

the southern world—perhaps on no better authority than that of the *Daily Mail*—that the Pope had celebrated Mass for the soul of the late Queen and ordered services for her in the churches of Rome. The aged and venerable Pope was, says the *Catholic Times*, deeply grieved at the announcement of her death and spoke touchingly of her admirable qualities and the universal esteem she enjoyed. But the same paper has the following paragraph in the latest issue to hand:—“The letter which his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has sent from Rome, has dispelled the doubts raised by the evidently misleading telegrams of the Central News and the *Daily Mail* as to whether public requiem services were to be held by Catholics for the deceased sovereign. No exceptional course is to be adopted. The same rule is to be followed on this occasion as is observed in the case of all others who, in passing away, are not in visible communion with the Church. There will be no public prayers by Catholics, and this, as Cardinal Vaughan observes, is not only in conformity with Catholic custom, but also with the proprieties due to the deceased, for it would not be fitting that we should claim her as a member of our denomination, which we would be doing were we to perform in her behalf rites that are exclusively applicable to deceased Catholics. But if there are those who believe that one has died in communion with the soul of the Church, though not in external communion with it, they are at liberty to offer prayers and good works privately for the soul of the departed. Of course, in respect to the purely civil and social mourning and the civil honors in memory of the Queen, Catholics have the same freedom of action as all other citizens.”

WAR, pestilence, the trials of the foreign mission field—these are the occasions in which the value of a celibate clergy is so evident that the man who runs may read the

lesson. The celibate has no regrets—no one tugging at his coat-tails. The typical married clergyman—whatever his personal bravery and goodness of heart—has wife and little ones barring the path to the exercise of that heroic charity which faces all, risks, all, defies all, with a heavenly rapture of self-sacrifice. The splendid heroism of the priest came out in South Africa and at Santiago as it did at Liverpool in 1848, at Madras during the bubonic plague, at New Orleans in its periodical visitations of yellow fever, and in that lone island of death, Molokai of the Lepers. Another breezy instance of cheerful courage and high devotion to duty is recorded as follows by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the latest issue of *M.A.P.* to hand: “Many are the stories that are being told about Father O'Leary, attached as Catholic chaplain to the first Canadian contingent in South Africa. The following, which I take from that sparkling little paper the *Outlook*, is particularly good, and show what a remarkable man Father O'Leary proved himself under the stress of campaigning. “Seek cover, Father, seek cover,” the troopers, themselves entrenched, would call again and again to him as he marched here and there amid the bullets, encouraging the men in action. But all the reply they could get was: ‘Faith, I'm all right, boys; the bullets don't come my way.’ And he certainly had a remarkable record of escapes. After one engagement, in which the Canadians suffered severely, he was to be seen going from wounded man to wounded man, giving the last consolation of religion to each.” But (says T. P.) with all his belief in his luck Father O'Leary was laid low and he has his tales to tell of hospital life.”

The story told in the columns of *M.A.P.* recalls to our minds the testimony given during the Spanish-American war by a Protestant soldier, Joseph Prauke, of Company C, Sixth Regulars, as he lay wounded in the Bellevue Hospital, New York. ‘If it had not been for the Catholic chaplains in the Santiago campaign,’ said he, ‘many more of our men would have lost their lives. I have seen them pick up wounded men in their arms and carry them out of the firing lines while the bullets whizzed all around them. Then they bound the wounds and gave the sufferers food and drink. I did not see chaplains of any other denomination on the firing line.’

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Mrs. Donald MacDonald, wife of the well-known Australian war correspondent, last month rode from Launceston to Hobart—a distance of 110 miles—in 12 hours, notwithstanding a strong head wind the whole journey. Mrs. MacDonald is a well-known Melbourne cyclist and journalist, and has, we believe, covered more country with the aid of her Dunlop-shod cycle than any other cyclist in Australia.—*.*

We have received from the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Christchurch, their annual booklet, *All About Dunlop Tyres*, which is produced in an artistic style that reflects much credit on the firm. As the title implies, the publication is devoted to matters pertaining to pneumatic tyres—cycle, vehicle, and motor—and it is contained that after a study of the contents the veriest novice would be able to manipulate and repair a Dunlop tyre.—*.*

IN THE WAKE OF THE RISING SUN.

(By 'VIATOR'.)

Damascus, December 12, 1900.

