

GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Brief Extracts from an Article By the Dean of Gloucester.

He Tells of a Visit to the Monastery—His Kind Reception By the General of the Order—The Devout Life of the Chartreuse Fathers.

We give some brief extracts from an article on the Grande Chartreuse, by the Dean of Gloucester in "The English Illustrated Magazine."

It was a dreary, melancholy evening when I first caught sight of the pointed roofs and curious towers of the great monastery.

I had a letter of introduction to the General of the Order, who always resides at the Grande Chartreuse. He sent me a courteous message that he would receive me early on the following morning.

The furniture of my cell consisted of my narrow bed with its thick woolen coverlets, a chair, and a prie dieu. Its only ornament was a rough wooden crucifix over the prie-dieu.

An immense wood fire was lit in the guests' refectory, and a little cell leading out of the refectory hall was allotted to me.

Nothing could be kinder than my hosts. They brought me everything they had, eggs, and some little dried figs, and withered apples, and a curious tasteless fish—I think with more bones than any ordinary fish possesses—and soup which was at all events warm though it had no taste.

"You see," he said, "we do not expect our honored guests to fast."

After the repast I told the lay brother I wished to be present at the night service, and then retired to my cell. It was very cold and damp in my little narrow sleeping chamber, in spite of the great wood fire which burned cheerily in the neighboring refectory, so I wrapped myself up in my rug, and slept fitfully for two or three hours.

About a quarter of an hour before the night service they fetched me, and placed me in the strangers' little gallery overlooking the chapel. The chapel is a long, narrow building, very plain and unadorned.

The time passed quickly as I listened to the solemn, monotonous chant, varied with reading. At last the lay brother begged me to go back to my cell. He said I was not accustomed to the cold, damp air of the chapel, and if I stayed longer it would be dangerous.

With real reluctance I went back with him, and when I stood again before the refectory fire I felt how thoroughly chilled I was with my night's orisons. However, I soon slept, and awoke early in the morning none the worse.

One of the strangest things in this solemn night service is the monotony and sameness of the chant. The Carthusian liturgy, with little change, dates from the eleventh century. The curious monotony of the singing has been the subject of much inquiry. Their ancient statutes notice it, and suggest the following apology for it:

Seeing that the life-work of a true monk is made up of weeping rather than singing, let us use our voices to win for the soul that inward joy which comes from tears, rather than those emotional feelings which are produced by sweet and touching music. With this goal in front of us, let us eliminate from our singing and music everything which may have a tendency to produce these emotional feelings, which are frivolous—perhaps even wrong. Our music must consist of a chant—at once simple and full of devotion.

Many of the strangers who attend their services find no fault with this sameness

and monotony, on the contrary, they find it produces a singular feeling of deep calm and intense seriousness.

By far the most interesting part of the monastery is the cloister and its immediate surroundings. It is of immense length, nothing of the kind in France can be compared to it in extent; a considerable portion of it is of real beauty, and dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The cells of the thirty-six monks or fathers, open directly into these cloisters. Each cell is now filled, and I was informed there were many waiting for a vacant cell. Each cell or house is complete in itself, and stands alone, a little plot of garden separating it from its neighbor.

The monk chooses this device the day of his pronouncing his last solemn vow. The device may be said to sum up and to close his earthly career.

By each door there is a small sliding shutter in which is placed the daily allowance of food and anything else they may have special need of. Should they require aught, they place a written memorandum specifying their want, in the opening by the shutter, and it is at once supplied to them.

No brother-monk, no friend in the cloistered community ever passes through the close-barred door of the Chartreuse father's house. The monk comes through it to certain of the daily services, and once in the week to the public walk (spatium), but when once, after the service or the silent Sunday meal, he crosses his threshold, he is absolutely alone.

I was permitted to inspect one of the father's houses. He was temporarily absent from his little home; I believe he was administering the last rites to a dying brother. I passed the door; within on the ground floor is a little gallery or exercise hall, where the solitary paces up and down during the long months of winter and of snow, when his own patch of garden ground is inaccessible. The garden, which he cultivates himself, is very small and cramped; in some cases it is exquisitely neat, in others comparatively neglected; it is really the Chartreuse Father's sole recreation.

Another room on the ground floor he uses to chop his wood in. The wood is abundantly supplied to each monk in large, rough logs. This he prepares for his fire as he pleases.

Up a rough flight of stairs, or rather of steps, the real dwelling-place is reached—the "home" where the Chartreuse Father spends so many lonely hours. It is divided generally into two chambers. The one is little more than an ante-room, with usually a very small study-room cut off from it. The second chamber contains a sort of cupboard which holds the comfortable-looking bed, with the rough blanket-rugs which form the bedding of this austere Order. By the bedside is a little chair and prie-dieu and crucifix, where so many of the Church's Offices are said by the lonely monk—for it is only three of the services that he says in the great chapel of the monastery. His silent room is really his chapel. The recess of the window is his refectory, and is partly filled by a little table. The great refectory is only used by the monks on Sundays and on certain festival days. The study is a small room taken from the ante-chamber. Again, in this little corner of his quiet home the furniture is of the scantiest, simplest description—a table, a rough desk, and a few shelves against the wall filled with the books for daily use and the volumes borrowed from the noble library of the house.

