

"It is Parisian" is ~~the~~ way of saying that a thing is in the latest style. To furnish ~~nothing~~ in pleasure, in ~~entertainment~~, in ~~logic~~ in philosophy, in science, is the mission of modern Paris. When people want the old they look elsewhere in Europe for it. Nevertheless Paris ~~preserves~~ under her brilliant modern exterior many remnants of her ~~former~~ self. Those who seek diligently for it are well rewarded. Success comes most speedily where they go among the churches, for, in spite of the ~~unbelief~~ of the city, of her scoffing and her contempt ^{in religion} she preserves and supports a splendid system of Catholic churches, many of them dating far back in her history. In ~~these~~ ^{them} churches is carried on all the rites of the church with the same zeal, ~~and~~ ^{less} pomp, as in the days when the religion and ritual were the real power in France. One of the most elaborate and impressive of these services has just closed, the fête and neuvaine of Saint-Genève, patron of Paris. This nine-day celebration begins on the 3rd of January and it offers a most striking contrast by its ceremonies and dedications to the pleasures and dissipation of the great city. It is a brilliant bit of the past; a page from the heart of old Paris.

The church where the fête is celebrated stands just back of the Pantheon - the Westminster of Paris, the national monument to the country's greatest men. For a couple of days before the beginning of the fête on Jan. 3rd

St Etienne du Mont, as the church is called, is in a fever of excitement and a cloud of dust. It is cleaned (nobody would suspect it afterwards, but the statement is true. I saw the Lyon at it-) and decorated and the holy reliques are brought out.

The avenue of approach to the church is quite as busy as the interior of the church. The length of one side is being rapidly filled with little ^{primitives} booths with slanting roofs - 740 or more in all. The structures look exactly like the lemonade and pop corn stands of at a Pennsylvania county-fair. On their counters a variety of articles are rapidly arranged: tiny crucifixes, rows upon rows of beads in glass, amber, stone, wood, and in every variety of color and shape; prayer books their covers decorated with ecclesiastical symbols; statuettes of all the holy; brooches by the thousand celebrating the virtues of the saint to whom the fête is dedicated; things engraved with pious phrases, scapulars in cotton and wool, in silver and glass. In short all the small articles which are used in the worship of the church, gotten up in ~~a~~ styles to suit the purse of and catch the eyes of everybody.

It would be interesting to believe that these booths were private undertakings and that those who officiate at their counters made their living by journeying from fête to fête with their little stock of holy trumpery. It may have been so once. It is not now. Development of trade, ~~and~~ division of labor, and several other of the heavy weights in political economy have combined to do away with independent traders in this sort of merchandise. Now-a-days the goods come from some of one of the big trading ecclesiastical trading houses and the men and women at the counters are simply hired servants.

With the third of January as I have said, the fête begins and for nine days there is an incessant

coming and going in the Place. Approach the church
 before any one of the regular services, four or five are
 held a day. And a most interesting spectacle is before
 you. The faithful in crowds are hurrying toward the
 church. Here and there is a courtesan like placard
 out, that is to say his Basdacker in hand. The dealers
 in the booths are haranguing at the top of their voices.
 Men, women, and children are dogging from one approach-
 ing visitor to another offering little books of prayers
 to the Saint or the last issue of the Croix de Paris.
 Beggars of all descriptions impede the approach; nu-
 merable women with babies in their arms, impudent boys,
 crippled men. Not even when the steps to the portals
 are reached is one free. On either side a row of human
 misery beseeches souls. Within the portals some sellers
 of souvenirs, more ~~big~~ mendicants. But if you can
 harden your heart and once reach 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 bas-reliefs and statues would repay all the
 time one ~~might~~ care to give it - but the interior is more
~~sub~~ fertile. It has several unusual features. The huge
 plain round column which ~~runs~~ runs from floor to vaulting sepa-
 rating aisle from nave and the high altar front the
 chapel give a massive grandeur to the interior which
 is totally unlike any ~~other~~ ^{other} else with which I am fami-
 liar in Paris. These columns are united by a narrow
 gallery, perhaps 20 feet from the floor. A balustrade
 runs the length of the gallery and at frequent inter-
 vals there ~~are~~ are balconies. The only church in
 the city which boasts a jibé is St Etienne du
 Mont. It separates the nave from the choir and runs