SINCE Thursday morning, December 6, we tread the sacred, historic soil of Canaan—a land redolent of the earliest memories, the theatre of God's active, visible dealings with man, the scene of the most tragic and thrilling events in history, sacred and profane, the ‘Promised Land’ of the chosen people, a land flowing with milk and honey. From the time God blessed Noah after the Deluge, there is no record that the Divine Voice was heard by man till He appeared to Abraham when he dwelt in Mesopotamia. Four hundred years after the covenant with Noah and his seed the word of the Lord came unto the son of Thare, descendant of Sem: ‘Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house into a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation and I will bless thee. . . and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.’ And Abraham departed as the Lord hath spoken to him. Abraham went forth, therefore, to the Land of Canaan. And the Canaanite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared to Abraham and said: ‘Unto thy seed will I give this land’ (Gen. xii). And then Abraham built an altar to the Lord. This, then, is the consecrated soil on which we at length stood in wonder and thankfulness.

Critics of the final school may take exception to the heading I continue to use in these hasty notes put together at odd moments of rest and leisure from travel and sightseeing; but I would forestall the possible objection by stating that on proceeding south from Egypt we shall, still, in wending our way east through Syria and Palestine, travel towards the dawn, and so justify our title ‘In the Wake of the Rising Sun.’ I would also preclude against too high expectation on the part of your readers who may follow these jottings. Learned works there are of critical and historic worth bearing on the places made sacred in the Holy Land by the footprints of the Man God, by His prototypes in times past, by His heralds in apostolic days. Disability apart, nor time, nor opportunity is available for much work. My aim and object are to set down, from a pilgrim's standpoint, the impressions made as we visit scenes of the highest interest to Catholics, and to try to make your readers share in some measure the privileges and delight of our journey. This is my objective.

BEYROUT

After two days of quarantine, and due and jealous scrutiny of our passports we are given pratique and land on December 6 in high spirits in Beyrout at the foot of the Lebanon hills. The day we turn to account in true disciplinary energy by a visit to the city, the bazaars, the churches and other centres of interest in the headquarters of the Canaanite. Here we found French second only to the Arabic language, with a thin smattering of English. The big majority of the inhabitants—some 90,000—are Christians—Latins, Greeks, Maronites, Syrians, Armenians; while there are only about 36,000 Moslems. All honor to the Jesuit Fathers, the Lazarists, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of Nazareth and other communities for the excellent work they do in the up-bringing of the youth of this place. There is a Latin Archbishop with title of Papal Delegate of Syria. The city, elegantly perched on the slopes of Ras Beirût facing the sea, rises tier above tier to the plateau above. By evening light the crimson and purple tints of the mountain settling on the deep blue of the sea, glinting off the red roofs of the nestling houses, dying away in the haze of gathering shadows, make the picture of the prettiest. In full bloom are the anemone, convolvulus, crocus, cyclamen and other rich tinted flowers, and orange groves bending low under their weight of golden fruit stretch away over the plain.

The University of St. Joseph at Beyrout conducted by the Jesuits is an institution connoting the characteristic energy and ability and enterprise that mark the works of the great Company of Jesus. We were kindly shown over this vast establishment—the result of years of assiduous toil. Primary schools, secondary college, ecclesiastical seminary, medical school, chemical laboratory, each separate and distinct, cluster round the University, which thus throws its protecting arms over some 1,500 pupils. Attached to the University is a printing press which, we saw, turning out printed matter in French, English and Arabic in quite new and modern style. The morning of the sixth saw us off by train en route to Baalbek and Damascus. The climb up the ranges reminded us of the Rimutuka railway, and gave us over the bay in the brilliant morning light the loveliest glimpses of scenery. Some barren reaches of rock and sand were passed as we climbed Mount Lebanon and then we take to the high road for Baalbek. Our Moslem Jehu whipped his willing roadsters into a lively pace and rattled through the village, mid a bewildering crowd of camels and asses and dusk forms relieved in kaleidoscope by crimson fezzes and white turbans, and many colored flowing robes of black and blue and red and yellow. Little Mohammedan hamlets of mud-built huts, flat-roofed and unchimneyed looked down from the gentle rise, or peeped out from the lee of the hills further away where droves of cattle, and yellow goats, and fat-tailed sheep browsed undisturbed under the watch of much-mantled shepherds. It was cold between the hills, and the 30 miles posting to Baalbek has little of interest to show, leastways in winter time. The ruins of a watch tower, off the road, rising in gross monoliths are warning us that we are coming near to the ruined city of

BAALBEK.

A good two hours is still in hand, and keen as pointers for game, we pull ourselves together, and under the guidance of a local archaeologist we make for the ruins now standing out giant and gaunt in clear silhouette against the heavens. If all the ruins of ancient and modern Rome, it is authoritatively stated, were