

GOOD FRIDAY AT JERUSALEM.

Under the title of "Cradle Lauds," Richard Bentley, of London, has published a volume from the pen of Lady Herbert, whose interesting notes of travel in the Peninsula have been sought after with so much pleasure as to warrant the belief that a similar, if not greater, popularity awaits this, her latest work. We copy the following graphic description of Good Friday at Jerusalem:

It is the evening of Holy Thursday. The last wail of the *Tenebrae* has died out of the aisles of the solemn Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A temporary altar had been erected in the morning, opposite the sacred shrine where our dear Lord was laid, and upward of a thousand pilgrims had received the Bread of Life from the hands of the venerable Patriarch. But now this altar had been removed, and one by one the worshippers had departed, save such of the Franciscan monks as had been appointed to watch throughout the night by the Blessed Sacrament, and whom the Turks had consequently locked into the building.

In the Church of St. Salvatore all is profoundly dark, save in the chapel on the left, where the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the Sepulchre until the terrible day be over which witnessed the death-agony of the Son of God. That side chapel is decorated on all sides with beautiful plants and flowers, and illuminated with a multitude of tapers. There two figures are kneeling, motionless and absorbed in prayer. One by one the Franciscan monks, wearing with their long fast and the terrible penances of the night before, have disappeared through the side-door which leads into their dormitory. Still the two watchers kneel on. They are women. The one still young, dressed in deep widow's mourning; the other older, and bearing on her face traces of still deeper suffering, yet with an expression of peace which spoke of that suffering having been accepted for the love of Him who sent it. Six years ago this lady, the Marquise de —, of noble and even royal blood, had come, like her young English companion, as a stranger and pilgrim to Jerusalem, and there felt the irresistible attraction which, in spite of its mournfulness and desolation, linds every heart to the Holy City. She found likewise that there was a great work for any woman to do who was willing to devote herself to such a life; the work of a St. Paula, to assist in receiving and looking after the female pilgrims, who, at Christmas and Easter tides, flock by hundreds to the Casa Nuova; to have the care of the altars of the different churches and chapels, of the linen and vestments, decorations, etc.

This loving watcher by our Lord's body at last rose, and touching her companion, said softly: "My child, you must come and rest; remember to-morrow morning." The two women left the church reluctantly, and threaded their way up the steep and narrow street to the Casa Nuova, where, bowing their heads to the "God be with you" of the Spanish monk who let them through the heavy nailed door, they walked swiftly up the stairs and through the long corridor to the two cells set apart for their use.

Five hours later the same women, closely veiled and carrying a lantern, were toiling painfully down the rugged and slippery street which leads through the bazars to the other side of the city.

From thence they proceeded, with still swifter steps, under the arch, passed the gate of the Convent of the Pere Ratisbon, where the Filles de Sion have established their admirable orphanage, and so on to the postern-gate in the wall which admitted them to the court yard of the Church of the Flagellation.

"His Royal Highness has not yet arrived," said the lay brother, as he unbarred the door; "but he will not long tarry. It is just four o'clock."

So saying, he ushered the ladies into the cloister, and then into the church, where the only light was thrown on the column of the Flagellation, that terrible monument of man's impiety and the long-suffering of God. In a few moments the door again opened, and admitted a man still young, of noble and aristocratic bearing, (followed by two ecclesiastics and two other gentlemen,) who advanced in front of the column, and pushing aside the cushion placed for him, knelt on the ground in long and fervent adoration. An exile from his country and his kingdom, this royal pilgrim had come, in earnest faith and deep humility, to visit the scenes of his Saviour's sufferings and death. Bare-headed he had walked from the city gates, on his first arrival, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, discarding all pomp and retinue, and compelling the Patriarch, who had come out to meet him with due honors, to walk bareheaded likewise by his side, behind the symbol of man's redemption. And in the same spirit he had chosen this early hour to follow unnoticed, and almost alone, the footsteps of the Lord he loved so well, in that awful Via Dolorosa which witnessed the most touching portion of His Passion.

