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MONSIGNOR SATOLLI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.



# NIAGARA RAINBOW.

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No. 1.

## The Rainbow.



THE following beautiful lines are from the pen of our gifted Canadian poet, Thos. O'Hagan, Cornell University, N. Y., and are dedicated to the Editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW, wishing them God-speed in their literary labors:

I.

Eternal seal of peace from God,  
With heavenly colors bright,  
Spanning this earth with rays of love  
Wrought in divinest light.  
Arch of the hours, the days, the years,  
Since our new life began,  
Symbol of Faith, and Hope, and Love—  
A three-fold gift to man.

II.

Above that altar crown'd with flood;  
In cloud of incense foam,  
Thou build'st from the dewy air  
Thy many colored dome;  
Glassing within thy subtle foam  
The radiance of the sky  
Arching our lives, in tender faith,  
With love that cannot die.

III.

A covenant of peace that reigns  
Between two great, strong lands,  
Whose glorious heritage of worth  
Is gift of God—not hands,  
Where Truth and Honor have a home—  
An altar bright and fair—  
Pure as the lily of the field,  
Wrapt in deep slumberous air.

IV.

O-beauteous arch of faith and love!  
Shine through the mists of life,  
And fill our dreams of toil and care  
With gift of Prayer—not strife  
Light with thy beams our darkest days,  
Rain down in mystic love  
The joyance of the star-clad hours  
That fills each life above.

V.

Link with a bond of sweetest joy,  
In memory fair as thine,  
The hearts that plan, the souls that pray  
Within Loretto's shrine;  
That in the blossoming years afar  
May shine out nobly good  
The virtues of that Convent home,  
Where dwells true Womanhood.

## A Day of Sunshine and Gladness.

LORETTO VISITED BY HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIGNOR SATOLLI, HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS, AND THE ACCOMPANYING PRELATES AND PRIESTS.

WITH what more auspicious event could we adorn the opening pages of our journal than with the memorable one—the brightest in the annals of our loved Alma Mater—and the most indelibly impressed on our hearts and memories—the visit of His Excellency Monsignor Satolli to our far-famed Academy.

Rarely has it been the privilege of any institution to chronicle so signal an honor as that conferred upon the inmates of Loretto on this occasion. As the bells pealed forth their welcome to our distinguished guests, the very air seemed to exult in the reiteration of the glad tones and all nature appeared to concur with us in our joyous greeting; yet, never did our beautiful home appear to such advantage, never did its magnificent accessories of rushing flood and booming Cataract assume so exultant a voice, as if in the pride of their glory and their might they, too, would offer a fitting tribute to him whose presence shed a new glory over proud Niagara's brow.

As our distinguished guests passed into the spacious reception room, bright with its festive adornings, we viewed them with awe, for never were our halls honored with so august an assemblage, and proudly did we acknowledge that our own beloved Archbishop, His Grace of Toronto, with his stately bearing and venerable mien, even

amongst the most illustrious representatives of the American hierarchy, was pre-eminent. As with his ready and graceful eloquence he presented us to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons and to His Excellency, Monsignor Satolli, we felt reassured, though in the presence of such great dignitaries. Upon Cardinal Gibbons, that prominent figure in the history of the American Church, our eyes rested with no little curiosity as he rose, with the ease and simplicity peculiar to great souls, to acknowledge an address delivered by Miss Taylor, with a charming grace of manner. The personal magnetism and eloquent words of His Eminence won all hearts and served to enhance the high ideal we had already conceived of this noble prelate.

Miss O'Brien's address to Monsignor Satolli was a masterpiece of eloquence in delivery and diction, and her allusion to the selection made of His Excellency as his representative by our beloved Father, Pope Leo XIII, whose penetrating wisdom could not be deceived as to the qualifications of heart and mind requisite for so exalted a mission, elicited enthusiastic applause, and when this young lady advanced to present a floral tribute of white chrysanthemums, entwined with the Papal colors, His Excellency was most gracious in his acknowledgments, imparting a special blessing to the fair donor.

The venerable Jubilarian, Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, in whose honor many great prelates had so recently assembled, and in praise of whose worthy deeds so many eloquent eulogies had been spoken, the golden-tongued orator of Philadelphia, the renowned Archbishop of St. Paul, the venerable and benevolent Bishop of Trenton, and the zealous Bishop of Harrisburg formed the brilliant galaxy that occupied the centre of the hall, whilst a large number of the most prominent of the American clergy, with Rev. F. Ryan and Rev. J. Walsh of Toronto and the Rev. Prior and Fathers of the Carmelite Monastery, completed the representative assembly.

To the kindly, genial President of Niagara University, Dr. Kavanaugh, under whose generous care the illustrious party visited us, we tender our most cordial thanks; for his amiable response to any demands on his time or attention has entitled him to our lasting esteem and deepest gratitude.

Gounod's grand Anthem, "Praise ye the Father," rendered in so masterly a style as to appear to the music-loving soul of him whose ears had long been attuned to the harmonies of St. Peter's, was a fitting close to the eventful and glorious day.



### Shelley.

Late, a new and vivid interest has centered round the name of Percy Bysshe Shelley, an interest that compensates in a measure for the comparative neglect which his magnificent poems met with in the first half of the century. Brilliant and beautiful though Shelley's star be at present, unless we have entirely missed the meaning of the oracular responses of the spirit of prophecy, we have no hesitancy in saying that his star has not yet reached its culmination.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the oldest son of a baronet, Sir Timothy Shelley, was born near Horsham, Sussex, England, on the 4th of August, 1792. Constitutionally weak and delicate, his nervous organization and exquisitely fine temperament induced a reserve and morbid sensitiveness that made him shun the noisy sports of his fellows and court the solitudes of the beautiful slopes and glens amid which he was nurtured. Thus an early love of nature and an abnormal shyness, amounting almost to positive self-distrust, was engendered in his impressionable nature, which will help the reader to understand his peculiar susceptibility to external impressions, and his strangely complex character, made up, as it were, of elements so utterly dissimilar—the timorousness of the gazelle, and the boldness of the lion, the intense self-consciousness of the artist, and the utter abandon of the self-constituted censor and regenerator of society.

Sent up to Eton at thirteen, the lad was shocked at the "fagging system" which obtained at the English universities at the time, a system which Pitt reprobated in his day as being responsible for the moral perversion of more than one of his illustrious contemporaries. This tyranny confirmed the boy in the positive bias he took against the institutions and enforcements of society, while it fostered that spirit of seclusion and introspection which is so necessary in the development of the subjective poet. Even thus early young Shelley felt the incongruity of his en-



vironment, the isolation of his spirit, that might well claim kindred with the winged fires of heaven and have the claim allowed. Of him it may be truly said, as Wadsworth wrote of Milton, his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart." His thoughts diverted, therefore, from the ordinary subject matter of students of his years, were turned into channels of anti-social and metaphysical inquiry, for which he had a strong penchant all his life. The poet's natural antipathy to discipline, and the indifferentism with which he regarded law and order at Eton, became more pronounced when he entered Oxford, where he engaged in a course of desultory reading and imbibed those reactionary principles and pantheistic ideas that bade fair to subvert the whole structure of society. Having embraced the tenets of Rousseau and the French Encyclopedists, the young man very indiscreetly published a pamphlet, in which with a great parade of language, he insisted on the necessity of atheism. The brochure coming to the notice of the faculty, Shelley refusing to retract, was expelled.

The disgrace attached to his expulsion, and his subsequent marriage to a beautiful girl, his inferior in social position, estranged the poet from his family, and the breach was still further widened by the notoriety the young demagogue attained in Dublin, whither he had gone to disseminate his anti-social doctrines. Returning to England soon after, the poet and his young wife lived in great poverty at various places in the North, and later on in Wales. The enthusiasm, however, with which the bard prosecuted his metaphysical and poetical studies, counterpoised, as it were, the poverty that oppressed him.

Domestic troubles soon after ensuing, Shelley separated from his wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper. The young woman's melancholy death a few years later, when the poet had already married Mary, the accomplished daughter of Goodwin, filled his bosom with the bitterest remorse. An annuity, which he now induced his family to allow him, relieved Shelley of his pecuniary embarrassment, and enabled him to give himself up entirely to the cultivation of those literary gifts, which had already become known to not a few savants, who perceived in the productions of the young man the unfoldings of a vast but wildly irregular genius.

The delicate state of his health obliging him to seek a warmer climate, Shelley left England in 1816, and spent the remainder of his life in Italy, where he became acquainted with Lord Byron, whose poetry written at the time gives unmistakable evidence of the etherealizing influence of the author of "Alastor."

The poet's passion always had been boating, and it was while indulging his taste in this respect that he met his untimely end, by drowning in the Gulf of Spezzia, his yacht having capsized in a squall. The body, washed ashore some days later, was given to the flames, after the manner of the Greeks, by Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt. His ashes were interred in the cemetery at Rome, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and not far from the grave of Keats, whom he so beautifully celebrates in his "Adonais."

Such in brief is the life-sketch of one who in the short space of thirty years had built up a reputation so grand, that as truly might he say that which Horace said of himself:

*"Exegi monumentum aere perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius."*

Shelley lived in a period of reaction when the unrest of the French Revolution was still reflected in the writings of Goethe, Byron and a host of their satellites. Like Milton, he fancied he had fallen on evil days, and his recalcitrant spirit rebelled against the existing order of things. The Idealist of a new order, based on his chimerical idea of the perfectibility of man, he sought, like the great iconoclast that he was, to overthrow the entire social fabric, with all its limitations, institutions and traditional sanctities. He has been called the poet of progress, but falsely so, if we rightly understand the significance of the word. Progress in our acceptation of the term, is advancement with ever-recurring reference to regularity and order. That such an idea was never comprehended in Shelley's system will be easily understood when one finds that order and authority were entirely eliminated from the plans which the poet-philosopher drew up for the regeneration of an effete people. Shelley was a visionary whose schemes for the millennial happiness of mankind were perfectly impracticable. His intense sympathy with his fellows so be-

clouded his reason, that he was for promoting virtue by the abrogation of those very laws which society had enacted for the punishment of vice. He felt that he had a mission; and that it was to lift mankind to higher places of thought and action, to crush tyranny, even as the allegorical greyhound in Dante's *Inferno* was predestined to be the salvation of Italy, chasing the wolf into the jaws of Hell.

*“Questi la caccera per ogni villa  
Fin che l'avra rimessa nell' Inferno,  
La onde invidia prima dipartilla.”*

Shelley's moral character was unformed, or else perverted. Common sense, hard concrete facts, had not controlled the inward force of his ideas and emotions, and they exercised no perceptible influence on his actions. The whole course of his education was such as to enlarge and expand his mental life, but not to make provision for his moral being. He knew no creed which forbade him to sacrifice impulse to duty, he recognized only the internal law of right and wrong, and acknowledged no absolute norm by which to test the reality of moral distinctions. The principles he professed cannot be defended without surrendering the fundamental laws of morality, and his offences deserve the emphatic condemnation they received. Despite his wild theories, however, Shelley was pure and unsensual in his life, disinterested in his friendships, and in perfectly good faith as regards his efforts for the moral enfranchisement of man.

So much for Shelley, the reformer.

It is as a poet, however, that Shelley stands out in bold relief, head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, except perhaps Wordsworth, and possibly Byron. Nothing can be lighter, more graceful or ethereal than his poetry. It is spiritual par-excellence, nebulous, vaporous; so much so at times as to constitute a positive defect. Light and buoyant, bright and airy, it seems to be woven out of sunbeams and golden hazes. Possessed of an ideal and plastic imagination, as expansive as it was soaring, and a remarkable logical subtlety, Shelley lacked the judicial faculty alone to make his mental conformation poetically complete. An intense love of beauty, spiritual beauty was as marked a characteristic of him, as Keats' sympathy with beauty of a more

voluptuous type was characteristic of the bard of “Hyperion.” Unlike most of his contemporaries, he attaches little value to the concrete. The abstract in his element, and he wheels and circles in it, as his own skylark revels and tumbles high in the empyrean blue of the cloudless heavens. He vitalizes abstractions, rather than wedds realities to his magnificent melodies. It is this remoteness and universality of his genius, this seeming lack of human sympathy in his verse, which retarded its popularity. The key-note of Shelley's poetry, as we hinted before, is his intense hatred of social institutions, and his utopian scheme for the moral improvement of man. To this end, he combined in his poetic work social and metaphysical speculation, and a versification, which for its buoyancy, variety and harmony is almost unrivalled. Like Coleridge, he is eminently a subjective poet, drawing his inspiration directly or indirectly from the different phases of his own mentality. Shelley's poems in the philosophic vein are very vague and somewhat fragmentary, aiming less at rounded art and definite outline than at the full expression of his thought; but this larger expression of self he never attains, nor need it be wondered at, since it is the office of poetry to suggest, to shadow forth, “as in a glass darkly,” rather than to express with that precision and logical sequence which is the distinctive note of philosophy. Thus, the “Revolt of Islam,” a long poem, picturing the revolt of a people against the institutions it had formerly held sacred, despite many passages of transcendent beauty, is the most vague and vaporous of all his works. So too, “Hellas,” and “The Witch of Atlas,” both invectives against government and religion, though full of scenes and beings of unearthly splendor, are so misty and undefined as to effect the clear, cameo-like incisiveness of the pictures with which they are filled. In his exquisite lyrics, however, we perceive a wonderful symmetry, a crystalline clearness, a classic repose, and a handling at once light and strong. What can be more charming than this?

#### THE POET'S DREAM;

“ On a poet's lips I slept  
Dreaming like a love-adept  
In the sound his breathing kept;  
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aerial kisses



Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.  
 He will watch from dawn to gloom  
 The lake-reflected sun illumine  
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom.  
 Nor heed nor seek what things they be—  
 But from these create he can  
 Forms more real than living man,  
 Nurslings of Immortality !”

In many of these poems we meet lines of a quintessential sweetness, amid much that over-tasks the intelligence. Thus in “The Skylark,” we find these beautiful lines:

“ Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,  
 Scattering un beholden its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it  
 from the view.”

And in another lyric, these no less beautiful verses:

“ The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of its sorrow.”

As a descriptive poet, also, Shelley takes his place among the foremost in our language. He paints with bright, fresh colors, transfers the living scene to this page, that seems to breathe the very life and odor of the place the poet describes.

Listen to his description of Venice:

“ Beneath is spread like a green sea  
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
 Bounded by the vaporous air,  
 Islanded by cities fair:  
 Underneath day's azure eyes,  
 Ocean's nursling Venice lies,—  
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
 Amphitrite's destined halls.  
 Which her hoary sire now paves  
 With his blue and beaming waves,  
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined  
 On the level, quivering line  
 Of the waters crystalline;  
 And before that chasm of light,  
 As within a furnace bright,  
 Column, tower and dome and spire,  
 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
 Pointing with inconstant motion  
 From the altar of dark ocean  
 To the sapphire-tinted skies.”

We intended to devote a part of this paper to a consideration of Shelley's masterpiece, the “Prometheus Unbound,” but already our essay has grown to such a length, that we cannot do

more than merely touch upon it, and then we shall have done. It is a lyric drama in four acts, and is at once the wildest and most sublime of all this poet's productions. The fundamental idea is based upon the mighty drama of Aeschylus, the “Prometheus Bound,” but Shelley has combined with the primeval mythology of the Greek, a number of persons and actions embodying the Titanic resistance of his philosophical creed to the tyrannous decrees—as he considers them—of society. Paganism and Christianity, the myths of the Idalian mount, and the truths inculcated in the Bible, are mingled in strange confusion in this marvellously grand poem; whilst the noble bursts of lyric harmony and the bold flights of the imagination with which it abounds render it one of the most extraordinary productions of the century.

Hardly less remarkable is the gloomy tragedy, called “The Cenci,” founded on the awful story of Beatrice Cenci, the parricide. R. M. Johnston and other competent critics have called it the most wonderful tragedy of the nineteenth century. Owing to the hideous depravity of old Cenci, however, the drama is not represented upon the stage.

In conclusion we may say of Shelley as Dante said of Vigil:

—“ *la fama ancor nel mondo dura,  
 E durera quanto il moto lontana.*”

PAMELA S. HOYMER.

### Woman's Empire.

**W**OMAN'S influence in directing the destiny of society is most potent, and it is an oft-repeated truism that, upon the mother's knee are those impressions made upon the opening mind, which outlive all others, and which, amid the destructive and corrupting influence of the world, rise from time to time, with an ameliorating power almost divine.

We have numberless examples of women in every period of civilization—and not a few cases are mentioned in Holy Writ—that fill us with astonishment at the sacred sublimity and heroism of their characters; and the history of the Pagan world, particularly the austere and virtuous days of the Grecian and Roman Commonwealths, likewise afford the most illustrious proofs that

woman when properly educated and directed, can be more than the rival of man in every action and in every sacrifice that tends to dignify and exalt the human name. I have said properly educated, in the sense in which good old Hannah More defines female education: "I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character, that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes tastes, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, and trains to self-denial—that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God."

Generally speaking, there is a richness in the soil of woman's heart which never fails to send up what it receives, be the culture ever so meagre; and when abundant, the return is invariably full and glorious. Even the slight tincture of the serious which an imperfect education imparts, is seldom obliterated by the bustle and confusion of a life of gayety and pleasure. Rarely—perhaps never—do we see a young girl, to whom any idea of religion has been communicated from youth up, in her maturer years entirely abandon a compliance with its external duties, or insult its principles by the language of profanity or contempt.

What a glorious sceptre then is woman destined to sway in that true empire of hers—the home—that sacred spot, that most blessed sphere, over which the Sovereign Ruler has appointed her to reign with an influence as undisputed as it may be boundless—but merely for good. Within this cherished abode, this resting-place of the heart, she is the moral standard, all things are illuminated and beautified by her smile, the winning tenderness of her love reclaims the erring, the gentle cadence of her silvery voice falls like balm on the wounded spirit, and the sweet wisdom of her loving counsels directs the impulsive waywardness of the inexperienced.

Religion alone has shown woman her true sphere in every age, and while permitting her to figure so prominently, so illustriously, in many

of the greatest and noblest achievements of the world's reformatory movements, and to exert so marked and universal an influence on society; opening to her intelligence every avenue of intellectual and social distinction, it discourages whatever would mar that delicate reserve, which is her greatest charm—the crowning grace of her womanhood—in order to strengthen her influence in the home circle, so that she might verify the saying: "The valiant woman maketh glad her household."

How beautiful is the tribute paid by a learned writer to the saving influence of woman: "Woman's influence has asserted its supremacy in every age and nation. It has moulded the destinies of individuals, of empires, and of the world itself. We hear it as a voice resounding from the threshold of creation, and the peroration of Eve is the mournful cadence which murmurs at our feet on the desolate shores of the present. In more recent centuries we hear this influence echoing in the martial command of a Semiramus on the warlike field of India. Later on we behold it drawing upon the invincible Marc Antony, in the person of the Egyptian Queen, Cleopatra, the odium and disdain of the entire world. On the other hand, we observe the same powerful influence nerving the arm of Judith and liberating the oppressed Hebrews from the tyrant, Holofernes. We find it cheering the Maccabees on to a glorious martyrdom, and at last, we see its glory reaching the zenith of its splendor in Mary, the Mother of the Incarnate Wisdom and Truth.

MARGARET FREEBORN.

Written expressly for the NIAGARA RAINBOW.

### The Music of the Mass.

BY REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D. D., RECTOR OF ST. AGNES' CHURCH, NEW YORK.



IT is well known that the Church permits the use in her liturgy of all the styles of music, as she permits the various styles of architecture in her edifices, and the various schools of painting to decorate their walls. Greek, Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals, she blesses with equal favor; the blonde Madonnas of the German schools, and the dark-haired Madonnas of the Italian or the Spanish schools, equally share her approbation; while the Gregorian



ian chant and modern figured music are heard impartially every Sunday in her hallowed sanctuaries. Art is the expression of the beautiful; and the Beautiful is God, the ideal of the poet, of the architect, of the painter, and of the musician. But while she thus shows herself to be Catholic even in her love of all the arts in all their forms, she seems to have a special preference for the art of music. It enters more intimately into her liturgy than any of the other arts, not excepting the art of poetry. She prays through music. Music is her specially beloved daughter. Some of the other arts she found already well developed, as architecture and poetry; but music she found rude and simple. In fact, for ten centuries of her life, this art remained undeveloped. It was homophonous until the tenth century of the Christian era; almost as unformed as in the days of Homer. The wild people whom she converted were accustomed to very rude music—a war cry, a shout of exultation after victory, a half-drunken, and unmelodious chorus at the dance, and an unrefined groan of grief at the funeral. But the Church soon softened the harsh tones and the coarse voices. She told them of the nine choirs that sing ever in heaven the praises of God; and the barbarians, by degrees Christianized, began to use harmony as well as plain chant, and an echo from the soft, clear notes of the angels stole into their harsh song.

Music developed and harmonized is exclusively a product of Christianity, and nowhere can the musician find so fine a field for the display of his musical genius as in the Catholic Church. Since Palestrina, music has made no substantial progress, and Palestrina antedates the reformation. In fact, the "reformers" were nearly all enemies of figured music, as they were of the other arts used in religion. Their followers destroyed or defaced beautiful ecclesiastical architecture, threw sculpture and painting out of the churches, and would not allow musical instruments in them. Some of the sects, until very recently, would not permit an organ in the church. But all the sects are getting over these barbarian prejudices, and coming back to true æsthetic and to Catholic taste.

In the liturgy of the Catholic Church alone is there full scope given to all varieties of music.

Musical genius, in order to be inspired, must have the ideal and the theme, and these are both found in the Mass. The Holy Sacrifice is not a vain show or an empty pageant, or a common drama like the great opera; but a living reality. The Mass is an *Action*; the greatest, the most wonderful of actions. The man who officiates in it has special characteristics. He is not a common man, nor a common actor. He does not merely represent or imitate; he performs a real act. He changes bread and wine into the body and blood of the Incarnate God. The priest brings God down on the altar and offers up a real sacrifice. Jesus Christ becomes as really present during the Mass as He was in the cradle of Bethlehem or on the Cross of Calvary. The musician, in face of this reality, must have faith and be filled with awe; and, if he composes, his work must be proportionate to the sublimity of his theme. The priest's tones suggest the character of the music. He sings the solemn old Gregorian, and how grandly it sounds in the intonation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* or in the solemn *Preface* and the plaintive *Pater Noster!*

The composer of a mass must take the *leit-motiv* from the priest, and must first express the condition and humility of the *Kyrie Eleison*, the confession of unworthiness, and the prayer for mercy, so that the priest and the people may be made worthy to share in the great mystery. All the notes, all the chords, all the keys must be so blended as to express these emotions and inspire these sentiments. Then follows the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the same song that the angels sang in Judea on the first Christmas morn. Where is the composer who has ever expressed all the holy joy of this hymn in which all sweet sounds should be blended,—the songs of the birds of the forest, of myriad larks rising at dawn from the dewy meadows, soaring upward in exultation to the sun, and pouring out their melodies as they rise; the sound of murmuring brooks, meandering through green fields; or of crystal cataracts, freed from icy fetters, and leaping down the mountain side; or zephyrs softly singing in July, through the fields of ripening wheat; or of splashing water falling harmoniously at early dawn on a white pebbly shore,—a combination of all the sweet and pleasant sounds in creation would still fail to



express all the meaning of the *Gloria in Excelsis!* the burst of sunlight after four thousand years of gloom.

Then comes the *Credo*, as we approach nearer to the act of consecration. A composer, to write a proper *Credo*, should put into it the thunders of Sinai and the thunders of the Vatican; the voice of nineteen general councils, of two hundred and fifty-seven infallible popes, and of thousands of mitred prelates marching down the aisles of time. In the expression of this declaration of Christian faith should be heard the tread of a mighty army of Crusaders marching against the infidel, and the bold defiance of all the martyrs who have ever died for Christ. I should want a chorus of a thousand men—no women—and the use of all the pedals in the grandest organ in the world to render properly the meaning of the words "*Et unam sanctam Catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam.*"

Then comes the hymn of the nine choirs of angels—*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*,—"holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." How grave, how solemn are the words as the mystery is about to be accomplished! Where is the composer who will write a *Sanctus* for nine choirs to sing? It may be hard to get them, but let the work be done as an attempt to realize the ideal *Sanctus*. Who that has lived in Rome in the long ago, when the feast of St. Aloysius used to be celebrated with great pomp, at the *Gesu*, does not remember the *Laudate Dominum* sung by three choirs of boys, placed in different parts of the beautiful church? How enchanting was the music thus rendered by these young voices that in the distance sounded like the echoes of three choirs of angels singing in heaven! It is astonishing that no composer seems to have thought of making a *Sanctus* for nine choirs, so as to imitate the music of heaven. Three choirs could take the *Sanctus*; each a *Sanctus*; they could unite on *Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli* could be in unison; and the *hosanna* could be taken up by other choirs, all uniting in the last *hosanna*. One large choir divided into nine parts could do it. But give us the composer and the composition first.

The *Agnus Dei* is a prayer for mercy and for peace. The contraltos should abound in it, as the

tenors and sopranos should abound in the *Gloria*, the baritones in the *Credo*, and the basses in the *Kyrie Eleison*, for reasons which every good ear can understand. The end of the Mass, when the people have adored and communicated, is naturally the place for a prayer for mercy and for peace. We began the Mass with a special prayer for mercy and forgiveness; we close with a prayer for peace—"Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, give us peace." "*Dona nobis pacem*"—the peace of mind and heart which is the consequence of freedom from sin. We are going away from the holy sacrifice, and our hearts are filled with a holy sadness. We are forgiven, we are in a state of grace, but we are subdued with a feeling of our unworthiness and of the danger of relapse, "Lamb of God, give us peace." Let the composer put these sentiments into his work, never forgetting that his music is a part of the liturgy, essentially connected with it; that what the priest says and what the choir sings are but parts of the same whole, and consequently must be harmonious and concordant. The Gregorian should be the *leit-motiv* of every Mass.

But where is the composer? Mozart? No! He was a great master of counterpoint, and wrote some beautiful operas, like "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni;" but he was too worldly to write a proper Mass. Haydn? He is not much better; gravity is lacking in his compositions. Of moderns, Gounod and Guilmant have done well. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* is one of the best ever written. But if Wagner had been a good Catholic, and devoted his time to writing Masses instead of operas, he would probably have done better than any composer since Palestrina. Wagner is grave.

There is room yet for the composer of a great Mass, one that will be in perfect accord with the liturgy, and express its ideas and sentiments as I have intimated them. "*Nil nisi grave, moderatum atque religione plenum.*"

Happy the man whose life is one long Te Deum. He will save his soul, but he will not save it alone, but many others also. Joy is not a solitary thing, and he will come at last to his Master's feet, bringing many others rejoicing with him, the resplendent trophies of his grateful love.



### Immortal Years.

HOLY stillness, deep and solemn, broods over all the earth. The great bell of Time, swinging in the dome of space is tolling away the departing years, hoary with the snows of age and exhausted with the labors of its life. Solemnly its mournful knell floats out upon the still air like the funereal dirge of the spirit voices of departed years, until our hearts seem breaking with the weight of memory and tears. The restless phantoms of the buried past, weird forms and haunting spectres that, like the accusing ghost of Banquo, will not "down" at our bidding—hopes and fears and aspirations of the inevitable future—all unite in strange com-minglings before our weak and earth-darkened intellect like the distorted illusions of a dream.

This departing year, how full it is of great memories, of mighty events! What storms of passion have been evoked, what seeds of future woe and, perhaps, of future blessing also, may have been sown therein. Oh! to reclaim the precious hours that speed so fast to Eternity—to recall the misspent days—the warnings spurned—the opportunities unsought and shunned—but no! "The present is—the past's forever fled!" Heaven's recording angel has written down whatever of good or of ill we have done, and mayhap the retrospect of days gone by sends many a thrill of sadness through our hearts, as with mournful gaze and shrouded head we turn to breathe a long and last "Farewell Old Year?" Let it not depart till we have laid with reverent hands our tribute on its bier. Did it not come to us radiant with the smile of God, rich in promised blessings? Has it then deceived our hopes? Have we aught of accusation to make? Faithful messenger! it has but fulfilled its task, offering each moment as a precious boon. Have we grasped at the shadow and let the substance go? Fain would it have scattered flowers—only beautiful flowers—on our path. Have we reaped but briars and thorns? In the flickering light that lingers round its dying couch we can yet discern the purpose high of all its proffered gifts. Great Revealer of the secrets of the King! Great Withdrawer of the mysterious veil!—we kneel with reverent awe and confess thee our benefactor. Whether we quaffed the roseate cup of

joy or drained with aching hearts the bitter draught of sorrow—whether ambition's proudest dreams were realized or hope's fairest blossoms perished in the blast—yea, even though relentless death had snatched from our fond embrace the loved partakers of our fireside joys and hushed the well-known voices that made music in our ears, yet we have loved thee, Old Year, with a deep and abiding affection.

"And why not so?  
The old, old Years  
They knew and they know  
All our hopes and our fears;  
We walked by their side, and we told them  
each grief,  
As they kissed off our tears, while they whis-  
pered relief,  
And the stories of hearts that may not be  
revealed,  
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and  
sealed."

The dread uncertainty of the coming year but enhances the memory of the old. How bare, cheerless and unknown it comes upon us, stretching before the imagination like a vast waste on which no footstep falls, no voice is heard. The years behind have a friendly aspect, they are warmed by the fires we have kindled, and their echoes are the echoes of our own voices. But the year upon which we are about to enter seems ever like the approach to a new and yet untenanted dwelling, full, perhaps, of damps and chills, which can only be known when duly experienced. Truly has the poet said: "The veil which hides the future from us was woven by the Angel of Mercy."

But hark! it is the hour when "Midnight pauses in the skies," from a thousand church spires the bells ring out their gladdest notes of welcome to the new-born year, "*Sursum Corda*," they seem to say; "Pilgrims of Earth, forget the sin-stained past, resolve anew, keep bright and pure the yet unsullied page of life;" and in the light of Bethlehem's star, and cheered by the message of Bethlehem's angels, we take to our hearts the lesson of these golden-throated harbingers of joy, so that as life's pilgrimage draws to a close, naught but the golden memory of pure and noble deeds may linger in the music of the New Year's bells or live in the Immortal Years.



" They come, they linger with us and they go,  
     The lovely years!  
 Into our hearts we feel their beauty grow ;  
 Through them the meaning of our life we know,  
     Its joys, its fears.

Though down the long dim avenues of the past  
     Their swift feet fled,  
 In His eternity the rooms are vast ;  
 There wait they to be ours at last,  
     They are not dead.

Are they not in immortal friendship ours,  
     Always our own?  
 Never in vain bloomed one of their sweet flowers,  
 Whose rose-breath up through blessed Eden  
     bowers  
     Steals to His throne.

Immortal by their sadness, in our thought  
     That lingers yet ;  
 Their gracious rainbow-smiles with clouds in-  
     wrought ;  
 Their gentleness, that from our errors caught  
     Shadowy regret.

Immortal, by their kind austerities  
     Of storm and frost,  
 That drove us from our palaces of lies—  
 Baseless, unsheltering splendors, that arise  
     At a soul's cost.

The immortal years—they are a part of us,  
     Our life, our breath ;  
 Their sorrows in our eyes hang tremulous—  
 Ours in a union, tender, glorious,  
     Stronger than death.

Poorer or richer, with us they remain  
     As our own soul ;  
 None shall divorce us from our mutual pain,  
 Nothing shall take away our common gain,  
     While ages roll.

Out of the years bloom the eternities ;  
     From earth-clogged root  
 Life climbs through leaf and bud by low degrees  
 Till some far aeon heavenly blossom sees  
     And perfect fruit.

And nothing dies that ever was alive  
     All that endears,  
 And sanctifies the human must survive  
 Of God they are and in his smile they thrive—  
     The immortal years."

—NORA O'BRIEN.

The death of Jesus Christ is the life of every one of us. We live because He died. How marked a feature, then, in all our prayers must be thanksgiving for the death of Christ.

## The Centenary of a Great Nun.



REV. MOTHER TERELA BALL.

ON the 8th of January next the nuns of the Loretto Order throughout the world will celebrate the centenary of the birth of the saintly foundress of the Glorious Institute of Mary, the gifted, the pious, may we not say the inspired, servant of God, Mother Mary Teresa Ball.

So long as the history of the Irish church is preserved, so long as the memory of Irish faith and Irish sacrifice is cherished, so long as human record tells of the wondrous mission which the present century has witnessed, fulfilled by the scattered children of Ireland, will tribute be offered to the name and services and labors of her to whose genius and whose devotion is due the establishment of the great Order, to whose children her glory is at once an incentive to noble things, and a pledge of the help and sustainment which God ever bestows on those who are His loyal and faithful servants.

With the history of the Church and its institutions, the name of Mother Ball is linked, never to be dis severed. East, West, North and South, wherever the footsteps of the children of Ireland have fallen, wherever the accents of an Irish tongue are heard, there is the name of the Loretto Order honored, and the memory of its founder revered. Beneath the blue skies of India, amidst the snows of Canada, by the orange groves of Southern America, or the sunny plains of Australasia, the daughter of Loretto to-day occupies a position of which Ireland may well be proud.

Need we recall the work which the Order has done and is doing at home? If the winged seed of Irish faith has been wafted across the oceans and been the source from which the light of God's smile and the warmth of God's love have raised the mighty growth which is the glory and the hope of modern Christendom, no small share of the honor belongs to the gracious and heroic woman whose memory her children in religion are about to commemorate.

It is well for Ireland and for her people that celebrations such as that which the Loretto Order is about to keep should take place. Happy is the land which can set before its sons and daughters the incentive of witnessing high moral purpose

honored, of seeing holiness of life and worthiness of service treasured amongst the traditions of their race. For no mere earthly gains, for no personal ends, for no individual advancement or benefit, were the labors given and the talents spent which have lifted the name of Mother Ball high amongst those of the many gifted women who, during the present century, have written their claims to fame deep in the archives of the world's history.

The present has been, in a sense, the woman's century; and although signs are not wanting to show that the coming years may open for woman even a larger and more diversified share of social usefulness than she has heretofore regarded as falling within the widespreading dominion of her beneficent influence, it is not asserting too much to say that no achievement which the ready wit of woman may devise or the deft hand of woman accomplish, will ever surpass in interest, in permanence, or in usefulness the wondrous work of Mother Teresa Ball. It is for this, and because of recognition of the fact, that all Ireland—and we speak not merely of Ireland at home, but of the greater, the more prosperous, and the more powerful Ireland beyond the seas—will unite itself, within the next two months, with the nuns of Loretto in rendering homage to the memory of one who deserves to rank amongst the holiest and most true of religious, and amongst the most wise and most glorious daughters of Erin.

