rock, while away on the starboard side, a faint white streak told us where France was.

These were only glimpses; I had little time for the interesting sights, for this last day was busier than any since we started. All the unused meal and hay had to be hauled up to the main deck, sorted out and piled in separate lots. We rigged up a tackle over the main hatch and while some of the gang were hauling, the rest were carrying away. It was a hard, long continued strain, and the bosses below seemed to take delight in getting as many bags and bales into the slings as possible. But at last they were all stacked neatly on the main deck, the foremen had wrangled over the prices of the unused fodder till a sale had been effected, and then we had supper. Before dark we were at the muddy mouth of the Thames and the low shores of Kent. Here we had to anchor, off the North Foreland, and wait for the turn of the tide. "Rough-weather Jack" was at the wheel during this operation, in pilot-coat, sou'-wester and boots, as if the *Arcola* was fighting a hurricane. This man was the butt of the crew.

It was my last watch that night, and I had very little to do. Everything was quiet and the beasts hardly stirred as the ship lay like a log at her anchorage. William had stated that the cattle often went wild as soon as they could smell the land; but this may have been said to rouse me to greater diligence. I made my rounds in the dim passages as usual, and fought against sleepiness till twelve o'clock when I went to find the man who was to relieve me. I turned in and was not awakened with the rest at three to feed and water the sheep so that they might present a good appearance when going ashore. When I came on deck, the *Arcola* was slowly forging through the dark brown water, under a cheerless rainy sky, to the little dock of Thames Haven. The great square openings were gaping in her sides again and all was in readiness for the discharge of our living cargo. On the wharf a group of about twenty men and boys were waiting for us. They were armed with sharp sticks and their caps, waistcoats and gaiters looked exactly like those in "Phiz's" illustrations of Dickens. These are the unloaders, for the cattleman's work is over as soon as the ship is fastened alongside the English wharf. The foremen went along the passages, cutting the knots in the head-ropes of the cattle and breaking down the partitions between the sheep-pens. As soon as the steamer was made fast, the Englishmen spread themselves through her and the work of driving out began. In general, it was an easy job, for the poor brutes were glad to get their freedom, and set foot on the solid land. But sometimes a sheep would balk at the step between the deck and gangway. Then the man in charge would strew a little straw on the place and stir it to and fro with his stick, at the same time making a queer sort of hissing, gurgling sound which induced Mr. Sheep to jump over. It was better than beating or carrying the obstinate ones. Out they streamed, the steers first, the ropes still dangling from their horns, into the white-washed pens. Then the sheep scrambled and bleated and ran in different directions in a panicky way. We had nothing to do but watch the proceedings; indeed any interference or help would be sharply resented. In two hours the ship was empty; broken pens and heaps of filth only showing that cattle had been on board. The cattlemen had gone through the ceremony of dressing to go ashore, and I was much "chaffed" for not changing my brown overalls. It was a motley set that landed there that morning to make the best of our way to London, where the men are paid. At last we filed out also, and in a few minutes the customs officers were feeling our pockets to see that no man had more than his legal pound of tobacco, and the *Arcola* was steaming up the river.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

THE following is a description of what is said to be the largest sailing ship in the world. It was launched from the yard of Messrs. D. and W. Henderson and Company, at Partick, on the Clyde, on Tuesday, September 2. The vessel is also remarkable as being a five-master. This vessel, named the *France*, is for the fleet of MM. Ant. Dom. Bordes et Cie., of Bordeaux, who have been noted for their enterprise in ordering vessels of large dimensions. The *France* is 360 feet long, 48 feet 9 inches broad, and 30 feet deep. Her gross tonnage will be about 3,750 tons, and the dead-weight carrying capacity 6,150 tons. The vessel is fitted with a double bottom, with capacity for 1,000 tons water ballast, while amidships there are several water-tight compartments for 1,200 tons of water. These holds are formed of two transverse bulkheads, 54 feet apart, divided by a similar transverse partition in the centre, and by iron decks, the height between these varying from 6½ feet to 10 feet. There is a central well for the mast. Four of the five masts are square-rigged, the mizzen having fore-and-aft sails. The area of all sails will be about 49,000 square feet. The mizzen mast is in a single piece 140 feet in length. The lower and top masts in the other cases are also each in a single piece, and the lengths above deck vary from 159 feet to 167 feet. The diameters vary from 17 inches to 30 inches, that of the top gallant masts from 10 inches to 16 inches. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, of the upper yards 75 feet to 77 feet, the top-gallant yards 59 feet to 64 feet, and of the royal yards 47 feet. The masts are spread 68 feet apart. The bowsprit is 50 feet long, and from 12 inches to 30 inches in diameter.