The solemn service began. Commencing with the Prætorium of Pilate, where the terrible sentence was pronounced, the little band of worshippers followed the sacred and sorrowful path down the steep hill, kneeling at the different stations, heedless of the mud, while the low chant of the "Stabat Mater" echoed through the deserted streets. The day was just breaking when they arrived at the House of Mary, from whence the Mother of Sorrows hurried forth to meet her Divine Son.

At the House (so-called) of Veronica a little interruption occurred from a file of camels passing along the narrow and ill-paved street; but their drivers, with skill and care, made them avoid the kneeling figures. With all their bigotry and hatred of the Christian faith, the Turks have an instinctive reverence for every outward expression of devotion.

At the Seventh Station a bazar had been built across the Via Dolorosa, which compels the pilgrims to make a *detour* through the remains of what was once the Hospice of the Knights Templars, in order to arrive

at the station where our Blessed Lord addressed the daughters of Jerusalem, "who mourned and bewailed Him." It is a blessed and comforting thought to women, wearied with the struggle, and strife, and misunderstandings of this hard world, that to them alone was granted the unspeakable privilege of ministering to His Sacred Humanity, and that He never rejected their love or their sympathy. The last at the Cross, and the first at the Sepulchre, it was to a woman that our Master first showed Himself after His resurrection.

At last the gates of the Holy Sepulchre are reached, that wonderful church which incloses in its wide area the scenes of the last five stations. But here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. In spite of all the blood and treasure wasted in the Crimean war, (a war which was the climax of a rupture founded on the subject of the Holy Places,) the Turks still retain unmolested possession of that building so sacred to the heart of every Christian, and with petty tyranny continually refuse to open it at the hours desired by the pilgrims. On this occasion even the presence of the royal duke did not induce them to open the door a moment sooner than had been fixed by the Pacha; and for more than an hour the little group stood or knelt on the steps leading to the side-chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At last the doors are thrown open, and the little procession, passing by the Stone of Uction, and up the steps leading to the Chapel of Calvary, came to the spot where, stripped of His garments, our Divine Lord was nailed to His Cross. The exact place is pointed out, and is on the right of that terrible hole where the Cross was sunk when lifted up, whereby He that hung thereon "might draw all men unto Himself." Here, also, during that exquisite time of torture, His Blessed Mother stood; and the voices of the kneelers are choked with emotion as the words "Sancta Mater, istud agas," etc., echoed through the sacred building. To the left now they turn, to the very spot where the tremendous sacrifice was consummated, and where the riven rock still remains as a standing witness of that awful mystery. Thence, passing again down the steps, it was with a sense of relief from a pain and tension too great to be borne that the pilgrims came to the beautiful low shrine where, the anguish and torture of the three hours' agony being over, the earthly remains of our dear Lord were laid. Crossing the outer chapel, where still remains the stone on which the angel sat when he appeared to the women after the Resurrection, and bowing under the long, low arch which leads to the inner shrine, they knelt one by one in the tiny-sanctuary where the open Sepulchre seems to speak once more of hope and joy, and to re-echo the words, "He is not here: He is risen. Behold the place where the Lord lay."

