"It is Parisian" is the way of saying that a thing is in the latest style. To furnish monuments to pleasure, not learning, in long his philosophy in science, is the mission of modern Paris. When people want the old they look elsewhere in Europe for it. Nevertheless Paris remains under the brilliant modern exterior many remnants of the earlier self. Those who seek diligently for it are well rewarded. Success comes more surely where they go among the churchills, for in spite of the nobility of the city, of its scooping and the comforts preserved and supported a splendid system of Catholic churchills, many of them dating far back in the history of the church.
etienne de Mont, as the church is called, is in a year of exultation and a cloud of dust. It is cleared (though I would suspect it afterwards) but the statement is true. I saw the destitute at it) and decorated and the holy relics are brought out.

The avenue of approach to the church is quite as long as the interior of the church. The length of the roof is being rapidly filled with a mixture of the still-slanting roof. 5' 0" in width in all. The chandeliers look exactly like the lemonade and pop corn clandes at a Pennsylvania county-fair. In their center a variety of articles are rapidly arranged: tiny crucifixes, rows of progeny, rows of jade art glass, amber, stone, wood, and in every variety of color and shape; prayer books, their covers decorated, will ecclesiastical symbols, statues of the holy. Brochures by the thousands celebrating the virtues of that saint to whom the file is dedicated; orange engravals will prove phrases, sepulchre in color and was, no silents and glass. In stuff that all the small articles which are arranged in the worship of the church, gathered up in a house to tell the people and catch the eye of everybody.

It would be interesting to believe that three centuries were private undertaking and that three who officials at their count in made their time by journeying from file to file with their little blocks of little trumpets. It may have been so once. It is not now. Development of trade, state lines of labor, and several states of the heavy weights in political economy have combined to do away with independent traders in this sort of merchandising. Now-a-days the goods come from some one of the big trading declensional trading houses and the men and women at the counter are simply hired servants.

Will the third of January as I have said, the file begins and for mine days lives in an inn.
coming and going in the place. Approach the church before any one of the regular services, your eyes are filled a play and a short interesting spectacle is before you. The faithful in crowds are hurrying towards the church. One and there is a courier like placard out that is to say 'Ein Basarzack in hand. The dealers in the bazaar are speedily offering little bottles of prayer to the saint or the last virgins of the Croix de Paris. Beggars of all descriptions impede the approach; numbering women with babes in their arms, impoverished, crippled men, not even when the steps to the portals are reached is one free. On either side a row of hungry misery beseeches gold. Within the portals more Cellular of souvenir, more beggarlike. But if you can harden your heart and once review the interior of St Etienne du Mont you are amply repaid by the church itself. Architecturally it is one of the most interesting in Paris. The facade crowded with angels and saints in low-relief and statues would repay all the time one would care to give it: but the interior is more fertile. It has several mural features. The huge plain round column which sets from floor to vaulting separating aisles from nave and the high altar front with chapel give a massive grandeur to the church which is totally unlike any other else with which I am familiar in Paris. Three columns are united by a narrow gallery, perhaps 20 feet from the floor. A balustrade from the length of the gallery and at frequent intervals there are frescoes. The only church in the city which boasts a jiber.
the width of the church. Spiral stair cases encircle the
columns at the points where the jubé pannels turn. They make two turns and land on the gallery. The
whole is in marble of exquisite workmanship. There are
numerous paintings in the church celebrating the deeds
of saints and heroes unnumbered. There is enough
glimpsed glass. There is a precursor of the 19th century where
carved wood offers enough ecclesiastical beauty to
keep one busy for at least 24 hours interpreting it. There
is an enormous organ over the front portal occupying
the entire width of the nave which is also rich in
illuminated. There are numerous luminous tablets and associ-
tions. But above all St. Etienne du Mont contains the bones
of St. Germaine.

If it is hot, it will be towards this tomb that you will
go whether you wish to or not for this is longer and cooler.
The chapel to the right of the high altar contains the
old stone tomb which is enclosed in a magnificent gilt-covering in
Gothic style. When the crowd shall one to the succotash in
the chapel the attention is first drawn to the shrine
which was carried on in the very face of the tomb by St. a woman
who has been fortunate enough to secure a position there for
a short time. It is a genuine shrine the door. The pilgrims
hang on the processional, buy a souvenir, and follow
the crowd. It will bear you to the base of the tomb where
a bit of marble rose is stuck. Blessing articles handedly. In 2
centuries you may leave your drinker - which is the gray old
arsenal. The sweetness of the Shrine is that number which each
themselves of it. It is estimated that fully 10,000 people
passed the tomb in the recent pilgrimage, most of them had
attended masses. The pilgrim in going from the head of the
tomb passes the & side and by the foot of the many incense
burning candles on the sandalwood. A solemn service like this days of
which denote the top of the venerable relic. I could not.
sure one day and estimated that during the fête at
least 10,000 were burned in this one place.

