

Lingua.' Magnificent statues of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady, bedecked with jewels and regal garments, are borne by men of splendid physique. Beautiful Spanish maidens carry splendid banners of Spain's principal Saints, St. James of Compostella, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Isidore, etc. More soldiers, more music, and then begins the long line of clergy, two deep. Then follow the 'Beneficiarios' and the Chapter of the Cathedral. It is now possible to hear the ringing of handbells announcing the near approach of His Majesty the King of Heaven and of earth. On their knees go all foot-soldiers and civilians. Mounted men lower arms. Dear little children are throwing flowers on the sanded ground over which our Saviour is about to pass. The little ones' baskets get replenished by bystanders at different points of the route. The bell ringing becomes more distinct, the strong bodyguard of Dragoons come in sight, and lo! you see the superb Chariot of four wheels, one shaft, and lofty dome, all silver and gold, drawn by Camons of the Cathedral and pushed by them. Under the beautiful dome-canopy and firmly set is the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament. In front of Our Dear Lord, on either side of Him, and behind Him, kneel His faithful Spanish subjects. The highest and lowest in the land on bended knees receive His blessing. The air is full of the fragrance of incense and flower, the people are overflowed with joy, military bands play the National Anthem, church bells are lustily rung, and the salvos of artillery are unmistakable signs that earth knows that the King of Kings is on His journey to bless and sanctify His people and their home. Immediately behind the Chariot walk the saintly Archbishop and his assistants. A strong mounted body of troops closes the procession. On goes the procession in the same routine until it returns to the Cathedral, where Benediction is given by the Archbishop. It is most soul-inspiring and most edifying, not only to see the people turn out in their thousands to do homage to the King, but to witness the great and grand display made by the military. It can be relied on that no larger turnout of troops would be effected were King Edward of England to visit any of the Spanish cities. The foregoing is a very meagre account of Corpus Christi in Spain; the speaker sadly needs the beautiful powers of the gifted and talented lady, Mrs. Jeffrey, who has so ably depicted in the 'Catholic Times,' her impressions of the observance of this great festival. Mrs. Jeffrey's descriptions are of the South, the speaker's are of the North of Spain. Our next theme is

All Souls' Day.

The Spanish heart is alternately gay and sad. Joyous at Corpus Christi and such like great feasts, and sad in Holy Week and on the Second of November. If any nation honors its dead it is Catholic Spain. Walk out to the Campo Santo, or Cemetery, on the afternoon of All Saints' Day, and see there the hundreds of people. Not there merely from curiosity but there with prayers on their lips and in their hearts for their dear ones departed. Here, you will see little orphans kneeling at the grave of their dear parents; there, parents mourning the loss of their children. Here, a group of pious people saying the Rosary; and there, others reciting the Litany of the Dead. In the mausolea, and there are many, preparations are being made for the Holy Masses that will be said therein on the morrow. On the morning of All Souls' Day, the churches are packed with good pious worshippers, most of whom will stay for the three Masses a priest is allowed, but not compelled, to celebrate on this great festival. Leave your parish church and go to the Campo Santo. Holy Mass is going on unceasingly for hours in the mausolea. The little crypt contains a few privileged relatives, but is surrounded by a goodly throng of worshippers. Prayer, prayer, everywhere. Masses, Rosaries, and Litanies, all ascending to Heaven for help for those who are dearest to them and needing their prayers. Of course, the Masses cease at mid-day, but not the other devotions. By no means. Go home and have your mid-day collation, and after it, a whisper in your ears tells you to take your afternoon walk, not in the promenades, but to God's Acre. That is the place, and that is the place where you will see the same faces you observed on the previous afternoon, and on that morning. They are still there, and likely to be there till darkness sets in and tells them to go home. Sad in heart but joyful in the intercession of Our Lady on behalf of their dear ones, the Spaniards retire for the night.

The Passing Bell.

