

"co-redemptrix of our race"—Mary, the immaculate Mother of God,—to whom the Church, inspired from on high, applies this exultant psalm, first sung by the Elders of Bethulia in praise of her glorious prototype Judith: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." (Judith, XV. 10.)

Yes, this was indeed Jerusalem, but alas how changed! How sadly were my thoughts upon its past glory disturbed by the remembrance of the prophet's wail after its downfall: "To what shall I compare thee? or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? to what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy destruction: who shall heal thee? . . . All they that passed by the way have clapped their hands at thee: they have hissed, and wagged their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying: Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth? All thy enemies have opened their mouth against thee; they have hissed, and gnashed with the teeth, and have said: We will swallow her up: lo, this is the day which we looked for: we have found it, we have seen it. The Lord hath done that which he purposed, he hath fulfilled his word, which he commanded in the days of old; he hath destroyed, and hath not spared, and he has caused the enemy to rejoice over thee, and hath set up the horn of thy adversaries." (Lamentations, II. 13, 15, 16, 17.)

On arriving at "Casa Nova," we found those of our party who had not gone to Jericho seated at the supper table, and soon joined them. But for six of us, including myself, the meal was a hurried one; for scarcely had we seated ourselves than our Rev. Director, Monsieur l'abbé Potard, announced that the number just mentioned would have the privilege of celebrating Mass at the Holy Sepulchre on the following

morning, adding that as the doors of the basilica closed about 7 o'clock, we must lose no time in starting, it being then very near that hour. He thereupon gave each of the favored ones a printed slip to be presented to the Turkish guard posted at the entrance of the Church of the Resurrection, and we set out at once, in spite of the fatigue incident to our long day's travel, etc.; for was not this to be the most signal of all the privileges which a pilgrimage to the Holy Land can confer? The inhabitants of Jerusalem are not given to being "out" much at any time and this is particularly the case after sundown. The streets were, consequently, deserted, and all was silent as the grave during our progress. Imagine what an impression this made on us under the circumstances! The guard already alluded to was awaiting us somewhat impatiently, for we were more than a trifle late. A "bak-sheesh" made ample amends for this delinquency, however (what won't it accomplish in the realm of the "Prophet?"), and after our "tickets" had been duly examined by the turbaned custodians, we were turned over to the Franciscan Father in attendance, and shown to the dormitory, where we were to repose until called for the object which had brought us, namely, to offer the Holy Sacrifice upon the tomb of our Lord. At three o'clock the following morning we heard the "Benedictus Domino," and gladly answered "Deo gratias!" A Brother was in waiting to conduct us to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and we followed him from the "Hospitium" of the Fathers to the basilica.\* This edifice is so vast and of so great a height, that in the weak light of the few tapers that were flickering here and there,

\*The "Hospice" is inhabited by the Franciscans who serve the Church of the Resurrection, and is distinct from their "convent" in Jerusalem. It immediately adjoins the basilica, and seems to form part of the same.