But there are other things going on in the church. The
services held throughout the fete are by the greatest ministrants. The
most eloquent preachers of Paris and its vicinity preach. At one
service the Cardinal Richelieu, archbishop of Paris, prays in
his scarlet robe and hat - a most old man whose gentle voice
cannot be heard 10 feet away. The music is superb.
The great organ over the entrance and the ordinary one in
the choir橱柜 each with their organist, cello, violin and harp divisi
organ accompanying are frequent features. Splendid singers
are added to the regular choir. Every day pilgrims come from

religion to come in it without pause. I have seen several of these in the recent fete. None was so beautiful as that of a company of perhaps a hundred young girls-

nobilized from childhood. They were escorted from head
to foot in white veils. Their slow journeying through the

strawberry fields to the throbbing music of the great organ

was a sight never to be forgotten.

But who is the saint of whose honor so great a demonstra-
tion can still be made in this modern Paris?

Saint Geneviève, the patron of Paris, is the history of
the city. What Joan of Arc is to the history of France, her
name is in England for patriotic sacrifice. Among even those
who do not believe in the church. As the story goes Saint-
Geneviève was born in 422 at Nanteuil in a village

7/4 miles from Paris. Nanteuil is not much of a village

in itself, but at the birth place of the saint, 400 years

of many more pilgrimages. Three times a year the devout

go there: once after the pilgrimage to the tomb in the

fete of January, again in the spring at the mass.
festival of the Rosiers" and a third time in September.

Of course everything connected with the early life of the saint is shadowed. As a child she was a shepherdess and the miracle is conducted in the spot where she kept her sheep. It was predicted to her in a dream that she would never embrace marriage, that she would always stay in the shadow of the shrine of the apostles of France, St. Valerian. And she did as she was made to by her prayers and, most remarkable of all, she refused to marry the nobleman after 2 years of courtship.

It would be demeaning to tell the story of all her remarkable childhood.
It happened that in 451 Athila and his army came down on the country. They were making straight for Paris and the people were taken by surprise and fled. St. Genevieve took matters in hand and actually turned the famous monarch by her prayers so that he continued his march without attacking the city. After a few years the city was captured and the inhabitants were near to starvation. St. Genevieve took a boat and went down the river, filled it with supplies and returned without the besiegers finding her to be able to hinder her. When Clovis, the king of the Franks, was defeated in 496 the tide of battle was turned by her intercession.

In all this period she was curing the sick constantly and once at least she raised the dead. She could fill a well in times of drought and the angels lighted the candle she could carry.

Her fame became world-wide and even St. Simon Stylites who at that time was developing Christian character by sitting on the top of a pillar in an African desert sent word to ask her prayers.

But she was not always to live. In 512 she died. Immediately she was proclaimed patron of Paris. Her good deeds did not die with her. Her bones were developed and made to form a tower known as the "St. Genevieve Tower." It was even above the top of the hill. Wonderful to believe it was discerned that while the valley was many feet high in the chapel where the good Genevieve reposed, it did not lower the sound itself but formed a solid wall. A pilgrimage to the spot was immediately made. A pilgrimage to the spot was immediately made. The disease immediately ended, in spite of supplication the disease did not end. And the flood fell. A plague raged in the 13th century. It had died in Paris alone when someone believed himself of the Genevieve remedy. A procession of their relics was made. No disease immediately ended. Up to the middle of the 15th century 125 processions had
been made through it. And every line remarkable some
were worked, benefit produced, etc. Thus, is it wonderful
that the Genoese popularity increased and that a new
church was needed? Is it wonderful that in the
last century Paris gazed for so many years underfoot
to erect the palace of the most magnificent
churches of Christendom - the present Pantheon?

But all does not go well in this world. em will saint,
the revolution of 100 years ago came on and religion was
abolished. The Genoese's relics were carried out from
the church where they had reposed 20 long and
shone. The church erected in her honor was rededi-
cated for the Pantheon - to the great men of France. (57)
years later religion reappeared itself and the church was
remade to its former one to be taken away again in the
Revolution of 1830. In 1855 it was reconstructed but in 1855,
when a greater, in the eyes of Paris than the Genoese died-
from happiness, the church was excaulized to receive his bones.

In spite of the conspicious made on the remains
of the saint in the Revolution some few bones and relics
remained. A number, 30 or more, which still
remained did not remain in the crypt of the chapel were
retrieved in 1803 to St. Simon-du-Mont where every era
since they have rested in peace. Large sums of money
have been spent to make the restoration of these forgotten
remain today. The arc not in the Catholic Churches of all
Paris a spot where devotion is more sincere or prayer more
ardent.

And truly if sacrifices are to be more splendid, none is more
in the calculated where life were and death. When shipwreck
of all those superstition and miracles are none worthy
of the adoration of the faithful

Edw. M. Parke.