

There is as little of the religious tract about them as there is of the political pamphlet. But to say that they are not Catholic novels is a great mistake. Let us take an analogous case. The *Philadelphia Standard* said very well some time ago, that the benefits of a Catholic college education are not to be measured by the amount of religious instruction directly imparted to the student, but that the atmosphere of Catholicity in which such a student lives is the thing to be desired above all for our young men. So it is with novels. It is not necessary that they should contain controversial discussions, or the histories of conversions. But if the atmosphere created by the author is so impregnated with Catholicity, that you feel without being told, that you are mingling with Catholics, just as in the ordinary non-religious novel you are instinctively aware that those whom you meet consider themselves Protestants, such an author, we maintain, is worthy of being called Catholic. And it cannot be doubted that Rosa Mulholland is one of this class.

She should find, then, hosts of readers among Catholics, and in an age when a morbidly sensational fiction of which the works of "Ouida," Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Southworth are fair samples, threatens to overwhelm the world in a deluge of liquid mud, let us bid God-speed to those writers who are nobly endeavouring to stem this terrible tide.

DAVID RONAYNE.

A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

It was a beautiful Sunday last autumn that I stepped from the railway carriage at Vogué, on the line between Lyons and Grenoble, and took a seat in the stage that ran to St. Laurent du Pont, on the way to the Grande Chartreuse. The journey was charming; for, as we ascended round the mountain, the valley sloped away beneath us, rich with green and the yellow hue of the ripened vines. But grander scenes were yet in store as we descended on the other side, the road twining its way between great high alpine rocks that rose above and seemed to defy the struggling twigs in their attempt at growth. Changing coaches at St. Laurent, we began our ascent on the direct road to the Monastery. This is well described by a French author: 'We climb along side of a river, or rather torrent, a way stretching between two walls of rock, now dry and bare, now covered with large trees, and again adorned with patches of green woods which cluster on their sides. We hear, for two leagues, the noise of the stream which gathers wrath in the midst of the ruins of shattered rock against which it unceasingly breaks. It is the leaping foam which is engulfed in the depth of two hundred feet, where the eye follows it with curious terror and then turns to the rocks wild and high crowned on high with few trees which seem to kiss the sky. This road once narrow, these heights, these religious shades, these wonderful little waterfalls which, jumping down the rock, go to swell the waters and the fury of the torrent—all this naturally leads to the terrible solitude where Saint Bruno established himself and his companions.'

St. Bruno was born at Cologne in 1035. He became Chancellor of Rheims, and in 1082, when the see was vacant, he was about to be chosen Archbishop. It was a critical period in the history of the Church; Hildebrand was on the papal throne as Gregory VII., and was engaged in maintaining the rights of God and his church against the Emperor of Germany. Rheims, situated on the border-land between France and Germany, and rather belonging to the latter, would certainly receive some blows. Bruno therefore determined to fulfil a vow he had made some time before of leading a hermit's life, for he saw that in those trying times if he once accepted the pallium he would not be likely to follow out the promise he had made to God. He first went to a Benedictine Monastery at Molesme, but not finding the tranquility he sought, he left for a forest near Ban-sur-Seine. He quitted this for the Chartreuse. But first he went to Grenoble, where St. Hugh, who had been an old pupil of St. Bruno's at Rheims when he was professor of the Episcopal College, was warned by a dream of the Saint's coming. He saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again, and cross the mountains and rest in the woods called Chartreuse. He saw angels build there a dwelling, and on the roof appeared again the seven stars. In a few days came Bruno with six companions and told the venerable bishop his search. The dream was read, the pupil conducted his pro-

fessor to his future home where he found peace, and where hundreds of world-wearied souls in every generation since have found the same. It became the school of Saints, amongst whom was St. Hugh, of Lincoln, who established a house in Somerset, in England, and afterwards became Bishop of Lincoln. But there is little to interest in the history of a monastery, it has its trials and triumphs; its special duty and devotion; its difficulties and its dangers. These were all overcome and generation succeeded generation, until in the nineteenth century the disciples of St. Bruno lead the same holy life, and obey the same holy rule, and shed the same sweet light as did the seven stars that rose and fell at the feet of Genoble's saintly bishop.

The Carthusian rises at half past five, says Prime of the Day and Tierce of the Little Office of Our Lady. After this he makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The Conventual Mass is sung at seven. This differs somewhat from the ordinary Roman rite, as the priest recites the *Confiteor* at the side of the altar just as an acolyte in our churches before Holy Communion. In saying the prayers the priest does not extend his hands but clasps them together, resting them upon the altar. Except at the consecration the celebrant does not genuflect: he merely bows. After Mass and thanksgiving, which is made lying on the side, all make half an hour of meditation and read some spiritual subject till ten o'clock, when sext is recited. Between ten and eleven the Carthusian takes his breakfast, which is his principal meal. Over the plate of soup are a couple of poached eggs, next there is a bit of fish and at the top an open round fruit tart. Add to this salad placed on a separate dish. Two small bottles of beer are also given, which must serve for supper as well. No meat is allowed under any consideration. The rule about this subject is so strict that if a Carthusian wishes to eat meat he is obliged to leave his community. After breakfast the Monks have three hours for study and manual labour. Their studies consist of Holy Scripture, dogmatic, moral and particularly ascetic theology. At half past two in the afternoon they recite, privately, Vespers of our Lady. At 2.45 the big bell sounds again, when Vespers of the day are sung, after which on ordinary days follows immediately the office of the Dead. This lasts till four o'clock when the evening meal is served, which, for more than half the year, from September till Easter, consists of nothing but one piece of bread. On joyful days a small omelette and a piece of fruit are allowed. After supper two hours are spent in study, spiritual reading and private prayer at the discretion of the individual. With these he occupies himself until half past six, when he retires. Between ten and eleven they arise and recite in their cells Matins and Lauds of the Little Office of Our Lady. At a quarter to midnight the bell rings again calling them to Matins and Lauds. Each brings a little lantern and, taking his place in the chapel, lights from it a larger lantern wherewith to follow his Breviary. The office is sung in plain chant very like the Gregorian—but it is not the same as was sung in the days of St. Bruno. The canonical office is succeeded on all days, save certain feasts and vigils, by the Office of the Dead. It is after two when the last collect is chanted and thus three hours are spent in praise and prayer while the rest of mortals seek repose. They retire for a second sleep to begin again their day at half past five.

A Carthusian lives alone with the exception of a half day every week when they take a walk in common. His cell and the chapel are at all other times his home. The cells are built off a corridor about two hundred yards in length. Passing from this corridor to a cell, we first enter a small narrow hall about ten yards in length, where the stations of the cross are erected. Crossing this we enter the cell proper—a narrow wooden bed stands in the corner with a straw mattress and coarse sheets.

On the side opposite the bed the space is divided into two parts—that near the window serving as a workshop where he can bind books or write, and that near the door where is a large wooden chair with shelf opposite it, upon which a book may rest. In the opposite corner stands a cupboard. Nothing is painted in the room at all, but everything is very neat and clean. Down stairs are two rooms with a small corridor opening upon a garden. In one room the monk saws wood—the other serves as a carpenter shop, with a lathe and bench. The garden belongs also to him, and it is his duty as well as recrea-