

into a Chalice valued at \$10,000. The miraculous statue stands on a pedestal. She holds in her arms the immaculate Child, in whose pleading she is supposed to share. She wears a diadem of gold with which she was crowned in 1887. At her feet crutches and votive offerings are displayed. Several pairs of crutches bore the date 1916. In front of the pedestal, under glass, is part of the wrist-bone of St. Anne. It was pathetic to see men and women kneel, turn about in front of this bone, bring out their rosaries, press them on the glass, lay their bottles containing holy water against it then kiss the glass. Round the Chapel proper are small Chapels to the Saints—St. Patrick, Anthony, Paul de Vincent, Francis Xavier, John the Baptist. In one of these Chapels was a life-sized figure of our Saviour lying in a coffin. In another was a wax model of a hand with a nail driven through and blood streaming from it. Everything to appeal to the senses. In a magnificent adjoining building—the Scala Santa—are the “holy steps.” Pilgrims go up these on their knees, count-

ing their beads and saying their paternosters on every step and then kissing each step before ascending. A young man asked us if we would like to go up by another way, for no one is allowed to walk up these “holy steps,” so he showed us up back stairs by which the pilgrims descend. I believe no one is supposed to get up save the pilgrims. Up the stairs were altars, a life-size figure of Christ hanging on the Cross with the blood streaming from his side; a group of figures representing the agony in the garden, etc. I heard one girl say: “I feel as if my knees would burst.” Her companion said: “You can’t expect a blessing if you don’t suffer.” The priest told me that some people wear nails inside their stockings. As the Scala Santa building is built on a terrace, a great many steps have to be climbed in order to visit it. The day was a broiling one, about ninety degrees in the shade. One man had a boy of about eight years of age with withered legs, in a wheeled chair. Before carrying the boy and pram up I heard him say: “Daddy is going to take you where

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