Into these secluded cells within no servant is permitted to enter, the fathers do all that is to be done themselves—is solitude dans la solitude—as one of the Chartreuse fathers has called the little quiet house—in which no voice is ever heard, save his own, into which enter not friend or foe. Many a world-weary man, once owning a high and distinguished name, many a great scholar statesman or soldier, has here passed the evening—not a few the mid-day too—of their once stormy, eventful lives, prayer, thought, study, meditation, filling up the rapidly passing hours.

Tu nihil curarum requies, tu nocte vel atris Lumen, et in solis tu nihil turbas. locus. —Ruhl. iv. Eleg. xiii.

Francis de Sales found these lines painted round such a cell as I have described.

The Carthusian "hours" are generally as follows: At five o'clock in the evening the carterian rings the bell for compline.

Five and three-quarters hours after compline the great night service begins—matins (10:45 p. m.) This service, the longest and most remarkable in their daily routine, lasts never less than two hours, often on festal days three hours and over. The fathers say this is their happiest time.

singing, praying, reading, in God's holy sanctuary, in the deep hush and awful shadows of night, a time when the world forgets God, or too often sins against Him. The monks get back to their cells soon after 1 o'clock or 2 o'clock a. m., according to the service, festal or otherwise. Prime is rung at 6 a. m., and the night of prayer and repose is over. The regular hours are slightly modified on Sundays and festal days.

THEY ARE WILLING TO WORK

Father Stephen Says the Indians Are Not Given This Opportunity.

Father Stephen, the head of the Bureau of Indian Catholic Missions in Washington, returned from Pine Ridge soon after the trouble there had been settled. In an interview he corroborated most that has already been said regarding the management of Indian affairs by Government agents.

He bears emphatic testimony to the good behavior of the Indians whenever they are treated properly. His experience with them establishes beyond contradiction the fact that the Indian will work if he has the incentive, opportunities and facilities for work which all men need and demand. He cites his experience at Coeur d'Alene, where the Flathead Indians have developed a splendid system of farms, under an excellent cultivation as any white man could show; also at Standing Rock, where he once acted as agent, the Indians evinced the greatest desire and most admirable aptitude for farming. But under the present system of management the Indian is told to go to work without the means and implements for working successfully.

The offer of farms in severalty is highly commended by Father Stephen, but what can the Indian do with lands unless he has the tools to work with and unless the lands are fenced? At Pine Ridge, for instance, he says, there are 5,000 Indians, more or less, capable of working on farms, and most of them willing to do so, but only forty plows are there to be distributed among them all. Then, even if they had a sufficient number of ploughs and other implements they would yet be without seed, and if they had both ploughs and seed in abundance and started crops in good condition, of what avail is it to them so long as their lands are untenanted?

While the Indians are gone away to get rations at the agency, thirty or forty miles off, the cattleman and other white raiders invade their possessions and destroy or carry away all that they possess. A number of such cases have come under the notice of Father Stephen. He would have a radically different system inaugurated at once.

The Indians must be civilized and saved through work, education and religion, just as other races are civilized and saved. In order to work the Indians must have the means for working. In order that they may be educated, schools must be established among them. If Father Stephen's opinion the Government schools are not at all satisfactory, because they are officered by incompetent teachers and superintendents, selected by the same political methods that obtain in the choice of the agents and other Government employees, and, besides, the schoolhouses are made a part and parcel of the Government fortifications, and represent to the Indians the idea of force and compulsion.

He does not approve of the policy of bringing the Indians east for their education, only to make a few favored ones ashamed of their origin and neighbors, and unfit them to live afterward with their own people, while creating envy among the mass of less favored Indian who have not thus been singled out for special education. They should be managed just as sensible men manage people everywhere. Given the same conditions, there would be just as much violence and lawlessness in New York city or Washington as among the Sioux.

Encouragement from the Pope.

The fourth centenary of Christopher Columbus is about to be celebrated at Buenos Ayres by the erection of a statue to the great discoverer. To the promoters of this project the Holy Father has addressed a brief of warm encouragement. "Columbus," says His Holiness, "has done such great things, his genius and constancy have been the source of so much benefit all over the world, that few men can be compared to him. But, if his memory is in great honor with us, it is especially because, in undertaking difficult voyages, in supporting great fatigues, and encountering immense dangers, he had for his aim to open the path to unknown regions for the propagators of the Gospel." The Pope concludes with his blessing upon the project, with which he repeats the expression of his hearty sympathy.