The Via Crucis is over. It is seven o'clock, and the impressive and beautiful office of the day has begun. The Chapel of Calvary is crowded, almost to suffocation, with kneeling figures in deep mourning. Everything is hung with black. The Lessons and the Passion are over, and the venerable patriarch, rising, begins to uncover the Crucifix, while the monks intone the *Ecce, Ugnam Crucis!* Then commences that portion of the office which none can ever forget who has witnessed it at Rome; how much less at Jerusalem, in the very spot which witnessed the actual throes and death agony of the Man-God, and the woes of His Mother! One by one the worshippers rise and prostrate themselves in adoration three times, kissing the feet of their Lord, while the wail of the Reproaches rises and falls, and reverberates through the sacred shrine. The *Crux fidelis* and *Pange lingua* are taken up by the choir, and then, the mournful ceremony over, the candles on the altar are lighted, illuminating the many upturned and weeping faces, and the priests go in procession to the chapel below, to bring back the Blessed Sacrament, which has been deposited in the Holy Sepulchre the preceding day, while the glorious hymn, *Vexilla Regis* is sung by the whole congregation. Our English traveler, absorbed in the emotions of the place, and of the hour, had remained motionless after the adoration, until the beginning of Vespers, when she turned to look at her companion, whose fragile and attenuated form still knelt beside her, while her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly glow, redeeming features which had no great natural beauty, and making one think of the old German pictures of saints. And now the anthem *Consummation est* is over, and the *Miserere* is taken up by both priest and people; and then again the lights are extinguished and the altar is stripped as before, and all is desolate. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of this office on this spot, or the sense of utter desolation which falls upon the soul when all is over. It is an approach to Mary's sorrow, and a shadow of it; but to one who has not felt it, it can not be explained. We have read of the Crucifixion all our lives, and have tried in our various degrees to realize it; but here we see it, as it were, with our bodily eyes, which help out our weak faith, and our devotion to the dolors of our Mother heightens and deepens our devotion to the Passion of her Son.

It was with a feeling of utter faintness and exhaustion that the two ladies whose steps we have followed turned at last out of the sacred building, and bent their steps homeward. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but many days seemed to have been crowded into the preceding seven hours.

They re-enter the church, (in the afternoon) and passing by the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, take their place in the Chapel of the Flagellation. Every Friday and Sunday a procession is formed in that chapel, the pilgrims bearing lighted tapers, stamped with the pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and singing a processional hymn, peculiar to the Holy Land, visit each altar erected in commemoration of the Passion, reciting the Gospel and prayers applicable to each station. A portion of the column of Flagellation is exposed in the first chapel on the left of the altar, where the office begins; and so they move on to the dungeon, and to the place where they parted His vestments, down to the subterranean chapel or crypt, where the rugged rocks remain as when first excavated, and where the sacred cross was found; returning

again to the chapel of St. Helena above, with its venerable pillars and beautiful basket-work capitals, so admirably rendered in Robert's famous drawing; then passing to the scene of the clothing in the purple robe and terrible crown of thorns, and so ascending to the Mount of Calvary, to which portion of the service a plenary indulgence is attached, while at the words, "*Hic expiavit*," the pilgrims prostrate themselves at the foot of the Cross; then again descending to the "stone of unction," where the sacred Body was washed; thence to the sepulchre, where it was laid, on to the place in the garden where He appeared to Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, and so back again to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the office concludes with the touching Litany of Loretto.

It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join, with unwonted fervor, and on this special day, it was crowded to excess. When it was over, the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts:

"Jesu! Dulce refugium, Spes una Te querentium, Per Magdalens maritum Peccati solve debitum."

Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the Duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is wrapped in profound darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro, of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully drawn out he held it up, exclaiming, "Ecce, dulces clavos!" exposing it at the same time to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens' famous picture of the "Deposition," into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross. As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan Fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the Patriarch, who kneeling received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, "Accipere Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu; et Hicaverant illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire." The crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—The Alexandria Female Seminary, a prominent Protestant institution in Virginia, has been purchased by the diocesan authorities of that state, and is to be shortly inaugurated as a Catholic academy for young ladies, under the auspices of a well known sisterhood of the Church. The extensive and commodious buildings, which were erected several years before the late war, cost upwards of seventy thousand dollars in gold, and were disposed of at private sale for seven or eight thousand dollars.

THE IRISH UNDER THE TUDORS.—The puzzle of English policy in governing Ireland has engaged the attention of divers classes of persons and the matter remains still unsolved. The writer of a work recently published says:

"Believing that all the disorders of Ireland were to be traced either to the neglect or the misconduct of the English deputies, bishops, captains or settlers, who had failed to carry out their instructions with the diligence and success expected of them, the government at home was chiefly occupied with the thought how they could best force the acceptance of their laws and institutions upon the unhappy Irish. By dint of repeated effort, by enormous waste of blood and treasure, the O'Neils, O'Connors and O'Mores were humbled; the still more formidable chiefs of the Butlers and Geraldines were overawed or conciliated. But their submission, extorted by fear or the hope of a peerage, by English honors or English protection, produced little effect upon the population in general. Rather it broke the neck of their own influence, and only tended to bring into close union the Irish priesthood and the Irish people."