It is probably only when the modern history of the connection between the Church and Ireland comes to be written that full justice can be done to the life and labors of Mother Ball. For us of to-day it must suffice, as indeed it is more than sufficient, to remember that on the fruits of both the hand of the Most High has laid that crown of glorious accomplishment which He reserves for those who did His will. That Mother Teresa Ball was a chosen servant and instrument of God no man can doubt, any more than that the time has come when a proud and grateful people should render to her memory the tribute of a nation's reverence.

If God send us trials it is to make us more compassionate for the woes of others. The heart is like those trees which do not yield their heal-balm until they have been wounded themselves.

## Niagara.

“**T**HY booming thunders cleave the air,  
A nameless awe lurks in the sound,  
And thrilling, bids the spirit stand,  
Prayerful, as though on holy ground.

Day unto day thy white mists fling,  
Their vapory incense to the sky,  
And, sun-kissed from the seething flood,  
Unnumbered glories flash and die.

From shore to shore—majestic arch—  
God's greatest bow of promise bends,  
While flecked with many a foamy wreath.  
Through yon abyss the river wends.

Niagara, Nature's world-famed child!  
More grand than pen or tongue can tell,  
Roll on, thou handiwork of Him,  
Who making, doeth all things well!”

Bring on your mind's stage, the skilled actors of intellect; let imaginative memory conjure scenes of varied glory; let fancy paint the wild splendor of an ocean storm, the mellow richness of clustered trees, the proud isolation of rugged, gray rocks, a sky flushed with the warm glow of an autumnal sun, a rainbow which, now an arch, now a bar, sets forth in wonderful variety the transcendent brilliancy of prismatic tints; then, group these pictures in accordance with the dictates of a nature loving soul, and you have before you a faint reflex of the autumnal glory of Niagara.

Niagara! is there not in the very name a mystic power which touches a chord in our life's melody? Does it not call to us, and do we not respond? Niagara, a river, it bounds from Lake Erie with the impetuosity of a youth breaking from paternal restraint, pursuing its course through a plain, open country, playing at courtship with salient bends, eddying into peaceful outlets, until its severe journey is broken by a fearful change. The calm waters are hurried down a long, sharp slope over the “boulder-studded” bed-rock of the stream, surging, resurging, flashing, breaking, bounding, rushing impetuously upon some giant boulder, rebounding, then madly springing over it, onward, still onward until they are plunged down in the world's grandest cataract.

Again there is a change both in the scene and in the impression produced upon the spectator; here the Rapids, enlivening; there the Falls,



elevating, inspiring; those are tumultuous, restless, fickle; these are calm and inflexible. Then the union of majesty and beauty has attained its culminating point—fall, spray, rainbow, rock. We look and the heart grows dreamy, we feel we have wings for the chasm of life, and widespread arms for every human breast; still continuing our gaze we pass into the realms of a world abounding in poetical ideas, a world that, for the time being, bids defiance to sober fact and delights in the visions of kindly fancy, a world that hastily parts company with austere reality and enjoys a stroll into regions where the dreamer may dream his dream till his heart dilates with happy emotions. Expression passes into silence; to think is an impossibility, feel we can, feel we must, with an intensity that borders on pain, but think—no. At such a time who would refuse to fasten his eyes on this scene, who would not listen to the pulsation of this cataract which voices, not one man's heart alone, not the feelings of a goodly number, but the heart that is universal, the great throbbing soul of nature with all its tender pathos, its passion and its pain? Here, in truth, we find a perfect embodiment of the spirit of unrest. Now and again a sea-gull pursues its course near the water's edge as if to be in readiness for coming phases of interest. At times these winged visitors congregate in great numbers and the air grows resonant with their sad refrain.

During autumn, a scene peculiar to this locality, is witnessed when, at sunset, the oblique strokes of the sinking orb illuminate the cloud of spray, giving it the appearance of molten gold. As this column ascends in the sky, the mind strives vainly to grasp this lustrous part of a sublime whole.

But to comprehend something of the awful grandeur of the Falls they should be seen at night. Then, amid the silence and stillness, they strike the imagination with a greater emphasis than when seen amid the splendors of a noon-day sun. A sadness that has in it something of melancholy takes possession of us; the dark, turbulent waves seem to chant a mournful dirge, seem to murmur the regret of things which might have been were not, ay, something in their moaning sounds like a lamentation from a sorrowing culprit; even in

the gray uprising mist there is something human-like as it stretches forth its veiled arms in earnest supplication, yes, something as awful as eternity, as sad as human life.

Many a night, perhaps, when all earth's creatures were at rest, when scarcely a leaf stirred in the gentle breeze and stillness reigned throughout, broken only by the rushing of the waters, a creature, to whom life was unbearable, seemingly deserted by God and man, a creature, mad with suffering and grief, has stood on the brink of the fearful precipice—a plunge—and the waters closed over a human wreck. No one saw the waves as they stilled the passion-torn, haunted heart; no one saw, and perhaps no one cared, save a God who had made this creature for a purpose that was not fulfilled.

But, you say "This man or woman was insane." Well, have it so if you will; truth is not the most palatable pill in the world, and life with its sorrows is a story that the world knows by heart—an old, old story, over which the more fortunate shed a tear or two, little-realizing that these very tears are a luxury. Ah! God in Heaven! there are many dry eyes that are heavy with unwept tears; many a smiling face hides a heart of grief. I speak not in the abstract but to a purpose, for the power to alleviate sorrow comes within the range of everyone's ability, and much harm results from our failure, though involuntary, to exercise a potency in this direction.

Oftentimes we draw back from some sweet service, deeming our tender love might be unacceptable. Could we but see the heart-hunger in our loved ones, we would not walk with them day after day, year after year, and fail to render them the small kindnesses which make up the joyful items of life.

Whether we consider Niagara from a subjective point, or whether our thoughts trend in another line, in any case, humbly but reverently we bow our heads in glad acknowledgment that there is something far above the scattered dust of our little lives.

Flow on, O mighty cataract! in all thy glory, till timeshall bid thee cease, till this sad old world shall close its parched, burning lips, and, folding its fevered hands on its aching heart, sink into the arms of its God. Flow on, and on, till He

who stilled the tempestuous waves of Galilee shall whisper to the passion-freighted billows of our hearts' Niagara, "Peace, be still!"

HARRIET KEAN.

### A Famous Shrine.



**I**N a magazine edited by the pupils of Mary's Institute it is surely fitting there should be some notice of the shrines of their Mother, and as this number is to be issued on the Feast of our Lady of Loreto, a brief account of the translation of the Holy House of Nazareth will prove interesting to many of its readers.

The shrine of our Lady of Loreto is perhaps the most famous in the world. One of the few authorized litanies in public use and one of the most beautiful in the Church is called after this shrine, the Litany of Loreto; a prayer in which the Catholic heart seems to have exhausted the poetry of faith and love in giving expression to its admiration, reverence and affection for the Blessed Mother of God.

The present celebrated Church of Loreto is a noble work of one of Italy's greatest sculptors and architects, Barmante. It stands with a stately dome on a hill near the city of Ancona, a few miles from the Adriatic sea. The Church dominates the houses of the little city of Loreto which surrounds the holy place. Within this artistic church is found the renowned sanctuary, a small white structure in stone, richly embellished with works of religious sculpture. This holy house of "Santa Casa" as the Italians call it, is believed to be the very home in which the Blessed Virgin lived with our Lord during his thirty years of private and hidden life.

The building is about thirty-one feet long and thirteen wide. Its original color can be seen from within, a dark, reddish hue. In it there is an altar, behind which is the famous picture of our Lady of Loreto. This image is said to be of olive wood and is blackened by the smoke of the lamps which are kept burning in the holy place.

From the ramparts of Loreto the views are extremely beautiful. On the surrounding hills ancient towns stand picturesquely; and beyond the plain, the Adriatic spreads its blue expanse, with many a sail that comes from Ancona, Venice, Trieste and Fiume, and with many a flag

lowered to pay homage to the glorious Virgin in her ancient home. In the distant West the lovely Apennines lift up their lofty heads veiled in virgin snow, as if grouped there to salute, with fittest emblems of unsullied purity, the house in which was wrought the Immaculate Conception, and where the very God of holiness became incarnate and passed His earthly life with His Virgin Mother, spotless as the virgin snow. The love and piety of kings and nobles and all the Catholic world and its Sovereign Pontiffs, have united to embellish the superb Basilica, beneath whose stately dome there rests the holiest building the earth has ever seen or can see. The memory of its glorious translation from the Holy Land is commemorated by one of the most noble and beautiful structures in Italy, on the facade of which, in letters of gold, we read: "The House of the Mother of God, wherein the world was made flesh." The approach to the Basilica by the vast square containing the Apostolical Palace, with its grand colonnade, is a not unworthy vestibule to that House of God, which is greater than the Temple of Solomon. More beautiful than all that meets the eye within the lovely Basilica is the homage of love, the endeavor of hearts full of gratitude to decorate worthily this casket that contains so priceless a jewel within.

Over the central doorway is a bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child; and the bronze gates by which we enter are of singular beauty, representing Eve's transgression that the second Eve repaired by her consent in this Holy House; the creation of Adam out of the blessed ground of Paradise, prefiguring the formation of the second Adam out of the immaculate substance of the Virgin in this sacred dwelling; Esther pleading with Assuerus, as the Queen of Heaven pleads for us; Judith slaying Holofernes, as the great Virgin prevails over the devil. These and other similar objects on the bronze gates are remarkably fine, and so also are the mosaics over the altars and the superb bronze baptistry. The Basilica is in the form of a cross, after the design of Bramante, and the dome was painted by Sir Christopher Roncalli, known as Pomeranci, and it is his masterpiece. The angels in the dome hover over the Holy House, and ten prophets and ten sybils, who foretold the Conception of the



Virgin in it, stand around amid Corinthian pilasters—all in the finest white marble of Carrara. Thus, in the Holy House enclosed in marble, which, were it as pure as the driven snow, would not be pure enough to touch the sacred walls that it encases. Between each seer is portrayed a mystery—the Birth, the Marriage, the Annunciation, the Visitation and the Death of the Immaculate Mother of God and the Birth of the Son of God, together with the enrollment at Bethlehem. This marble casing is one of the most remarkable productions of art. The design is by Barmante, and the sculptures are the work of Sansovino, Sangallo, Contucii, Lombardo, Tribulo and other illustrious sculptors, some of whom offered their skill and labor gratuitously, through devotion towards the Blessed Virgin.

The Basilica took seventy years to complete, having been commenced in the pontificate of Paul II, about 1468, and not completed till that of Paul III, about 1538. It is a magnificent establishment, with a resident bishop and canons, and with penitentiaries that hear in every language the confessions of pilgrims of every nation who wish to “wash their robes and make them white in the Blood of Lamb” (Apocalypse VII. 14) before passing the sacred threshold of “the Tabernacle of God with men.”

Here the stoical heart feels a religious tremor come upon it; the marble heart is melted; and the most ungodly find themselves upon their knees—they know not how! “Behold he prayeth,” whisper angel voices. The soul is fired with a sacred flame of divine fervor, grieves for sin and prays for forgiveness.

Many works have been written about Loreto and its shrine. Of these one of the most popular is Father Hutchinson’s “Loreto and Nazareth.” In it the writer answers satisfactorily the objections of sceptics against the traditions and legends of the translation of the Holy House from Nazareth to its present resting place. The story of its transfer is thus told and defended by eminent Catholic writers: “After the capture of Acre, A. D., 1291, by the Mahomedans, the Christian power was driven out of Palestine; and like the sacred places, the house in which the Blessed Virgin had lived with St. Joseph and her Divine Son at Nazareth, fell into the hands of the enemies of Christ.

But the angels, loving the holy object, determined to save it from profanation and to carry it away and place it where it would be properly respected. Consequently, they bore it through the air and set it down on the top of a hill in Tersatto, near Fiume in Illyria, on the 10th of May, A. D., 1291. This place, however, although Christian, after some years was not considered safe enough; so on December 10, A. D., 1294, it was lifted up again by angel hands, carried across the Adriatic and placed in Loreto, a town so-called either because a laurel wood grew near there or because the ground belonged to a lady in the neighborhood named Laureta.”

The first writer who tells the story of the translation of the Holy House is Baptista Mantseanus, an Italian poet, who became a Carmelite Monk about A. D., 1840. Pope Sixtus IV. entrusted the care of the shrine to the Carmelites. Numbers of pilgrims soon flocked to it, and in consequence brigands, also, infested the neighborhood and it became dangerous to make the pilgrimage. Therefore another translation took place to a safer locality, and finally, another in A. D., 1295, when the Holy House was set down in the public road, where it remains at the present time. Crowds of pilgrims have continually frequented this renowned Sanctuary and many miracles have been wrought at it through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary; privileges have been conferred on it by the Roman Pontiffs, who have always shown marked respect and veneration for the Holy House.

Some writers, notably Dean Stanley, have denied the truth of the legend regarding the translation of the Holy House from Nazareth. They have said among other things that it could not be the house which had been at Nazareth, because the Loreto House is of brick, a material not used in Nazareth in the Blessed Virgin’s time. But Cardinal Bartolini showed that the house at Loreto is of stone, not of brick. He also sent to an eminent chemist, in Rome, four samples of stone, two from Nazareth and two from the walls of the Loreto Sanctuary, and the chemical analysis showed that they were identical. Father Hutchinson adds: “The stone of which the Holy House is composed is limestone, identical with that of Nazareth, the stone about Loreto being

of a totally different character." The faith of the Catholic world and the spiritual favors received from our Lady of Loreto will always make this shrine a center of devotion; as it has heretofore been a sanctuary so pre-eminently privileged with innumerable signs of Heaven's favors that the miracles wrought there are as the stars of heaven for number and refulgence.

Was it not at the feet of the Virgin of Loreto that the great St. Francis Xavier received the inspiration to become the apostle of the Indies—that the heavenly fire of love, that burned so brightly ever after, was first enkindled in the heart of the angelic Stanislaus of Kostka, and that the saintly Bishop of Geneva renewed his vows of virginity?

Who could count all the myriads that will be eternally grateful to our Lady of the Holy House? How many with infirmities of soul, that seemed incurable elsewhere, have there discovered the sovereign remedy? How many, once covered with the leprosy of sin, have obtained their cleansing there? How innumerable the multitudes that in the courts of heaven will bless forever the Virgin of the Holy House for favors she procured for them, for imminent perils escaped, for overwhelming grief alleviated, for arduous undertakings happily accomplished, for moral infirmities healed? But while poet, painter and sculptor have laid their tribute at the feet of our Lady of Loreto, while many have exhausted the force and eloquence of language in her praise, we, the children of her peculiar patronage, who rejoice in the privilege of having passed the happy years of childhood and girlhood under an influence so holy and ennobling, shall go forth from the peaceful shade of her protecting care to our homes, bearing with us the hallowed title which our lips have so often and so fondly uttered, determined to reproduce in our lives the characteristic virtues of the Virgin of Nazareth, and as the stream of life flows on, though turbulent may be its after-course, though dark and threatening the storm-clouds which frown upon us, yet we shall not lose courage, we bear with us a talisman, the beacon will appear, the rainbow will shine through the mists as of yore, and beneath its soothing influence our chastened souls shall regain peace and joy.

Queen of Loreto, name of love and power,  
Guiding our faltering steps through childhood's  
hour,

With ever gentle sway.  
Here at thy feet we place our hopes and fears,  
All that we love, the cares of coming years,  
Beneath thy star-like ray.

Bless each companion, too, of early youth,  
Lead her by faith and purity and truth,  
Beneath thy fostering care.  
Richly will bloom each flower of promise bright.  
Springing to beauty fresh beneath the light  
And dewdrops of thy prayer.

A PILGRIM OF LORETO.

### Extracts from a Trip to the Fair.

**W**E start for Chicago the longest way round, shooting upward through the heart of the Green Mountain region before turning to the westward; but the tedium of the long ride is mitigated by the world of beauty that flashes in upon us as we hurry by. Goldenrod smiles and nods at us, and woods, and shrubs, and wayside vines shake out in the sunshine their first autumn plumes of scarlet and gold.

A restless night in the sleeper, that purgatory of travel, brings us to Niagara Falls. In the afternoon we turn our steps in the direction of Loretto Convent. The walk through the park is a revelation to my companions. Magnetised by the matchless charm of rushing water and shifting rainbow, they linger and loiter, driving me almost wild with impatience, I am in such a hurry to get to the convent—that dear convent, once my home for fifteen happy months.

At last our little party has passed the portal of my heart's desire, and we stand in the presence of the very nun who received me three years before. Her sweet cordiality goes straight to my heart. I wonder if anywhere in the wide world there are women more rich in culture and intelligence, more truly hospitable, more winning in manner than the Ladies of Loretto. But overflowing as my heart is with memories I must not linger here. As Eugenie de Guerin says so sadly in one of her tender letters: "*Après le bonjour vient l'adieu.*" We are forced to tear ourselves from the beautiful building with its wide outlook upon every side, and, hardest of all, from the sweet-faced nuns who bid us God-speed as we leave the door.



Shall I ever forget my first view of that marvelous "White City!" Against a cloudless sky as deeply blue as any that ever domed Italy, the stately edifices stand out with a purity so dazzling as to seem more like palaces in Paradise than perishable buildings on the earth.

Let us enter some of these wide-open doors. We stand in the cool stone corridor of the Convent of La Rabida and look into the sunny garden that might have been taken from the very heart of Spain; and the relics within wing us back in fancy to those by-gone days when untold worlds to be discovered lay mapped out in the day-dreams of adventurous men. Turning from this abode of peace to one of war, the mind thrills with horror that such dread destroyers as the Krupp guns should be possible or necessary.

Among the many striking pictures that hold the eye in the Art Galleries, we must pause to pay our tribute of admiration to the full-length portrait of his Holiness the Pope. The fine expressive face, so full of mental power, yet so kind and sweet withal, is like life itself. It is magnificently set off by hangings of richly brocaded cardinal velvet, so wondrous soft to the eye that one feels that it must be soft to the touch.

In another room, "The Flagellants," a huge historical painting rivets my attention. My interest centres in the young priest, who, prayer-book in hand, stands steadfast at the head of his frenzied followers; the face is remarkable for the masterfulness and decision it expresses. In that fixed gaze—in that firm pressure of the mouth—one sees a powerful personality braced to endure the passion of his people, which is as his own pain. He consents to their self-inflicted torture, strong in the faith that the wrath of God will be appeased and the curse of the Plague be lifted.

But tragedies like this wring the heart. Let us grow blithe again in sympathy with this pretty picture. A mother-cat, crouched upon the table, keeps watchful eye on her frisky little ones below. One is rapturously entangling himself in the flax on the spinning wheel; another bewitching creature, round and white as a puff of thistle-down, is climbing up the table leg; while another, with satisfaction in his very whiskers, is emerging from an overturned bird cage. Alas! Even this happy scene holds a hidden but evident tragedy.

Suppressing a tear for the missing bird we hasten on.

From the Fine Arts to the Liberal Arts is but a step—on paper. Here we fall hopelessly under the charm of the German exhibits. The precious porcelain, the mosaic work, the statuettes and vases, the plates and other ware are beautiful beyond description. We are drawn back, day after day, to this bewildering show. We are afraid the man in charge of the Royal Saxony exhibit begins to regard us with suspicion, we linger so long and so covetously before his priceless treasures.

In the French section we feast our eyes upon ravishing gowns and sumptuous furniture; oh, so delicate of hue and dainty in design. We admire but we do not covet. Such luxury of dress and surroundings is meant only for those who "feed on the roses and lie in the lilies of life."

Russia has brought hither beautiful bronzes to bear off the palm in that line of art. Every turn we make in this vast building becomes an event. Everywhere some new attraction asserts a claim for consideration.

In the Woman's Building we note one Monument of Folly—handkerchiefs of delicate linen, most cunningly wrought with needle-work so fairy fine that two women lost their eye-sight in the stitches. In olden times such work might have been, more fittingly, wrought on the inner veil of the Tabernacle.

Now for a new experience—to be whirled aloft in a bucket. We feel no fear—oh, no; but our heart swells strangely within us, when, at the top, we feel ourselves swung helplessly out into space; and when we leave the car we tremble in every nerve. But all the same we are glad we went up in the Ferris wheel. We leave the Midway with a sigh that we cannot "do" it all. But before we go let us step into the Chinese tea-house, to look once more upon those gentle faces, so refined and winning, with a nameless charm that touches the heart. Very different are they from the every-day Chinamen we meet when we walk abroad in our cities.

How exhilarating the air this fine evening as we stroll through the beautiful section that holds the state buildings! How glorious this wide sweep of view over the rippling lake! And

now the night has fallen—our last night in this magical miniature of a world. We leave it under its more unchanting phase. The searchlights are bringing into view one lovely statue after another, revealing beauties and graces unnoted by day. A figure that seems clad in shining armor glides through the air on an invisible rope. The stars in Heaven shine down upon the rival glory of electric lights. The Basin is alive with pretty craft, and blazing in a splendid shower of fireworks.

Once more at home we are busy and happy under the stimulating spell of enthusiasm. Our minds have widened their horizon. We are more awake to the great influence mere beauty has in the world. Our hearts are richer in feeling—more in harmony with humanity than ever before. We feel with a thrill that we each have our place in the ranks in the grand march of civilization—that we are not merely spectators of a pageant in which we have no part.

“It becomes a man to cherish memory where he had delight.”

ANNE MEECH.

### Giotto.



IX centuries ago, the small village of Vespignano, in Italy, was busy with the doings of a little shepherd boy, who wandered about whither his straying flock might lead. But his mind was not idle; the promptings of nature were working in it; and little dreaming of the future glory that awaited him, he traced from time to time rude sketches of objects or conceptions, on the earth, sand or stones.

It happened that, on a certain day, Cimabue, the princely artist to whom much of the restoration of painting is due, passed by on his way to Vespignano and descending from his litter to study the landscape that lay before him and formed such a lovely back-ground to a group of sheep, he beheld the ugly but picturesque little shepherd, drawing one of the sheep from life upon a smooth rock, with a roughly-pointed stone. Struck with the ability of the self-taught disciple of an art in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, he pressed the youthful Giotto to go home with him, which he did, after having

obtained his father's consent; resolving that as he had spent his young life with Nature, Nature should now come and live with him in the great master's studio.

Arrived at Florence, he availed himself of the instruction and opportunities thus liberally afforded him, with such good effect, that he speedily rivalled his master, and it has been justly said: “Giotto's art resumed and concentrated all the attainments of his time, not less truly than all the attainments of the crowning age of Italian art are resumed and concentrated in Raphael. His painting, in some particulars, has never been surpassed—in strength and directness of intellectual grasp and dramatic motive,—in the combination of perfect gravity with perfect frankness in conception, and of a noble severity in design, with a great charm of harmony and purity in color,—in his desertion of the crude, stiff Byzantine style and his quickening the stately rigidity of art with the fire of natural incident and emotion.”

So great was the fame acquired by our artist from his paintings in the Campo Santo, that Pope Benedict XI., sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to ascertain what manner of man Giotto was, and the character of his works, with the view of having certain pictures executed for St. Peter's in Rome. Having conversed with several first-class artists of Siena, the envoy proceeded to the school of Giotto, where he found him engaged in his usual labors. After informing him of the purpose of his visit, and the wish of his Holiness, he begged to be allowed to take with him a specimen of the artist's genius for the inspection of the Pontiff.

Giotto took a sheet of paper, and resting his elbow on one side so as to form a sort of compass, with one stroke of the pencil, described a circle of surpassing delicacy and perfection. This he handed smilingly to the courtier. “Am I to take nothing but this?” exclaimed the latter, looking upon the affair as a jest. “It is more than sufficient,” replied Giotto. “Send it with the rest, and see if it will not be recognized.”

The messenger, strongly fearing that he had been made the victim of a practical joke, went away but ill satisfied, and on laying the drawing before the Pope, he related what had occurred.



The Pontiff and others, who were good judges of art, appreciated the firmness of hand and the ready decision which must have guided the pencil of Giotto, and the incident grew into a proverb, still used in reference to people of dull intellect. "*Tu sei piu tondo che l'O di Giotto,*" the ambiguity consisting in the double meaning of *tondo*, "round" or dull.

The Pontiff straightway commissioned Giotto to paint some large pictures from scenes in the life of Christ, in the sacristy and church of St. Peter's. The angel in fresco, which is seven cubits in height, standing over the portico of this Basilica is a *chef d'œuvre* of this artist. But all his previous works were eclipsed, as far as labor and minuteness of execution went, by a picture in mosaic called the "Navicella," or Christ saving St. Peter from the waves, which now stands within the portico of St. Peter's over the centre arch facing the principal door.

Giotto reckoned amongst his personal friends the most eminent men of his age. The poet Dante celebrated him in his poems, and Petrarch held him in such esteem that he bequeathed a Madonna by this painter to a nobleman of Padua, "as the most worthy gift he could bestow."

The last great work of Giotto was that marvel of architecture, the Campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, of which he not only formed the model, but likewise executed some of the sculptures and reliefs. He did not, however, live to see the work completed, but having passed his life in the production of so many admirable works, and proved himself as good a Christian as he was an excellent painter, with his last looks fixed upon a picture of Christ, which he had painted himself, he resigned his soul to God on the eighth day of January, 1336, not only to the great regret of his fellow-citizens, but of all who had known him or even heard his name.

Engraved above the marble bust which Lorenzo de Medici raised to his memory in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, is the following inscription:

"I am he who gave new life to expiring art."

ANGELINE MAPES.

One of the greatest surprises at our judgment will be the sight of what we might have done for God and have not done.



### A Drop of Ink.

PICTURE to yourself a youthful queen's first signature to a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink—the anguished "Would that I had never learned to write" of an Imperial Master of Rome, when about to inscribe the direful characters that consigned a fellow-being to a dishonored grave—a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter takes the shape of a gallows—a reprieve—the blessed joy of that pardoning word, the dawning of a new born hope to the doomed one!—the first sweet words of affection after years of weary waiting, read, perhaps, by tear-dimmed eyes whose lustre grief had almost obscured—sweet household words gushing from the well-springs of the heart, recalling memories of by-gone days to one who had wandered far from the scenes of his youth—a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son—an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the grey hairs, which shall go down with sorrow to the grave—the signing of a treaty—historic deed or document, upon which the fate of nations hangs—picture these and many other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, protean thing a drop of ink grows to be!

All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. As many atoms compose the vast fabric of this material world with all its beauty and compactness, so the united agency of this powerful medium infuses spirit and life into civilization and human progress. By it the records of history, the knowledge and wisdom of former ages are transmitted, the riches of the treasures of thought and intellectual research, together with the triumphs of mind in revealing the laws of the physical world, are made the possession of coming periods, and the poet and philosopher bequeath to posterity their inspirations and their reasonings. The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world; and we need not visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician to show us all the acts, all the joys and sorrows that are reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.

HELEN TALTY.



# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

— STAFF. —

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

DECEMBER, 1893.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

\*

MRS. INMAN FOX has succeeded in making elocution quite popular amongst the students, judging from the large numbers that attend her classes.

\*

OUR foreign correspondence and an article from the pen of our gifted friend, Mrs. Lathrop, arrived too late for publication in this number, but they will appear in our next issue.

\*

THE decorative arts are receiving their share of attention in our studio, which is a paragon of taste and elegance. Busy fingers are deftly fashioning charming varieties of Christmas gifts, "weaving words of love with every shining thread" for some dear ones. The elaborate display of useful and dainty articles is a proof that the use of the needle is considered by no means an antiquated accomplishment.

\*

GREAT credit is due to Professor Edgar Doward for the manifest success he has achieved in the vocal and violin department. The brilliant rendition of several fine choruses, on different occasions, testified to his ability and indefatigable energy, whilst the individual improvement of the

private pupils is very marked. Mr. Doward is genial, pains-taking and patient, gentlemanly in bearing, dignified in manner—in a word—an ideal preceptor.

\*

THE action of the school management in establishing a business department, conducted by an experienced teacher, Professor Dusenbury, of the Commercial College, Niagara Falls, N. Y., is certainly a progressive movement, one that will meet with the hearty approval of all interested in the welfare of the Institution. Book-keeping, type-writing and stenography are valuable auxiliaries in these days of electricity and progress, when slow, plodding ways have become a thing of the past.

\*

WE are told there is a realm where the rainbow never fades. Is not our home the nearest approach to it? Never does the pleasant realization of this fact become more evident than when from the window of our cosy sanctum we survey the broad expanse of magnificent scenery—unrivalled in beauty and sublimity and listen to the hymn of praise voiced by the many waters of our mighty Cataract. Lavishly indeed, has Nature, in her largeness of heart, dealt with us in her unstinted measure of our allotted joys.

\*

PLEASURES anticipated do not generally realize the expectations formed of them, but it was our good fortune to find an exception to this rule on the day so dear to all school-girls' hearts—inscribed in letters of gold in their diaries—known by the endearing epithet—Thanksgiving! Gentle reader, were you ever at school on Thanksgiving day? If so, "fond memory," faithful to its time-honored trust, must bring, even now, "the light of that day around you." How we had longed for its advent! and now it is here—a veritable forerunner of Santa Claus. At an early hour the music of merry voices is ringing through the erstwhile silent corridors, and feet are "gaily tripping a tune" to the *sweet spot*, where boxes are wont to congregate; sounds of prolonged hammering intermingled with an occasional exclamation of

delight, from some fortunate one, who brings forth in triumph from the depths of her box something she "just loves," break upon the ear until noon. The savory odors wafted from the culinary department are not a delusion, for our menu is that of an ideal Thanksgiving dinner. A thoroughly enjoyable snow-shoeing excursion in the invigorating, frosty air, followed by a dancing of the happy hours away in our gaily decorated recreation hall brought the memorable day to a close, and we retired to our little beds, devoutly hoping that our slumbers might not be disturbed by visions of armed turkeys coming to avenge the wrongs of their brethren.

\*

*AN HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE.*

THE Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was first called into existence when Catholics in Great Britain were desperately struggling for the liberty of which they were robbed; and their success in establishing themselves is often quoted as proof of the recuperative power of their faith. As early as 1680, some of their number, pious ladies of exalted rank fled to Bavaria, there peacefully to exercise their religion and also to provide a place for the carrying out of their holy mission—the education of young ladies. After some years a few of them returned to England and established their famous houses at York and Hammersmith. There, before long, they received the approval of their rules by the Holy See, in answer to petitions sent in their behalf by the Elector of Bavaria and others; foremost amongst whom was Mary of Modena, Queen of England and consort of James II., who took the deepest interest in this useful institution. One of her letters in their behalf, written to Pope Clement XI. is worthy of reproduction:

*Most Holy Father:*

For many years, while in England, so greatly was I edified by the virtuous and sequestered life of the Ladies commonly called of Mary, and by the success of their zeal in the education of young girls, that I consider myself bound to empower Cardinal Gualtiero to place before Your Holiness, in my name, such reasons as may induce you to confirm this institute, especially as I am informed that petitions on the part of the

Electors of Bavaria and the Bishops of Augsburg and Frisingen, have been or are being forwarded with like effect, viz.: to obtain from Your Holiness the approval of the said Institution. Referring Your Holiness to what will be more fully explained by the Cardinal, I beg Your Holiness, prostrate at your sacred feet, to receive my petition and to grant me your Apostolic Benediction.

Your Holiness' most obedient daughter,

MARY REGINA.

Saint Germain, February 22, 1702.

\*

*"A FESTAL GREETING."*

On the 13th of November, the Feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, patron of our beloved Superior, our concert hall assumed its festive colors and all seemed in keeping with the joyful hearts which beat beneath the sombre serge of the religieuse and the airy, gay robes of the fair students, assembled in that spacious room to make the evening an enjoyable one.

The entertainment opened with an original "Festal Greeting," which was admirably rendered, followed by a selection from Moschowski, played in a most artistic and brilliant manner by Miss Taylor and J. Mackey; as soon as the prolonged applause had subsided, our gifted elocutionist, Miss O'Brien stepped before the audience, and in clear and well modulated tones delivered a most charming address. A semi-chorus rendered by Miss Mackey, H. Talty, P. Taylor, L. Barrett, A. Schaus, K. Braughal, A. Conway, H. Krumholz and A. Doerr, and piano solo (impromptu) by Miss Mackey elicited well-merited applause. Miss Juanita Miller, daughter of Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierras, recited with much histrionic art "Charity," one of her father's well-known poems. Little Miss Edith Mason, with admirable self-possession, rendered with taste and expression the beautiful selection "Narcissus," from the Water Sketches by Ethelbert Nevin.

The legend of the Organ Builder, recited by Miss O'Brien was, beyond doubt, the elocutionary gem of the evening. Her interpretation of the exquisite pathos of the poem appealed irresistibly to the sympathies of the audience, over whom the spell of the concluding lines "Then softly sank to silence, silence kept for evermore!" seem-



ed to fall, judging from the breathless stillness that pervaded the room and the pearly drops that glistened in every eye.

A full chorus brought the entertainment to a close, after which partners were chosen for supper, followed by dancing until nine o'clock, when well contented and longing for another such day, we retired to dance, sing and play on the shores of "Dreamland."

### My Summer Across the Sea.

DEAR GIRLS—It seems to me as if I actually could hear the gentle sigh of relief, you will heave, at the reception of this letter, which brings the glad tidings that I am once more on "Terra Firma"—my own native land, too.

You need not have been alarmed by the thought that I might possibly delay my return by a visit to the "king of the deep," for, excepting my homeward passage, my travels were all very pleasant and peaceful.

Oh girls! if I could only put in words the terribly queer, funny, odd, "awful" sensations that I experienced, when, after the gong had sounded on the wharf and the whistle had been blown on board, the steamer began to move majestically out of harbor, and if I could but tell you how my eyes ached for days and days on account of the way I strained them to get the last, the very last glimpse of land.

