

astounded, but not influenced; surprised, but disappointed. It was a mock trial, a counterfeit Passion; the Christus was not Christ, and we were still searching for our Ideal."

It is rumoured that a Jewish syndicate proposes reproducing the Passion Play on the stage at New York, Chicago, and other American cities—if public opinion will tolerate the exhibition. It will not be contended that this syndicate has much religious sentiment in the enterprise.

sacred and solemn event in the history of the world, the sufferings and death of our Lord, would prove revolting to every reverent mind. What might be pardoned in the pious mediæval peasant as an act of devotion, is inexcusable as a theatrical pageant, repeated day after day to a mob of foreign tourists. Even as a spectacular performance, it has received very severe treatment. Mr. Irenæus Prime-Stevenson, the distinguished musical critic, writes thus of the Passion Play in an article which we abridge from *Harper's Weekly*:



PASSION PLAY—MARY MADONNA (MISS ANNA FLUNGER).

Early Christian art carefully avoided, as though prevented by a sacred interdiction, any attempt to depict the awful scenes of Christ's passion, the realistic treatment of which in Roman Catholic art so often shocks the sensibilities and harrows the soul. This solemn tragedy they felt to be the theme of devout and prayerful meditation, rather than of portraiture in art. Hence we find no pictures of the agony and bloody sweat, the mocking and the shame, the death and burial of the world's Redeemer.

One would think that the representation on the stage for money of the most

"It is an easy matter to get to Oberammergau nowadays, compared with the long high-road and by-road business of former Play recurrences. From the first moment you realize that you are in a vast caravansary of English and American tourists, mingled with a large but far less important and noisy German or Austrian contingent. A wide street, bordered with smart townlike houses, mostly new or transmogrified. Up and down surges a throng of tourists. Every house, too, is a shop, a bazaar, of pictures, glass, carving, and *Min-kram* of every sort, inartistic as well as artistic, brought from Munich