The elixir of bark and iron is found to be the best restorative, or recuperative remedy, after fevers, or any wasting disease.

People who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all that live around them.

ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR DESTITUTE BOYS.

The institution to which the following report refers, is under the auspices of a society whose rules prohibit a formal publication of any of its proceedings. But as the "St. Vincent's Home for Destitute Boys" is a corporate body, deriving its legal existence from the laws of the State, we, as journalists external to the organization, do not consider the present step an infringement of a rule, which its immediate members or officers have no hand in promoting.

The amount of good effected already is such, as to encourage its projectors in persevering to overcome difficulties, which would overwhelm others less endowed with faith, and an unalterable reliance on Him who is the source of "every good and perfect gift."

We hope the benevolently disposed will remember the "Home" in dispensing their gifts. Bestowed here, they will be economically and judiciously applied; for we are convinced, from personal knowledge, that the managers will accomplish the greatest amount of good from the smallest possible means.

The Institution has been in existence for about two years; one hundred and forty boys have been received, educated, and provided for, who, were it not for the existence of the "Home," might have become outcasts on our streets. The amount of funds received by the Directors has been about \$11,000, out of which amount they have paid \$3,000 of the debt against the property, repaired and furnished the house, and supported the boys.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

At the date of my last report, March 1st, we had sixty-four boys in the "Home." We have to-day also sixty-four, with eight of them sleeping on the parlor floor, for want of room elsewhere. Four boys have left, and four have been received; three of these are brothers, aged six, eight and, ten years, from the parish of Iberville. The father is there, too sick to be removed, and in want. The mother, a very respectable lady, recommended by several citizens of that parish to our charitable institution, came to this city with her four small children, sick and destitute also. She had, on her arrival, to go to the Charity Hospital for treatment. Last week she had sufficiently recovered to be discharged. Her little girl was taken into the Infant Orphan Asylum, and she was sent to me by Sister Evelina, with her three boys. The mother was still suffering from her recent illness; she had no home nor any money to buy food or to pay for a night's lodging for herself and her little ones; she said if we would take care of her boys, that she would try and get work, so as to earn some money to send to her sick husband; and from her looks, she seemed as if she had never been compelled to work before.

Although our House was over crowded, as you well know, still we could not refuse to receive these boys.

The Most Rev. Archbishop has every prospect of getting four Brothers to take charge of the Institution, next November. But the Superior says that we must get larger premises, as there are now twice as many boys in the place as there ought to be.

We trust, therefore, that some plan can be adopted this summer to raise means to enlarge the Home, or to buy a farm where the boys can learn to cultivate the soil. We all know that there are hundreds of poor Catholic boys running about the streets, going to destruction, who might be saved to society, and to religion, by the charitable public contributing the small amount necessary to enlarge the institution.

Let us, then, exert ourselves to accomplish this great good; the labor will be light, but the reward correspondingly great, for our blessed Lord has said that what we do for the least of these little ones, He will accept as having been done to Himself.

The boys are daily taught catechism, reading, writing, grammar, geography, and arithmetic; they go to Mass every Sunday and on holy days; but the poor little fellows make rather a ragged appearance, as they have nothing to wear but the clothes sent them by their parents.

The Directors have had it in contemplation for some time to get a becoming uniform for them, but want of the necessary funds has made them postpone taking any action up to this time. At the last meeting, however, in view of the great interest that seems to be taken in the institution, it was informally decided, that an effort should be made to have a neat uniform prepared for the boys, by the next festival of St. Vincent de Paul, our patron saint. We thought that He who always befriends the poor orphan would inspire the hearts of the charitable with a disposition to contribute their mite; and that if each of the pastors of Churches where there is a Conference would give us a collection on the festival of St. Vincent, the whole amount, six hundred dollars, could be made up on that day.