The voyage was most enjoyable, the water—smooth as a Summer lake—being hardly disturbed by a "white-cap," and at no time was the "strong breathing of the great deep" sufficient to deter even the ladies from the promenade of the Campania's deck, which always presented a scene of animated life—including the gay dance as well as quiet amusements. Of course, I soon became acquainted with many of the passengers, but, somehow, each day brought another stranger on deck, and when we met, the same question: "Oh! At what station, pray, did you get on?" was asked, and then came the invariable answer: "Ha! Ha!" neither of which struck any of us as being in the least monotonous.

Some of the passengers, though, we did not dare venture near. In fact, I assure you, we had

not the least desire to do such a terrible thing, for no one could exactly tell who or what they were, as they never opened their lips to speak; truly, I could not then tell you whether they had lips or not, as all that was to be seen, was a very blue nose and two closed eyelids.

They sat there as if they were Egyptian Mummies (as we said) returning from the "Fair", but at intervals (generally), when the steamer lurch-ed or pitched, they would spring up as if electrified and disappear.—Where, did you say? Perhaps you are right, but I can't hear you, you know. But even these unsociable beings brightened perceptibly at our approach to land. The first thing we saw after seven days of nothing but sky and water, was the Needles, Lizards, and the picturesque and romantic Isle of Wight, so rich in historic associations.

Here, as I presume you know, there is a magnificent royal residence, Osborne House, and on this Island also, in gloomy contrast, are the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle, the place of confinement of Charles I., after his removal from Hampton Court.

After his execution it became the prison of his two youngest children, where the latter of whom, the sweet Princess Elizabeth, her father's "budding beauty," in dreary captivity, pined and died.

I should like very much to describe minutely everything, but that takes time and patience, and I cannot boast of a superfluity of either.

I presume you have been trying to see who can best pose as "Patience on a Monument" waiting for me to tell you what I saw in Europe. It is true "Patience is its own reward," so as you have been extremely quiet and attentive so far, I shall without further delay tell you.

The very first thing, or perhaps I had better say object that my eyes rested upon when we arrived in Southampton was—What? No, not the Queen, nor the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of York, nor any celebrity, but—a woman! (a very tall one, too), and at the sight of her, I took heart again.

Going to a strange country, I was naturally very timid, but when I saw before me this English woman, I no longer felt out of place, for I was every inch as tall as she, perhaps taller, and I reasoned that possibly I might be taken for an English person, on account of my height, even



if I had not the perfect features, but followed a little pug nose.

After passing the customs and ridding ourselves of the sea-fog—I cannot say dust—we immediately entered the train for London, and such a queer looking thing as it was; the engine was constructed in a most cumbersome manner, and the cars were barely as long as our street cars, but certainly went faster. En route, we passed many country-seats, hidden amid groves of trees.

After flying past trees, houses, people, soldiers, etc., we reached the great metropolis.

What greeted my eager and expectant eyes was the Thames, shimmering in the moonlight, Westminster, and the house of Parliament throwing their gigantic shadows across its placid waters, and the Dome of St. Paul's, brightened by the mellow light of the moon, dimly seen in the distance.

Needless to say, I visited every place of historic interest. The Abbey, Tower, Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, Houses of Parliament, all the parks, Victoria, St. James, Hyde, Regents, etc., and Oh! ever so many places, every one of which has indelibly stamped itself upon my memory; but I do not enter into the minutiae, because there are so many books written mainly to describe these old places, that you can get from them a better and more lucid idea than I could give, nevertheless, I must say, that when I visited the "Tower," and had climbed hundreds and hundreds of stairs and reached "Beauchamp Tower," it seemed to me as if my gay spirits were sadly out of place. Doubtless, you know that it was here all the prisoners were kept, and the walls are covered with the monograms, crests and arms of the poor victims, who had been confined in this dark, damp, dismal place.

I studied many of the inscriptions, but so different is our language of to-day from what it was then, that without the aid of a glossary, I could never have deciphered them.

Looking through the little pane of glass that permitted the light of day to brighten our corner of the room, we saw the spot (now designated by a stone slab) where the gay, beautiful, but wicked Anna Boleyn, and the lovely, gentle, but erring Lady Jane Grey, were executed.

I did not remain long in this tower, but quickly

passed down the narrow stairway and out into the open air to see the "Traitor's gate," but ere I had gone many steps, a sudden impulse seized me to revisit Westminster Abbey, and there in the midst of the vast assemblage of sepulchres, in this "shadowy palace of Death" I sought and found the resting-place of the beautiful, ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, in close proximity to that of her bitterest enemy, the haughty Elizabeth. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, 'round which is an iron railing, much corroded and bearing her national emblem—the thistle.

What a strangely pathetic illustration of the equality of the grave, which levels the oppressor with the oppressed and mingles their dust together.

Now! What does that sigh mean? Oh! leaving England without seeing a lord, duke, earl, prince, or queen? Well, my dears, I may have seen any number of nobles, but I can't say, as all the gentlemen looked alike (I mean were dressed alike), with a Prince Albert; a rose in the left button-hole, a high silk hat and an eye-glass. It seemed to me that the hat and rose made the gentleman.

The great demand for roses made flower-girls very numerous—in fact wherever one turned, flower-girls were to be seen. Are you saying now "How lovely to see, almost at every step, flower-girls in their picturesque costumes, with masses of yellow (I should say golden) curls falling over their shoulders; on their arms baskets of roses intermingled with violets and corn flowers, and their beautiful, piteous eyes raised to the passer-by, pleading with them to buy their "roses red, and violets blue." I presume, if I should tell you they are not of that type at all, you would answer with a pout: "Well, they are always that style in books, and some lord or earl always comes along and marries one of them." Perhaps once they all looked like those in books, but now they are aged and poor, and their few scanty locks are covered with a thread-bare shawl, and they never lift their eyes (faded eyes) to plead their cause, but cry in a shrill, cracked voice: "'Ere h'is roses, me lord h'and me lady, 'Ere h'is corn flowers, drop h'in a six-pence h'an take one." Who knows, perhaps they aged so because the usual lords or dukes did not appear!

But enough of England, or rather, London. Now I shall tell you what I saw in Paris. We crossed to France, by way of New Haven and Dieppe, and then took the train for Paris. The usual ordeal of passing the customs had to be gone through, before we got a glimpse of the city, and Oh! such gibbering and jabbering as was heard. I was obliged to parade the little French I knew (not much, eh?) I managed to get near a window, so as to take a peep at Paris, before she saw me. And what do you think I saw? A sky as black as night, a heavy rain, thousands of lights (this is not exaggeration), some plainly, others dimly seen through the driving rain, and others moving around in a most mysterious manner, the latter (I afterwards learned) were carriages, which are universally used in Paris; even the artisan can pay his franc, and ride for hours in the "Champs Elysees," Bois de Boulogne," etc., but though a pleasant ride can be had for such a pittance, the usual occupants of the "Victoria" are tourists, the Frenchman preferring a scheduled seat in a cafe Chantant with his inseparable companion "Monsieur Bouteille de Vin, or a prominent place in an open-air cafe. in company with the same friend, and he will sit for hours idly dreaming. The French are so quick, yet so easy, taking everything as it comes, advancing either to a duty or pleasure, never getting out of step.

Here, as in London, I visited every place of interest, the Louvre, Luxembourg Palace and gardens, the Bastille, l'Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's Tomb, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and one beautiful day we drove out to Versailles.

How shall I describe it? Midsummer, trees, sward and wayside shrubs stand there in summer greenery; there is no wind—only little ruffles of air to stir gently the bending grass and leafy shrubbery. Overhead, the sun burns in a serene sky, hot, but not with our stifling American heat, instead, a warmth which is vital. Before us stands, in all its grandeur, the Palace, which we came to see.

On all sides are terraced banks, wooded islands limped rivulets, with picturesque bridges spanning them, rich grass and blossoming flowers, sparkling fountains, walks bordered with marble statues of French royalties, and in the midst of this Eden, stands the palatial structure, with its

wealth of sculptured marble ornamentations, glittering in the sunshine. Can you picture it, girls? It is beyond my descriptive powers. It is enchantingly grand! It seems like fairyland to me; would that I could give you even a faint idea of its beauty. In one room of the palace, I was shown the spot where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was seated when the mob besieged Versailles, and where brave LaFayette spoke to the infuriated populace; this room opens into what is called the "Glass Salon," its four walls being lined with glass of every description, clear, stained, painted, etc., and the polished floor gives one the impression that it also is of glass.

Next to this room are the apartments which were occupied by Queen Victoria and her suite, on the occasion of her visit to France. It is a lovely spot, with an alcove at one end, lined with mirrors, so constructed that, if you stand before them at a certain point you see yourself reflected, but move an inch, and you are minus an arm, surprised at this you lean over, and behold! you see two arms and two feet, nothing more,—more curious than ever, you lean to this side, and lo! What now is reflected? A human being without eyes! Angry at this, you jerk your head to find your eyes, but cannot—furious and baffled, you indignantly pass on to admire something more congenial than the apparent mockery of an unseen power.

I bade a reluctant farewell to lovely Versailles, lingering amidst scenes of former gayety and past delights, conjuring mentally those gay courtiers and noble dames, who within the spacious halls of this royal mansion, moved with stately grace to the measured music of the minuet.

I would like to tell you something about the gardens, for all the rural beauties on which my eyes had hitherto feasted appeared blended in these favored retreats, which nature seems to have adorned with the brightest of her creation.

Imagine yourself lolling back in a Victoria, moving along the Bois de Boulogne, as far as you can see there is a line of carriages with their red lights burning brightly. Twilight has deepened into darkness—there is no moon to-night—but in the distance the lights of the Eiffel Tower make it look like some heavenly body. Going down the Bois you reach Place de la Concorde with its



thousands of yellow, red purple, pink, white, blue, green lights; and where the guillotine stood there is a column with bulbs of lights creeping from the base and terminating in a radiant, luminous cluster of various shades. After driving through this realm of beauty, you enter a grove as dark as night, but soon through the dense foliage glimmering lights appear; the musical play of many fountains fall upon the ear, and by some irresistible impulse you lean forward and give orders to be driven in the direction from which the light emanates.

As you approach the spot, the gentle cadence of the falling water is no longer heard, but soft, seductive strains are lightly wafted on the summer wind, a delicious perfume fills the air, mellow lights brighten the winding paths, and unconsciously you say *Depechez-Vous*. Crack goes the whip, you jerk, and before you are aware of it, you are dashing into—What? Surely it is Fairy Land.

There is the orchestra, discoursing exquisite strains, equally delectable to the artist and the pleasure-loving, here are the gorgeously-attired votaries of fashion, lured to this sylvan haunt to beguile the passing hours by the refreshing evening breeze; here, too, listening with enraptured ears to the soul-stirring music, or languidly sipping their wine, are the weary toilers from the dusty highways of life, whilst the trees are aglow with thousands of fairy lamps and Japanese lanterns, and myriads of glittering stars light up the dark canopy of the sky, like so many diamonds set in the dark folds of this aerial tapestry. A veritable garden of delights! you will say; yes, truly, but only one of the many to be found in the vicinity of Paris.

Did time permit, the glories of Fontainebleau, St. Germain-en-Laye Poissy, Rambouillet, Penthoise, Senlis, Montereau, etc., would also find place in this uninteresting epistle, but my dears, it is nearing the wee sma' hours—how dreadful to think of sight-seeing! Were I to tell you the tale that my time-piece knows, you would be shocked to think that a Convent girl was not long ere this in the arms of Morpheus. *Au revoir*.

Your loving gossip,

PERLE ROMAINE TAYLOR.



## Unrecognized Heroism.

THIS is essentially the age of hero-worship, an age in which great exploits, extraordinary achievements and incomparable deeds of valor alone find recognition. In the moral and intellectual world we are dazzled only by that which appears, which obtrudes itself upon our attention, which importunes our admiration and elicits applause. Nevertheless, the world goes on like a huge machine, and there are those who labor in its cause with mind and heart and soul, with noble purpose, high resolve, ever working for the right, powerful motors, whose action, though unperceived, is ever exerting a mighty influence on the whole, and yet, who go unlaurelled to the grave—their life work ended, no record of their deeds remains. But, as in the physical world, not all that is beautiful appears, as in the world of tone, the underlying harmonies are ever the richest and fullest, as in the works of our Great Creator, what He chooses to reveal is but the least expression of His infinite perfections, so, as a tribute to His greater glory, do our heroes love to labor in obscurity, and the more perfect their work, the more jealously do they strive to conceal it. Yet, beautiful flowers of God's quickening grace, shall we suffer you to remain unknown, shall we, with the unthinking multitude, offer unsparing homage to the gods of an hour—the idols of the vulgar mind—and allow the most noble portion of this vast creation to be shrouded by the veil of oblivion? It is true the meteor flash of genius is irresistible and breaks on the soul as a revelation, it awes us, it attracts us, it compels us to yield it homage, or rather, with reverent awe, to worship Him of whose wonderful omnipotence and glory it is but a feeble emanation. But while to these leaders of men, who stand pre-eminent in the arena of life, we yield their meed of praise, we will seek those lowly heroes who are so much the hero as to offer their entire being, their noblest gifts on the altar of sacrifice, who, to preserve the whole make of themselves a holocaust,—these are the noble ones of our race.

The valiant Roman of old sacrifices his life for his country, and his name goes down through the ages the ideal of true heroism, and yet, not wholly unselfish may have been this apparently

great deed—vain glory is a powerful incentive to action—but they—not by a single act, but by daily repeated acts of self-immolation and devotedness in the cause of all that is noble and exalted, are the lasting benefactors of their race, continuing as it were the sublime work of regeneration which was begun in obscurity, seeking no remuneration, soliciting no applause—naught—but the inward testimony of well-doing.

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.



**The Woodbine Raid!**

STROLL'D up the quiet garden  
 In the flush of the summer noon,  
 When the air was all perfume-laden  
 With the od'rous breath of June.  
 The sun in his golden glory  
 Look'd down on this world of ours,  
 Ere he sank on his couch of crimson  
 With a smile at the blushing flow'rs.  
 I sought out a silent grotto—  
 'Twas shady, and cool and sweet,  
 For around and o'erhead all freshly  
 Did clusters of white rose meet.  
 And I heard the sweet linnets warble  
 And the robins their voices tune;  
 Oh! did not the earth seem lovely  
 That bright summer eve in June!  
 My vespers the while were over,  
 I stroll'd down the walk once more,  
 While the blackbirds held charming con-  
 certs,  
 And the thrushes cried out "Encore!"  
 I glanc'd at the azure heavens,  
 I look'd at the ivied wall,  
 And I utter'd a cry of longing,  
 Bnt that was not all—quite all;  
 For just then a gentle zephyr  
 Sigh'd down from the ivy green,  
 With more than the sweets of summer  
 On its fragrant breath, I ween.  
 I look'd where the sigh came wafting,  
 And there 'mid the verdant bow'rs  
 Was the soft-voiced zephyr playing  
 With clusters of beautiful flow'rs.  
 I glanc'd at their wax-like petals,  
 Alas! they were all too high;—  
 And I sigh'd,—but the sigh was answer'd  
 By a lass with a ladder nigh.

Three steps that were made right quickly—  
 And the coveted flow'rs were mine;  
 Thus I captur'd the fragrant clusters  
 Of rose-tinted, sweet woodbine.  
 Again I stroll'd down the garden  
 'Neath the shade of the ivied wall;  
 And I murmur'd my evening prayer—  
 But that was not all—quite all;  
 For I looked at my winsome flowers,  
 And I thought of the fearless maid  
 Who, heedless of all, save frolic,  
 Had ventur'd the woodbine raid!  
 And I said I shall tell thy story,  
 Thou flow'r-scented eve of June,  
 And show my young friend the pleasure  
 She gave this bright afternoon.

M. J. B.

The above lines were suggested to the writer by seeing a spray of woodbine, that had climbed from a neighboring garden, hang invitingly over the ivied wall of a Loretto Convent in the South of Ireland.

**Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.**

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice that combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whisper of affection how grateful. For its participation in joy, how unspeakable.

\* \*

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of them, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

\* \*

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue.



But, who ever looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time ?

\* \*

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the Summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lakes into silver spangles of beauty. So, goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt, and from its effects upon surrounding things, we are sure of its existence.

\* \*

When the Summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the Winter of age, and the shadow of past years grows deeper and deeper, as the life nears its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter us, hearts to rejoice with us, and friends that have been gathered together by our firesides, then the rough places of our way-faring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

\* \*

"Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! The ever present, undecaying and undying, the endless chain composing the life of God, the golden thread entwining the destinies of the Universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchre; its possessions, they are the toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkness, eternal pleasures forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh

from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease—exhaustless love supplies the song.

### Our Visitors.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.; His Excellency Most Rev. Francis Satolli, Apostolic Delegate, Washington, D. C.; Most Rev. J. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto; Most Rev. P. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Penn.; Most Rev. J. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.; Most Rev. Dionysios Latos, Archbishop of Zante, Greece; Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y.; Rt. Rev. M. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton; N. J.; Rt. Rev. J. McNierny, Bishop of Albany, N. Y.; Rt. Rev. J. McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, Penn.; Rev. P. V. Kavanagh, C. M., President of Niagara University, N. Y.; Rev. E. J. Lefevre, C. M., Rev. J. T. Landry, C. M., Rev. J. J. Tally, C. M., Rev. J. O. Hayden, C. M., Rev. L. A. Grace, C. M., Rev. F. Walters, C. M., Rev. D. J. Downing, C. M., Rev. M. J. Rosa, C. M., Rev. R. H. Albert, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D., New York City; Rev. F. Ryan, Toronto; Rev. J. Walsh, Toronto; Rev. C. Kaelin, Pendleton, N. Y.; Rev. J. McNab, Medina, N. Y.; Rev. T. Donohoe, D. D., Rev. J. J. Sheahan, Rev. J. Schaus, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. H. J. Lube, Rev. P. A. Butterly, Rev. P. Dunne, Dublin, Ireland; Rev. J. Meagher, O. S. F., Ennis, Ireland; Chevalier Sevilla, Lima, Peru; Madame de St. Sauveur, Paris, France; Dr. and Mrs. Mount, Montreal; Senor Julio Bracho, Mexico; Senora Luz Gavilan, Mexico; Mr. J. T. Gibbons, New Orleans; Miss Clarissa Baldwin, Boston, Mass.; Miss Bergen, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mr. J. Garvey, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Watts, London, England; Dr. and Mrs. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Toohey, Clonmel, Ireland; Mrs. Cotter, Mallow, Ireland; Mr. Conway, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. O'Brien, Master T. O'Brien and Miss O'Neill, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Cresse, Montreal; Delles. Bourbonniere, Montreal; Mrs. O'Connor, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Cronin, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Ashley, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Tully, New York City; Mr. Griswold, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croft, Toronto; Mrs. Miller, New York City; Mrs. Barrett, Engle-

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### SPRAY.

*("You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.")*

—Annie, if brevity be the soul of wit, then let's be witty.

—Helen, remember that tact apple-sauces the quinine of reality.

—Why Ethel, birds in their little nests agree! (Ethel pouting): "If they didn't, they'd fall out."

—After tea we're going to etiquette. Hilda (just arrived): "Have we got to take the trolley to get there?"

—If distance lends enchantment to the view and the view refuses to return it, can distance claim any legal redress? Give it up? So do I.

—Girls, why do you all run after that young lady and try to copy her? Why, she has been to Europe! So has (P. T.) Barnum's monkey.

—Alas! for the irony of fate, the house of Sir Isaac Newton in London is now a restaurant—devoted to studies of gravy instead of gravitation.

—Lottie, long creeds are sometimes very narrow ones. Agnes, dear, there are many comedians on life's stage, in whose heart a tragedy is being enacted. Claire finds life a walking poem which is constantly entangling its feet in prosy nets.

—Little Nell, "murder will out," and in the near future we will know who is so fond of Huyler's. No use hiding behind good deportment; for retribution will come. Bear in mind the story of the Irishman, who, escaping from the mosquitoes and seeing some harmless fireflies, exclaimed: "Here they come with their lanterns after us."

—Although Mary often lets her head fall, it never seems to break.

—Our Historical Chart student wonders that she has not dates on the tips of her fingers, knowing that they grow on the palm.

—These two "Attic Philosophers" must remember that nothing like a ball (bawl) or any swell affair is allowed at a Convent, even though toothache be the plea.

—Camille, hopeless victim of ennui, sighing—not for the flesh-pots of Egypt, but for the dainty bonbons and sunny skies of la belle France,—cries out in the bitterness of her heart, "I don't care, anyway, the Falls is chestnuts, after you're here a little while."

—Pertater, you are not as smart as you used to be, nor as young as you were when you answered your mother's query: "Well, dear, what do they do in church?" by this bright little description of a genuflection. "Well, mama, we goes in every day and they all kneels down and looks under the seats to see if they has got the right one; but I knows mine, cause I just counts one, two, three, and every day when the others is hunting' round to see which one to take, I just pops into mine."

### A Casket of Jewels.

Every act of self-denial is a new trait of resemblance to Christ, and another link of union with him.

If we would begin thanking God for all the joys we owe him, we would have no time left to complain of our miseries.

If there was anything better than meekness, Jesus would have taught it, but He taught us only two things—to be meek and humble of heart.

The greatest objection to even the best novels, particularly for certain minds, is that they lead them into a region of unrealities, estrange them completely from the practical part of life, and unfitting them for the accomplishments of their duties. Hence, the incomprehensible langor of women who dream of the impossible, living habitually in a world of romance, and who suffer cruelly when, in spite of themselves, they are caught in the wheels of prosaic every-day life.



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HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. I.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1894.

No. 2.

His Grace, the Most Reverend J. Walsh, D. D.,  
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, ONT.

**T**HE original of our frontispiece is our beloved Archbishop, whose visits to our convent home are at all times occasions of great rejoicing, for we are presumptuous enough to think ourselves the children of his predilection. His venerable appearance standing in our midst, as he extends to us his blessing, and the words of unction which fall from his lips leave a sweet remembrance, even when the joy of his visit is passed.

To the charm of a genial personality this distinguished prelate joins a fervid eloquence of speech which flows from a well-stored mind and is ever listened to with rapt attention. Indeed, we all feel proud of this stately pillar of the Church in Canada. His great achievements in its onward march will form some of the brightest pages in its history; and ever linked with the dearest associations of the noble Institution of which we have the honor of being pupils, will that name be handed down, adorning its annals and shedding a lustre on them as it has on all the works with which he has been connected for the glory of God.

For us he is a noble figure and one of which, as his children, we may justly feel proud. It is a great incentive to us on the toilsome way of learning to look to one so distinguished in its paths for words of patronage and encouragement, for we know he marks with a father's care and interest each onward move we make. Is not his own life a bright torch to the student, husbanding the precious moments as he has ever done, increasing those talents which heaven has bestowed on him by turning them to the best advantage. Here drinking deep of the Perian

spring of science, there culling the fairest flowers of literature with which to adorn his already gifted mind, and so crowning himself with the laurels he has so deservedly won—of the scholar, the orator, and fairest wreath of all—that of the lilies of a stainless life—a life of virtue and good works.

Proudly, then, we append the following beautiful words of hearty approval which he has graciously written us in reference to our Magazine:

“I greatly like the Magazine. It is a publication of high literary excellence, and as varied almost and as beautiful in its contents as the real rainbow of the Falls in its tints. Indeed, it does immense credit to its young contributors and to the Institution in which they have received or are receiving their education. Long may the NIAGARA RAINBOW continue to be a symbol and an assurance of hope and promise to Loretto at the Falls, and like its prototype—a thing of beauty and joy forever!”

ONE OF OURSELVES.

### Our Hallowed Shrine.

**I**N a quiet corner of the spacious gardens of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Mother Teresa Dease is laid to rest. A monument in marble marks the spot, but one looks rather upon the lordly pile beside it to learn that there lies a great and brave and holy woman in sooth.

“All day long in the happy summer-time the birds sing above her venerable relics and in season and out of season through the silent night, the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp falls fitfully upon the tall, white headstone, while the never weary cataract, in deep, stentorian accents, chants an importunate *requiem aeternum!*”

I have much pleasure in submitting to your readers this little labor of love, in which I wish



to bring before the public one of the quiet workers who was, in her way, a benefactress to her country, concerned as she was in the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of all who found a shelter beneath her fostering care.

The chief difficulty always with secular writers of a religious life is to compass the great chasm in thought and feeling between their dwarfed soul and that of their subject, though this in the main embarrasses me, I may not use it as a plea altogether for the shortcomings of the sketch, for greatness is easily recognizable. Besides this, my delightful encounter with her descendants has made the example she gave easy to conceive and appreciate. It goes without saying surely—from the bare facts of a life like Mother Teresa's—that her trend of thought, and will, and work, was wholly spiritual. No one can need to be persuaded of this, but it does require in justice to her, and for the honor of the family that survives her, to have it shown that her work was distinctly in its incipiency, and continues to be in its progression a great public benefit, and in a young country like this a sort of memorable historic movement. Being of the world myself, I do not feel guilty of slander when I say, it is fearfully impatient of the moneyed records of the ecstasies and rapt recollectedness of even the greatest saints. It is only too ready to take their sanctity for granted, but it wants to be persuaded of their utility and their active sense of the inter-dependence of human beings. This is a very heavy defence, is it not? But I feel I must explain my attitude fully, and I have a presumptuous feeling that Mother Teresa herself, if I may judge from the spirit of reasonable compromise which is manifest in her Community, would not dissent from the principle I go upon in these matters. I trust my little sketch will fulfil its mission, to instill in the minds of my readers a love and admiration for the saintly and eminently useful Mother Teresa, and for the life of self-immolation and public benefit of the fast growing community who are following in her footsteps.

"The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth," says Ruskin, "is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting and in the beautiful adornment of the State." Any woman, therefore, who performs this triple function, has perfectly fulfilled her obligations of citizenship, and

merits the gratitude and praise of the country she has served. We hear a great deal about the tributes, which, as a nation, we owe to legislators and philanthropists, to scholars, artists and inventors—even the Canadian Temple of Hero-worship has its crowded niches now—but we do *not* hear so much about "*the quiet workers, by whom a nation lives and never thanks them.*" We have written down upon the immortal scroll of history the lustrous names of our patriots and benefactors, shall we consent to see the most faithful of all our national stewards—our saints—go unhonored and unsung into obscurity? One of these, the subject of this sketch, unquestionably was, and perhaps it were well, before we go into the details of her life and labors to remember that there is a salient difference between the toilers in the national vineyard who are saints, and those who are not, that the latter concern themselves merely about the temporal welfare of the people, while the former are deeply solicitous for their interests here and in the world to come. And if the care for the mere earthly advancement of a constituency, a province or a nation, entails the unremitting labor and anxiety which we concede to it, how much more, in common proportion, does not the farther-reaching scheme of him involve, who, by the choice of a more exalted state of life, makes himself partially responsible for the destinies of soul and body of the multitudes committed to his care!

In Ellen Dease, the late Reverend Mother (Teresa) of the Loretto Order in America, Canada possessed one of those quiet workers indeed "*by whom the nation lives and never thanks.*" Her name is inalienable from the great cause of higher female education in the West, and this in itself, a glorious epitome of her services to the commonwealth, commends her to the homage and gratitude of a country whose educational growth is a marvel to the old centres of learning. In her life the comprehensive proverb, *noblesse oblige* has an ample illustration. The best blood of Westmeath, Longford and Cavan flowed in her veins, the rich blood of the O'Reilly's and Dease's, the proud blood of the Nugent's, of Count Nugent, the distinguished refugee whose Austrian honors are a protest for all times against the unspeakable Penal Laws that drove him from his own land to gather laurels of honorable distinc-

tion in that of a stranger. *Noblesse oblige* indeed, the touchstone of true nobility is in noble effort and noble achievement, and with this triple claim to the rare prerogative established so that he who runs may read, we are safe in presenting Ellen Dease to posterity as a type of that most perfect of creatures—the noble woman! She was born in the County of Meath on the fourth day of May, 1821, launched into the world the same as any other baby-girl, and yet what a train of vast potentialities her humble coming generated! It may be that the sun rose bright and gladsome over our fair Queen City on that eventful morning, beaming with tidings of great joy because of the significance of her birth to its prospective needs and development, it may be that the birds sang and the peaceful waters of the lake glancing in the ample sunshine bore the message on to the neighboring towns and cities which were to come within the pale of her future energies. It was the season of bud and blossom, the maples were putting out their tender leaflets, the trilliums and violets were peeping through the brown mould of the forests, the lilacs were swinging their laden boughs like censors in the cool, balmy morning, and responsive to their sweet appeals this May-flower of Meath nodded to them from over the sea. She would come to them in the course of time redolent of love and friendship, and bloom forevermore among them in the nation's virgin garden.

The childhood and girlhood of Miss Dease were not more thrilling nor interesting than these epochs usually are; indeed, we are relieved to discover that her traits and tendencies during these periods were of the most ordinary character, for this divests her entirely of that unkindred aspect which holiness too commonly assumes to the rank and file of men. When we see reflected in the embryo saint the same needs and cares and struggles, and can detect a trend towards the same weaknesses and temptations as are the source and secret of our discouragement and spiritual unfruitfulness, our interest and sympathy are far more readily and keenly excited than when we find ourselves scanning with a half-sceptical indifference the records of preternatural emotions and achievements which so stain the bond of brotherhood between us and many holy persons. Any Catholic child brought up in the

atmosphere of a happy home, and any drudging school-girl wrestling with the dull tasks and tiresome discipline of the class-room can find a boon-companion and a fellow-toiler in little Ellen Dease. We are left to assume that she smudged as many pinafores and rent as many frocks and got into as many difficulties generally as any small woman in the country, and of course we love her all the better for it.

In the fashionable institute at Dublin where her private home-training received its finishing touches, we see her in a new but still very natural phase of physical and moral development, the vagrant aims and fancies of youth are becoming submerged in the earnestness of early womanhood, experience is widening the horizon of merely taught knowledge, the world is revealing itself in its protean character of friend and foe to her young mind and heart. This is the crisis of a woman's life, from this point the ways of Eve's daughters diverge in all climes and ages, past this milestone of maidenhood they go, happy and fresh and fair, to pleasure or prayer or toil, to lay up treasures of one sort or another, to seek happiness in one shape or another, before their paths converge again at the milestone marked *Ci-git*.

Miss Dease, with the broad road of lawful ease and pleasures accessible to her by reason of her birth and social standing, had a tempting prospect ahead of her, but so strangely far-seeing and courageous can a woman of four and twenty be, she donned the sombre garment of votive penance and toil, and went instead down the narrow byway of Renouncement. To say that she forsook the world, would hardly be a fair construction to put upon her choice; she must have loved it, indeed, to have given herself entirely to the one thing, upon which its welfare must ever depend, the propagation of Christian faith and knowledge among those who held the destinies of nations in their hands. To this end she repaired to Rathfarnham, near Dublin, where she was received on the 15th of October, in the year 1845, into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or the Order of Loretto, by the Reverend Mother Ball, herself a distinguished and holy woman. This community had had a quasi-historic and romantic origin. Hunted by the fanatical oppression of Charles I.'s reign, a number of



wealthy Catholic families left their homes and retreated to the continent for a shelter from their prosecutors. France and Spain, of course, received many of them, and one party of noble ladies drifted into Munich where the Bishop and Duke of Bavaria extended them a royal welcome. Finding themselves thus happily cared for, the valiant women resolved to organize themselves into a regular community and devote themselves to the education of young persons of their own sex and station, and in this seemingly fortuitous determination the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary had its origin. It was in or about the year 1631.

The Convent at Rathfarnham, whither Miss Dease repaired, was a branch of the old parent house at York, and was opened by Mother Frances Ball while Ellen Dease was still a child. Mother Ball was herself of gentle birth and had been educated in the Abbey at York, for there were, at that perturbed and unhappy period of Ireland's history, no such institutions in that persecuted country. Well qualified by her own keen and delicate instructions to gauge the character of the new novice, Mother Ball received her with marked cordiality, and Miss Dease was admitted, full of fervor and zeal, into the fledgling Abbey. Two years and a half later, in August of 1847, she made her final vows, and two days after her profession, the secret of her royal calling was revealed to her. She was to be a pioneer of Catholic education in the western American colony. What this involved beyond the sorrows of exile from home and friends, and the dreary prospect of long and tedious travel, and the uncertainty generally of the worthy speculation, we here in Canada can fairly estimate. Our virgin soil was rich and arable truly, but without the "quiet workers" who tilled its ruggedness and tended its precious deposits and converted it from a rank jungle into a teeming garden of culture and learning, what should we have to boast of in these days of ours.

Sister Teresa and her companions, five in number, arrived in Toronto on the 16th of September, 1847, after a dreary voyage of some weeks' duration. It may be assumed that they were greeted with many a furtive glance from the non-Catholics and anti-Catholic bodies in the west, who were much perturbed themselves about that time with

a re-organization of the common school system of Upper Canada—the schools in quality and number being far below the exigencies of the period.

It is not possible, in a limited sketch and with records in which their early trials are but hinted at, to faithfully represent the many harrowing experiences, which form the epitome of the first years of their probation in Canada. To the serious difficulties of a harsh climate to which they were unused, and the lack of suitable accommodation and appointments generally, were supplemented the toil and fatigue of their colossal efforts, and a cankering loneliness for the motherland, which in itself was unutterable pain to endure.

In 1851, Mother Ignatia Hutchinson, the Superior of the little band, succumbed to the repeated hardships and was succeeded in office by the young Sister Teresa, who was then only in her thirtieth year. From her accession to the helm, however, the progress and prosperity of the order in Canada began to date. Gifted with uncommon administrative faculties and adorned with lovable qualities, she easily guided and stimulated her growing community to achievements that are the glory of her Canadian descendants. Full of humility, the infallible test of the truly great, she could not be other than a quick worker, but she was a steady one withal, as her immortal labors testify. Unity became strength with these valiant women, they rallied with cheerfulness around their beloved superior, in whose courage and wisdom they had learned to confide, and in whose sympathy and maternal solicitude they found solace and shelter ever.