CANADA.

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea,
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green
Varying ever, till the golden sheen
Of autumn marks a glad maturity.
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be;
The uplands crowned with crimson maples lean
Long cooling arms of shadow, while between,
In sun or shade, the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry."

EMILY McMANUS.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.*

AT 7 a.m., August 2nd, 1890, we left Munich for Oberammergau, passing on the way the lake where the unfortunate Ludwig drowned himself. The train was full and, when we arrived at Ammergau, we found a caravan of carriages which were quickly filled with fashionably-dressed people. We got a van and set off with the rest.

It was a striking sight; these carriages and their occupants looked so strange and out of place, coming from the little village up the lonely mountain road. The scenery was very fine; on either side the towering mountains; below the little sparkling river. The road was so steep that the horses had to walk all but the last few yards, and it took over two hours.

Just before entering Oberammergau we passed a large white monastery, with a black dome—Ettal—a noted place of pilgrimage, and a short distance farther on came to the village itself, a little irregular place, very clean, with here and there an extraordinary looking house, white, with its walls painted in bright colours, generally representing cherubs, angels, a Holy Family or some such subject. The place was swarming with strangers. I noticed Americans, and a great many priests. There were people from all parts of Europe, contrasting markedly with the simple villagers. We drove straight to the Rathhaus for the tickets and waited while F. went in. She was gone a long time, and found there were no tickets to be had; hundreds were going away without them. However we had written before hand and thought at once that our host (he took the part of Abraham) had them, which fortunately was so. While waiting we saw several of the actors in the play pass—we could tell them by their long hair; Judas was talking to a lady quite near us; we recognized him at once from the photograph.

A dense crowd kept pushing backwards and forwards before the Rathhaus' door, while the single policeman of the village told F. that he was glad that in ten years more he would be too old for the place, as he had been standing from morning till night trying to keep the people back, most of whom jabbered at him in unknown tongues. We saw several Tyroliers, men in knee breeches fastened with green riband, and wearing green stockings, beginning below the knee and ending above the ankle. Except for low cut shoes the rest of the leg and foot was bare.

Then we went to Abraham's. We found everything quite too clean to touch; old Sarah, a nice, simple old woman, who examined my waterproof, and admired the stone in the top of my pencil, showed us three spotless rooms she had kept for us and gave us tea. The house is small, and besides our party there was a German gentleman, two priests and a boy. Sarah and Abraham slept in the kitchen. I told you there were no little Isaacs, but Sarah told F. afterwards, that she had a son, who was a hunter, and a daughter, who was a singer in the Court Opera at Munich, of whom she is justly very proud.

Abraham came in with the tickets a little while afterwards; he is a nice looking old man, with long, grey, curling hair. While we were upstairs Sarah said to F.: "Ah, I see you have brought a lot of English girls who don't understand a word of German." F. said she told her to wait and see. We knew nothing of this till afterwards, and were rather surprised when Sarah began to tell us how the English travelled so much, yet so many came to them who could only say "coffee," "eggs," "tea." We sympathized with her, and I suppose got through the interview creditably, for she often talked to us afterwards. I found her a little hard to understand, as she uses the Bavarian dialect, turning the o's into a's. We spent the rest of the day in walking about, and went into a garden restaurant where the girls had some beer! They seem to like it. I have taken it sometimes when very thirsty. Abraham carves beautifully. I saw his tools; they are very much like those we used at Hellmuth. Two of the girls bought carvings; one was a beautiful crucifix, over a foot long, and must have taken a long time to do, but all that was asked for it was ten francs; I should not think it was a paying trade, though they seem to make a living by it.

They interest me very much these Oberammergauers. I should like to spend a few weeks among them and get to know them a little. As we stood at the door in the evening a big boy went by wheeling a baby-carriage at a furious

*The great interest taken in this extraordinary Drama, and the report that it was acted for the last time this year, will make this vivid and impressive account of it from the diary of a young Toronto lady, now travelling on the continent, both instructive and opportune.—Ed.

pace down the road; in it was a little girl about three years old enjoying herself immensely, while a smaller boy was running beside as a kind of tiger. In a little while they came back and we stopped them; the girl was very beautiful, with dark blue eyes and yellow curls, dressed in one little cotton garment, looking as if she had been made ready to go to bed before she took her evening *promenade à voiture*. I asked her to come to me, which she did over the palings and declared I might take her home with me, too! The boys were very proud of her; the little one was her brother, a little actor in the play. If that child lives, she may take the part of the Virgin thirty years hence.