At our last meeting, we owed our Treasurer \$316 73; since that time, our receipts have been \$1786 99, including \$1458 99 from other Conferences, through the Upper Council of New York; and our outlay, including \$240 for interest, and \$316 to Treasurer, has been, for the same time, \$1482 53, leaving a balance this day in the Treasury of \$304 46. New Orleans, April 26th, 1868.

D. P. SCANLAN, President.

HOW EDIFYING!—According to the New York Sun Bishop Potter had a posse of policemen to guard the precincts of the Church of the Redemption on a recent occasion, owing to a "little unpleasantness" between the pastor and some of the congregation on the ritualistic question. The officers were only called upon to protect the edifice against violence by either party—not to settle the theological points in dispute.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.

What is the most becoming dress for bare earth? The skirt of a wood.

Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of your government, however specious the pretext. —Washington.

A man who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A cross petition!" exclaimed the husband, "that's just like her. She never did a good-natured thing in her life."

The fellow who pocketed the insult wore an overcoat, and had plenty of room for it.

A New Yorker protests against Professor Blot's cooking because he doesn't make baked beans a hash!

Questionable hospitality—The entertainment of doubt.

The Newark inventor of the steam man promises to invent a steam horse that will plough or run over a race course.

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice. —Pena.

What is the highest pitch of the voice? The place where it sticks.

Agriculture is the most useful, the most healthful, and most noble employment of man.

The sweetest girls in the West—The Mo-lasses. —BROOKS.

Education is the cheap defense of nations. —Brooks.

Falling in love is like falling into the river, 'tis easier getting in than out.

Patrick was in charge of a ferry-boat. A lady passenger being frightened by the waves, asked him "if people were ever lost by these boats?" He gave the encouraging reply—"Not often ma'am, we generally find them afterward by dragging the river."

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good one you gave before. —Swift.

You praise the color of my eyes. You say my face is fair, And that the raven's wing alone Can match my waving hair. And oft you linger by my side: Pray what can make you stay so? Why can't you speak your mind at once? Do, if you love me, say so!

Fowl culture is receiving attention in Paris. "I've got a henry," lately said a great lady to her cousin. "Dear me," said the cousin, "I thought his name was Charles."

Talkative persons seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?

Every man has his "weak side," and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

Teachers of languages may be said to live on tongues and sounds.

Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune. —Franklin.

We spend half our lives making mistakes, and waste the poor remainder in reflecting how easily we might have avoided them.

A light city—Cork.

A well known physician used to say that roast beef, serenity of mind, cold water baths, and an amiable and pretty wife, would make almost any man healthy, wealthy and wise.

—What is the difference between a fiery individual and a slice of bacon? One is a rash man, and the other a rasher.

A Scotch editor apologizes for the lack of rhyme in his paper, by saying that his marriage the week before took all the poetry out of him.

Nobody likes to be nobody! but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody! but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

Dandies, to make a greater show, Wear constant cuds with pad and puffing; But that you know is agreeable— For what's the goose without the stuffing?

It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good, and so is mustard, but they are not good for each other.

"Nancy" said a girl to her companion, "which railroad train do you like the best?" "That one," replied Nancy "which furnishes a spark catcher."

I would rather my daughter should have a man without money than money without a man.

Two hearts which mutually love, are like two magnetic clocks; that which moves is one must move in the other, for it is the same power which acts in both.

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down East complain that the gentlemen are so poor that they can't pay their addresses.

Lord Derby, teased by a merchant to try his wine as a cure for the gout, at last replied, "I have tested your wine, but I prefer the gout."

A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said, "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

A terrible tragedy occurred in California. A gentleman made a lady a present of a magnificent pair of pistols, and after several trials of skill they concluded to go through the forms of a duel. They took their positions fired at the word, and to the terror of all, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every emotion of endearment. Under such magical influence the gentleman revived, and rose unharmed from the ground, and—and—they are to be married.

The wife of Admiral Raphael Semmes, late Confederate States Navy, recently received the holy sacrament of Baptism from Br. Rev. the Bishop of Mobile.