Within fifteen months from this writing, says the "Western Watchman," of St. Louis, Mo., the Sisters of the Visitation Convent will vacate their present location at No. 1819 Cass avenue, St. Louis and move into one of the finest convent buildings in the country. It

AN ACTRESS' HARD LOT.

SHE HAS TO WORK HARDER THAN MOST PEOPLE DREAM OF.

With from Seven to Nine Performances a Week, Traveling and Daily Rehearsals, She Has Little Time Left for Pleasure—The Story of One.

"Seems to me it must be lots of fun to be an actress. I should so like to be one. You have such nice times traveling around, and then you see so much of the world." It was a sweet little bit of ingenuously with large brown eyes who made this remark. Her vis-a-vis, whose name is well known to the theatrical world, looked at her a moment much as a fond parent listens to the sometimes startling chatter of a child and replied, half sadly, "You have much to learn, my dear."

Then, after closing her exquisitely curved lips over a succulent Blue Point, she pushed her plate from her and added: "But don't try to learn the truth or falsity of your belief by experience. Put full confidence in me, little one, when I tell you that this time you are very wrong. There is very little fun in the life of an actress—none that she might not have in some other vocation—and as for seeing the world, by which you doubtless mean taking in the sights of the different cities in which she plays, well, listen to me a moment."

REHEARSING.

"A week ago Sunday night in New York, after rehearsing for three hours in the afternoon a play which we had been producing nightly since the beginning of the season, we took the train for Boston. We got there Monday morning, and after breakfast rehearsed at the Globe theatre till half-past 1. Then we lunched and took the 8 o'clock train for Worcester, where we arrived just in time to get to the theatre and dress for the play. It over, we repacked and took a train the next morning at 9:30 for Albany, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

We rehearsed till 6 o'clock, got supper and rushed back to the theatre to dress. My cue comes a few moments after the curtain goes up, and that night, owing to a delay in getting my trunk, I was late in getting dressed and kept the stage waiting not quite fifteen seconds, for which I was fined \$5. We rehearsed two hours the next morning, and the afternoon was spent listening to the manager read a new play and give his directions as to how he wanted the different characters interpreted.

"That night after the play we took the 1:35 a. m. train for Rochester, where we arrived in time for breakfast. Then we rehearsed the new play till noon, and in the afternoon we rehearsed the old one. The hotel we stopped at was a poor one, and the meals were worse. My dressing room at the theatre was so cold that I got a sore throat. We took the 2:20 a. m. for Buffalo, after almost freezing to death at the hotel, and in order not to mar the even tenor of our way there was no fire in the car.

"We all counted, however, on being able to get some rest at our hotel in Buffalo. But immediately we had breakfast we were ordered to report at the theatre for rehearsal. We rehearsed till 1 o'clock, and were told to be back at 5 to rehearse an act of the old play. I lay down for a moment after dinner and did not awake till supper-time. Of course I missed the rehearsal, and of course I was fined \$5.

ON THE ROAD.

"The next day being Saturday the manager was good enough to leave us to ourselves in the morning. But, my love, you may be sure that if any one spent the time taking in the sights of the city it was in his dreams, for no one got up till dinner time, and after dinner we had all to go to the theatre for the matinee. After the evening performance, which was cut at every possible point, we packed as quickly as possible to catch the Chicago train at 11:30. I had an upper berth over some old man who snored so I couldn't sleep, and when we reached Chicago Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock I was worn out. But I managed to snatch an hour's sleep at the hotel; then I had to rush to the theatre, for in Chicago, you know, we play Sunday nights. No, we don't play in many other cities on Sunday, only in New Orleans and St. Louis, but in the afternoon we must always have a long rehearsal, which is about as hard.

"Well, because the play went a little badly in one or two places Sunday night (and it was no wonder, considering that most all of us were nearly dead for want of sleep) we had to rehearse it twice on Monday, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. Tuesday we rehearsed the new piece twice, and on Wednesday morning we rehearsed it again. In the afternoon we had a matinee. This morning we had to rehearse, and we had another matinee this afternoon—and when we have finished our supper, little one, I must hurry back to the theatre to play.

"Is this the way I always work? Yes. And too, as I expect to have to work as long as I remain on the stage, and as most all whom you see before the footlights with smiling faces and who, you think, must have such lots of fun and see so much of the world, have to work. Now, do you like to be an actress? The little one seemed to be somewhat of the death of her ideal life, looked mournfully into the face of the actress, then slowly shook her head.—Chicago Herald.

His Opinion.

The matrimonial state can hardly be said to have been extravagantly landed, either explicitly or by inference, by the bachelor who exclaimed, "I'm glad of it!" when he heard that an acquaintance of his was just married, and then after a moment's reflection, mused aloud, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm!"—All the Year Round.

Making Duty Pleasant.

Sheriff (to culprit whom he has just arrested)—This is a very unpleasant duty to me, I assure you. "Well, make it pleasant for both of us by letting me go."—Epoch.

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