At five o'clock on the morning of August 3rd, a cannon shot wakened us, calling the people to mass, and at seven, after the celebration, the musicians marched through the village playing, as a warning that the passion play was going to begin. We were there before eight, and the place was crowded. Many had to wait for Monday, as they always give it again next day, when all are not able to get places. We were right at the back, but the place is built on such a steep incline that we could see perfectly well. There can be no doubt that the people regard the play as a religious ceremony; besides early morning mass they all assemble for prayer behind the scenes just before the play begins, and after the Franco-German war it was given as an act of thanksgiving.

As such a thing as this must have a great influence on the minds of the people, I was very curious to know what form it took. Either a fatal familiarity, or making it a part of their lives. I firmly believe the latter is the case. Old Sarah once said to F., in speaking of her children being constantly away from her: "But we have God, and He is all we need." There was such a simplicity in the way she spoke the truth which so few recognize, that it seemed to be a fixed principle in her mind. It would be evident to anyone who knew them that their chief employment had given a *tone* to that household at least. I noticed on a door in the kitchen a picture of the Virgin with the dead Christ's head resting on her lap. There are such pictures, and also others, in all the rooms I saw. On the peak of almost every roof in the village there is a cross, and on the highest mountain top overlooking the place they have put a tall, shining cross, which is the first thing one notices. The motive with which they do it must be the secret of the wonderful success they have in the representation of the scenes in the Life of Our Lord. The spirit shows itself in tiny things, which in simply giving a dramatic performance would be passed over, which need the homage of the heart to be there at all. For instance, John at the Last Supper, after the washing of the disciples' feet, puts on Christ's mantle, and takes his hair from underneath it with such a loving, reverent touch, one feels sure no drilling could have given him. This disciple's protecting care of the Virgin after the betrayal is also very natural and real. John is a boy of nineteen, and acted for the first time this year, but he represents the "disciple whom Jesus loved" very well indeed. As to Joseph Maier, who takes Our Saviour's part, it is wonderful how well he does it, an inconceivable character, and, from a dramatic point of view, a very hard one, because there is so much passiveness in the part, so much that depends solely on expression and manner, you would hardly expect a peasant to be capable of it. Yet he is not exactly a peasant; he, as well as many other of the principal actors, employs all his time not given to the play in wood-carving, which would, I should think, have a more refining effect than field-labour. His skin is colourless; white as a woman's. We were told he was ill, but Abraham, who knows him very well, says it is not so; we were also told that he drank; Abraham says that is also not true. It is one of those malicious stories some people are so fond of circulating.

The scenery and costumes are all new this year; they calculate it will take them until September to pay for them; until then they gain nothing for themselves. The stage is entirely open, but in the middle is a part with a curtain, where the changing scenes and tableaux are given. To the right is the house of Annas the High Priest, to the left that of Pilate. On either side of the middle part with the curtain is an arch and road leading into the city. Through these one sees the time-stained walls and eastern houses of Jerusalem, and a fresh-looking green palm, hanging over a wall, trembled as the light rain fell upon it. During the whole extent of the play there is no pause. Between the active parts there are either tableaux, or else the chorus of about twenty-six, dressed in white Eastern robes and coloured mantles, who sing in solos, duets, and all together; or explanations are given of what is about to be presented. The music is a surprise. The orchestra is small, but plays well; all soft, sweet music, very fitting I thought, and the voices are well trained; some of them are very fine. All through there was no stumble, or breaking of the time. Where the music itself comes from I do not know. F. said she recognized bits from old masters; it certainly was very good.

The first two tableaux include the whole scope of the play. The Fall. Expulsion from Eden. Adam and Eve fleeing before the Angel with the flaming sword, and, purely symbolical, the adoring of the cross by angels. Then comes the entry into Jerusalem. Hundreds of people take part in this; they come down one of the side streets, across the centre division, from which the curtain has been raised, into the opposite side street, and then on to the open stage in front. Small children, old and young people, all waving palms, and singing "Hosanna! Hail to the Son of David!" They stop, turn, and stretch out their arms to the still invisible Christ, who comes in the