The Abbey—the parent-stock of the Canadian missions—being well and securely established, Mother Teresa began the arduous task of extending its fragile ramifications in various other directions. In the city of Toronto two other houses were erected, and as the years went on the rosary-girded nuns spread themselves, always under her guidance, over Belleville, Lindsay, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Guelph, Stratford, and into Joliet, in the State of Illinois. When we consider that the main support of the order is the training of the higher powers and developing the finer sensibilities of the daughters of our upper stratum, we can realize the extent of the benefit

conferred by the Loretto nuns upon the Canadian people. It is a historic truism that all the sanguinary conflict of civil strife, and all the harrowing social problems that are the canker-worms of modern civilization are the inevitable result of power or privilege, of excesses in one form or another in the upper classes of the nation. And these perversions and distortions are manifestly the fruit of careless or improper training of the youth of the higher ranks. Enlightened, conscientious, charitable individuals make an enlightened, conscientious and charitable people, and if the mothers of our capitalists and magnates generally have been grounded in wholesome Christian attainments, if the wives of our legislators and representatives are great and good women, if the girls who adorn our drawing-rooms are panoplied with the principles of such knowledge, and embellished with the fruits of such cultures as cannot impair their moral vigor the trend of our national mind and social and intellectual character must inevitably be towards the good and the beautiful. And this is the aim and endeavor of Mother Teresa's noble community; to make of those who have been set up by the power of circumstances, where all men may see them—the poor to scrutinize and the less humble to imitate—exemplars of Christian wisdom and modesty, depositaries of all those gifts and graces which make the woman loved and honored in her home. When we consider that since the advent of Mother Teresa into Canada up to the present moment, something not far away from fifteen or twenty thousand girls have passed through the collective institutions, and been subsequently launched into all sorts and conditions of life, we can pretty fairly estimate how much the order has had to do with the maintenance of the social and moral equilibrium of the country.

To Mother Teresa Dease it was given to see what only the privileged laborers in any vineyard live long enough to realize—the season of rich and plentiful harvest which is the tardy consummation of the tillage and care of years. It was a temporal reward well merited by a stern probation meekly and bravely borne. She lived to see her noviceship filled again and again with zealous and able recruits, and the fair daughters of two nations flock to her schools. And, what was

very dear and sweet to her, with the memory of those early hardships ever present in her mind, to see her beloved community fixed and happy at last, and united in spirit, sentiment and labor.

How truly the author of *Sesame and Lilies* wrote when he said that "in periods of new effort and violent change disappointment is a wholesome medicine, and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunlight." To her the unique privilege was accorded of experiencing much of both, and the gloom of the cheerless twilight must surely have made the after-glow brighter and more beautiful than it could ever have been without so vivid a contrast. But in the noontide of her glory the shadow of the death-angel fell like a passing eclipse. What more could she do for her vineyard than she had already accomplished? Was it not time she went to render the account of her stewardship, when the first field of grain was garnered and the aftermath was already peeping through the fruitful soil? So death came to her at the close of her busy day—the Reaper of Reapers! The great Accountant! Stern Intermediary between Mortality and Immortality! And it came as it often does, to the innocent and sinless, with the anguish of physical pain,—with the ruthless cruelty of protracted suffering,—for many months she bore its slow-working blight upon her enfeebled body, nor murmured at the torture it inflicted. A life of bodily penance, of hardship and toil and fasting and prayer, reduces the agonies of the final dissolution to a minimum. When one has given three score years to poverty and suffering, to the daily, hourly, momentary abandonment of one's own tastes and will and wish, to the taming of rebellious senses, to wrestling fiercely, unremittingly with the other law that is in our members, and that resists unto the last the regulating processes of prayer and mortification. When one has hungered and thirsted in sight of the tempting flesh-pots and passed them by, when one was weary and oppressed within reach of the wayside inn of relaxation, and spurred the drooping courage on, when one has borne the burnt of all these battles in patient hope, death's conquest over the already conquered flesh is an inglorious one indeed. It was on the first day of July, 1889,



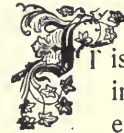
that the May-flower of Meath closed its weary petals and drooped—to bloom on earth no more, but its imperishable fragrance lingers within and about the Abbey where for so long it had unconsciously diffused itself in life. It is a part now of the flowing habit and ample Rosary of the Daughter of Loretto wherever she abides in this America of ours.

An experienced writer has said that "the best women are necessarily the most difficult to know," and this is perhaps the best explanation of the meagreness of detail which marks the story of this immortal woman's career. She spoke little of herself, but her works sing her praises everlastingly. Her decade of noble structures, each bead a Temple of the Holy Family, a living psalmody of sustained Hail Mary's, a nucleus of endless jubilees in honor of Our Lady of Loretto, whose unrivalled servitor she was, and her spirit the taut links which bind them indissolubly together. This was the rosary with which her soul was girt when it went out to judgment and to its unnamable reward. The insignia of her order worked out with her own slender hands into a tribute of unending glory to God, and a pledge of happy security against the ravages of unholy ignorance and unholy knowledge to the daughters of men—His creatures!

To come back at the close of this imperfect sketch to what we quoted at the beginning, about the true duty of a woman to the state: can we find a more perfect interpretation of the responsibilities of the citizen anywhere than in this energetic community, which Mother Teresa Dease implanted in our soil? Does anyone outstrip them in assisting in the ordering and the comforting and the adornment of the state? Not only do they do all this themselves, but their chosen function is to equip others for a similar office. The state then is manifestly their debtor and owes them the homage of its gratitude. Besides this, the Loretto Order has a special value that is incalculable to those who have experience of it. Kindly, and sweet and pleasant towards all who come in their way, they make a virtue of hospitality and courtesy, and endear themselves by many a subtle care for the physical and spiritual needs of worldings to hearts that have grown callous to the influence of colder sanctity. And then the broad, sunny spirituality of their lives, is

a thing to marvel at in these gloomy, contemplative times of ours. Their souls are trained to magnify the Lord and their spirits to rejoice in God their Savior, and if anything is going to save our cynical, pessimistic century, it is this happy, bounding, exhilarating creed. Viewed in these varied aspects of unquestionable adornment of, and usefulness to, the state, of faithful co-operation in the best and highest efforts of the Church, of delicate conformableness to the simple conventions of the social life, Mother Teresa's community is an institution well worthy of the nation's homage. Let Canada not forget, when she reckons up the number of her public benefactors, to write in rubric characters the lustrous and immortal name of Mother Teresa Dease, whose colossal labors in the important sphere of female culture and instruction are the glory of our western province to-day. K. M. B.

### Christian Art.



It is the tendency of all deep religious feeling to objectivate itself, to give outward expression by forms and symbols to that inward impression stamped upon the soul by the contemplation of mystic and sublime truth. Even when truth is perceived dimly, and only in a fragmentary way, when it is seen through the distorting medium of a false philosophy and falser theology, its supersensible character demands presentation in the sensible. This is shown by a casual glance at the art development of all nations. The religious was the dominant element in early Egyptian art, as it was, also, in the sculpture-life of ancient Armenia and Babylonia, of Persia, and the land of the Hindoos. The formularization of a creed seems always to be followed by its externalization in the arts. But great as has been the influence of ideals on the art and literary life of all religious peoples, the divine idea never took such beautiful, sublime expression, as in Christian Art before the Renaissance. Christian dogma and Christian Art are indissolubly connected. They are inter-related like the soul and body, like the type and the thing typified. Divorce art from Christian doctrine and you deprive it of its individual notes, and reduce it to a mere piece of formalism. The actualizing motive that gave it its lofty meaning is no longer there, and you

have material art, beautiful if you will, but not distinctly Christian Art, the externalized beauty of a Divine idea.

It is the purpose of Art to depict only the truth, based upon fact or dogma. Any deflection from the doctrinal teachings of the Church involves heresy in art. Truth and beauty, subjectively different, are objectively the same thing, for beauty is only the illumination of truth, and as Christian Art proposes to itself the adumbration of supernatural beauty, it must needs insist on a harmony with supernatural truth. But while it is concerned for the most part with the symbolical expression of the dogmatic or the representation of the historic, Christian Art does not, for that, neglect the sublime and beautiful. Mere material beauty, that exquisite harmony and proportion of parts, the glow, the warmth and depth of color, the wonders of chiaro-oscuro, and sumptuous loveliness which characterize pagan art, mere material beauty, I say, it does not pretend to express, for that would be the infusion, aye, the insistence of materialism in a painting ostensibly purporting to be spiritual. That subtle, ethereal beauty however, which illumines a picture, as autumnal light silvers the cloud, that delicate grace and purity and indefinable something that takes its meaning from the deep abiding consciousness of the artist, reflecting on the mysteries of his religion; this constitutes the province which Christian Art arrogates to itself; this is the sunset land of golden vision and dreamy, mystic splendor which the Catholic painter recognizes as his purviews by right divine. Material beauty, therefore, is subservient to loveliness of a higher and more spiritual kind; nor can they ever come into conflict, for as we hinted, the dominance of the sensual over the spiritual would be the destruction of the Christian element in art.

The soul, the actuating principle of all high art and more especially of high Christian Art is the idea, the bodying forth by symbol or truthful representation of bodiless, supernatural beauty; of the beauty and splendor of virtue, the divine mysteries, and the glorious attributes of divinity. But this idea fails to be conceived, this high art fails to be elaborated except by one who is deeply imbued with the spirit of religion; by one whose soul is possessed by supernatural truth; whose inner sight is gifted with supernatural perception.

Isaiah did not prophesy till his lips had been kissed with the coal of fire. Ezechiel did not take up the stylus till his spirit was kindled by the beauty, the sublimity of the vision he beheld. The bard does not build his lofty rhyme till he is lifted above himself by the divine breath of inspiration, nor can the great poet of color depict and fix the phantasmal glories that float through his brain unless he be enamored of his subject with a love that is born of faith and intensified by deep, prayerful contemplation. Faith then is an essential in the mental complexion of the great Christian artist; faith of that intensity and simplicity that inspired the martyrs to seek a baptism of blood; faith of that strength that prompted the heroic enterprises of the Red Cross Knights. Without faith, art degenerates into mere formalism—symphonies in color—or worse still, into downright sensualism, as we see exemplified in some of the representations of the Magdalen, the Temptation of St. Anthony, and notably in our days, Calderon's infamous painting of St. Elizabeth. With faith on the other hand, faith actuated by devout meditation on the sublime mysteries of our religion; the wonderful potentialities of art that lie hid in the brain of the master, like lightning in the cloud become realized, and springing forth from the over-wrought brain of the artist take form and color, and glow with supernatural beauty upon his canvas. Faith and prayer are the wings that lift the spirit upward and bear it aloft to the gateways of the sun, where those golden visions of beatitude, those gorgeous purples and crimson of celestial virtue burst upon the enraptured sight and haunt the soul forevermore.

All merely material perfection of color and contour, of design and harmony of parts becomes insipid if there be not a soul of beauty that gives expression to the picture and subordinates the externals to itself. Adherence to truth then in the object delineated, and fidelity to doctrinal teachings on the part of the painter; these are the palmary conditions of all true Christian Art. To look for Catholic art as the product of a mind imbued with heretical doctrines is about as absurd as to expect the devotional poetry of a Lamartine, or a De Vere from the atheistic Voltaire or the irreligious Goethe. The depth of feeling, the fire, the fervor, the appreciative spirit is wanting, and



therefore the expression. A glance at the history of art will make this patent. Examine the pictures of Fra Angelico, redolent of the supernatural, and then contemplate the life of that wonderful painter with its self-abnegation, its absorption in Deity, its sublime purity lifting the spirit from the golden mount of prayer upward to those keen visions of spiritual beauty which flooded his angel soul, nor marvel why his paintings glow with that pure unearthly splendor, that delicate grace and indefinable glory which bespeak a genesis in the deep self-collection and communion with the supernal of a soul enraptured with divine love.

Then turn to the cold conventionalism, false sentiment and materialism of the compositions of the schismatics or even of the Catholics under the Renaissance, when paganism in all its refinement invaded art, or under the influence of Jansenism, which, in place of the mild faith of our fathers, substituted false asceticism and pharasaical rigor. We glean the life history of most artists from their pictures. The gross fault Andrea Del Sarto committed in his otherwise fine painting of the Virgin and Child, in placing disgusting harpies at the corner of her throne bespeaks his irreverence and want of religious feeling as plainly as does his biography. So too, the false taste of those artists, who in the decline of Italian art in the seventeenth century, gave the Virgin the air and transparent robes of a Venus, after the manner of Le Brun, has its explanation in religious apathy. The same holds true for those secular artists of later times, who forgetting their sacred associations, treated the globe, the bird and other symbols of power or divinity (which were placed in Christ's hand) as mere meaningless accessories. Thus Baroccio in a picture of most execrable taste delineates the Child-Christ holding the bird, the emblem of the soul, before a wicked looking cat, in order to tease and torment it. Such exhibitions make it quite patent that the painters brought to the compositions of their pictures dispositions too little in harmony with that fervor and  *morbidezza*  which faith produces.

In constituting a criterion of Christian Art, not a few critics maintain that the simplicity of Christian Art, and the Gospel stand or fall together. Before giving a critical estimate of a picture, such people would refer to the Biblical narrative, and if the literal interpretation of the sacred writings did

not warrant the artist's representation, these critics with the true spirit of philistinism would reject it. According to them, what is not in Scripture is legendary and inartistic, because at variance with the scriptural narrative. Thus the province of art becomes exceedingly circumscribed. Such a canon of taste is not only narrow but arbitrary. Besides the Holy Scriptures, Catholics from the first century down to the present epoch have always admitted the authority of Divine Tradition; tradition which is older than the gospels themselves. The Church has always taught that the divine doctrines committed to the apostles as precious depositaries were not all transferred to writing, but that some were transmitted orally from the apostles to their successors, and so have come down to us in all their substantial though not perhaps accidental integrity. Upon these two pillars, the Bible and Divine Tradition, the dogmas of the Church rest; and art, to be Christian in the full sense of the word, should draw its inspiration from the one as well as the other, for both are of divine origin. Non-Catholics reprobatng tradition and confining themselves solely to the letter of the scriptures, invariably fail to appreciate what is highest and most beautiful in Christian Art. Approaching pictures of the Real Presence with an aggressive attitude, they invariably fail to appreciate at their true value those symbolizations of the Most Holy Sacrament. Thus the magnificent paintings of the "Immaculate Conception" by Roelas, Velasquez, Murillo and hundreds of other masters, with all their bright, pure beauty and ethereal delicacy, fail to elicit the admiration of Non-Catholics for the reason that they look upon them as symbolizations of an abstract theological dogma. So too the peerless grace of the "Enthroned Virgin" of Guido da Siena, the splendid "L'Incarnata" of Donatello in the Cathedral of Florence, the superb "Coronation" in the Wallerstein collection, attributed by some to Hans Hemlings, with its elaborate workmanship, mysticism of conception and ineffable sweetness, the tender, imaginative grace of Garofalo's "Marriage of St. Catherine" and hosts of pictures, frescoes, mosaics and statues of saints, martyrs, etc., as they offend the non-Catholic's criteria of artistic merit, must be relegated like the old-fashioned furniture of our grandfathers—to the

garret—although in point of style, conception and execution, they represent some of the best work of Vivarini, Giotto, Squarcione, and even of Corregio and Annibale Caracci.

It is well for art that all painters have not adopted so narrow a code as that, as there would be precious few masterpieces in the galleries of Europe to-day. The spirit of the text should be taken into consideration as well as the mere letter. All contradiction of the scriptural narrative is repugnant to Christian Art, but the faithful adherence to the mere letter would circumscribe it within the narrowest limits. The non-Catholic painter could not properly treat the Fall of our Saviour on The Way to Calvary, the pretty episode of St. Veronica, and a hundred and one such subjects, as they rest solely upon Apostolic Tradition, which however existed before the New Testament itself as we said previously. Our non-Catholic friends, therefore, holding tenets which preclude the full appreciation of the highest development of Christian Art, invariably fall into gross errors of judgment in pronouncing their critical estimates of such masterpieces as take their *motif* from some fact or truth in the domain of tradition. The reader of Mrs. Jameson, or of John Ruskin, who takes every opportunity to vilipend and inveigh against the pictures of the Passion and of the Crucifixion, so common in Spain and Italy, will readily acquiesce in the above statement.

Additions to Scripture given in positive images, if not inconsistent with the Redeemer's character, since they carry on the narrative in the scriptural spirit, receive the sanction of the Christian Art critic. Even episodes which are purely imaginary or merely pious beliefs, without in the least touching upon the matter of faith, such as the ancient legend of Our Lady wrapping the body-cloth around her Divine Son previous to His crucifixion; or again, the picture by Paul de la Roche of the agony of Mary and the disciples; represented as gathered in a room while Our Lord passes with his cross—even such episodes, imaginary though they may be, will silence the most arrant non-Catholic criticism by their overpowering appeal to the noblest emotions of the heart. The same may be said in favor of those symbolical forms in Christian Art of classic descent, which embody the idea rather than the fact. Thus in some

paintings, betraying the pagan influence of the times, the Jordan is represented as a river-god with his urn under his arm, at the baptism of Our Saviour; and in others the same event is accompanied by the presence of angels who hold the hem of Our Lord's garments. Paraphrases and poetical fancies of this kind in no way affect the truth of the facts they set forth, but rather lend an air of splendor and dignity to them.

The canons of Christian Art do not insist on the artist's strict fidelity to the costume, racial type, architecture, or topography of the region in which he places the action of his picture. On the contrary, the Church has always left the artist to his own judgment and discretion in those matters, insisting only on the moral expression which touches the heart and beautifies the tale, rather than accurate representation of the costume and architecture. A large induction from the history of Christian Art will establish the truth of this. In the exquisite "Conception" of Velasquez, known as the Frere picture, the virgin is garmented in a pale violet robe with a dark blue mantle. Tavarone arrays her in white and blue in his ethereal portraiture of her; while of the twenty-five pictures of Murillo on this subject, the great artist has treated no two exactly alike, the Virgin being represented now with dark hair, and then with light. In the pastoral Madonnas by Titian, the Virgin's tunic is usually a bright carmine, while the flower-enamelled banks and the mountains in the distance are distinctly Venetian. In an elegant composition by Ghirlandajo, "The Nativity of Mary," we are introduced into a sumptuous apartment, richly decorated, and adorned with noble frieze-work; while a beautiful lady clad in the Florentine costume of the fifteenth century enters, followed by four others in similar garments. The reader has only to recall Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" to understand what liberty in respect of costume the artists enjoyed; a liberty that sometimes degenerated into downright license.

Some hypercritical folk take exception to the aureoles around the head of Our Lord as a departure from fact and therefore an offence to truth; preferring, as they say, to see Christ as He walked among the children of men. "But," in the language of Lady Eastlake, "this is a fallacy in more than one sense. Our Lord as He walked on-



earth was not known to be the Messiah. To give Him as He was seen, by men who knew Him not, would be to give Him not as the Christ. It may be urged that the nimbus is a purely arbitrary sign. True, but there must be something arbitrary in all human imaginings of the supernatural."

In conclusion, we must say that the Church, which is the mother of all Christian Art, has impressed it with those notes by which she herself is recognizable as Apostolic. She has given it that holiness which is begotten of contemplation. Indeed, Catholic Art is nothing else than the product of meditation in souls artistically gifted; and meditation is only the rapt gaze of a spirit, quickened by supernatural faith and love, upon the mysterious truths which the Church proposes to the faithful for devout consideration. That Christian Art is Catholic in conception, tone and intention goes without saying; and he will attain the true standard of art who is most deeply imbued with Catholic principles, most richly endowed with the Catholic virtues of supernatural faith and love. Outside the pale of the Church there is no Christian Art, in the strict sense of the word. It is true, our non-Catholic friends have numbered from time to time in their ranks some of the greatest exponents of art; but there is an isolation, an independence, and incongruity about their work which manifests a painful want of unity of intention, scope and spirit, that is entirely absent from representative Catholic Art.


Neither Calvinism, nor Jansenism, nor any of the other kindred sects ever produced a genius of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Correggio or a Caracci; nor has the condition of things in respect of art been reversed in our days, for whom has Protestantism to set over against men of the caliber of Cornelius, Overbeck, Molitor, Deger, and Herbert? Surely none of the Pre-Raphaelites, the only painters nowadays who pretend to cultivate Christian Art; for despite the artistic capacities of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and of F. Madox Brown, Pre-Raphaelism, brought into contrast with the art of the time of Lorenzo and Julian De Medici would show about as favorably as would the music of a lot of organ-grinders in comparison with the grand symphonies and oratorios of the Mozarts, Beethovens, Handels and Haydns of former days.

Catholic Art in all its various forms ever revolves around one central idea and is referable to one exemplar. In the contemplation of Divine Beauty it has its inspiration, and in the faith of its exponents, and the holy dispositions with which they approach their work, its highest elaboration. Unity of purpose, scope and spirit, these are the individual notes of Catholic Art; and in this oneness is the secret of its universality.

PAMELA S. HOYMER.

### Unaccomplished Purposes.

"Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a noble life  
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear  
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,  
And just within our reach? It was. And yet  
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,  
And now live idle in a vague regret.  
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,  
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:  
No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been."

N its fairest forms life is a succession of joys and woes, a time of probation in which we are surrounded by countless vicissitudes, cruel disappointments and bitter trials. Sunlight and shadow, joy and sorrow, with swiftly-flying feet, chase each other in rapid succession across its checkered pathway.

Were it possible to embody the frail span of mortal existence so that all our purposes might assume visible shapes, what a strange spectacle would meet our gaze. Intermingled with what we have done, and what we are doing, on either side of the way we have walked, out over the world where imagination has travelled in varying forms, we would see what we intended to do—outlines of plans, shadowy forms of purposes, half-finished works, dreams, ideals, realities, all strangely mingled—chapters half-written, sentences half-completed, books but no lessons, deeds purposed but not performed, sins condemned but not forsaken, the eyes heavenward but the hands grasping the earth! The world that is—not the world that might have been to us, what we have done is but little of what we intended to do, or might have done.

Many of our thoughts were dreams rather than

definite purposes, the creations of the imagination without the effort of will to realize them; experience and growing wisdom have proved that few have lived so wisely as not to compare, with painful feelings, the aspirations of youth with the achievements of age, and there is not one of us who, unless the inner life of the spirit is totally extinguished, will not be ready to exclaim with the poet:

“The best of what we do, and are,  
Just God forgive.”

Which of us has not had an ideal—a pure ideal of a noble life—a fair vision of the soul which haunted us through the fret and the jar of contending emotions, through the stormy drifts of rising passion—a bright star whose faithful beam still shone through the darkening clouds? But onward we have pressed through the hurry and din of life, borne along by the sweep of the torrent which in its force draws all things with it, urged onward, doing and undoing, marring the beauty of the plan, until at length, in our defective purpose, like a sculptor who has lost heart, we seek to destroy the image we had formed and gaze on the wreck we have made, hopeless and disheartened, or like a builder who views the proud magnificence of the colossal edifice of his dreams crumbling in the dust, we bend sorrowfully over the ruins, forgetting that a skilled architect with the resourceful experience of years may erect a more stately pile on the ruins of fallen greatness.

“From ruins like these rise the fanes that shall last,  
“And to build up the future heaven shatters the past.”

The memories of the past crowd upon us—a heartless throng—overwhelming us with their chidings and reproaches, chilling our hearts with a freshness of sorrow that knows no alleviation, no mitigation or lessening of that aching void felt by those who, in some quiet, restful hour, shutting out the world and withdrawing into the secret chamber of the soul, whose sacred stillness is broken only by the foot-fall of God, hear from the echoing ages that sad and mournful strain, “it might have been.”

As the weird refrain sweeps over the harp-strings of the heart, calling forth in sad tones the

history of a lifetime fraught with vain regrets, telling of past griefs and past woes—for what human heart has not some lost image enshrined within it, some blighted hope slumbering in its depths, some withered garland or faded flower decking the bier of buried joys—we contemplate the past through a mist of tears, and weary, way-worn and disappointed we are tempted without one farther aspiring throb to relinquish the fair ideal, but no—

“A noble aim  
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed  
In whose sight all virtue doth succeed.”

Calm after the fierce struggle and no longer repining over the dead past but rather using its lessons as a guide in the present, we can once again raise our eyes to the faithful monitor of our early years. Not lost its beam mid the tempest-clouds; we had but turned our gaze from its clear, bright ray, so let no heart grow faint, “the sweet fulfilment of Hope’s perfect dream may yet be ours.” On the vantage-ground of experience the nobility of virtuous action may yet be acquired, our purposes strengthened by active and persistent effort and our aspirations ennobled to a higher, purer and loftier existence. In the world of action will is power, persistent will is victory; grand possibilities lie within the reach of personal effort, but in vain would our desires seek realization apart from God; they are but trailing flowers climbing up reeds and stalks, only to bend them down to the earth—rather let them grasp the high and strong support of grace divine, which will lift them up, and in whose glorious sunshine they shall be crowned with fruition to bloom in the eternal summer of God’s Paradise.

NORA O'BRIEN.

### Human Affinity.



WOULD we have placed before us a map of the heart’s world, we would be able to locate unhesitatingly the great cities of Love and Friendship, the rose-bowered hamlet, Longing, and if we but looked intently, should, in all likelihood, espy that “Sleepy Hollow,” Indifference. And through this vast region there flows a wondrous stream whose waters are ever resonant with the melody of song. Listen! they sing of friendship, of love and hope: aye, hearken



again, and from the depths of this mighty river of Feeling there comes a song, a broken song, that tells of hate, of sorrow and despair. But tell me, what call you that region against whose shores these waters dash with such impetuous fury, and in answer to our question why do some reply gaily, others sadly, but none indifferently, that it is called human affinity.

But to drop metaphor, for so far we have but travelled around a circle and find ourselves at the starting point; what is this all-pervading force, this magic power that here beautifies and enriches and there blights and destroys? A thing of substance it surely is, a reality that plays the leading part in our life's drama whether our production be high tragedy, an "All's well that ends well" comedy, or a poor farce, but we can no more give the why and the wherefor of its existence than we can offer a solution for chemical affinity. And, since we are unable to trace the cause of that attraction which exists between elements of matter, is it strange that we can but make a few vague conjectures respecting that mysterious power by which one human heart is drawn toward another.

To simplify matters, to put the question point-blank, why do we like people? Why is it that some faces repulse us whilst others attract? We might be tempted to return, by way of answer, that a person's face bore the imprint of his soul, and in this lay that which pleased us. But experience gainsays us here, for as a matter of fact very few of us like the same people; does not the same person who bores us almost beyond endurance hold the key to another's heart and *vice versa*? Ah, in truth, do "affinities tell" that every one is not for every one. Have we not all experienced that sensation of loneliness even when surrounded by a large company, and felt that as far as we were concerned, the room was as good as empty. At such times, has it not been as though our soul had deserted us and gone in quest of that for which it longed. We became abstracted, and though we heard the sound of friendly voices, there was a feeling of painful isolation, and like actors, weary of the boards, the footlights, and the faded canvas, we longed for nature, for that which was real. In other words, we would have preferred to be with some one with whom it was possible to think aloud; that

person to whom we could talk, not for the sake of saying something, but because we had something to say; that person in whose presence we discard the garments of dissimulation and second thought; that friend whom we have selected from the round of our social intercourse.

And does not the circumstance of our boasting many acquaintances whilst claiming but few friends, perhaps but one, tend to prove that human affinity has not its birth in the chapter of accident? For there are many who meet every day of their lives, perhaps work side by side, hour after hour, and yet there is not the first bond of sympathy between them. They may both possess bright, cultured minds, think thoughts which expressed would be worth perpetuating, but you are wrong when you conclude that they are great friends. Fate has thrown them in the same path—that is all—they exchange trite commonplaces, are faultless in their strict observance of the rules of courtesy, but friends? No. Acquaintances? Possibly. On the other hand, there are those who meet, at most, once or twice a year, and yet there exists between them an electric bond of sympathy whose circuit not even death can break. In reality are there hidden ties of sympathy by the sweet fellowship of which souls reveal their harmonies. And alas! there are also chords in the human heart, poor mute strings, that are forever silent because they are never played upon by a hand in whose sympathetic touch there lurks the magic power to bring forth a melody beautiful in its fullness, in its passionate sincerity.

But what are the conditions that determine our likes and dislikes? Are we attracted to people because they are especially rich or poor, dull or brilliant? You say that So-and-so is a brilliant converser and that you are fascinated by this display of eloquence. Yes; perhaps, and deep in your heart of hearts, in the sanctum of your soul there hangs the image of one whom you love with all your strength and life, one to whom your heart goes out in one mighty thrill, and the person is one with whom you would be content to sit hour after hour without uttering a syllable. In the words of Carlyle "The test of friendship and congenial companionship is intercourse without speech." But again, we would scarcely say that a person's reticence was the quality we par-

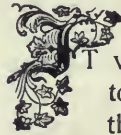
ticularly admired. On the contrary, their silence would be as torturing as their talk was wearying. No; in answer to the first question of this paragraph, the conditions lie deeper than observation can penetrate. It is a science, so to speak, of which we have not the key; a secret that the Almighty has seen fit to leave unrevealed until that day when that which is dark and obscure shall be made clear. Some one pleases us but we do not know why.

Those well read in heart-lore have asserted that friendship cannot exist in its perfection between more than two. However this may be, we have but to note the facts gathered from repeated observation to know that for purposes of animated conversation the "one to one law" is imperative. Now you enjoy a pleasant talk with this friend, then with that, whilst if all three meet, every one's wits seem to desert him. Spirits and discourse both flag, and the flashes of silence are by no means brilliant. Of course when one is thrown in contact with numbers he must float on the tide of every day small talk, but he must not, he cannot converse.

Mayhap we may, by following minutely the difference in the relation that friend bears friend, and acquaintance acquaintance, arrive at some definite conclusion. We may be enabled to sum up in one word, or perhaps a brief phrase, the fountain-head from which issues this wonderful stream of affinity. For instance, an author has a friend who is the very soul of his soul. The world reads the works of the gifted writer, and admires the wonderful depths of his profound intellect, praises him and sets him down as a fortunate, happy individual. But his friend? He reads, yea, reads between the lines, and the tale he traces is sombre-hued. He knows, only too well, that what appears to the eyes of the world like the sparkle and dazzling glow of pleasure is "only just the flashing of the fires of pain below." Again, the world is thrown into an ecstasy by the soul-stirring harmonies of a Liszt or Beethoven; in listening to tones that are full and rich it hears not the low, hungry sobbing of the minor keys. But a friend catches their mournful cadence and his heart beats in sympathetic rapport for him whose heart is as feverish and restless as are the tumultuous harmonies of sound by which he charms an audience.

And so, perhaps after all, sympathy, responsive sympathy, holds the key which unlocks the door to the apparent mysteries of human affinity. A conductor it is of those sacred sparks that light our atoms and put us in communion, bring us in touch with humanity. Forgetting the human side of the question, what is that which draws us toward the Man-God; not so much His glorious resurrection as His suffering for an erring race, the agony in Gethsemane, the crucifixion on Calvary's heights and the knowledge that He knows us, loves us, and understands.

HARRIET N. KEAN.



### Old White Hairs.

It was damp and windy at the sea-side town of Waysend, one winter day, but the boys who were playing on Main street did not seem to know it, as they rushed about on their errands of amusement, rosy with warmth, and jolly with health. It was Saturday, too, and every one seemed in a great hurry of business, so that the principal thoroughfare, which led from the hills down to the water, was growing more lively as the hours slipped towards sundown.

A young girl all at once came into sight, carrying in her arms packages of food, as she hastened along; losing no time either because she had so much to do at home, or because she was too thinly clad to enjoy loitering in such bitter weather. But suddenly she stopped short, and looked about her. She had heard the tremulous refrain of a violin, close by, which kept repeating the same, short melody; and yet which, for all its wavering, never ceased its sound and never varied the air. An old man, not well wrapped up, unfortunately, from the moist wind, was sitting on a little campstool near the edge of the sidewalk, and leaning against a lamp-post as if he were a part of it, or at any rate would never be removed from it;—and he was plying a fiddle very diligently.

"Look there, Pete!" remarked one of the boys above mentioned, who were passing their afternoon in visiting all the shop-windows in succession as well as swapping such things as they had stored in their pockets during the week, playing leap-frog and toss-penny, and so on. "Do you think Old White Hairs, as you call him, will get



a cent from that girl who is looking at him?"

"No—O!" cried Pete Harrow, scornfully, "she looks as poor as Job's turkey, and is more likely to steal anything out of his box that may be in it."

But, for all this cruel suspicion, the girl who was so shabbily clad dropped a dime into the old fiddler's box, and then continued on her way.

The group of boys now surrounded the old musician (whose instrument was very sweet in tone) curiously peering into his impromptu receptacle for alms, the cigar box. He was a new figure to them, although Pete already had a name for him. The boys were apt to think that anything on the street, from a runaway horse to a conflagration, was got up partly to entertain them, and they had immediately felt that they owned the old man when he made his appearance. He seemed to be blind: at any rate, he never raised his bowed white head, around which the silvery hair was blowing, restlessly.

"She gave him a *dime*," said one of the youngsters, as they moved off a few steps.

"More fool she," grumbled Pete Harrow. "There's no use in giving money to these street fellows. My father says there are charity places for 'em to go to, if they're actually poor. But they are often as rich as kings, though they look so seedy."

"Bosh!" retorted, to this, a blue-eyed, brown-haired boy, with nothing sordid in his aspect. "I don't believe *our* poor old cove has a fortune."

"I bet he has!" cried Sam Danbury. "Its a sin to keep these humbugs going by giving 'em pence. If you want to give money, put it all into the plate at church."

"I don't see," said George Somers, the blue-eyed boy, "why White Hairs can't just as well get a 'pile' this way, as some folks can by downright cheating—and no one turns *them* out of their business. I say that old boy hasn't a bit too much comfort in life. So here goes a cent!" He returned to the fiddler's side and dropped the money into the box, where it made a sudden and pleasant sound.

Perhaps the old man's arm gave a slight bound of more forcible music, in recognition of the turn of luck he was enjoying; but the boys all thought he was keeping his head bent, persistently, as much as to say that no one cared to see his face.

Then George Somers went back to the rest of

the youngsters, where they sat on the ledge of a neighboring show-window.

"What a hypocrite the aged party is!" sneered Sax Redford, making his already ugly countenance really repulsive by his expression of ill-will. "He pretends *he* don't know anybody's been thinking twice about him, and he looks just as poverty-stricken as before, in order to touch the feelings of the next passer! I shouldn't wonder if that man were a thief and a murderer, or anything else downright outrageous!"

"How do you *know*, though?" threw in George Somers.

"Shouldn't wonder, either," Pete answered Sax, ignoring George's remark as too silly and gentle for a sensible boy to notice. "I say, maybe he had to leave Europe because he ran from jail,—while here we are petting him up."