The streets are dirty and sloppy after a heavy downpour of rain. Walking down a street, what is it that attracts your notice? 'Aqui viene Su Majestad!' you hear the bystanders remark: Here comes His

Majesty. He comes forth from His Tabernacle to console some dying person. The tinkling of a little handbell announces the approach of the priest and his escort. Here they come, and here they go on their knees every man, woman and child. Passing vehicles stop and the drivers of them dismount and kneel in the wet road. There is the priest in cassock, surplice, and cope, carrying the Sacred Pyx. He is preceded by two small altar boys carrying lighted candles (in glass cases), and ringing handbells. On either side of him walks a soldier with fixed bayonet, and loaded carbine. The holy priest with his Precious Burden passes by, and those good Spaniards who can spare the time, invariably follow him to the dwelling of the sick person. On a certain feast-day, a dance was in progress on one of the greens. Soldiers and civilians all mixed up and engrossed in gaiety, and dancing to the strains of the national guitar. Maidens dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and men arrayed in the picturesque garb of the toreador. In the height of all this fun and gaiety, there was heard the tinkling of a bell. Full well does our faithful Spaniard, God bless him, know the meaning of that sound. Where, where, is it! Which way is it coming! Ah! here it is; here comes His Majesty: here comes Our Lord on His errand of mercy. What happened! Did these people go on with their dancing and merrymaking? No; God forbid that a Spaniard should turn his back on the Blessed Sacrament. The musicians jumped down from their pedestals, and the whole congregation, it may be termed, flew from the green to the sides of the road by which the little procession was to pass. There is the priest again, and his boy escort and his military protection. On their knees go our pious Spaniards to do homage to, and receive the blessing from, Our Divine Lord. When the procession was past, did these people return to their dancing? Not they; they closed in behind the priest and followed him to the end of his journey. Never was a speedier display of rosaries made than on that occasion. It is no difficulty for a Spaniard to find

His Rosary,

for it is always about his person. On another occasion a drizzling rain was much in evidence, but that is no drawback to the priest on his sick call. Protected by an umbrella held over him by a gentleman, and accompanied with his usual escort, the priest was going down a wide thoroughfare when a carriage and pair was seen approaching. Did the driver pass on and take no heed? No; he pulls up, alights from his box, and opens the carriage door for the occupant to get out. The gentleman gets out and offers his carriage to the wet priest and his Sacred Charge. The priest enters, the altar boys walk in front of the vehicle, the driver walks at the mules' heads, and a soldier walks on either side of the carriage, and the owner of the carriage walks behind it. What faith! It is the custom in Spain when a priest receives a sick call, for notice to be sent to the nearest barracks for an escort, and at once two are told off for that purpose. There may be a doubt in the minds of some people as to whether the carbines are loaded or not, or were they carried as a military display. The speaker was soon put at ease on this point when questioning an officer. The rifles are loaded with ball cartridges, and a reserve is carried. Orders are given to the men to defend their Charge at the cost of their lives if necessary. There is no sham about us Spaniards, said the officer. Would we not jealously guard our earthly king were he to pass through the streets? Therefore we put a trustworthy guard on our Heavenly King, and we would turn out a whole regiment fully armed should there be suspicion of any trouble.

This is Catholic Spain!

Spain, termed the illiterate; Spain, the land of beggars; Spain the lonely, and the land to be despised and jeered at. Spain has not sold her heritage for a mess of pottage, but she has kept, and will keep, her faith, pure and unsullied. Spanish chivalry is not dead, it may be dormant, and Europe might some day be glad to make friends with the Peninsula. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is, if ever the Holy Father should want a home Spain will be at his feet; and if ever he should need Papal Zouaves, the Spanish army will be at his disposal. To the unbeliever, to the man who says there is no God, let the advice be—go to Spain; he will need no books, no theology, no counsel, but open eyes and keen observation. Let him observe the piety of the people in the cathedrals and out of them; in their houses and in their streets; in their cemeteries, and on their lawns, and observe their faith, especially when 'Su Majestad,' His Majesty the King of Heaven is on His way to the bedside of—perhaps a dying sinner.

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