the width of the church. Spiral stair cases encircle the columns ^{on upper side} at the points where the jubé passes them. They make two turns and land on the gallery. The work is in marble of exquisite workmanship. There are numerous paintings in the church celebrating the deeds of saints and heroes unnumbered. There is much good stained glass. There is a pulpit of the 14th century whose carved wood offers enough ecclesiastical history 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 church lore. There are numerous historical labels and associations. But above all St. Etienne du Mont contains the tomb of St. Genievre.

If it is felt ⁱⁿ it will be towards this tomb that you will go whether you wish to or not for thrifter surges the crowd. The chapel, to the right of the high altar, contains the old stone tomb which is enclosed in a magnificent gilt-covring in Gothic style. When the crowd bears one to the entrance to the chapel his attention is first drawn to the thriving business in candles and ecclesiastical small wares ~~there~~ carried on in the very face of the tomb by ~~the~~ a woman who has been fortunate enough to secure a position there for a stand. It is a genuine business she does. The pilgrims haggle over the price of sacred hearts and ^{scapulars} ~~and~~ with the same zeal they would show in beating down the seller of vegetables.

Take a place in the procession, buy a souvenir, and follow the crowd. It will bear you to the head of the tomb where a priest in white robe is busy blessing articles handed. For 2 cents you may have your trinket - pressed to the gray old sarcophagus. The admirability of the performance in the eyes of the devout is shown by the numbers which avail themselves of it. It is estimated that fully 10,000 people

passed the tomb in the recent neuraine, most of them had
articles blessed. The pilgrims in going from the head of the
tomb pass the $\frac{1}{2}$ side and ^{out} by the foot of the ~~the~~ Many in passing
candle on the bandalabra ~~which denote the~~ this rays of
which denote the top of the venerated relic. I counted
200 there 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 through the fête are of the greatest interest. The
most eloquent curé of Paris and its vicinity preaches. At one
service ~~the~~ Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris presides in
his scarlet robe and hat - a bent old man whose feeble
voice cannot be heard 10 feet away. The music is superb.
The great organ over the entrance and the ordinary one in
the choir answer each other. Cello, violin and harp with
organ accompaniment are frequent features. Splendid singers
are added to the regular choir. Every day pilgrimages from
~~foreign~~ ^{foreign} countries or churches in or without Paris take place. I
saw several of these in the recent fête. None was so beautiful
as that of a company of perhaps a hundred young girls -
novitiated from a sisterhood. They were shrouded from head
to foot in white veils. Their slow journeying through the
shadowy great church to the throbbing music of the great organ
was a sight never to be forgotten.

But who is the saint in whose honor so great a demon-
stration can still be made in this modern Paris.

Sainte Genevieve the patron of Paris is to the history of
the city what Joan of Arc is to the history of France. Her
name is a signal for patriotic outbursts among even those
who do not believe in the church. As the story goes Saint
Genevieve was born in 422 at Nanterre in a little village
7½ miles from Paris. Nanterre is not much of a village
in itself but as the birth place of the saint it is the end
of many pious pilgrimages. Three times a year the devote
go there: once after the pilgrimage to the tomb in the
fête of Lammas; again in the spring at the pretty

festival of the "Rosiers" and a third time in September.

Of course everything connected with the early life of the saint is shown. As a child she was a shepherdess and the vailon is conducted to the spot where she kept her sheep, to his pasture in fact - one of them especially interesting as it is in the shadow of the shonyal of the defensive fort of Paris, Fort Valerian. He is shown the place made sacred by her prayers and, most remarkable of all, the very spring from which she took the water which restored to sight the eye of her mother after 2 years of blindness.