"Are *you* petting him?" asked George Somers, smiling. And then he quietly stepped over to the old man, again, and dropped a nickel in the cigar box.

"Why, these fellows are often hired by a rich customer, who puts them out like traps in a wood, to catch wild geese like you," Sax said to George when he came back to their group. "Since White Hairs can act out his part so well, I guess he must get at least ten dollars a week, for making that absurd squeaking. But the world is getting less 'green' every day, and pretty soon his white locks will gull nobody any more, even if soft hearts do go with soft heads." Sax thought he had given George a severe thrust, here.

"What I am sure of," expostulated young Somers, "is, that you cannot *know* the poor thing isn't *obliged* to fiddle away so hard. Perhaps he's been abandoned by his family, because he's old; or perhaps he has to get a living for a sick wife, or a lame child."

"Perhaps he's an angel in disguise," hissed Pete, and then laughed, disagreeably. "I guess you 've had too much Sunday school, Georgie. Sense is what you want."

Somers could not help realizing that what they called 'sense' sometimes made Pete and Sax and Sam very disgusting in appearance and manners. But they were his constant companions, and were, often, nice enough; and so he did not think of dropping their acquaintance, or of being

scathing in his opinion of them, because of their hateful words of the present moment. He merely consoled himself for their brutality by going over to Old White Hairs, and dropping a quarter into his little box, which left his own cash-pocket as empty as a drum.

"I'll tell you why I did that," said he, the other boys looking at him in a frightened way, as if he really had given them an idea by his earnestness of action. "That fiddler may be a humbug as you fancy (though I am beginning to be fond of him); and if he is, there's no great harm done. But suppose I went off thinking he'd better be in prison for a hoax, I should always wonder if, after all, he were not half starving, because everybody fancied the same of him. And bye and bye I'd begin to imagine that his heart was most likely aching, because strangers were so hard and suspicious. And the end of it would be that I should wish they'd kept me at home all of Saturday, before I had scornfully passed him without a bit of help. I've been through it, you see, for I've heard all you say from other wisecracks, and I've behaved mean to beggars, once in a while. But it is *never right to be mean!*"

They all looked over at Old White Hairs. Something in the boy's words had opened the eyes of his companions. If they had known all about the fiddler's history, they could not have been more convinced that it was sad, and not evil; and that courage was what made the infirm old soul ply his bow, instead of dying in an almshouse like a dog which has strayed from its master.

They drifted to his side from the window-sill where they had been perched, and gazed affectionately at his bowed head. He suddenly ceased fiddling and looked up, and his eyes sought George Somers.

"God bless you," he said. "It's too cold, my lad, for rainbows, now; and I'm too old to expect to see them, even in summer. But your kindness has been like one, and as pretty a one as I ever saw when I was young. I hope there'll be a rainbow in the darkest day you, dear lad, may know!"

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul—the passions are the voice of the body.



Niagara by Moonlight.

GR<sup>E</sup>AT are the attractions of this Wonderland by daylight, asserting itself as no other scene on earth can, arresting the gaze of the traveller in a manner that excludes all other thought—for Niagara will not admit of a rival. You may chant the praises of your favorite haunts, but here you must yield to the spell—the magic spell—the mighty spell which she casts around you, for nowhere nor at any time is nature, simultaneously, so awful and so picturesque as at Niagara.

The mocking laugh of the onward rushing waves as they fling up their arms in wild glee, the mighty leap of the waters, the triumphant roar of irresistible power—yes, irresistible for you are drawn as in a vortex—bewilder—enthral. Away with all petty cares—away with all minor concerns!

What a complete transformation takes place when Night draws her sombre veil around the scene. At first, all is dim and shadowy and you feel an indefinable dread as you see but the indistinct outline of the howling Charybdis—a gulf—an abyss of whose yawning depths the lurid lights above give but a vague idea, when lo! from behind the dense curtains of the clouds, the moon with imperial dignity ascends her star-set throne and proudly looks down on a scene well worthy her majestic gaze. Soon all is transformed in her transcendent beams. From bank to bank, the river flows in liquid silver, the wavelets offer her their diamond wreaths, for they love the mild effulgence of this Queen, who disputes the dark sceptre of night. The trees stand out like the lordly peers of her mighty court, proud of the Sovereign whose sway they acknowledge. A silvery mist arises like a beautiful veil for the fair face of Luna and then the crowning glory of the night—the lunar bow appears. I have stood and gazed on this magnificent panorama of nature, I have watched the river flow and the moon look down upon its waters and wondered how I among so many thousands have been singled out to enjoy this glorious spectacle, this exhibition of nature on so grand a scale that all other scenes are but pigmies compared to it. The glory of the moon—the glory of the stars—here, indeed, may we exclaim from the depths of



our soul's emotion in the words of the Psalmist: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands!"

PERLE ROMAINE TAYLOR.



### My Favorite Painter—Nature.

LIKE the master-pieces of a great artist, placed before us in all their perfection when his toil is ended, Nature's handiwork is displayed to our view in one huge vastness, undivided except for the fairy rivers which flow between. So vast and so beautiful is it that the brain grows dazed at the mere thought of contemplating it as a whole. Then must I take each separate gem and prove its worth, unenhanced by the sparkling rays of its sister jewels.

My preference is unalterably in favor of the mountains, those "exclamation points of nature," the grandest, the most beautiful, the most impressive of all her marvels, standing like faithful warders over the land, always the same, unchanged and unchanging, never ceasing to challenge our admiration and always pointing us unweariedly to God.

How solemn, steadfast and majestic they stand! The centuries beat about their heads in vain, their bases sometimes lie in the tropics, while a crown of everlasting snow rests upon their summits, and as we contemplate the scene we are lifted up into their own higher and purer atmosphere out of the weariness and petty cares of our daily lives.

The flood of waters plunging down Niagara's dizzy abyss, with its crown of rainbows and spray, may awe and enrapture, the raging billows of the storm-lashed ocean force us to an acknowledgment of their power, the wide expanse of prairie, stretching away on every side to the horizon, and mutely speaking by its very vastness of the insignificance of man, may elicit our admiration, for they are all glorious and worthy of the hand that fashioned them, but are they not dwarfed by the mountains that overlook them and assert by their very eminence their undoubted superiority?

Turning from grandeur to simple beauty my eyes rest on a forest fastness whence the solemn shades of night are scarce dispersed by the pale rising sun, and the birds from their covert do not

yet pour forth their full chorus of glad welcome to the awakening day,—on the margin of the solitary lake, where the sands untrodden by man, are disturbed only by the slot of deer and prints of wild fowl; where, over the still waters, the ghostly night-mists linger, reluctant to lift, with the dawn, their impenetrable veil from the distant shore. Here Nature is in a silent mood, yet full of mute eloquence, calm and gentle, yet not less majestic and as strong in her repose as when she plucked that prostrate pine from its roots and threw it aside like a weed.

Looking upward "the young crescent moon" shows me Cape North rising in one broad, bleak tableland: the only living thing about is the lonely sea-bird, while from the dark sky the faint light of the moon touches the rising waves, making the rest blacker by the contrast, as billow after billow breaks at the base of that immovable rock. Here I cannot linger long for the cold rock repels me and a scene of enchantment lures me to the "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" renowned in song and story, fresh and verdant, as if an angel were charged to deck it with flowers. Radiant in its emerald green it now meets my eye, fragrant with the delicious odors of hawthorn and arbutus blossoms which permeate the air. Is it a dream, dear Erin, that I gaze on thee? Dost thou justify the praises bestowed upon thee? Yes, for very beauty, angels' might linger to gaze, but alas! as in the first fair garden of earth, amid whose pleasures the sojourn of the first unfortunate ones of our race was so brief, there was here also placed a gleaming sword, else who would have left this favored spot where my glorious painter has surpassed herself in the admirable blending of her dyes. Here she has made herself a bower, wherein to recline, when her labors are ended, here she has lavished her richest arts and summoned her sweetest minstrels from every grove and dell to lull her with their soothing strains. Well may the dwellers of this fair Isle be excused if some lurking superstition of spirit-haunted dell, of fairy revels by moonlight invade their mind, for is there not a witchery in its scenery suggestive of such aerial visitants? But though to a people of such ardent temperament and vivid imagination as the Irish, such poetical fancies have sometimes occurred, where is there a race so steadfast in the solid principles

they have once embraced, so true to the faith they have accepted.

And now with the slowly moving caravan, my eyes seek the glowing Oriental splendor of a far-away clime, and I marvel at the bold strokes and brilliant coloring of the sublime Painter, whose master-touch and skilful hand could alone have fashioned the turbulent billow or smoothed the vale into such as cashmere.

As a setting to all what more beautiful than the arched canopy of the heavens with its varied tints to match the scene portrayed!

ELIZABETH MATHEWS.

### Easter and its Associations.

IN the ever recurring festivals established by our holy Mother the Church for the perpetual remembrance of the great marvels of redemption, the Christian heart finds rest and comfort, and hope and peace amid the wasting toil and blighting cares of our weary mortal life. To the faithful child of the Church, the Pilgrim toiling heavenward, each one of these gracious festivals brings its own lesson, its own sweet whispered word of encouragement, its fresh supply of sustaining grace.

A little while ago and we gathered in spirit around the crib of Bethlehem, adoring, with the shepherds and the Magi, the new born Prince of Peace, a few weeks passed, and with Simeon and Anna, we assisted at the Presentation of Our Divine Lord in the temple, then came the feast of the Foster Father of Jesus, invested with its own distinctive halo of glory, suggesting thoughts both sweet and gracious, and carrying the mind back to the grand old patriarchal ages, so attractive in their admirable simplicity, so highly poetical in their Eastern imagery, so beautiful in their noble and dignified belief.

We have accompanied Our dearest Lord in every stage of His bitter passion, through the gloom and silence and dreary desolation of the solemn Lenten time, the subdued joy of Palm Sunday and the mysterious reverential joy of the Maundy Thursday Eucharistic rites, from Cenacle and Gethsemane to Calvary's rocky heights, where the crowning act of our redemption was accomplished, thence to the blessed repose of the rock-hewn sepulchre "wherein no man had lain"

and now we have gained with Our Blessed Redeemer, the brighter scene of His Resurrection, the calm glory of the Easter morning, the dewy freshness of the garden, the joy and peace that shone on the face of nature when her God arose in power and majesty from the tomb, triumphant over death and sin.

We have reached the great, the glorious festival of Easter, the day on which the church puts forth all the grandeur of her gorgeous liturgy, the most joyous of all the Christian festivals, coming as it does with the early springtime, when the earth is just awakening from the long sleep of Winter and all nature is bursting into new life, clothing herself in the tender beauty of the opening year. Christmas is welcome, apart from religious associations, because it breaks in with its blazing hearths and social gatherings on the icy dreariness of midwinter, softening for the moment the rigor of the Frost King's reign. But Easter brings with it the freshness of Spring, the song of birds, the flow of streams in the reviving sunshine, and to man the cheering hope of brighter skies and of all the golden glories of the Summer's radiant hours.

Easter Sunday, with its lights and flowers, its joyous and triumphal music, is, as it were, the Thabor of the year, and we feel as we gather at early morning round the gayly-decked altars, or kneel in the blessed stillness of the Holy Place while the day's last flush fades out on the evening skies, that it is "good for us to be here" with our risen Lord, sharers through love and tender sympathy in the glory of His Resurrection. That beautiful symbolic light of the Sanctuary, born of Easter joys, standing high and alone, pointing with its flickering flame to heaven, typifies the return to life of the Lord of Glory, and the steadily burning light of His blessed gospel of peace, shining on and ever through the ages with an ever-increasing, never waning lustre, brightest when earth's storms are darkest, and as a beacon, lighting the generations of men through the vicissitudes of Time to the haven of Eternity. As its welcome light illumined in the early days of Christianity, the funereal walls of the Catacombs, dispelling the darkness of those gloomy abodes into which no ray of sunlight ever entered, so does it shine forth to-day from innumerable Sanctuaries the wide world over, giving brightness and joy



to hearts that were clouded, perchance, with the darkness of sin until the wondrous graces of the blessed Easter-tide broke the dreary spell and gave a glimpse of the glory encircling the brow of the Eternal Conqueror, a passing vision of the Celestial Mansions prepared for the just made perfect.

TERESA CROWLEY.

### Our Chapter of the D. A. R.

I had never been my ambition to add my mite towards swelling the great and increasing army of club-women until rumor reached me of a new society called the Daughters of the Revolution; then my interest was aroused, and I longed to enroll myself in that patriotic sisterhood that purposed to resurrect from the dust of oblivion the buried names and deeds of our Revolutionary heroes and heroines. In course of time a Regent was appointed by the National Society to organize a chapter in our town, and I found myself among the number solicited to form a circle of the "Daughters."

As some of my readers may be ignorant of the origin and objects of the society, I will pause a moment to give them a brief account of its conception and birth three years ago in the beautiful city of Washington.

When in April, 1890, the Sons of the American Revolution decided to exclude women from membership in their society, the hearts of some of their sisters burned with indignation and resentment. A lady holding converse with another on the subject said: "Why can't we form a society of our own?" The seed sown in so few words fell on good ground, and taking root, grew with such rapidity, that the sun of an October day of that same year smiled on the launching of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, upon a career that is fast becoming recognized and influential in the country.

"The objects of the society are to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the women and men of the Revolutionary period, and to collect and preserve historical and biographical records, documents and relics, and to obtain portraits of eminent American men and women."

"Any woman is eligible to membership in the society who is over eighteen years of age and is lineally descended from an ancestor who, with

unfailing loyalty, assisted in establishing American Independence in the War of the Revolution, either as military or naval officer, a soldier, a sailor or a civilian."

The searching of pedigrees to prove one's lineal descent has brought to light extremely interesting facts concerning the early history of the making of New England in nearly every case that has come under my observation. The ancestral lines are so closely interwoven with each other that one is led to believe that the great majority of us forming this sympathetic association in a common cause, who can trace our lineage through every family line to the earliest settlers of the colonies of New England, can claim kinship of blood with each other without going back to Adam, the forefather of the whole human race. It is truly amazing to think what myriads of men and women have united their blood to the making of each living mortal who walks the earth to-day; and the ancestral record of our descendants, gaining vastly in volume from generation to generation, will be more amazing still. It is a solemn thought that the sins of the fathers are to be visited upon the children of all these coming generations.

Our Regent is the heart, as well as the head, of our Chapter. She supplies the magnetic current that vitalizes the substance of the whole. Had she been a soldier on the battle-field for freedom, she would have risen to the rank of General, and would have inspired her warriors to the most daring deeds of valor. She is wedded to the cause of patriotism, and all her wonderful force of character is exerted to make our Chapter one of the shining lights of the society. No wonder, then, that our Chapter, though born only six months ago in an unassuming little village, has but one rival in size in the State of Connecticut, — a state, moreover, whose women have surpassed all others in responding to the call to join their forces in this memorial enterprise, even as their brave forefathers excelled in numbers all others when summoned to bear arms to resist the oppressors of their rights and liberties.

The first Thursday of every month finds our Chapter gathered in the pleasant reception room of the Library, the munificent gift to the town from one of its most honored citizens. This beautiful building stands on those historic heights

where rises the noble shaft of granite erected to the memory of the dauntless heroes who fell in the cruel massacre by the British on the 6th of September, 1781. Within a stone's throw of the monument lies the picturesque ramparts of Fort Griswold, within whose precincts was enacted that heart-rendering tragedy that cut down at a blow the manhood of the town, and left an inheritance of bitter sorrow and poverty to the widows and children of the fallen patriots. The fortification is but little changed by those touches of time that for more than a century have been sweeping away so many visible reminders of the stirring scenes of the past.

Some day our Chapter hopes to come into possession of a stone building that stands close by these historical memorials of the history of our town,—to have and to hold it forever its own as a place of meeting for its members, and a place of deposit for its accumulating treasures of relics and documents which are to be preserved for the edification of our prosperity. But as we have at present less than one hundred dollars in the treasury, our hope for a permanent home will not, I fear, soon be realized.

The greatest good resulting from the influence of each individual chapter will be, I think, its service as an educator. A lively interest in the great movements of the past must awaken in the heart and imagination of every woman who enters heart and soul into the high purposes of the organization. She will be enabled to see not only the happy results, but also the many mistakes in the ordering of affairs by her ancestors. Her broadening mind will be a medium through which lessons will be drawn from the minds of the past for informing the minds of the future. The hand that rocks the cradle will be strengthened and skilled for the work of guiding the children into the path of progress and enlightened public opinion.

Our motto may well be: "Let us revive the past and use it to illuminate the future."

One of the Daughters,

ANNE MEECH.

SANCTITY will cost you no more; do what you are doing; suffer what you are suffering; it is your heart alone that need be changed.

## The Last Stroke of Fortune.

FORTY years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577, or at least, lived his boyhood years. Sixty years later than this date the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to bring me to cast the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were persons whom I have known some years. I thought I could get a little money in this way to pay for a few articles which might be of service to you."

"I am cold."



"It is a feverish cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep; and, indeed long after it; he then retired into a small closet and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Did you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"Good gracious!" said he. "Why, this is Mascali. What! are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I crave your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes have grown so weak, and I could so little expect the honor of meeting your——"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days, I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going now to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"My lord duke, your fortune and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the

queen of the mightiest nation in the universe;—now both alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up. "The sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much; and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to——"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered, with a gently commanding tone: "Leave us, my lord duke; it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:

"Two hundred louis-d' or constitute the whole of my fortune; one hundred I send for your use.  
GUISE."

The sum thus obtained supplied the wants of the pair for two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friend or succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle to claim a small legacy. It was the 13 of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw in the agonies of death. The groans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased.

An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the rickety staircase——

"Nothing! Nothing!"

He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery!!! HELEN E. TALTY.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

— STAFF. —

NORA O'BRIEN, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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MARGARET FREEBORN, *Manager.*

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1894.

THE new industry—the manufacture of spray—continues to give employment to many who heretofore found time hanging rather heavily on their hands.

\*

COURTESY and gratitude alike call on us to make an acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Mrs. O'Brien, of Baltimore, Md., whose indefatigable exertions in promoting the interests of the RAINBOW entitle her to our lasting esteem.

\*

“THE Bells of Elsinore” are chiming very sweetly. May they presage naught but happiness to the fair maidens of the Choral Class, the development of whose vocal powers, under the skilful direction of Mr. Doward, is a source of pleasure and joy to the household.

\*

WHO does not love a hearty welcome? It is pleasant after a short or even prolonged absence to see beaming faces and outstretched arms awaiting us on our return. In fact, it is a simple but sure way of taking the temperature of the affections of our friends, and well does it repay us if we find that there are many who stand the test. Were it possible that the base, malignant passion of jealousy could lie lurking in our hearts, we might indeed be tempted to listen to its

whisperings at the sight of the reception accorded to one particular guest. At all times and ever the cordial greeting, the warm welcome await him, but faithful and true, who can deny his claims to these demonstrations? He never forgets us in any weather—no summer friend is he. His heart is ever full of kindly thoughts, or at least sympathetic ones, and should he disappoint our bright hopes, he mutely but kindly encourages us to hope on. Like a fond parent, he tries to satisfy the needs of all till nothing is left. Conscious of his sacred trust and proud of his years of tireless journeying, having acquitted himself of his duty, he retires to take a little rest, with the dignity of a well-scarred veteran, till he ventures out again on his mission of love. Should the day ever come that our Trusty Friend (the mail-bag) were missing, we would be ready to exclaim in the words of Prince Hal of his favorite Falstaff: “We could have better spared a better man.”

\*

ORANGE blossoms! Orange blossoms in a convent and at Niagara! A tropical clime must surely nurture these snowy-petalled, delicately-scented darlings of Hymen, and who can connect a degree of warmth with the mighty ice-bridge of Niagara and the cold, icy pendants which glisten on its banks? Perhaps you can think only of snow-shoeing and sleigh-riding in the vicinity of the Falls at this season, but were you to kneel in adoration in our devotional little chapel, many moments would not elapse ere the delicious odor of these beautiful blossoms is wafted down the spacious corridors and up the chapel aisles, circling around the altar like a breath of heaven. We have not a grove nor even a very great quantity of these beautiful flowers, but no one wonders at the preference evinced by the pupils for the music rooms adjoining the conservatory where our treasures bloom. Lest such “fair flowers be born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on desert air” (?) we would crave our Reverend Mother to send us from the Novitiate “a chosen spouse” to offer them at the altar of the Most High.



AMONG the distinguished unchronicled visitors who find pleasure in the survey of our extensive grounds, is one who unconsciously elicits much admiration from the gay bevy of nature-loving students who flock to the windows to get a glimpse of this descendant of a "hundred earls." But "Max" deigns not to glance to right or left, the path of duty is plainly the only one he follows. How well entitled this noble representative of most illustrious ancestors is to that general recognition called reputation is too apparent to need comment. Though not circumstanced for a performance of these marvellous exploits of his early progenitors—stemming the tide, scaling the mountain, braving the avalanche—Max exhibits a heroism in the humbler paths of life that justifies us in the belief that should occasion present itself, no representative of this distinguished race would outdo in prowess or fidelity our admirable friend.

\*

WITH sorrowful hearts we saw the natal day of the Father of our country pass by without being able to record the sweet history of a genuine candy fair. It being Lenten time, it was deemed by those "older and wiser" than we, better for us to abstain from the sweets which the annual recurrence of this day privileged us to indulge in. But "a feast of reason" is always palatable, and such it was our pleasure to partake of on the evening of the 22d. The entertainment, though rather an impromptu affair, lost none of its zest. The instrumental solos executed by Miss Mackey, L. Barrett, T. Crowley, E. Rauber and C. Bampfield were brilliant and effective. Joyous and blithe as the warbling of birds on the tree-tops were the various vocal selections. The histrionic talent was of the first order, as was amply proved by the recitations of Miss O'Brien, who surpassed herself in a selection from Shakespeare, eliciting loud applause; of Miss Juanita Miller, who gave with much accuracy of expression her father's poem, "The Bravest Battle," and of Miss Katie McCarron, whose "Berenice" was quite a little gem. The National Anthem, sung with hearts brimful of patriotic feeling, brought the proceedings to a close.

It is the Great Week, and we, Loretto's children, enjoy a privilege not usually accorded to persons outside the Convent—making a retreat in this solemn season while following step by step Our Divine Lord in His Passion. Yet, another privilege is ours—the Reverend Father Kreidt, Prior of the Carmelite Monastery is conducting it. To-day, in a moving and eloquent discourse, as he disclosed to us the mysteries of the Last Supper, we could not suppress the thought that we were indeed favored children to be permitted to enter with the chosen few into a participation of these solemn rites. After the first instruction was over, we went to the church of Our Lady of Peace, and there felt all the significance of this beautiful title. Listening to the roar of the Cataract, and contrasting it with the quiet within, we were glad to feel ourselves far removed from the din of the world and, even for a short space, soul to soul with God. Soon the sweet strains of the organ were heard and the Holy Sacrifice began. Never did the solemn words of the *Kyrie*, with their repeated pleading for mercy, appear so impressive to us. Then the glad tones of the *Gloria* resounded, but in a more subdued strain than usual, for our holy Mother, the Church, never loses sight of the great tragedy which is being enacted—the death of her Spouse. Soon the last note of the organ has died away, and the voices alone are heard during the remainder of the Mass. No more will sounds of joy resound through the church till Easter dawn flings open the portals of heaven that the King of glory, who has conquered death and sin, who has led captivity captive and exalted the folly of the cross to the crowning bliss of heaven, may enter in.

\*

A CARD.

Our most grateful thanks are due to the many friends and well-wishers, who by their cheery words of commendation and approval have encouraged us to continue the course we so timidly embarked on. There is a powerful stimulus in words of this kind from valued sources, an irresistible impulse to climb and at least render our-

selves worthy of the good opinions we so highly prize. While acknowledging our debt of gratitude—a debt we can pay only by installments—to those whose superior influence in the literary and social status claims our first tribute, we confess ourselves not insensible to the enthusiastic support received in season and out of season from our dear companions (all of whom have become subscribers), the genial sharers of our every day life, who, though not admitted to the inner sanctum of our editorial bureau, yet, are with us in heart and mind and thought.

Should any one be so far distant as to escape this expression of our gratitude, we would ask of the winds to waft it to them, the waves to bear it to them on their bosom, for he who has been with us in earnest and noble purpose and encouraged us on the upward path of high resolve is dear to our soul and has placed us under higher obligations than he who has ministered to our mere physical well-being.

That we may justify the confidence and expectations of our many friends is the ardent hope we cherish.

In conclusion, we hope our readers will not attribute to undue vanity our desire to record a few of the kind things that have been said of the first issue of the RAINBOW. This will be a means of preserving them—handing them down to those who may come after us as a precious heirloom. We would see them thus, as we long to see the pictures of our dearest friends, framed, looking out upon us with their faithful, steady gaze, cheering us if depressed, and encouraging us ever upward and onward.

If it be pardonable in those who have already grasped the wreath of fame to kiss the hand that helped to twine it and blazon the glowing words that swelled the mighty chorus of praise, how much more so in us, who are but beginning to climb the steep ascent, to stop when we have gained a foothold and strengthen ourselves anew for the toilsome journey;—then, last, but by no means least, the literary value of the criticisms has rendered them most desirable for the adornment of these humble pages.

From a well known literary critic we hear: “Your RAINBOW is delightful—charming from cover to conclusion—both in its ‘get up’ and in its contents. It is tasteful and tempting in color, shape and type. I felt myself drawn on to read every word, and found no reason to regret having yielded to the temptation. Some of the signatures in it will, in days to come, reflect a rainbow brightness on their *Alma Mater*.”

From a great seat of learning in the South we have the cheering assurance: “Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of your RAINBOW from every point of view. It is indeed worthy of the name it bears, for as we are forced to stand and gaze with awe and admiration at the magnificence and splendor of “God’s omen to man,” we are in like manner, from a literary standpoint, forced to entertain the same feelings towards Loretto’s RAINBOW. I regard its publication an event in the history of College literature. I have nothing for it but words of highest praise.”

A former pupil tells us: “To try to give you even a faint idea of my delight on reading the RAINBOW would be to attempt an impossibility. It is a wonderful success in every particular, and more than worthy its birth place.”

A “dear and valued reader” says: “I have had a glimpse of the RAINBOW. It is superb! Send me a dozen copies, I want to bathe in its beauty.”

A far-famed University has thus graciously complimented us: “Your RAINBOW is artistically gotten up and is delightful reading.”

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#### The Value of One Mass.

If all the prayers of loving hearts from the beginning of the world, and all the seraphic worship of the thrones and principalities in heaven, and the burning devotion and love of the Virgin Mother of God, and the million voices of the universe, of all creatures in heaven, and earth and sea were offered up in one universal and harmonious act of praise and adoration, they would not equal or even approach in value and efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass.—*Archbishop Walsh*.



## Special Correspondence

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont.



### Algoma, the New Northwest.

MUCH is the title given by the Algoma Colonization Society to the immense tract of territory lying to the north of Lakes Superior and Huron and St. Mary's River.

Until a few years ago, when this hitherto only partially explored region was tapped by the C. P. R., but little was known of it by the outside world, except what was presented to the view of the voyageur passing through the North Channel, up St. Mary's River and over the waters of great Lake Superior to Fort William. The long expanse of rugged rock and dreary wilderness which meets the eye, for hundreds of miles, as viewed from the boat's deck, impresses one with a feeling of loneliness, and is suggestive of legendary tales of the savage Indian, howling wolves, barrenness of soil and a climate uncongenial, except in midsummer. This uninviting appearance from the water, undoubtedly, has had the effect of retarding the settlement of what in reality is a portion of country of great fertility and richness as to its mineral resources. The District is divided into Eastern and Western Algoma, comprising territory twice as large as the whole of the rest of Ontario. Great Manitoulin and St. Joseph's Island form part of Eastern Algoma, and are being rapidly settled by thrifty farmers. The main line of the C. P. R. cuts through the District from east to west, and a branch intersects the portion lying between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie, a distance of 180 miles. Along this line several villages have sprung up within a few years, some of them, such as Webbwood and Massey, presenting an unique, though pretty and prosperous appearance as viewed from the cars amid the wild, surrounding scenery. At several points along this line, such as Garden River, Bruce Mines, Algoma Mills and other stations, the monotony of the scenery is broken by glimpses of St. Mary's River with the United States beyond, and of the placid waters of the North Channel. In winter, of course, these waters are covered with ice and snow. At occasional intervals the eye is

greeted with a view of some of the magnificent rivers which flow through the District, seeking an outlet in the greater waters of St. Mary's River and the North Channel. The valleys along the banks of these rivers are exceedingly fertile, and ere many years will, no doubt, afford locations for thousands of farm homesteads. The facilities for settlers here to make farming operations successful, are immeasurably better than were afforded the early pioneers of the older settled parts of Ontario. Means of transport, by rail and water, would be almost at their doors, and they could obtain ready cash for every product of the farm. But few people reflect that this is about the centre of the Dominion.

The District is being rapidly drained of its valuable timber by wealthy American companies, who, in winter, have it cut down, sawed into logs and hauled to banks of the rivers. In spring the logs are floated down to the lake and towed across to Michigan, where they are sawed into lumber, and such as are unfit for this purpose are ground into pulp for the manufacture of paper. Thousands of men are employed in this line of industry, and many millions of dollars have been made out of our Canadian timber thus transported to the other side of the line.

This is a veritable paradise for the sportsman; game and fish being here in abundance. The rivers and small lakes in the interior of the country are teeming with speckled trout and bass. Partridge, hares, wild duck, etc., are very plentiful.

Sault Ste. Marie, the capital of the District, is a beautiful town of about 4,000 inhabitants. It is located on the north shore of St. Mary's River, at the foot of the rapids. These rapids are formed by a ledge of rock extending across the river from the Canadian to the American shore, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The water from above flows over this ledge, descending, by a gradual slope, eighteen feet to the river below. This is the only obstacle to navigation between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and to overcome it locks have been constructed at an immense cost by the Americans, and next summer the lock on the Canada side, a magnificent specimen of modern engineering, skill and workmanship, reflecting credit upon the well-known contractors, Messrs. Ryan & Hancy, will be open

for navigation. The construction of this and the American locks will have cost, when completed, in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000. A water power canal, also, has been built, at a cost of over \$200,000. This provides power for driving the electric machinery used for supplying the town with electric light, and, in course of time, when a system of water works shall have been introduced, will furnish the citizens with abundance of pure water from Lake Superior. It will also provide the power for numerous mills, which the townspeople expect will be established ere long at this favorable shipping point. Water power, on account of its cheapness, is bound to become the great desideratum for the driving of machinery, and here is a natural power, with Lake Superior for a mill dam, the value of which is inestimable.

The "Soo", as it is called for brevity, is a favorite summer resort. The thermometer seldom rises above eighty degrees, and in the evenings the air is delightfully cool and bracing. Many persons suffering with catarrh and hay fever come here in August and September and find certain relief. The river presents a gay appearance with the many boats of varying size, from the splendid C. P. R. steamers down to the small pleasure yacht, passing up and down continuously. Two ferry boats ply between the Canadian and American towns. The hotel accommodation is all that could be desired. There are no better equipped hostleries anywhere, of their size, than the Algonquin and the International. To those who do not consider the salt water a *sine qua non* to summer enjoyment, the "Soo" has advantages above any other place that I know of as a summer resort.

A communication to the RAINBOW would be unacceptable without some reference of a religious character. The Catholic missions throughout Algoma, numbering about a dozen, are attended by the Jesuit Fathers. They are also in charge of the parish at the American "Soo". Amongst them are several old and revered friends of the writer. It may be news to many of his admirers, that the gifted, zealous and saintly Father Hamel, recently a superior of the Jesuit Order, is now an humble missionary at the Michigan "Soo"; that Father McDonald, one of the noble Glengarry Highlanders, who, after having qual-

ified for the medical profession abandoned fortune and prospective fame to become an humble disciple of St. Ignatius, is ministering to the spiritual wants of the Indians at Garden River, a small Indian village about twelve miles from Sault Ste. Marie. The heroic missionary, Father Nadeau, is often seen by travellers on the C. P. R., on his way to or from the missions at Webbwood, Massey, Walford and the lumber camps in the woods, bringing spiritual consolation, in their own familiar tongue, to men of every race, including the native Indian. Father Neault, who preaches alternately in English and French to the devout congregations at both churches in the "Soo", is a veritable apostle of never-tiring zeal and energy in the fulfilment of his arduous duties. These are specimens of a class of men whose presence in Canada is regarded with feelings of suspicion, apprehension, and even hatred, by many misguided persons.

The Catholic congregation at the "Soo" numbers about 800 souls. The District is under the supervision of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro, whose pastoral zeal in looking after the spiritual welfare of his flock was signally manifested last summer by the arduous and perilous journeyings which he accomplished in visiting the many missions in this vast District, a graphic account of which was published in the *Catholic Register*.

The main object which I had in mind in commencing this simple and very superficial description of the "New Northwest," which I humbly offer for publication in the RAINBOW, was to direct the attention of the Ladies of Loretto to this delightful spot, so favored by nature. The Falls of Niagara have a world-wide fame. The sight and sound of the majestic avalanche of water, rushing madly towards and over the cliff, seeking, as it were, a more peaceful passage to its final destination, inspires the onlooker with a feeling of awe. However unsentimental his nature, he must, in the silent contemplation of this great Cataract, be inspired with the idea of its similitude to the passage of time into Eternity. The rushing atoms of water now rising in angry competition, as it were, for place and power, but all the time being hurried along—pushed onward—by others falling in rapid succession, until submerged in the eddying river below—how like



the spectacle is of the human race, struggling for the ever-fleeting advantages which the world affords in the rapid transit from the cradle to the grave! What more impressive subject for contemplation by the youthful mind could be afforded than the one here presented for the daily study of the students of Loretto? The far-seeing wisdom evinced in the selecting of a site for an institution of learning, where nature provides so impressive a means of spiritual tutelage, might still further be evoked by exploration of the inexhaustible resources of so bountiful a preceptor. The Falls of Niagara! a name sweet to the ears of every child of Loretto, who has tasted of the fountain of knowledge within the walls of her dear Alma Mater, overlooking the world-famed Cascade! Who would venture to detract one iota from the fond feeling of affection which the mere mention of the name inspires in the bosom of one who has gone forth from that Institution? And yet there is another name which I confidently predict will be sweeter to the ears of many a daughter of Loretto in the dim vista of the future, when with the march of civilization, the forest shall have been levelled—when the hand of industry shall have explored the mines and reduced to thrifty industry the fertile lands of this broad District, and when the good Ladies of Loretto shall have erected a Convent at this “New Niagara.” That name is the “Falls of St. Mary.”

JUDGE O'CONNOR.

### Foreign.

LORETTO CONVENT,

HULME, MANCHESTER, Eng., March, 1894. }

To the Editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW:

*My Dear Young Friends*—It may prove interesting to many of your readers to learn something of the history of the Institute of Mary, a branch of which for nearly forty years has been one of the chief centres of Catholic education in the diocese of Salford.

In the distant but unforgotten days of persecution, there were few of the penal laws that pressed more heavily on Catholic England than those which debarred parents from procuring religious instruction and education for their children. However steadfast the generation of that day might be in the profession of their faith, they

knew full well that their children, and their children's children, could only learn the spirit of sacrifice and martyrdom by early and thorough training in the doctrines of the faith.

Among those who recognized this difficulty, and whose generous love of God prompted her to come forward to meet it, was Mary Ward, the daughter of Marmaduke Ward, of Givendale, Yorkshire. Born in 1585, her childhood was spent amid scenes calculated to impress on her mind a keen appreciation of the gift of faith. Her father and many of her near relatives suffered much in the cause of God, but, side by side, with these noble confessors there were but too many examples of miserable apostasy. Having resolved to consecrate herself to the religious state, Mary left England when twenty-one years of age, and by the advice of Father Keynes, S. J., joined the poor Clares at St. Omer.

But God showed her it was not His will that she should serve Him in that Order. A special work in His vineyard was destined for His servant; that of devoting herself to the education of young girls of her own nation, that by their means souls might be saved and the Faith preserved in England. Her first companions were Mary Poyntz and Winefrid Wigmore, both of noble families and connected with the houses of Worcester, Cornwall and Pembroke. Fellow-workers soon gathered round them, pupils crowded to their schools, and it became necessary to choose a rule for the government of the rising Institute. Mary selected that of St. Ignatius as best adapted to their mode of life and the needs of their time, but, owing partly to the opposition of her enemies and partly to the unwillingness of the Holy See to sanction so great an innovation as a religious order of women not bound by a vow of enclosure, Mary never had the happiness of seeing her work confirmed.

She died in 1645, at Hewarth, about a mile from York, after a life extraordinary both for its sanctity and suffering. The companions and successors of Mary Ward had, like her, their full share of the Cross. A few years after her death the nuns were obliged to remove from Hewarth.

It may interest the readers of Dr. George Macdonald's historical story, “St. George and St. Michael,” just concluded in *Great Thoughts*, to know that this removal from Hewarth to Paris

could not have been accomplished but for a donation of 500 pistoles from the Marquis of Worcester of Raglan Castle, to "his honored cousin, Mrs. Mary Poyntz, as a thank offering to God for His infinite blessings and for His particular illumination for the invention and perfecting of my last weighty design." They settled in Paris, but were recalled to England by Queen Mary Beatrice, who, like her predecessor—Catharine of Braganza, was a devoted friend of their Institute. During the short reign of James II, court favor shone upon them; but with the Revolution fresh troubles arose: their house in London being seized and their property burned. It was not until 1703, when convents of the Institute had become numerous in Bavaria and Austria, that the rule observed by the "English Virgins," as they were popularly called, was confirmed by Pope Clement XI. Since that time it has pleased God to bless the Institute of Mary with a wonderful increase: in England it numbers five houses, nineteen in Ireland, a hundred on the continent, scattered through Bavaria, Prussia Spain, Austria, Hungary, Italy and Roumania, besides flourishing foundations in India, Canada, Australia and South Africa.

In 1851, at the request of the Very Rev. Canon Toole, D. D., Rev. Mother Teresa Ball sent a small band of nuns to aid the work of Catholic education in his parish. They first took up their residence in the Presbytery, Bedford street, which was generously given up to them, and two years later the present premises in Moss Lane were purchased. Many additions have been made to the original building, conspicuous amongst them being the beautiful Gothic chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart. And here we may mention, that the first church consecrated to the Sacred Heart in Germany was that of the House of the Institute in Augsburg; whilst it was in St. Mary's Convent, York, that a picture of the Sacred Heart was first publicly venerated in England. The large wing added for the accommodation of the boarders is singularly well adapted for educational purposes: the rooms are spacious and lofty, decorated in perfect taste, and supplied with all modern improvements.

A remarkable success has attended the efforts of the nuns here in the matter of higher education. For the last seven years they have pre-

sent pupils at the Senior and Junior Cambridge Local and College of Preceptors' examinations. During that period 133 general and sixteen special certificates have been won by 142 candidates. To the usual obligatory subjects they add German, French, Italian, Algebra, Book-keeping and Theory of Music; and yet, that the ornamental branches of education are not neglected is amply proved by the display of painting, carving and art needle-work which is annually exhibited to the parents and friends of the pupils.

Standing within the Convent grounds, though quite detached from the main building, is St. Joseph's Higher Grade School. The Elementary Schools of St. Wilfrid's, St. Lawrence's, The Holy Family and The Holy Name, all of which are favorably known to Her Majesty's inspectors, are also taught by this community.

May God grant that the Institute of Mary, which His Divine Providence called into existence, even in the darkest days of persecution, and which it pleased Him to try as pure gold in the crucible of suffering, may long labor in the future, as it has done in the past, for the glory of His name.

M. J. A.

#### CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.

DEAR RAINBOW: WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Every visitor to Westminster Abbey has, besides the privilege of seeing with his own eyes the imperishable evidences of the fame which was thrust upon, or earned by the foremost persons of modern times, the further privilege of torturing all his less fortunate fellow-beings, with lavish doses of tourists' twaddle, about what he saw, and thought, and felt in this Great Treasury of English history. As this right (!) like many others, is firmly secured by years of flagrant abuse, it is not for me to waive it, for I had the regulation "thoughts and feelings" too; a creditable experience of which the rest of the world would never suspect me, if I did not tell of it myself. On the strength of this, my late experience then, I will undertake to advise any of the RAINBOW's readers, who have not yet visited Westminster Abbey, to cultivate the faculty for doing their "thinking and feeling" as expeditiously as possible before they set out for London town. To stop and moralize before



each name that startles the student of history and literature, as he strolls through the storied aisles, is an intellectual luxury one must pay for dearly. Even if time is not money, it requires the physical resources of a Hercules to do it; so it is a wise plan to economize your strength, your time and your emotions, until you come to a spot which, more than all the others, appeals to your particular sympathies, and there give free vent to the current of your feelings.

One of these, the Chapel of Henry VII., is sure to be to the sweet girl graduate, at all events; for I have never met one yet, who could resist the fascination of poor Mary Stuart's name, and it is here she lies at rest. Access to the chapel is gained from the last end of the Abbey. Steps of grey marble lead up to the gates that open into the nave. Attention is directed by the guide to the gates themselves, which are of brass ingeniously wrought; the panels are "filled with the portcullis and crown; three fleur-de-lis; falcon and fetterlock: the union of the York and Lancaster roses woven into a crown; the thistle and crown; the initial R. H. and a crown, and three lions of England." A profitable study for girls who are likely to travel after leaving school, is all these heraldic and feudal devices, the knowledge of which enhances the pleasure of sight-seeing in Europe a thousand-fold. A detailed description of the chapel is not possible in a short paper.

The stalls, with their Gothic canopies most exquisitely carved, the ceiling, pavement, walls, statues and windows are all equally worthy of notice; but the supreme attraction is, of course, the historic royal tombs, and conspicuous among these are the monuments of Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, her relentless kinswoman. Both were erected by James I, who had no scruple to let his name go down to posterity, sanctioning such tribute to his mother's bitterest foe, as that "she was adorned with every excellence of mind and person and endowed with princely virtues beyond her sex." The monuments are both magnificent structures, and represent the Queens lying at full length, in the repose of a quiet sleep. It is left to the student of history, to judge from the impressions the tragic story of poor Scotch Mary's life and death has made upon him, how well or ill these effigies of stone close the dark chapter of an otherwise brilliant and glorious reign.

The tomb of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, his queen, is a wonderfully interesting structure. It is enclosed in a brass chantry, ornamented with statues, many of which are broken, or have mouldered away. The King and Queen in effigy are lying in their robes of State, side by side, and devices of every sort are wrought into the stone about them. Figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints occupy the compartments on the north and south sides of the base of the tomb, but as is hardly to be wondered at, some of them are scarcely, and others not at all, recognizable.

The chapel is full of other tombs about which much might be said, for even where there is nothing but prestige of birth to attract attention to the remains, the monuments themselves, dating from the dawn of the sixteenth century, appeal to one, but it is impossible to notice all, if you would give special consideration to a few. That is the sacrifice to be made in every corner of the Abbey. As an instance of how powerful an influence the pathetic wields in all ages over the hearts of even wearied tourists, I must not close without making mention of a little tomb at the end of the aisle in which Queen Elizabeth is buried. It represents a child in a cradle, and is erected to the memory of Sophia, the fourth daughter of James I., who lived but three days. Beside it is the figure of another child, representing his daughter, Mary, who died at the age of two years. And against the end wall, under an altar raised by Charles II., are "the relics of Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones long inquired after and wished for, after lying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the seventeenth of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs discovered . . . Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors in the year 1678."

That is a long time ago, surely, and the world has had reason to forget the little princes' fate in the hurry and scurry of the busy ages since, but I saw tourists read the inscription above quoted and bend over the neighboring "little rudely sculptured bed

With shadowing folds of marble lace  
And quilt of marble primly spread  
And folded round a baby's face,"

where the royal babies of the Stuarts lie; with something very like tears—and I am a good judge of these, and not easy to deceive) in their wistful, pensive eyes. So, "Hearts are hearts the weary world all over."

K. MADELEINE BARRY.

PARIS, FRANCE, March, 1894.

DEAR RAINBOW :

Permit me from this distance, to welcome your advent from one of the most picturesque homes of dear old Loretto; and to tell you of the joy it gives me to behold your premiere etincelle in la belle France. I trust you will flash many such sparkles of pleasure to me, across the broad Atlantic, bringing with you glimpses of Loretto and its inmates, Canada and its cascade sans rival, on the border of which you have had your birth.

We have not, I regret to state, a Loretto home in Paris. How delightful it would be to many of the English residents here to welcome a house of your admired Institute! There are only two English-speaking convents that I know of in the vicinity of this beautiful city of our Faith; one is at Neuilly, "Les Dames Anglaises," and the other, which is in its vicinity, is a branch of "The Holy Child" of St. Leonards on the sea and Cavendish Square, London, both are exclusively English. "Les Dames Anglaises" was founded about 260 years ago and is an outgrowth of the Augustinian Order, its members still maintain a similarity in dress and regime to those of Les Dames Augustines. The first convent of this order was built at Rue des Fossis, St. Victor, more than two centuries ago. In many of its regulations "Les Dames Anglaises" resembles Loretto, but then it is not Loretto after all, only that one feels, when in Paris, as if it were the best substitute. The Sisters of "The Holy Child" are also very delightful; when in London, I made the acquaintance of the Assistant Mother at their house, 11 Cavendish Square, and found her perfectly charming.

Perhaps a stroll through the churches would be about the most interesting matter I could mention to you at present, as Christmas is not far be-

hind us and Easter heralds the near future. At Christmas, Midnight Mass is celebrated in all the churches; the service is magnificently solemn and impressive, the music and decorations exquisite everywhere; although the feast of Christmas is not observed socially in France as it is in England and America, Le jour de l'an being here the great civic fete, but in a religious sense, no one I am sure, could find fault with the observance of the former, for at Midnight Mass nearly the whole congregation receives Holy Communion. The crib, however, is a souvenir that seems obsolete in Parisian churches, excepting during the Midnight Mass when it is placed in the little chapel under the church. Our own English church on the Avenue Hoche (under the direction of the Passionist Fathers) is the only one in the city that I have seen keep it after Christmas day, and there it is most effectively arranged, an idea of the interior of Bethlehem being beautifully portrayed; however, I have heard that a few churches preserve the crib in their little chapels until the Twelfth Day. As we are visiting the churches I may en passant give an idea of ceremonies which may be witnessed in them every day in the week, for example, a marriage at St. Augustine's Church aux coins des Boulds, Housseman et Malesherbes. The large and beautiful edifice is crowded, for a celebration of this kind attracts le monde and passers-by defer their promenade, in order to see the bride (or her costume). No inconvenience is ever caused to the guests by this liberty given to outsiders, as des fauteuils, beautifully upholstered in crimson velvet, which are reserved for such occasions in every Parisian church, are placed in rows near the altar rails, for invited guests; then in a French crowd of this kind there is always the most rigorous order and no one presumes to trespass in the least degree. A carpet is laid from the altar rails to the very step of the carriage from which the bride is to alight, and I may also remark that the carriage which conveys the bride, if a hired one, is always upholstered in white cloth or silk repp, bordered around the roof with white fringe; if a private carriage, it is not, of course, thus trimmed, but is generally decorated with most lovely flowers. The altar is a blaze of light—myriads of candles lending their brilliancy to the scene—while tall palms and plants



with which are mingled choice exotics, are most exquisitely arranged inside the rails; the interior of the porch at the church door is also lined with palms and beautiful plants, these decorations are not only for the noblesse but are so arranged for any marriage ceremony, and may be seen in some or any of the churches every day in the week, then, there is always the nuptial mass and the bells chime as the organ plays the Wedding March. The bride always wears white; if she is too poor for any costly material, she dresses in muslin, the wreath and veil are never dispensed with.

I will now continue my stroll along le Boulevard Housseman and stop at the Madeleine, but, I observe there is no festive gathering here, the entrance is draped in black, bordered with silver fringe, and a monogram in the centre, just above the door, indicates the name of some one who has passed into the world beyond the tomb. The church, also, is draped with heavy black portieres, fringed with silver, festooned, and caught with silver rosettes, a catafalque draped like the altar, trimmed with silver and spangled with stars stands in the centre aisle to receive the coffin; here, also, are arranged for the friends and relatives who are to attend the funeral, special chairs, with high backs, and priedieu, all upholstered to match the altar and catafalque (of course you know there are not any pews in the churches of Paris). A funeral in France is a very impressive sight, the hearses are elaborately draped in the style I have tried to describe, and the drivers and attendants of them and the mourning coaches (of which there are generally five or six) wear three-cornered high hats, edged with silver lace, and sometimes very elaborate facings decorate their swallow-tail coats. If for an unmarried person, the hearse is of pure white and silver, while for almost every one, the floral decorations are superb, and the hearses being all open, these tributes are suspended from the sides and back, the top is covered and the coffin is never left exposed, for besides the pall, innumerable floral offerings are placed upon it, so that sometimes nothing can be seen but a moving mass of lovely flowers.

The funeral of the late Marechal McMahon was a sight I shall never forget. Four magnificently draped hearses bearing floral tributes marched

with detachments before the coffin, which rested in a silver-gilt and coroneted hearse, and was covered with a velvet pall. No flowers were near it, but more than twenty crowns were carried, each on a separate catafalque covered with black velvet and supported by four men. Queen Victoria sent a beautiful one of yellow and green, and that of the Emperor of Germany was magnificent. The occasion seemed a strange mixture of mourning and festivity, the Russian visitors being here at the time, Paris was profusely decorated in their honor. Along the route between the Madeleine and Des Invalides innumerable French and Russian flags, gracefully festooned, floated from windows, statues, trees, etc., while the lighted lamps were draped in crape. Many of the French flags were tied (for that day) with bows of crape or veiled; all the armies of France were represented, and although the cortege started from the Madeleine at eleven o'clock, it was past four when the end of it reached Des Invalides. It seemed sad to think that while Paris was entertaining magnificently the Russian Admiral and his colleagues, two men so remarkable in the history of Modern France as Marechal McMahon and Gounod should be lying dead at their respective homes at Monteresson and St. Cloud. At almost every entertainment which was given to the visitors, one or more of Gounod's compositions was on the programme. The day after the death of the eminent composer a deputation waited upon Madame Gounod to ascertain if it would be an infringement on the sacredness of her grief and that of her family to have the music of the deceased rendered under the existing painful circumstances, but she very graciously desired that no change should be made.

Holy Week in Paris would tend to dispel the illusion of those who assert that France is fast becoming non-Catholic; the utmost devotion is evident everywhere—not perhaps the gloom or solemnity that we feel in other countries, for the French spirit is entirely opposed to sadness—but I have never seen greater indications of devotion in any other land. Last Holy Thursday, I visited most of the principal churches and found all crowded, officials were guarding the entrances to many of them and worshippers were compelled to enter by one aisle and leave by another.

The altar decorations were altogether too magnificent for my poor pen to describe. La Madeleine was simply gorgeous, but to my taste, the Spanish Church on Avenue Friedland was the most chastely beautiful. (This is a very lovely little church and there is some service or other being held in it at nearly every hour in the day). On Good Friday the original crown of thorns was displayed at Notre Dame, and at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires a most touching representation of the "Dead Christ" drew tears from every eye that witnessed it.

I must not, however, finish the subject of Parisian churches without a line about La Sainte Chapelle, which, I think, is the gem of Paris; it is part of the old Palais de Justice, and was built by order of Louis IX. (St. Louis) as a shrine for the crown of thorns which he brought from the Holy Land; the floor and walls are of the most lovely mosaics, and the windows, which are all of stained-glass, are exquisitely beautiful. The window over the entrance is a representation of a rose and is truly a marvel of artistic beauty. Mass is celebrated in this bijou chapelle only once a year, on the morning of the day that the Courts open.

The Crown of Thorns has been removed to Notre Dame, but Paris may be very thankful that when so much of the old Palais was destroyed, its beautiful Sainte Chapelle was spared.

Montmartre is one of the most interesting churches in Paris, and one of the oldest; of course you know, it was also the church where St. Vincent de Paul officiated; there is at present a very magnificent new edifice in course of erection on the Mount of the Martyrs just beside the old church; it is vast in extent and although services are constantly being held in it at present, it will not be finished for some years.

A most lovely view of Paris may be had from this Mount and Montmartre is always conspicuous when one enters the city from any direction.

Now, dear RAINBOW, I shall try to give you further items of news from our gay capital, when next I write, in the meantime, *au revoir*.

————— J. O. DOWDA.

KIND interpretations are imitations of the merciful benignity of the Creator finding excuses for His creatures.

GRAN HOTEL, HIJOS DE ORTIZ, }  
"ALHAMBRA-GRANADA. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

Arriving at Gibraltar we are taken on board a small coast steamer in which we are conveyed to the landing at the docks. As soon as we set foot on terra firma we are surrounded by a howling and wildly-gesticulating mob of hotel runners, guides and baggage carriers. One thrusts a ticket or brass number into your hand, explaining that the possession of this token is absolutely necessary for your future safety in Gibraltar, and while you are wondering why this should be so, a second native demands this ticket back again, giving you to understand that his timely appearance at this very critical moment should be regarded by you as an extraordinary piece of good luck, and before you have time to recover from your increasing astonishment, a third party steps forward to ask you in a very military-like tone, what you have done with the ticket presented to you on stepping ashore. Of course you try to explain, but not getting any satisfaction, partly because your command of the Spanish is not sufficiently developed to cope with the natives, and partly because you wish to get out of this mob, you apply to one of the hotel men who, in a few words, untangles the whole mystery, and to show your appreciation of the kindness he has shown you in this hour of affliction, you accompany him to his hotel. We chose the Victoria, and I must say found our choice a very happy one.

About Gibraltar, or Gabel Farik, there has been so much said and written, that I consider it superfluous to add anything beyond that the well-kept pavements and cleanliness of the streets cannot fail to make a very favorable impression on the stranger.

Having seen everything of interest in and around Gibraltar, we went on the steamer "Gabel Farik" to Tangiers, a Moorish city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated on the extreme Northwest coast of Africa, about thirty-five miles to the Southwest of Gibraltar. The sudden transition from the manners and customs of the West to those of Oriental life, which you can see here to perfection, is both curious and interesting. The streets are very narrow and steep and the pavements are in a deplorable condition. The principal thoroughfare is that from the Waterport



to the outer market called "Soko", passing through two barriers closed by heavy, half-rotten gates. There you meet with a scene of great interest. Rows of goat-skin tents, caravans of heavily-loaded camels from the interior of Morocco, crowds of trades-people in the Moorish costume, musicians, the snake-charmer and the story-teller, around whom sit on the ground, crowds of listeners.

The women are closely veiled, they sit on the ground alongside their wares, consisting of eggs, poultry and farm products of all kinds, awaiting customers. Here and there you see Moorish soldiers, dressed in blue coats and red peaked caps; the Moorish peasant, armed with a yata-ghan, an enormously long gun, and the everlasting, inevitable beggar, whom you are bound to meet at every turn.

From the market-place a narrow path leads through a high gate-way to the Casba, the citadel, where is the Bashaw's house, the prison, the old treasury house and one of the principal Mosques. Here and there among the houses rises the tall minaret of a Mosque, brilliant with its many-colored mosaics, all solemn and quiet, when suddenly from the tower rises the wailing cry of the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

In the evening we went to the Moorish cafe; up one flight of stone stairs we enter a room about forty feet wide and sixty feet long, to the right of the entrance is a room where the coffee is prepared, and to the left of the entrance a row of small niches in the wall serve for receptacles for the foot-wear of the Moor, as no one is allowed to enter except barefooted.

The hall is about twenty-five feet high; in the centre, on the floor sit six dark-complexioned, heavily-bearded Moors with gleaming eyes, two of whom belabor the violin, one a tambourine, and the other three, very queer looking instruments, for which no dictionary has found a name yet. While the spectator drinks black coffee of rather good quality, these six musicians try to entertain him, and their main aim seems to consist in excelling one another by producing unharmonious sounds on their instruments and singing ear-splitting melodies, while some of their Moorish countrymen keep time by clapping their hands.

Next morning we took a ride on donkeys to

the Spanish quarter, to the road to Fez, the capital of Morocco, the Roman bridge and the place where the Moors, for certain offences, get a public flogging. The sun shining bright and warm you see here men basking in its warm rays, neither saying a word nor moving a muscle; here they sit all day, and when the shadows of night spread their dark cover over land and sea, they draw the hood of their cloak over their head and face, pull their naked limbs and feet closer to their body, and rolling themselves into a bundle, they remain where they are to fall asleep, to be awakened next morning by the beneficent and gratuitous rays of the sun.

Would anybody, in contemplating the Alhambra at Granada, the Mosque at Cordova, and the Alcazar at Seville, believe that these people could ever sink so low as they did, and when you look at the bright eyes and the intelligent countenances of the children of this sunny clime, you cannot understand their present deplorable condition. The Moor and the donkey cannot exist without each other, patient and industrious, the latter carries his heavy burden without a murmur, he brings the produce to market, carrying his lazy master at the same time; loaded with sand, lime or mortar he is indispensable when it comes to erecting a building, and every morning you see him in the narrow streets weighed down with barrels of water, driven on to greater speed by the continually repeated "Arrah" of his master, to supply the inhabitants with this indispensable necessary of life.

Sunday afternoon we returned by the same steamer to Gibraltar, getting there just in time to be admitted through the gates of the fort, for soon we hear the roar of the first evening gun-fire; and for another night, Gibraltar, the ever famous stronghold of England, is closed to the outer world.

I shall continue this letter when we reach Rome; there is so much to be seen here, I have all I can do to get around in ten days. J. and P. went to the promenade along the Bay of Naples this afternoon, and I remained at home to finish this letter to you, as I am afraid it will not reach you in time.


Yesterday we visited Pompeii and Herculaneum, and it was wonderful; I will give you a description later on.

To-morrow, if the weather is clear, we go to Mount Vesuvius; it will take all day. Tuesday we go to Capri and its blue Grotto, then to the Royal Palace, the Museum, the Picture Gallery, Capo di monti, San Martino, etc. Another day will be spent at La Cava, the famous ruins of the Paestum temples, then to Vietri, and by a two hours' carriage ride to Amalfi.

At Pompeii, yesterday, I plucked a lovely rose from among these ruins over eighteen hundred years old; I have pressed it and will send it to you.

A. J. DOERR.

### Old Letters.

N the holy quiet of the deepening twilight hour—that hour to which is entrusted the key that unlocks the treasure-drawer of every human heart—I sat alone before a huge old-time fire-place whose glowing logs gave a gentle warmth and supplied the only light, lending thus an air of mystery to the surroundings.

I had been glancing over the pages of old letters—pledges of friendship, tokens of love, mementoes of affection, dearer by far, than the costliest jewels which lie in their natural worth or are encircled in golden splendor; and my thoughts took a wandering train and travelled through the misty scenes of other years.

What do these time-worn manuscripts, yellow and stained by age, but oh, so carefully kept and tied, contain? Ah, these quaint but precious attic treasures, from Grandmama's love-letters down to the unintelligible tracings of a childish hand, which contained such important news, but of which we must always remain ignorant, are sacred property, for around each relic there is an unceasing tide of memory which will never reach the ocean of oblivion or float away on the sea of time.

Here are letters that speak of long ago, when little hands framed and little hands penned the words of affection, fresh from the still fountain of innocence, infantile in the rehearsal of wee joys and sorrows and gushing forth in the purity of childish love.

There are white-winged messengers from some absent friend, recalling hours spent in sweet intercourse with loved ones, now far away, and breathing of truth and goodness, fresh from

hearts as pure and spotless as the delicate paper on which the words are traced.

"That letter from home," which for one brief moment had brought a vision of fireside joys and delights to the heart of the exiled student, is priceless, though perhaps trifling to the cynical and uninterested.

Then the mother's letter to her distant son, in which she has exhorted him to pursue the path of virtue she had so nobly planned, but which, a worldly reckless life in subsequent years had almost entirely obliterated—that letter which should have constituted her unworthy son's truest code of laws when the writer had long since been laid to rest, is scarcely readable from oft-repeated fingering, and even blotted from passionate tear-drops.


But here is a package; to each letter in it is attached a story. It would take many twilights to read them all. Maidenhood's joys and sorrows are here recorded, womanhood's sterner duties when the feet were called to walk in rough places. You must not peer too closely into their depths—every heart is fettered and bound by some memory and will be free only in the sunny clime of eternal love.

Dear old letters, so fondly cherished, how powerful is your mute but eloquent appeal! How salutary the lessons you convey! Though time has wrought the varied changes incident to life, you still live in our memory and we shall part with you only when the messenger signals us onward to meet the treasures Our Father has in His keeping.

MARGARET FREEBORN.

### The Study of Botany.

"Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous  
God hath written in the stars above,  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of His love."

LL the marvels of creation, from the grandest works, down to the minutest details, are so many thoughts from the mind of the divinity. You pluck a water-lily from the margin of the lake; you then hold in your grasp a thought of Providence, wrought out in matter, and, as the matter is in itself so dull and inanimate, what a potency of life and moulding power there must be in the



thoughts of that divine mind, when they can beautify and etherealize dust and clay into such shapes, blossoms and fragrances as are presented to us when we study Botany! In what profusion these embodied divine thoughts are scattered on the earth! In Hindostan, on the banks of the Ganges, roses are cultivated in fields of hundreds of acres, so that their delicious odors can be scented for miles around. In Persia, the land of roses, so universal is popular admiration for this flower that the chief festival is called the "Feast of Roses" and lasts the whole time they are in bloom.

The same influence was shown in a different way when in England's longest civil war the rose was taken by both parties as the emblem of each.

How encouraging is the lesson, so frequently impressed on us by plants, of the happy influence of training and education. The venom that is often in them in their wild state is in many cases taken out by cultivation, till they lie on our table and form for us wholesome food. The garden celery was originally a coarse, bitter weed; the poisonous cicuta changes into the parsnip: while wheat, with its hundreds of varieties, was at first an unprofitable grass, which owes its unspeakable value to the cultivation that human care has bestowed upon it. Since cultivation can do so much for a weed or a poisonous herb, how much may it do for man?

The kingly characteristic of the divine mind, as well as the boundless profusion with which the Deity gems the earth with floral beauty, is powerfully illustrated by the sun-flower, while the indomitable endurance and determination of the Caledonian character are strongly marked by Scotland's national emblem, the thistle, which has given its name to the Scottish order of knighthood; that of the Thistle or of St. Andrew, with its motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," which may be translated into the words of Burns' poem "I tak' darts frae naebody," and last though not least, the "Day's Eye," the favorite flower of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great poet of English birth, and of Robert Burns, the greatest poet who ever wrote in the Scottish dialect.

No science has been so exquisitely commended to the study of the human race as Botany. Our Lord, Himself, in the sermon on the Mount, puts the climax to His Divine teaching in the way of

consolation to the creatures He has come into the world to redeem by directing their attention to one of the loveliest blossoms at His feet as the type of His own infinite bounty and beneficence. Considerate lilia agri, He tells us, "they labor not, neither do they spin; but I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these;" *quoniam nec Solomon in omni gloria sua co-opertus est sicut unum ex istis.*

Season after season the Divine injunction comes to us like a new revelation, "Consider the lilies of the field!" And as Wordsworth has said, with such a world of philosophic meaning—

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Man is said to owe something of his dignity in creation to the simple fact of his having a countenance that can look upwards. But whether he looks upwards to the stars or downwards to the flowers, whether he regards the constellations in the heavens or those others upon the earth, he has equally revealed to him above and below what lifts him out of himself, what has a distinctly elevating tendency at once upon his thoughts, his heart and his imagination.

"There is religion in a flower;  
Its still small voice is as the voice of con-  
science.  
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and  
systems  
Bear not the impress of Almighty power  
In characters more legible than those  
Which he has traced upon the tiniest flower,  
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-  
drop's weight."

ELIZABETH RAUBER.

### Violets.

"O faint, delicious spring-time violet!  
Thine odor like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in Memory's ward to let  
A thought of sorrow free."



IN all our rambles through wood and vale, these gentle messengers of Spring, these first sweet favorites of the vernal year enamelling the verdant way, the youngest, tenderest and most timid of Nature's children, clinging to the emerald velvet robe of their mother, modestly peep up, greeting us with their quaint and cheerful faces.

That the violets have been prized in all ages has been told us by history. Athens gave these pensive flowers the first place in her floral wreaths, and Athens herself is spoken of by an ancient poet as "Violet-crowned Athens." The Romans had their "Dies Violaris," the day devoted to decking the graves with flowers, and the Imperial ruler of sunny France paid tribute to this lowly blossom.

Let us stroll through the country on a balmy day in the early blossoming spring, the air is perfumed with the delicious odor of primrose and "happy violets hiding from the road the primroses run down to carrying gold," the little birds, the heralds of Spring, welcome us with their sweet strains, everywhere flowers greet us, the queenly tulip smiles graciously upon us, the golden cowslips nod their pretty heads and

"Again the violet of our early days  
Drinks beauteous azure from the golded sun,  
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze."

There is something in the sweet humility and delicate loveliness of these frail flowers, bowing meekly to the earth, their dewy eyes raised heavenward in mute love and reverence, living so quietly among their radiant neighbors, breathing out their fragrance so unobtrusively, like the beating of those hearts far too gentle to struggle against the restless waves of life's tempestuous ocean, that instills into our minds good thoughts and a yearning for those Eden bowers from which the fair flowerets seem to have been transplanted.

Sweet, pleading eyes moistened with dew, wooing us towards you, yet seeking to hide under shade and cover, how beautiful is your mission and how faithfully fulfilled! Not in the glowing eloquence of star-decked heavens nor in the vaunted charms of the more gaudy flowers, but in your quiet beauty, you win our hearts to prayer and praise and grateful acknowledgment of a Father's all-protecting love. You are, among flowers, what kindly words are in human intercourse, unpretentious but dropping on the heart like the sweet dew from heaven, small and by many unnoticed, but soothing the wounded spirit, reviving crushed hopes and always breathing the blissful atmosphere of heaven, too rarely, alas! mingled with the dense vapors of this terrestrial sphere. Not yet, my floral favorites, are

words exhausted in your praise—you are as a sweet dream of the heart awakening memories, too precious to die, of that happy time of early life when skies were always serene, or if a shadow passed, it was but like the April cloud, to leave the scene more fair and bright.

Reclining on that mossy bank "o'er whose sweets the south winds steal," tearfully I turn to my own heart where a tender plant is pining for want of culture, the rank weeds of pride choking out its very life, and with earnest longing and patient endeavor I shall learn of you the beautiful lesson of self-forgetfulness and humility, which it is your mission to impart. ANGELINE MAPES.

### Morning Bells.

"Hear the ringing of the bells—  
Morning bells—

What a school of misery their tinkling foretells  
Tinkling foretells."



PERHAPS there is no one who more keenly appreciates the full significance of a bell's tinkle than a convent girl. Silver-tongued bells? did you ask, bells whose wonderful clearness seems to strike on one's heart-strings, producing and answering vibration? Alack-a-day! to your kind inquiry I must answer that the bells of which I write boast not of a golden or silver lineage; they are all brass, or at best nickel-plated plebeians who have not a single drop of blue blood in their veins. Their very actions tell on them; they never modulate their voices in order not to disturb those who are not interested in their conversation; they never speak in whispers so as not to awaken those delinquents who would feign be on good terms with the bed-quilt for an extra five minutes.

These little monsters of brass wake up at about five in the morning and then watch the big hall clock until the hands show a quarter of six when they try to enforce their old-fashioned ideas of promptitude in rising upon the inmates of the house. Nor do they simply tell us, by way of a kindness, that we had better get up, they demand an unhesitating obedience on our part. Stubborn little creatures! who ever asked them for their ideas on the subject of rising, who wants to see matters from their point of view? There is no one so entirely disagreeable as an opinionated person, and, if these bells do not wish to



lose caste with our world at large, they had better be less self-assertive, more modest, and cultivate a spirit of repose—sleep longer and allow others the same privilege.

Scarcely have we obeyed their first summons, when they tell us to take our ranks for chapel. Again they insist on a ready compliance, and though they themselves are of a religious turn of mind, they have no patience with that fair damsel who, ignoring their call, stands by her cabinet engaged in profound meditation—upon her beautiful countenance. At other times they are no less disagreeable. When we are making our beds, they will wait until we have finished, but the minute they see a girl dive quickly into her cabinet for a looking-glass and comb, that she may adjust a wayward curl, or bring forward a timid, backward one, tinkle! tinkle! looking-glass and comb beat a hasty retreat, and the particular bell that has thus rebuked her receives a look that might hurt the feelings of a less brazen individual.