It would be wearisome to tell the story of all her remarkable childhood, of her diligence in caring for the sheep and in spinning (she has been rewarded now for this early industry by being represented always carrying a spindle and followed by a fat young lamb) of the recognition of her future greatness by St Germain who was passing Nantes on his first missionary trip to England. Certainly there never was another childhood of greater piety.

Genevieve took the veil at 15. At 18 she ~~was~~ came to Paris to live and devote herself to charity. Her miracles began. She fell sick and though all her bones were dislocated and she was unconscious for three days she recovered. She became more and more devout, more and more active among the poor and miserable and so abstemious that she ate but twice a week and then nothing but barley bread and dried beans. But her goodness was not always appreciated. People in the fifth century seem to have been not a little like the small boy in Life who when his mother asked him why he slapped his little sister replied that 'she was so horrid good he couldn't help it'. St Genevieve's piety irritated these early Parisians in spite of her constant charitable deeds. But it always happened that just as matters looked serious St Saint Germain luckily passed through Paris and turned the tide of opinion in her favor by his authority.

But she soon was to rise beyond the reach of criticism.

It happened that in 451 Athala and her Huns came down on the country. They were making straight for Paris and the people panic-stricken were preparing to fly when St Genevieve took matters in hand and actually turned the famous marauder by her prayers so that he ~~continued~~ continued his ravaging in another direction. A few years later the city which at that time was confined to the island was besieged and the inhabitants were near to starvation. St Genevieve took a boat went down the river, filled it with supplies and returned without the besieging force being able to hinder her. When Clovis the king of the Franks was near defeat in 481 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 jars with water in times of drought and the angels lighted ~~her~~ the candles she ~~could~~ carried.

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 Oriental 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 ^{very} bones were developed near the same place 400 years after her death there was a terrific flood in the city. It rose even to the tops of the hills. Wonderful to relate it was discerned that while the water was many feet high in the chapel where the good Genevieve reposed, it did not touch the tomb itself but formed a solid wall many feet in height about it. A pilgrimage to the spot was immediately ordered - in boats I suppose - the records do not say so and the flood fell.

A plague raged in the 12th century, 14,000 ^{persons} had died in Paris alone when someone bethought himself of St Genevieve's bones. A procession of her reliques was made. The disease immediately ceased. Up to the middle of the 18th century so ^{of her reliques} precious had

been made through the city and everything remarkable ~~and~~ were worked, benefited, produced, enter staid. Is it wonderful that St Genievre's popularity increased and that a new church was needed? ~~It is~~ it is wonderful that in the last century Paris grateful for so many favors undertook to erect to his patron one of the most magnificent churches of Christendom - the present Pantheon.

But all does not go well in this world - even with saints. The ~~Revolution~~ ^{Revolution} of 100 years ago came on and religion was abolished. St Genievre's bones were carried out from the church where they had rested so long and burned publicly. The church erected in her honor was rededicated as the Pantheon - to the great men of France. 37 years later religion reasserted itself and the church was restored to its patron only to be taken away again in the Revolution of 1830. In 1850 it was reconsecrated but in 1885 - when a greater, in the eyes of Paris than St Genievre died - Victor Hugo, the church was secularized to receive his bones.

In spite of the conflagration made on the remains of the saint in the Revolution some few bones and holy relics escaped destruction - as bones and relics, it may be observed, have a habit of doing in Europe - These were gathered together and with the big stone tomb which still remained undisturbed in the crypt of the ^{old} chapel were removed in 1803 to St Etienne-du-Mont where ~~they~~ ever since they have rested in peace. Large sums of money have been spent to make the ^{surroundings} ~~circumstances~~ of these venerated remains worthy. There is not in the Catholic churches of all Paris a spot where devotion is more sincere or prayers more ardent.

And surely if saints are to be worshipped, there is none in the calendar whose life was and deeds ^{even} when stripped of all this superstition and miracle, are more worthy of the adoration of the faithful.

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