The outside world entertains the most erroneous idea regarding this Institution; it supposes we are under the guidance of the good nuns. Now let me once for all disabuse every one of such a notion. The house and all the inmates thereof are under the strict supervision of the bells, and to them

“ All keep time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic (?) rhyme.”

Figuratively speaking, there are bells in our lives, great solemn bells, that summon us to tasks that are not always pleasant. Yet, obey we must or suffer the consequences, and when, in after life, these same duties press hard upon us, it may be that we shall long for the old school days, those good old days, forsooth, when our tears flowed freely and we grumbled and were unreasonable; yea, those care-free, monotonous days, before our hearts were steeled to bear, and our lips schooled to check the slightest quiver.

We must provide ourselves with anchors and ballast; that is to say, with opinions fixed and constant, and we must keep our ballast and cast our anchors, without drifting away. Let the streamers fly and the sails swell; the mast only should remain immovable.

### Kind Words from Contemporaries.

NIAGARA RAINBOW is the suggestive name of a new magazine edited and published by the pupils of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario. The first number pitches the key-note of high literary merit which it will be no easy matter to sustain; but the thorough education and varied accomplishments imparted in this well-known institution give promise that the young lady contributors will realize all their rainbow hopes and make their radiant magazine an ideal academic publication.

The typographical feature of the publication is worthy its literary excellence; while the artistic designs upon the cover are a delight to eye and fancy. The spacious Academy buildings which rest upon enchanted ground are seen in all their beautiful proportions. They stand on the verge of the frowning chasm, and have for their music the everlasting roar of the cataract.

In the depths beneath, the pictured “Maid of the Mist” safely rides the waters, with her cargo of awe-stricken tourists; while the rainbow, with its varied colored beauty, arches the scene from wooded shore to mist-shrouded wave.

How the soul expands amid such surroundings! What storied scenes for thought as the moon illumines the silent night and the stars look tenderly down upon the hopes and dreams of mortals! Surely no environments could be more conducive to the successful training of young minds and hearts than those among which Loretto stands. Long may it wave the banner of Christian education, and golden success to its journalistic venture.—*Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo.

NIAGARA RAINBOW is the poetic name of a new periodical issued by the pupils of Loretto Convent at the Falls. From the artistic cover which has a picture of the Cataract, with the Convent in the background, to the last page, it is most creditable to all concerned—the editorial staff, the contributors and the printers. A fine photogravure of Mgr. Satolli forms the frontispiece. Its opening poem on The Rainbow by Dr. O'Hagan is one of the best we have seen from the pen of this gifted writer. The varied subjects of its articles—Shelley, Woman's Empire, The Music of the

Mass, Immortal Years, Madame Ball, Niagara, and many others, are treated in a manner that might well excite the envy of more pretentious magazines and more experienced writers. And when we see the name of Dr. Brann of New York as one contributor and the promise of an article from Mrs. Lathrop for the next number we are certain the young Editors are bent on placing the RAINBOW at once amongst the first class. One wish we wish Miss O'Brien and her associates. May the sun of prosperity ever shine upon the RAINBOW, while from its columns there refract the colors of thought that charm the sense and refresh the soul.—*Catholic Register*, Toronto.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the NIAGARA RAINBOW has appeared. It is a creditable publication, issued quarterly during the college year by the students of Loretto Convent at Niagara Falls, Ont. Nora O'Brien is editor-in-chief and the associate editors are Perle Taylor, Helen Talty, Angeline Mapes and Elizabeth Mathews. Margaret Freeborn is manager.—*Buffalo Express*.

A very creditable magazine is the NIAGARA RAINBOW, published by the students of the Loretto Academy at Niagara Falls, Ont. The December issue is Vol. 1, No. 1. It has a very good view of the Falls on the cover and a portrait of Delegate Satolli is the frontispiece. The contents are varied and well written, covering 28 pages. The pupils are contributors and the editing staff is also composed of the young people of the Academy. Miss Nora O'Brien is editor-in-chief. Among the editorial announcements is this one of interests in Buffalo:

"Mrs. Inman Fox has succeeded in making elocution quite popular amongst the students, judging from the large number that attend her classes."—*The News*, Buffalo.

The high standard of excellence presented in the first number of the NIAGARA RAINBOW leaves that pretty journal outside the range of criticism. The pupils of Loretto have endeavored to issue an ideal college paper, and in the first number the fair editors have been more than successful. That the RAINBOW may meet with the patronage which it deserves, is the wish of the *Carmelite Review*.

The latest visitor at our sanctum is the NIAGARA RAINBOW, published by the young ladies of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont. The exterior appearance of this magazine is strikingly handsome, the cover design representing four views of the Falls, in each of which is prominent the world-famous "rainbow," from which the paper takes its name. The Horseshoe Falls forms the centre piece of the design, the background showing the handsome Academy edifice. It can be said without exaggeration that Loretto is located in the most picturesque spot on earth. Situated on a slight promontory, it overlooks the Falls and affords one of the best views of this mightiest and most sublime of nature's grandeurs. All of the natural beauties and lofty inspirations of the mighty cataract which the poets never tire of singing, are continually within view of the students of this institution, and the literary articles of the RAINBOW give evidence that the poetic grandeur of their surroundings is not lost on unappreciative minds. The article, "Niagara," is a beautiful description of the famous cataract—yet not as much description as it is the poetic breathings of a soul impressed at this shrine with the might and majesty of God and the helplessness of poor, insignificant man. The beautiful trend of the writer's thoughts may be gathered from the following closing address to this "Monarch of Floods": "Flow on, O mighty cataract, in all thy glory, till time shall bid thee cease, till this sad old world shall close its parched, burning lips, and, folding its fevered hands on its aching heart, sink into the arms of its God. Flow on, and on, till He who stilled the tempestuous waves of Galilee shall whisper to the passion-freighted billows of our heart's Niagara, "Peace, be still!"

To the first number of the RAINBOW Rev. Dr. Brann has contributed an article on "The Music of the Mass," which, coming from his gifted pen needs no words of commendation. The RAINBOW is to be congratulated on numbering so gifted a writer among its friends and contributors. The articles, however, written by the young ladies of the Academy we read with greater interest and pleasure, for it is from these that we form an estimation of the institution, its teachings and course of instruction. We have found them invariably giving evidence of much literary taste in the writers, bearing a polish that marks ability



and care in their preparation. Notable amongst them are "Woman's Empire," by Margaret Freeborn, "Immortal Years," by Nora O'Brien, and "Giotto," by Angeline Mapes.—*Niagara Index*.

We have received a copy of the NIAGARA RAINBOW, a sprightly and well got-up little monthly, edited from Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls. An excellent portrait of Mgr. Satolli forms the frontispiece, and numerous short articles and poems from the pens, presumably, of pupils proclaim the mental caliber of the latter to be of no mean order. There is much talk nowadays about schools of journalism, but one would imagine a fairly good practical training for young people aspiring to a literary career would be secured by intrusting them with the management of a periodical such as this, treating of subjects familiar to them and yet leading up to the discussion of wider and graver issues, such as are handled by the public press.—*Once a Week*, New York.

FROM the Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, we have received the first copy of a new publication bearing the title NIAGARA RAINBOW. It contains twenty-eight pages of delightful Catholic reading matter. Apart from this, another most commendable feature is the fine paper used in printing and the faultless press-work on new type of the most modern style. The RAINBOW is a new and unique departure in the educational work of convents, and, we doubt not, much good will be the outcome. We earnestly hope the periodical will have a prosperous career. Certainly the initial number gives assurance that it richly deserves it.—*Catholic Record*, London.

A beautiful and instructive school journal is the NIAGARA RAINBOW, a bright little magazine issued by the pupils of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. Its articles are of a high literary order, displaying talent and ability on the part of the young ladies who write them. Typographically the magazine is a handsome work of art. Its outside cover contains a photograph of the great cataract, showing the Loretto Convent in the background, but in full view of the mighty avalanche of water. We recommend this attractive little periodical to our readers. It is issued quar-

terly, and costs only \$1.00 per year. Address, NIAGARA RAINBOW, Niagara Falls, Ontario.—*Evening Times*, Little Falls, N. Y.

We are glad to welcome to our tables a new monthly, NIAGARA RAINBOW, published by the pupils of Loretto Academy, Ont. It is replete with good things and ought to be in every home circle. The frontispiece of the Apostolic Delegate Satolli is very fine, while the poems and sketches are all good. Loretto Academy is one of the best institutions of learning in America, and deserves the high honor paid it by a visit from Mgr. Satolli—an honor to be well proud of. We cannot speak too highly of Loretto Academy, having had personal knowledge of its excellent educational advantages.—*Catholic Pilot*, Chicago, Ill.

We are in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1 of the NIAGARA RAINBOW, a twenty-eight page magazine published quarterly by the students of Loretto Convent. The first page opens with a dedicatory poem written expressly for the RAINBOW by the gifted Canadian author, Dr. Thos. O'Hagen of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and whom we have the pleasure of knowing personally. If the first volume of the RAINBOW is any indication of what its successors are to be, we bespeak for it unlimited success, for the subject matter and arrangement are both good and the printing neat and artistic.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

### Exchanges.

The *Carmelite Review* comes to us instinct with all the important interests of the age, social and religious; breathing a sweet filial love and devotion to Mary, instilling it gently into all hearts by the words of those who are her most faithful adherents,—in a word, fully sustaining the character of that venerable Order—the eldest daughter of the Church—whose authority on matters concerning devotion to our Blessed Mother has been sustained by herself.


The *Niagara Index* is also an exchange we covet. There is a healthy vigor in its tone which speaks well for the generations that are going forth from the fostering care of Niagara University, not as weak fledglings who timidly fear to

venture from the nest, but as young eagles who gaze steadfastly and unshrinkingly at day's bright orb—youths who will come to the front in the great arena of life and wrestle with the combatants of truth and virtue. We read with intense interest its erudite contents.

We have the honor to count among our exchanges *Wee Willie Winkie*, a bright little journal edited by Lady Marjorie Gordon, Rideau Hall, Ottawa. The Benjamin of our sanctum, it is naturally an object of much admiration, conveying to us in quaint and childlike language the time-honored customs of many lands. The naivete and freshness of its juvenile epistles, so true to life and manners, are truly the spice of our table.

The other exchanges received by us came too late for notice in this issue.

### Study Abroad.

HAT a girl in Boston should speak of study abroad must seem to her friends in the West rather strange, for so many look upon this city as the "Mecca of art" and think that if they could only have a course of study here it would be the realization of their brightest dreams. Many a girl in our conservatories here, thinks herself in a gifted land very much in advance of her own home in the South or in the West, and yet we, Bostonians, are dissatisfied with our "modern Athens" and plan, in our turn, a two or three years' sojourn in the mother countries of art. Good American parents, naturally proud of our home colleges and seminaries, think the object of these desires to be a yearning for change, for travel or for getting away from what we have, and sum it up under the head of "discontent."

When we reason into the cause of human desires, we must in assorting them also assort the individuals who desire, for in a great many cases the thought of getting abroad is a flame in the breast of our romantic students, but there are cases of those who know a benefit would be derived from a life in Italy, a winter in Paris, or a few seasons in some art centre in Germany.

We ask why should this be so? Have we

not good teachers here? In fact, the very ones we once went to Europe to study with, have since come back and are settled here; we have as good teachers in every branch as are to be found there, and our New England colleges vie with the best in the world; why then must the student of art go abroad?

The cause is psychological and is similar to the question why one likes a certain room better than another; everything has an atmosphere, the stone, the tree, the room or the person, there is around everything the history of its past, this earth of ours is surrounded by an atmosphere which contains the memory of all its scenes, ghosts as it were, of the deeds acted upon it.

A prominent writer has said that, "some acts must be studied geographically, and not by epoch," this is true, and in the study of such arts do we find the psychological conditions of this planet exemplified.

The earth is like the human head when examined phrenologically, and as the different bumps show the location of different faculties, so in the earth the different continents and countries stand for certain national traits of character or mark the place where this or that phase of civilization is to thrive; in music we find each nation stamping its mark upon it, even as the character of a writer is seen in his style, Germany and its philosophical depth, earnest and plodding, so is its music and its character in all other things; France, light, merry and bouyant like a balloon, decked out in red ribbons, and without ballast; Italy with its beautiful smiles, its tears, its romance, its jealousy and revenge, melody, sweetness and fire; England and its sturdy Saxon blood, the vigorous, healthy music of its ballads and the plain forms of its church music; the character of a nation is in its art, the Italian pleads, the Spaniard wails, the French sing, the English corol, the German howls and the Yankee simply whistles.

Now, as every place on this earth is ruled by some certain individuality of its own, it is natural that in certain places one thing should thrive better than in another, this is also true of study; England and America, though gifted with every advantage for the education of their people, are nations of business, and seldom do they look upon art for art's own sake; France is a brilliant country, and lives more for manners and social



life than for the deep interests of art, but the atmosphere of Germany and Italy is vibrating with music. From its beginning, music, though attaining much in other countries, never held its own outside of these two nations, the music of England and of the Netherlands, once foremost in the world, gave way, and now the seat of instrumental music is in Germany and of vocal music is in Italy.

The American atmosphere is too excited for art study. The people are an object lesson in vibrations, which fill our land and keep it in such a hurry, that here a student must take up ten or twelve branches and finish them in about one-third the time required abroad where art is bound to no time, and the student is there for that alone, either in some quiet city of Germany or in the smiling land of Italy.

Although this may seem rather a serious reverie for a little girl, yet, perhaps it was my own intention of having two or three years in Italy that gave me the desire to find some excuse for others as well as myself who desire to follow such a course.

MARIE JOHNSTON.



### Roll Call of the S. C. L.

CANNOT believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and then sink into nothingness; else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the *rainbows* come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken away from us, leaving the thousands of streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the *rainbow* never fades, and where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; where the

beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

NORA.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A *rainbow* in the sky ;  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die.

—MARGARET.

Thy diadem's an emerald, of the clearest, purest hue,  
Set round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of feathery dew ;  
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,  
And the *rainbow* lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

—PERLE.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

—ANGELINE.

Proud demon of the waters ! thou  
Around whose stern and stormy brow  
Circles the *rainbow's* varied gem—  
The vapor spirit's diadem,  
While rushing headlong at thy feet  
The everlasting waters meet.

—HELEN.

Here speaks the voice of God—let man be dumb,  
Nor with his vain aspirings hither come,  
That voice impels the hollow-sounding floods,  
And like a presence, fills the distant woods.  
These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled;  
For ages here *His painted bow* has smiled,  
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—  
Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime.

—ELIZABETH.

Hope builds no *rainbow* o'er the gate  
Closed with the solemn words—Too late !

—PAMELA.

Principles strengthen because they enlighten; when principle is wanting, what remains to support the will? Be faithful, therefore, to your principles, our age is that of transactions. It tends to amalgamate the good and bad, vice and virtue, faith and incredulity. Scarcely does one find a character firm and constant; and nothing is more rare in these days, than unswerving conscientiousness or untiring virtue.



**Our Sleigh-Drive.**

AN it be possible that there is any enjoyment not accorded the pupils of this magnificent Institution? Perhaps the most enjoyable, or at all events the most eagerly anticipated, is the annual sleigh-drive. What an important topic the weather had become for some time. One bright morning it seemed that our dearest wish was about to be gratified, for some one, less busy with her studies than her companions, glanced through the window and discovered the little snow-flakes beginning to fall thick and fast, and could not forbear exclaiming in pantomime: "Oh! girls, it is snowing at last!" This, our first real snow-storm continued all day, and next morning on awakening, we saw the bare cold earth of the previous day wrapt snugly in a pure, spotless mantle of ermine.

Those only who have had experience can form an idea of the joyous (must I say) noisy greeting that the announcement of a prospective sleigh-drive calls forth, not only from the little children and minims, but even from our most dignified young ladies. Picture, if you can, anything more enjoyable than a merry sleighing party of free, happy, light-hearted school girls skimming gayly over a white enamelled country dotted with here a house, there a cluster of shrubs, or, perhaps, some remnant of the grand old forests, while the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells mingles sweetly with the laughter and song which ring out musically on the mid-day air. The delight, enjoyment and happiness of each and all seemed epitomized in this one constant exclamation: "Oh, how delightful!"

At length, our destination is reached, the spirited steeds are reined in with somewhat less difficulty than when they started, and ready to welcome us, cordially stands Rev. Father Philip, our kind Chaplain, who had proceeded us to make arrangements for a fitting reception and sufficient accommodation for so unusually large a party. One of this Rev'd gentleman's kind friends threw open his doors to the crowd that swarmed in endless lines till halls and parlors were filled to overflowing with happy faces, radiant with fun and frost, from our tiny Southern maiden, "wee Kathleen," to our stately young lady graduates.

After an hour or two of thorough enjoyment, we turned our faces homeward and arrived just

in time for Benediction—a fitting conclusion for a day so replete with happiness—and during this solemn ceremony many were the prayers wafted heavenward from grateful hearts in thanksgiving for the innumerable blessings and benefits which the Almighty daily showers on us, His children.

LORETTO BARRETT.

**The Idol of The Cedar.**

A STATELY cedar spread his arms abroad,  
 And, year by year, his shapely towering head  
 Was lifted higher toward the gracious sun.  
 In his green depth the timid little bird  
 Might rear her brood and sing her tender song  
 Unharm'd, unscared, secure in fortress green.  
 The fury of the tempest, in his boughs,  
 Was broken into choral melodies;  
 The pouring rain-storm, into gentle dew;  
 And of the frolic snow he built a crown  
 Of magic beauty, roofing winter out.  
 Then shaking off the feathery coronet,  
 He cas'd his twigs and every tiny leaf  
 In sparkling crystals, borrowed from the sleet,  
 Till every decorous bough was arched and curv'd,  
 And a new transient glory glitter'd bright,  
 Flashing and smiling in the morning's ray.  
 But when the sun smiled softly and the breeze  
 Danc'd in among the prisms, down they fell,  
 And crackled merrily beneath our feet.  
 So the great cedar grew rejoicingly,  
 Until one autumn-time the maple tree  
 Upon the hill beyond, gleam'd brightly out  
 In glorious gold and crimson. The cedar sigh'd,  
 "Ah for a regal robe like this of thine,  
 My happy, happy sister! Sombre and sad am I,  
 And none, I fear, will love the gloomy tree."  
 E'en then, a little creeper at his foot  
 With loyal love look'd up in his green depths,  
 And, pleading, said: "Ah, let me lean on thee,  
 Thou strong and constant cedar; I am weak,  
 And every passing foot will trample me  
 And I shall perish if thou help me not."  
 Then the kind cedar clasped the wandering hand,  
 And safely climber'd the little vine aloft.  
 Her branches twined among the cedar's boughs  
 And droop'd in graceful pendant sprays on high.  
 And lo! when came the autumn-time again,  
 And the tall maple donned her glorious robe,  
 The graceful Ampelopsis felt the touch  
 Of the gay Frost-King, and the cedar strong  
 Gleam'd forth in wondrous grace and beauty.  
 Then all men smiled to see her, "Look," they cried,  
 "How beauteous is our ancient cedar-tree!"  
 But one, a preacher, thoughtful and most wise,  
 Said: "Lo! the honor and the beauty which  
 Adorns the age of Him, who in strong arms  
 Uplifts the lowly, shields the wandering."  
 SUSAN ROBERTS.



### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.

Idea is a shadow that departeth; speech is fleeting as the wind; reading is often an unremembered pastime; but writing is eternal.

\* \*

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do an uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

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It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and out in quick and profitless succession—each, indeed, for the moment of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy; while it indulges the love of sloth; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house—the soul, I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.

\* \*

It is sometimes well for the heart made sad by the ills or happy by the pleasures of the present, to look into the misty shadows of the future, that it may see (as with the keen vision of hope) some new beauty in the life we live, or some brighter glory in the world and life beyond us. For hope is the cherished friend of happiness; and its language to the wearied heart is the beautiful dialect of comfort and peace. It becomes, then, an anchor to the soul; and above this anchor there rides upon the ocean of our life the vessel of human joy with its sails filled with the warm breezes of future bliss, and its masts pointing up to the land of eternal hope, where at last

the good ship may find a harbor of endless rest when the storms and the waves of the sea shall be overcome. The future, again, is the child's and the Christian's paradise. The child dreams of the paradise of manhood, and of earthly life; the Christian of the paradise of heaven and the life beyond. God has placed deep in our natures the fountain of hope; without it our life would be cheerless; perhaps, also useless.

\* \*

How many endearing associations cluster around the memory of our early childhood. In life's whole journey it is the brightest spot. No joy so pure, no happiness so unclouded, as that of childhood's days. The anxious cares of later years disturb not its tranquillity. Innocence and Peace are its guardian angels, and no sorrow exists that a mother's love may not dispel. The hoary-headed sire, whose palsied limbs refuse to carry him much further on his pathway of life, dwells with pleasure upon the memory of his early days—the happiest in his life-time. Imagination draws for him the scenes of his childhood's years. He sees once more the peaceful cot, with its ivied wall, where he was wont to dwell. He enters again its vine-clad portals, a mother's form greets his eyes, a mother's hand is on his head, and he hears the gentle tone of her low, sweet voice as she was wont, when he was a child, to teach him from the Holy Book or guide aright his infant prayers. He has read these stories many a time since, but they never, never seemed half so beautiful as, when seated by his mother's knee, they fell in gentle accents from her tongue. The noble old elm beneath whose friendly branches he oft had reclined, still stands by the roadside. The murmuring rill before the door—the music of its waters seemed far sweeter than that of any other—keeps on its winding way as of old. The little garden—the scene of many a merry game—the orchard, the old school house a few rods down the road, all are there. But stern reality calls him from the pleasing dream, and, with a sigh he leaves the contemplation of his early days. Childhood! fairest oasis in life's great desert, many are thy pleasing remembrances, and never to be forgotten thy hallowed influences.

Sir Humphrey Davy said: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

### Our Visitors.

Rev. F. Allain, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. J. Welch, Holy Angels, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. E. J. Lefevre, C. M., Rev. J. A. Maloney, C. M., Rev. J. J. Tally, C. M., Rev. J. V. O'Brien, C. M., Rev. M. J. Rosa, C. M., Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. F. DeCantillan, O. P., Newark, N. J.; Rev. M. Ferg, O. S. B., Erie, Pa.; Rev. J. Wagner, Erie, Pa.; Judge McGrath, Mrs. McGrath and Miss McGrath, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. J. Moran, Mr. Dunne, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. G. Rauber, Wellsville, N. Y.; Mr. T. Crowley, Little Falls, N. Y.; Mr. W. Brennan, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. J. F. Doerr, Mr. J. P. Doerr, Mr. Polzin, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Pearson, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. G. Bachus, Smethport, Pa.; Mr. J. Moore, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Brennan, Mr. Fuchs, St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Keenan, Smethport, Pa.; Mrs. Litz, Mrs. Kirsch, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Mrs. Sprague, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Knight, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Lumaga, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Francis and the Misses Francis, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Twohey, Lockport, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Lymburner, LaSalle, N. Y.; Mrs. Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Powers, Lockport, N. Y.; Mr. J. Garvey, New York City, N. Y.; Mr. Ryan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. J. Noonan, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Dowling,

Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Manning, Mr. F. Noonan, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Keenan, Smethport, Pa.; Miss Crowley, Miss Helen Mason, Little Falls, N. Y.

### SPRAY.

("You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.")

—The young lady who was *driven* to distraction had to *walk* back.

—The only persons around here who really *enjoy* bad health are the doctors.

—Ethel, how fast you read!—almost as fast as you eat. "Yes, I take it all in."

—Poor Nell! came here to get fat, and the first thing she swallowed was—a pin.

—This place is awfully quiet. I haven't heard even the bark of the trees since I came.

—"And he died insolvent." "Where?" "Insolvent." "Say, isn't that a place in—Ohio?"

—Helen belongs to the vegetable kingdom now. Long experience has made her sage. Ha! ha!

—Annie—like the owl when the mouse ran into the lantern—does not "see the thing in that light."

—"Carrie, do you like fish balls?" "I really don't know. I can't remember having ever attended one."

—Giulia wants a thermometer that will tell the coldness of somebody's heart. Sorry we can't oblige her!

—Annie dear, no one ever reaches the top of the ladder who is unwilling to start on the first round.

—Mary—"Do you know of any volume that would bring tears to our eyes?" Hilda—"Yes, a volume of smoke."

—How prone Flossie is to obey natural laws, particularly when there is question of gravitating to the foot of the class.

—Katie is still on good terms with the thief of Time—reluctant to believe that to-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.



—Nell does not believe in turning over a new leaf. She says that the world has not improved so very much since it was first made, yet, every Spring it turns over a great many new leaves.

—First alarm—“Make a light! Make a light!” (*Mache ein licht.*) The occupants of St. Anne’s mistake the muffled tramp of the *nightmare* for the burglar’s stealthy movement and Helen’s vernacular asserts itself. Second alarm—The unexpected arrival of Callie’s bosom friend (a mouse) who, strange to say, met with scant courtesy and was summarily dismissed. Third alarm—Mew! Mew! and with measured tread, the portly form of our venerable Jumbo appears upon the scene. Sitting in our midst, with a gravity becoming his years, he surveys the prostrate forms of the votaries of Morpheus, and we unconscious of all save the fact of his presence feel, that like the rest of mankind, he errs through forgetfulness rather than malice, for after his long sojourn among us, he surely must know that an evening call should not be made later than nine nor prolonged after ten!!!

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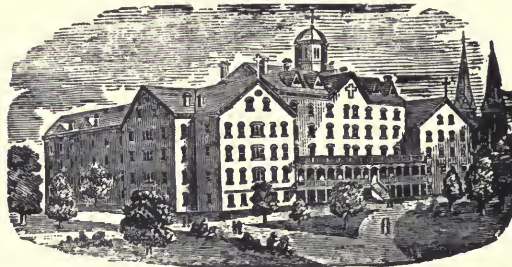
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# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

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VOL. I.

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No. 3.

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## Mary, Our Mother.

“Mother whose virgin bosom was uncross'd  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
Woman ! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;  
Purer than foam on central ocean toss'd,  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,  
As to a visible power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.”

**W**HAT hope, what consolation, does not the above title suggest to the Catholic mind, what a soothing balm does it not contain for everyone, no matter of what condition or circumstance of life. Nothing is more natural since there is One whom we all call Father, than that there should be one on whom we might bestow the endearing epithet, Mother. One whose aid and sympathy the rich and the poor, the high and lowly, the most favored saint as well as the most abject sinner might seek. For, after all, there is nothing purer, nothing holier or more beautiful than a mother's love.

An angel once came to earth, so says an eastern legend, for the purpose of getting the three most beautiful things that it affords. She took a flower, a babe's smile, and a mother's love; but when she arrived at the great White Throne, the flower had faded, the babe's smile had ceased,—the mother's love alone endured—a thing of pristine, fadeless beauty. It has been universally acknowledged that a mother's influence in the varied spheres of life gives character and impress to human actions. In the greatest, in the

noblest deeds of men we find a reflection and an echo of those precepts that were imbibed at a mother's knee. The Christian home is characterized by a certain sacredness and grandeur, but do not that very sacredness and grandeur, which so fascinate the world, emanate and shine forth from the perfection, the moral beauty of Mother. Yea, tongue and pen are inadequate to fathom and measure her sway. What then shall I say of one whom the Saviour of mankind was pleased to call Mother? I shrink from the task; even genius itself is overawed when contemplating her.

Mary, our Mother! how potential and significant this title in both divine and human economy; potential, in that the Son refers us to the intercession of the Mother, if we would enjoy His company forever; significant, in that it carries the mind back to an epoch in the history of mankind, at once the most terrible and the most beneficent the world will ever know, when from the ranks of mortals, even of the nationality that thronged out of Jerusalem towards Calvary, there was one woman, so transcendent in every perfection that the Saviour was pleased to call Mother.

From the thick gloom that was settled down everywhere and upon everyone, there rose bright and clear the Morning Star of the world, the Polar Star of nations, which, more resplendent than any that circles around the heavenly throne, diffuses its mellowing beams upon all mankind, enlivening, prompting everyone to nobler deeds and higher purposes—a Star which guides us as unerringly towards the portals of Heaven as the one which led to the manger the shepherds and wise men of the East. It now becomes apparent why the ages that came and went before the



coming of the Messiah wandered so far away from the light of Heaven into darkness, why people bowed down before the idols of their hearts and offered incense upon the altars of Bacchus, of Diana, of Juno, and upon the altars of the other deities of the old heathen Mythology. The tables of the law, the Ark of the Covenant and the promises of the Redeemer to come were forgotten and had passed away from the minds of the people; from our minds the commandments, the sacraments, the Redemption cannot be eradicated while the memories of One endure, who is Mother to the motherless—Mother alike to the babe toddling unsteadily on from the weakness of infancy—to the grey-haired sire tottering feebly along under the burden of old age. The truths of our religion can never be forgotten when they are associated with Her, for then, to a certain extent, they become akin to those we bear with us from childhood, and who can forget them?

Ah, indeed, a divine magnetism seems to draw the saint and the sinner alike to her; for the one she has the sweet caress of approbation, for the other, gentle chiding. And nowhere is it written in all history that anyone besought her in vain. I doubt not that they "who wrap the draperies of their couch about them and lie down" to sleep in the evening of life, breathing forth on the same breath their soul and the words, *Mary! Mother!* will, on awaking beyond the grave in the morning of a new existence, lisp the cherished words—the passwords at St. Peter's Golden Gates.

A CHILD OF MARY.

### Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

DECIDEDLY these monks and nuns have exquisite taste. This is true not only of the monks and nuns of the middle ages, who, while civilizing the barbarians of Europe and changing the face of the country, always knew how to select the most bewitching nooks and the most commanding heights for their gorgeous monasteries and convents; but it is equally true of the religious communities of this century. Already have the most glorious spots in America fallen peaceful victims to their taste. Those wonderful monasteries of Italy, the Certosa of Pavia, Monte Cassino, the Superga of Turin, Assisi and others; the glorious piles of architec-

ture along the Danube, the beautiful convents of the Rhine, including the gem imbedded in the Rhine—the Island of Nonnenwerth—the wild, romantic surroundings of the Chartreuse and La Trappe, in France, which not many years ago was visited by the Queen, the monasteries of Spain, of old England and Ireland, alas! in ruins now; all these thousands of monumental proofs of the refining and ennobling influence of religion have found their worthy successors in America.

There is no spot more beautiful, more sublime in our country than that wonder of nature, Niagara Falls. The late venerable and beloved Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, heir to the glorious traditions of the middle ages, and with a true Catholic love of all that is beautiful in God's works, made it one of his first duties to imitate the example of former times, and to have erected on this marvellous spot religious institutions, which would not be inferior to the great nurseries of learning, so numerous in the Catholic Church. Giants of intellect came forth from the monasteries of old. Queens and dames of noble birth, remarkable for their graceful beauty and intellectual strength, sung by troubadours and served by chivalry, living in song and immortal in history, were trained in the convent schools of old. Our young ladies, not any less noble or less deserving, in this free land of ours, should have the same advantages. Ladies, true ladies, alike remarkable for their learning as for their uncommon virtues, should take charge of this institution, and thus it came about that Loretto Academy was built, and under the management of the Ladies of Loretto, soon realized the hopes of His Grace, and probably even surpassed them.

The superb, massive building, the spacious halls and corridors, the well-heated and well-ventilated rooms, the extreme neatness, order and cleanliness visible throughout, stamp it at once the fit abode of refined ladies, who know that physical health and strength are necessary to a sane and thorough education. The looks of the young ladies betray the pleasing fact that they thrive under such healthy influences. Blooming health, a natural flow of youthful spirits, and bright countenances are the result attained. Amid such surroundings by nature and art, it is no wonder that their minds are enlarged and their hearts ennobled by their mere dwelling in such a place.

The young lady at her easel in the studio, needs but to cast a look through the large windows, and she has before her the most wonderful picture from the hand of God Himself. The vivid green and blue of the breaking waters as they dash over the precipice, the dazzling white spray, the fresh greens of foliage on the banks, and over all, the gorgeous colors of the perpetual rainbow, fill her senses with harmonies of color and light which no master could teach as well. The young lady at her piano, or violin, or harp, as she rests for a moment from her study, hears the wonderful music of the thundering waters, that eternal dominant chord (according to the clever observation of a writer in the Century Magazine) which fills her bosom with unutterable longings for a fulfilment, a complement, a solution which only eternity can afford. Pupils with such advantages must certainly be exceptional.

This century has been justly called the century of problems. Questions as old as the hills come up for a new solution. It seems as if the accumulated experience of ages has only served to create a greater confusion of ideas. At no previous time were questions of vital importance treated with such a lamentable display of ignorance and prejudice. The scepticism and cynicism of the age know not how to deal with the great problems of the religious, social or even political order, and yet these questions cannot be set aside. Their solution has become a necessity since it involves the future, not only of our own country, but of all civilized nations.

Of all others the question of education is the most important. It underlies all others, and it must be answered before all others. Its preponderance is acknowledged by all thinking men. Everybody is aware of the necessity, the advantages of education, and yet how few there are who thoroughly understand what is meant by education. We continually hear people boasting of intellectual culture as being the distinctive characteristic of our age, seemingly not aware that true education means more than a mere training of the intellect. Instruction is not education. Man may be the king of the universe by the superiority of mind over matter, but this involves being king over himself as he himself is partly matter. Mere cultivation of the intellect will not teach him how to govern himself. His

whole soul, not merely the intellect, needs education. The nobility of the soul is not mere learning. Virtue even more than learning constitutes true nobility of soul. Since education, therefore, must take cognizance of the whole man, all the wants of the body, all the needs of the soul must be satisfied. Plato's definition of education is the only one admissible. He says: "To educate is to elevate the body and soul to all the perfection of which they are susceptible." When is the body perfect? When it is healthy, strong and beautiful. When is the soul perfect? When it is intelligent and virtuous. Thus, true education must render youth healthy and strong as to body, intelligent and virtuous as to soul. Any system of education which fails to do this must necessarily be at fault.

Happily for us and our country we have educational establishments in our midst that comply with all the requisites of a thorough education. Very prominent among them is Loretto Academy at Niagara Falls. The writer had the good fortune to be invited to attend the annual May Festival at this Institution and to become an eyewitness of the results achieved by a perfect system of education. Deeply impressed by what he saw and heard he thought it his duty to make known to the public, especially to that portion of the public that knows how to appreciate true progress in educational matters, what seemed to him so highly worthy of mention. The building itself affords ample proof that the Ladies of Loretto are experienced teachers. They know what is necessary to make a school as unlike a prison as possible. They know that girls, especially, must have light and air and as much of God's bright nature as can be safely admitted without endangering the repose and solitude essential to study.

They have chosen the most fascinating spot in America for the site of their academy. On the high Canadian bank of the Niagara River their academy commands a most extensive view of the Upper Rapids, the Falls and the lower river. Within a stone's throw of the abrupt slope leading down to the edge of the Horseshoe Falls, the building is just far enough away to escape the baneful moisture of the spray and yet near enough not to lose any of its majestic and sublime beauties. It was rather a bold idea in the midst of this glo-



rious scenery to erect a building which would not betray the inferiority of human art when brought face to face with nature in all its sublimity. And yet, Loretto Academy, which is part and parcel of every complete picture of the Falls' scenery, is not a blot on the landscape, on the contrary, it is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Built of massive stone, its size and bulk might have rendered it gloomy were it not for its good style of architecture. The builder wisely chose the Renaissance, as being the most suitable for a moderate amount of ornamentation. It is a very good specimen of this style at its best. The main entrance reminds one of the beautiful pavillions of the Louvre at Paris. Well ventilated, well heated by steam in winter, all portions of the interior connected by spacious corridors, it meets all the hygienic requirements of a first-class residence. Add to this the exceptional advantages of being in a healthful locality and it will create no surprise to learn that all the young ladies are healthy, strong, and what is always concomitant with youthful health and strength—beautiful.

If it be true that close communion with nature, especially with nature in its more beautiful aspects, tends to enlarge the mind and ennoble the heart, then we can readily understand the immense advantage the pupils of Loretto derive from their close proximity to the Falls. This, in itself, is an educational factor which cannot be easily overestimated.

The Ladies of Loretto do not only prove their tact and experience with regard to the physical welfare of the pupils committed to their charge, they also show the highest ability in training the intellect and cultivating the heart. Not only do they teach their pupils all that is necessary to make them intelligent and virtuous women, but they also teach them the accomplishments and arts suitable to their sex and condition, taking great care to render them as graceful and polished as is compatible with natural simplicity. Hence, there is a total absence of affectation in their pupils. This is a refreshing fact at the present day—when there is a decided tendency growing up among Americans to ape the stilted mannerisms of European society. Another striking feature among the Loretto pupils is their modesty, —displayed in gait, in demeanor, without in the least interfer-

ing with their natural cheerfulness and healthful flow of youthful spirits. Their simple costume leaves little room for the display of that vanity in dress which is so apt to blind the good sense of our young ladies. All these commendable features could not but agreeably affect the numerous visitors who, on the seventeenth May, thronged the spacious halls of this far-famed academy, when the satisfaction of those who had children, relatives or friends among the students was plainly apparent.

A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.,  
Prior of Carmelite Monastery,  
Falls View.



#### Gratitude—The Memory of the Heart.

WORDS are but drops in the mighty ocean of language when expressive of gratitude—that feeling sense of benefits received, which is the first and warmest impulse of a generous and elevated mind—that responsive chord in the human heart which, when touched, emits the sweetest music. It is the hymn of praise which Nature sang at its creation—the harmony of the spheres when “the morning stars sang together”—the one ecstatic burst of Nature’s joy—the choral antiphon renewed each day. It swells in the throat of the feathered songster as he pours forth his lay of love, it murmurs in the brook as it winds its way mid flowery meads or rocky paths to join the parent stream, it whispers in the breeze as it wafts the grateful incense of gathered sweets on high—in a word, it is the underlying harmony of all creation.

But man, the masterpiece of creation, whose heart is the great organ, the king of instruments in this glorious orchestra, leads the magnificent symphony of the Creator’s praise, for to him it belongs to serve Him in spirit and in truth. Is not Nature itself one grand blended orchestra of God, in which each instrument helps the other and yet is dependent upon it? The tall and stately trees of the forest give the deep ground tone of the symphony, the horns moan and sigh through the branches, the birds play the merry flute notes and oboe strains, and murmuring viols are heard as “the sound of many waters.” These, then, are the instruments of this magnificent orchestra, each does its utmost in pouring out its gratitude to God, with its small voice: but the compass of Nature is limited, the organs of ex-

pression are not perfect, the birds have no more than an octave compass, and the waters but a few notes; over this band of musicians is placed a director, man, whom God created to keep order in the universe; and Nature rejoiced at the coming of her lord.

The director had come and the orchestra was complete; the symphony commenced, God and His angels were the audience, each petty thing gave praise, however restricted was its means; man held for baton the sceptre of power over all and stood at the heart of all harmony; the greatest measure of gratitude was his duty. His was a combination of all registrations and compasses; even as the organ is the king of all instruments and has within its power to represent them and their combinations so in man is the power to live all combinations of nature, all moods and emotions. Every thought that Nature can express is man's to create, he has showered upon him all in all. While the gifts of the tree, the flower, the stream are its particular share of the Creator's grace, in man is no share, but all grace of all grace, all glory of all glory, and from him should come all gratitude of all gratitude.

God has put the music of gratitude into the hearts of all living things and has purposed that they should sing together in harmony, and this harmony is the prayer that ascends day by day from the mountains, streams, valleys and forests, wrapping the Throne in a celestial chorus of gratitude.

In this universal Canticle which Nature sends up to God, shall Humanity, the noblest of the marvellous mechanism, alone be silent? Surely, not. The heart unmoved by gratitude we pronounce insensible or dead. Have we not read or heard of those whose every virtue seemed stifled or choked by the weeds of vice, whose heart seemed steeled to every lofty impulse, and yet, did it but throb ever so faintly to this one sweet pulse—this noble instinct—we knew there was life and still had hope. It may be the pleading glance of a mother which touches the rock and causes tears to flow, it may be the clasp of a hand or the sound of a friendly voice—faithful monitor that was never absent through years of devious wanderings in the paths of waywardness and sin—it may be the breezes of kindness sweeping the heart-chords and evoking, at last, a responsive strain.

The most noble minds in all ages have had deepest gratitude to those who had been their instructors, who had led them through the mazes of youth, who had aided them in their treacherous climbing up the steep and perilous path of science and learning; to those, who with steady, unflinching finger, had brought courage to their weary hearts by pointing out the unfailing beacon light of religion, and so this tender, beautiful sentiment has been transmitted through the cycle of time from century to century, aye, from the days when unenlightened minds, recognizing no Divine Deity, manifested this ennobling instinct by the deification of their fellow-men.

Fain would the grateful heart discover words unuttered before, yet fitted to express its feelings, at the mere thought of some favor received, some service done, but voiceless gratitude—that unuttered prayer of the soul—that powerful prayer which lies deep in the heart and which the lips never form—circles like a hallowed wreath of incense around it and ascends in supplication to the throne of the Most High for blessings on the benefactor. And the spectators, what say they? They cannot fathom the innermost depths of the soul, they do not see the conflicting emotions, and the unfeeling crowd passes the stinging verdict—ungrateful!

We all seek for happiness—"our being's end and aim"—it is the human instinct, though rarely properly guided. Its attainment is the great purpose of life—well for us if we have been directed on the right path. How sad, however flowery the way, however diversified by alluring sights and sounds, if we miss the goal at last and "reap but the whirlwind" of remorse and calamity. We, who have been guided by a star of predilection to the sweet retreat of our present abode, may congratulate ourselves or rather thank the Giver of all good gifts who has bestowed this favor upon us. While culling the choicest flowers in the Eden of intellectual delights, ascending step by step the difficult but ever-enticing path of science our guide was ever with us—the angel guide that bade us not here to rest—the excelsior voice that clarion-like rang out "To the heights above! Child of earth! not here the goal, not here the term of your ambition, beyond this earthly confine in the rarer atmosphere of truth and purity. Grasp the means but cling not to



them, of the goods you have received be prodigal, shed light upon the way that others seeing may follow, hold your torch aloft, for this you have been elected."

And now as through life we go with the lamp of faith carefully trimmed and brightly burning, should our name be inscribed in some temple of fame or its laurels encircle our brow, how sweet the task to weave them into an immortal crown—a tribute at the Shrine whence our first and purest inspirations had been drawn, where our love for all that is pure and beautiful had been fostered.

NORA O'BRIEN.

#### Ourselfs, Subjectively and Objectively.

"**W**E judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing; others judge us by what we have done." So universally true are these words that they brook no denial. In truth has Longfellow touched one of the chords to which the human heart-strings are attuned.

The tiny, lisping child whose toddling feet are just beginning life's journey presents its mother with a childish master-piece of art, which, in the matter of tinted charms, boasts the rare and startling combination of red, green, and yellow. The child considers it perfect and yet the mother's indulgent "thank you" is interrupted by the exultant exclamation, "but dat's not my very bestest, I'se going to make somefing tomorrow; I'se tired tonight."

The actor thanks the dramatic for his words of approval, but assures him that an apathetic audience or the nervousness arising from "a first night," prevented his attaining the full height of his capacity. The melody brought forth by the musician is but an echo of the symphony that floods his soul; the artist's picture is a mere daub when compared with the rich painting that hangs in the gallery of his heart, and the author's expressed thought but mocks the dim idea that struggled for utterance.

And is there not a certain pathos in these facts? Poor man with his giant-like purposes and his "mouse-like" achievements! His arms are outspread to grasp the universe and come back empty, and, looking down through the waters of the great sea of life he sees dainty shells; he reaches down for them and draws back his hand "filled only with seaweed and dripping with

briny tears." We feel capable of enacting a deed whose music shall ever sound and resound through the melody of coming years. The deed is accomplished. The world listens and hears—rich harmonies of sound?—nay, rather it hears a sound as it were of the beating of muffled drums, and then there is a silence, broken only by the sobbing of disappointed hope.

And, perhaps, these facts explain the reason why praise is so often a source of pain. Is not commendation an expressed estimate of the value at which the world rates us, and is the world able to sound our depths by merely noting our actions? After striving for years for some God-like prize and then failing, it is galling to be told that we have done well. Well? well? perhaps, but we felt capable of so much more. After months of plodding toil a man makes a speech whose eloquence sways a thousand hearts and controls the mighty surging tide of human thought. But why that hungry, wistful look in his eye when he has finished. Why is he not content, has not his genius been approved by the din of a deafening applause? Again, perhaps; but behold him in the privacy of his study and the man about whom the world is talking is seated at a desk and his head is buried in his arms. No great sorrow has come to him, but a few more of his hopes have been shattered. Ambition lies prostrate with her head in the dust and from the heart of this man there arises, not a prayer of thanksgiving or resignation, but a cry wrung, as it were, from the depths of a soul's anguish, "help me, O help me, my life to bear."

And yet there are times when we seem to surpass ourselves. All the accumulated energy of years is brought to bear upon one point, out of the material of reserved force we fashion a thunderbolt and then hurl it at the world. But alas! we are able to do so but once or twice in a lifetime, and the world, remembering that one mighty deed is ever on the alert for a repetition of like importance. Would that we were able to meet its demands, would that we had not exhausted ourselves in that one mighty effort. In such instances it is somewhat gratifying to know that we are judged by what we have done. It is as though we had brought our bark into port by one powerful pull and are at liberty to rest on our oars.

But since Longfellow's words, quoted in the outset, are so common in their application to mankind in general, if we pity ourselves on account of the truth they embody we must pity the whole world. And why not, for if we review anyone's life, if we trace it from the dawn-tinged morn to the sunset eve we shall find records of dreams divine with sad endings, baffled hopes, shattered ideals and palatial castles that were built, but to crumble away and mingle with the dust of the sod. Like the little child we may do well to-day, but we never reach that fullness of accomplishment of which we feel ourselves capable. "I'se tired to-night," poor little dot, but, we older, wiser children are tired, too. And, perhaps, not until the great morrow that follows the long sleep of death shall our hopes be realized, and then are hearts will no longer ache and we shall not be tired to-night.

HARRIET KEAN.

### The Pupil and the Teacher.

WHEN Christ selected from the people those who should be the chosen twelve, the Apostles, He found them in the humble ranks of life, some of them fishers, and to those He said: "come with me and I will make you fishers of men." Here we find the greatest teacher that ever taught on earth, at the beginning of His ministry making teachers of men. In the first place, I wish to indicate two points of deep import, viz., the nature of a teacher is not dependent upon learning alone; it is among the souls nearest in touch with humanity that the world's greatest teachers have had their birth; Christ sought those who would make teachers and not scholars; secondly, when the Master commenced His teaching of men He did not rest at the point of showing them how to save themselves or of teaching them the mysteries of heaven and earth, but His promise to them if they would follow Him was that He would make them "fishers of men," and He fulfilled all when He sent them into every land to preach the Gospel He had taught.

There is a difference between the pupil and the teacher—between knowing and teaching—the true teacher always seeks to make teachers. The smallest class of people on the earth is that of its teachers, and they are the least appreciated;

theirs is the care of earth's children and the position which they occupy is at the helm of civilization. Man never fulfills the purpose of his being until he has made himself a teacher; we do not live unto ourselves alone but influence every other centre in the universe; in this way the very life of man becomes in the divine economy either a barrier to some other being or a teacher to the same struggling soul.

I wish to make clear to you what a teacher is apart from other people—we will base the argument upon the teacher of learning in a school, remembering that the law which applies to one thing holds good in all, and what we do in the moral world of thought has the same effect as the objective life which we see lived.

Some may say that the pupil can get an education from books, every science and art is in print, why not seek them between the covers of a book. Here lies the value of the teacher. What must the mind do before the pupil learns? It must act. What causes it to act? The personality of the teacher. What force would the scriptures of our New Testament have had at the time they were written without the personality of a great teacher to make the minds of the people act. The true teacher is great in proportion to the power in him to make the minds of others act. Some people in every day conversation have the great power of keeping us silent; we find it impossible to carry on a conversation with them though they be well informed in many subjects of interest, while, at the same time, persons of fewer acquirements possess that indescribable something that draws us out, and we surprise ourselves by saying things we hardly understood previous to our coming in contact with these persons. These last were teachers who caused our minds to act. It is not the one who talks most fluently that is the orator and teacher, but the one that can make some one else think and talk. The teacher awakes the creative faculties in others. He must be what he imparts. A man may talk about what he remembers and pour out the learning that has been crammed in, but he cannot teach that which is not a part of himself. Next, the teacher must have established between his mind and the minds of others a sympathy that allows him to know their feelings and read their thoughts. Remember how Christ knew



the thoughts of all and began to educate them on the plane where he found them; He lived with others in their being and knew their longings and questionings, and was thus enabled to give them what they most needed.

Another point in teaching is to use objects of thought. When you speak of abstract principles, the mind cannot conceive them until they have been made concrete, so the teacher must use proper objects of thought. I can best illustrate what I mean, thus : I have a pupil playing a Chopin Nocturne, I may say to the one who bangs it out as a piece of dance music, "play this softly and quietly, make it beautiful;" now, before the pupil can do it, the mind must have conceived some object to represent the sentiments I have named, so I would have done better to have made her imagine a quiet moonlight, a calm sea, a little boat gently rocking on the current; when she sees this in her mind, it is impossible for her to give any other effect than that desired. The same rule I apply to all states, teach by objects.

In connection with this, teach by statements. Every time you illustrate anything by a statement, you make it clearer than the last time. Make your statements clear and then explain them. Now, I come to a very important point which is one of the delicate and intricate parts of teaching. The teacher should not do the example for the pupil when explaining it, but by performing a similar one with reference to the same principle, illustrate the idea, letting the pupil teach herself, so to speak. If the task is to paraphrase a poem, show the pupil the process on another selection, on the same principle; and if a passage in music is difficult, explain it by an example bearing upon the same principle; to play it for the pupil would only encourage in her imitation, which, in art, has no place. Never strive for the development of imitative qualities,—man is more than a monkey.

In working with your pupils look for nothing but results; this is the only place to see the work of both pupil and teacher. There is only one road to perfection and it matters not what the pupil does on the way, if it all tends to the good result in the end. "Many have prophesied in my name, but by their fruits ye shall know them." It is not by the acts of man, but by his fruits that

he is known. Methods are maps and directories on the road to results.

The teacher must remember that what he or she is, is communicated to others. Character lies at the bottom of all art as the foundation of all teaching. The teacher does not work for his own glory—he loses sight of himself in his purpose of raising another. Beethoven lost sight of himself in doing the bidding of his art. Christ lost sight of Himself in doing the will of His Father; He thought of Him on one hand and of the suffering soul on the other. Nothing short of love should ever send a person out into the world to fill the position of a teacher, for love is the only state in which we may lose sight of self.

A few words now directly to the pupil. I have shown how the proper aim of every pupil should be to become a teacher; all you should educate yourself for is that you may be a greater help to the rest of humanity. If, then, you intend to make yourself the instrument through which an art is to be interpreted to mankind, first of all, you must be filled with a deep love for the subject you undertake. Love is the greatest of all forces for overcoming barriers, and so it is of the greatest importance to the pupil and an absolute necessity to the teacher. The determination to conquer must be ever present to that person who would become proficient, for all art is surrounded by the most frightful and dismaying difficulties. Mozart wrote : "People say that art comes easy to me, and that I do not have to work for it, but I would say to them that I have worked, and as I imagined, harder than others for the ends that I have attained." Genius is more than anything else a capacity for hard work.

One element that most pupils lack is continuity, they do everything in a spasmodic manner, that is without any definite purpose or conception of the work as a whole and the meaning it would imply. These average pupils think more of how many notes they can get over than how much effect and meaning can be brought from each one of them. Concentration is a wonderful power in study. Think how much more the mind can grasp when, like a magnifying lens held in the sun, it focalizes the rays of light and nerve force to a burning spark that ignites what it falls upon. The greatest power a man has of his own lies in his concentrating ability. Keep the mind fixed

upon what you are doing with a determination to conquer it, and you will gain more in one hour than in four hours' general play.

Everything in nature moves like the waves of the ocean, up and down, action and rest; in this rhythm an enormous momentum is created, so to gain a like momentum in mental activities, a change of practice and bodily exercise is necessary. Practice and study an hour or two, then putting your thoughts away to mature in your mind, take some bodily recreation, always alternating the two, study and rest or application and exercise.

I intend to give you four criteria by which you may judge and direct good practice. The first of these principles is purity, and we must admit that this is first in all things, the basis of religion, the beauty of style in an author and the charm of all art. Purity results from an intense vigor of thought and energy of purpose in striving to attain accuracy; vigor of thought produces a clearness of expression. When you begin to practice, reflect whether you are in earnest with your subject; if not, rouse yourself, and strive to get every note correctly; do not omit one, get the greatest purity possible; this will bring with it clearness and accuracy.

Habit is a great power when we make right use of it. He who finds it easy to form habits will find that many of these will help him in his work, especially in the distasteful portion. Never lose a good habit when you have attained it, it will do for you what you cannot always think of doing for yourself.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### An Evening with Beethoven.

ON Wednesday evening, May 30, Mr. Bertram L. Shapleigh, one of Boston's musical stars, entertained us delightfully for some hours. Beethoven's life was discussed in general, the chief years were spoken of as well as the greater incidents that marked his life and character. His life was drawn upon the following schedule:

Place of birth, Bonn, December 16, 1770. Beethoven's dislike of music as a child. His father and mother's character. His first compositions at the age of ten. His practice of violin.

First position at thirteen for thirteen pounds sterling. His visit to Mozart and improvisation at sixteen. Death of his mother and his teaching to support a family. Count Waldstein and Archduke Rudolph. Life with the Breuning family. Trip to Vienna and lesson from Haydn. Acquaintance with Prince Karl Lichnowski and his approaching deafness. Countess Giulietta Giucardi and the Moonlight Sonata. Total deafness. His method of composition and note books. Anecdotes of his humorous side and newspaper criticisms of his works when first produced. His piano works and symphonies. The Eroica, 5th, Pastoral, 7th and 9th. Beethoven's will and death. The patience, resignation and contentment of the great artist, followed by a sketch of his inner life.

"When it is recorded of him that he was a morose, churlish and ill-tempered man, full of caprice, and devoid of complaisance, let us remember one who, in the midst of suffering which we cannot estimate, and trials which we have not known, never lost his reverence for God, his deep and tender devotion to all that was highest in man, patient forbearance with all the weak and selfish, and a certain indomitable courage, wideness of vision, and power of will, which has raised him, the lonely worker, to one of the most solitary pinnacles of fame."

The subject of Beethoven was precluded by a consideration of the classical element in art, tracing it in the Greeks and later poets—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dante, Milton and Shakespeare.

The following programme was played by Mr. Shapleigh to illustrate his discourse:

1. Sonata—Op. 53. Waldstein. Beethoven.  
Allegro con brio.  
Adagio molto.  
Allegretto-moderato.
2. Sonata—Op. 24. Moonlight.  
Adagio. Allegretto.
3. Sonata—Op. 28. Pastoral.  
Allegro. Andante.  
Scherzo allegro vivace.
4. Symphony No. 5. Andante.  
No. 2. Scherzo.  
Duet with Mrs. Shapleigh.
5. Sonata—Op. 26. A flat.  
Variation. Scherzo.
6. Etude No. 3. Fileuse. Chamanade.

"Nothing can be more sublime than to draw nearer to the God-head than other men, and to



diffuse here in this world these God-like rays among mortals."

"The excellences of power are not of us who use them; we who know truth in art see its source in the heavens, and the ecstasies which we derive from it are great because they are divine."

Ludwig Van Beethoven,

Died March, 26, 1827.

Before leaving Niagara Mr. Shapleigh gave a final lecture on the "Dance Rhythms in Classical Music." The history of the principal dance rhythms was traced, as also the history of dancing among the ancient and savage nations. The two schools of music, the Ecclesiastical and the Secular were united in the Renaissance, and from this union grew the material of the Classical forms.

To explain the growth of form the first period was placed among the savage tribes, where spontaneous activity first manifests itself. The growth was slow, and it was years before the mind would take notice of the elements of design or the inflections in the voice sufficient to make the first melodies. Rhythm came first, then clothed itself with melody. The lower orders have always loved music and always had their own. This was in different dance rhythms and in some countries was danced as it was sung. These melodies spring up, no one knows where, no composers are recorded, they are folksongs and originate among the people. The composers of the early Renaissance forms, becoming tired of that problematic style and looking for new grounds, took up these dance rhythms and melodies and wove them into their works dressed up in Classical garb. A stringing together of a number of these dances, contrasted, resulted in the suite whence came our modern sonata.

The march duple rhythm was the first considered, and this, though the earliest of rhythms, is, as a form, only about two hundred years old and of German origin. Among the dance forms explained, the following were introduced into the programme which Mr. Shapleigh played:

- |     |                    |                 |
|-----|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1.  | Polonaise, A flat, | Chopin          |
| 2.  | Mazurka, No. 2,    | F. A. Porter    |
| 3.  | Sarabande,         | Handel          |
| 4.  | Gavotte, E flat,   | Martin Roeder   |
| 5.  | Tarantelle,        | Ad D. Turner    |
| 6.  | Bolero,            | Ravini          |
| 7.  | Waltz, D flat,     | Chopin          |
| 8.  | Papillon,          | Lavallée        |
| 9.  | Am Genfer See,     | Bendel          |
| 10. | Improvisation,     | B. L. Shapleigh |

## An Evening with Chopin.

THE marked interest manifested by the pupils in the life of Beethoven, as illustrated by Mr. Shapleigh, induced this eminent artist to give a second lecture and recital on Chopin and his works. The idea of selecting these two composers was to show the greatest contrast between the Classical and Romantic periods in art. A little time was spent in glancing at the different epochs in art, as the Renaissance and its breaking out into new fields with color and perspective, the Classical and its formative principles, the Romantic and its extensive broadening and emotional elements; the character of the Poles and the condition of their country at the early part of the nineteenth century.

The life of Chopin was sketched in a brief manner, and might be thus summed up: Born in Zelazow-Wola, near Warsaw, Poland, March 1, 1809. His mother a Pole, his father a Frenchman from Lorraine—At fall of Poland the father loses his position and teaches French—Chopin's early improvising—At eighteen intends to keep to music as a profession and goes to Berlin—First publication, Op. 2.—Early dramatic talents—Recitals—Improvisation. The fate of his country, Poland—Liszt and Madame Sand—Constantia Gladkowska—His trip to London—Health failing and consumption—Return to Paris, and death October 16th, 1849.

The character and meaning of his works were explained as they were played.

### PROGRAMME.

- |    |                               |             |
|----|-------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. | Scherzo, C sharp minor,       | Chopin      |
| 2. | a, Nocturne, F sharp major,   |             |
|    | b, Nocturne, D flat major,    |             |
| 3. | a, Polonaise, C sharp minor,  |             |
|    | b, Polonaise, E flat minor,   |             |
| 4. | a, Waltz, C sharp minor,      |             |
|    | b, Waltz, D flat major,       |             |
| 5. | Etude, Papillon,              | Lavallée    |
| 6. | Les deux Alouettes,           | Leschetizky |
| 9. | Etude, C sharp minor,         | Chopin      |
|    | Etude, C sharp Revolutionary, | Chopin      |

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

— STAFF —

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JUNE, 1894.

WE have the honor to insert in this issue of the RAINBOW the words of encouragement and approval received from Monsignor Satolli, Delegate Apostolic.

These precious words from so high a source in the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy are enhanced still more by the thought that they come from one of the most enlightened Prelates of the present day, whose clear intellect and scholarly attainments render his judgment, even from a literary standpoint, invaluable.

201 I STREET, N. W., April 28, 1894, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C. }

The Editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW:

I congratulate the Editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW on the periodical which they have undertaken to publish. The very name of this publication is attractive and inviting to a reading which is expected to be pleasant and interesting, and it is really quite satisfactory to find that its contents correspond perfectly to the expectation. Hoping that its writers will continue to attain the noble purpose at which they aim, I remain,

Yours truly in Xt.,

F. ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,  
Delegate Apostolic.

\*

WE tender a special vote of thanks to our thoroughly efficient and genial professor, Mr. Edgar Doward, whose years' labors have come to so

successful a close. We wish him every enjoyment this season of relaxation affords, with the bright anticipation of *au revoir* next September.

\*

WE gratefully acknowledge the honor done us by the dedication of Mr. Reiger's composition, "Ave Maria, Loretto," to the pupils of our academy; the more highly do we feel flattered as this charming production has been pronounced to be one of the best by this gifted composer. While we duly praise the music, we must not forget to render a tribute to the merits of the poetry to which it is wedded, by the Hon. T. V. Welch, whose beautiful sentiments of our Maris Stella are so fittingly expressed.

\*

WITHIN a stone's throw of our Alma Mater stands a building of a rather unpretentious but picturesque aspect, containing many curiosities of deft workmanship within its walls. It is the Observatory owned by Mr. P. S. Clarke, near which is the famous Burning Spring, which has come to be regarded as one of Niagara's most elaborate curiosities.

One sunny afternoon, not long ago, we enjoyed through the courtesy of the proprietor, a most delightful ramble through the various departments of this repository of wonders. For a time we were loath to leave the many Indian souvenirs which had attracted our attention on entering, all of which were skilfully fashioned from the wood, bark, etc., of various trees. But lured by the mysterious darkness of a little passage, with cautious steps we approached and found ourselves in the mystic chamber of fire—in the presence of the Burning Spring. There was a weirdness about the flame, the darkened room, the seething waters, and involuntarily our minds travelled back to the time when this flame was worshipped by the Indians as a form of the Great Spirit. We watched the experiments of the instructor with spellbound interest, saw the pale blue light ascend to a height of four feet, saw the inflammable but unconsuming element and tested it with pieces of cambric, etc. Despite the strong fascination which the weird and



mysterious always exercise, our desire to gain the highest point—the cupola—prevailed, and after ascending a short flight of stairs we found ourselves 230 feet above the level of the upper river, gazing on a spectacle that for sublimity and grandeur is unsurpassed—a scene on which we have looked for years, but which never fails to inspire us with a higher idea of its transcendent beauty. Overpowered, awe-stricken, and uttering only ejaculations of wonder, we look far up the river and see the leaping crests dash against the horizon, then pursuing their turbulent course in headlong confusion, fiercely and madly roll to the awful brink, where, as if conscious of the precipice, they struggle in horror, before making the fatal leap. Truly an Omnipotent Power is visible in this wild commotion and audible in the majestic tones of our Sovereign Queen of Floods.

\*

THE artistically beautiful invitation and elaborate programme before me, issued by the Rainbow Circle a few weeks ago, recalls many pleasant memories though their silent promptings are scarcely needed to keep fresh in my mind the remembrance of one of the most delightful evenings ever spent in Loretto.

Excitement and expectation were the prevailing sentiments for days preceding the auspicious occasion, and though the elements were warring without, no trace of the battle marred the gala appearance of the concert hall, already thronged with appreciative, interested and eager faces. Precisely at eight o'clock, our curtain, unlike many of its near relatives, rose, or rather parted in a vary unique manner. Two gorgeously attired pages, who seemed to have stepped from the gay court of the Grand Monarque, gracefully drawing aside the beautiful drapery, disclosed to view a veritable "dream of fair maidens" in airy costumes of contrasting colors, who gliding to the middle of the platform, with stately grace treaded the measures of the "*Danse antique du temps de Louis XIV.*," followed by a drill in Greek posing, both—the very poetry of motion.

Miss O'Brien ably sustained her reputation as the elocutionist of the school by her rendition of

"A Violin Fantasy," in which by tone, gesture, and expression she played on the heart-strings of the spell-bound audience with a power that successfully vied with the magic touch exercised by the beggar artist to call forth weird, wondrous strains from the soul of his loved instrument; so realistic was it that we almost fancied ourselves in the midst of that breathless throng that listened to the life-story of Antoine Durand played to the end.

Miss Taylor, in a vocal solo, "*Robert toi que j'aime*" (Meyerbeer) was heard at her best, as the enthusiastic applause of the audience amply testified. Mendelssohn's Spring Song, artistically rendered by Miss Keenan, was a very pleasing number. Miss Rauber's piano solo, "*Rondo Capriccio*," faultlessly executed, and one of Mendelssohn's vocal duets, by Miss Talty and T. Crowley, brought part first to a close.

Then we were beguiled back through the ages to the Tudor Period of English history by a poem, "*Frances of Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, Mother of Lady Jane Grey*," written by a member of the Community and dramatized for the occasion. Ambition's lofty aspirations, religion's firm protest, unbounded ambition's inevitable doom were well portrayed by Miss O'Brien, as Duchess of Suffolk; Miss Taylor, as seer; Miss Miller, A. Moran, and K. Maccaron, as lady-in-waiting, warden and page respectively. With what a host of varied feelings we lived through the chequered career of this daughter of pride, smiling when she smiled, grieving when she grieved, till when the final blow fell and crushed out the last atom of the ambition which had been her ruin, we felt ready to exclaim with the gifted speaker—

"Perchance the Eye that seeth all had sent a  
tender ray  
To light the evening of a life that knew so  
bright a day,  
Trusting in Him who strikes to save, we leave  
her in the Tudor's grave."

Miss Talty, as if in harmony with the thoughts which were uppermost in our minds, sang with tender pathos, "*Der Himmel hat eine thräne geweint*," (Kucken) which was followed by Moszkowski's Serenade, feelingly interpreted by Miss O'Brien and T. Crowley. A bright little semi-

chorus, "*Au Revoir*," was an appropriate finale to an evening signalized by the debut of the S. C. L. S.

\*

WE ARE anxious to introduce to our dear readers through our editorial column, one of the most important personages in Loretto's household—a very old boarder, so old, in fact, that the oldest pupils in the school confess that they cannot remember having ever had the pleasure of initiating her. She must have been the first graduate, because for years she has been stationed at the head of the stairs, a most meddlesome spinster, indeed, always attending to other people's affairs as well as to her own. Being very conscientious, she never neglects her duty, although it is often the sincere wish of many that some day she might be human enough to err, but alas! she never does, and apparently never will. Evidently, her code of laws is to be found in these few words—"girls may come, and girls may go, but I go on forever."


There she stands as prim and immovable as you please, secretly instructing and encouraging the brazen little bells in their boldness. Should an observing truant on mischief bent, happen to pause near Her Highness, she would notice that her hands invariably point in a threatening manner either to the Superior's door, or in the direction of the class-rooms. But some who are either less observant or upon whom such threats are lost, are unfortunately captured,—have a thrilling adventure or a narrow escape. Not satisfied with spoiling our pleasures during the day, by sending her pert little messengers to order us to study when we are, in the midst of an exciting game, she even rudely awakens and terrifies us in the still hours of night by announcing, in a weird voice, the ghostly hour of twelve when we suddenly become aware of the fact that it is the time when the "goblins 'll get us if we don't watch out." Scarcely are we once more in the land of dreams than at her instigation, a saucy little bell makes its appearance and positively orders us to return to this mundane sphere.

Would you believe that she has been so

extremely rude on some occasions as to interfere with our concert programme and to carry her point over a large majority, so that we were obliged to relinquish anticipated joys and depart from festive scenes precisely at the appointed hour. However, she has not always enjoyed such a peaceful reign. On one or two occasions I remember distinctly having seen a few mischiev-loving maidens in long and earnest conference in her vicinity, and after having matured their plan of campaign these heroines confronted the spinster, and firmly, but gently, taking her by the hands assisted her to travel more rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes than was her wont.

Now vacation is here and her jurisdiction over us must cease; so farewell Old Clock, for the time is fast approaching when "girls will come, and girls will go, and you'll run down forever."

### The Pleasures of Anticipation.

HE life of the heart is twofold, divided between Memory and Longing. The present is but a connecting link of stern reality, a time in which we linger over and fondle every relic of the past; in which we dream of and picture the joys which we hope are to be found on the unexplored shores of Futurity.

Memory takes a weight from the toils, from the disappointments, from the tears of the present, and permits us to roam in cloudless, rosy, aerial spheres, wherein all is delightful. To be pitied is that being around whom Memory can shed no ray of joyous light, from whose little world of present woe she dispels no storm-gathering clouds. Our memories become a portion of ourselves—as of our time; they are spirits of the past, that speak to us, that make the heart throb with their visions of persons who have played their respective parts in our life's tragedy or comedy—time alone will reveal which—and who have passed off our life's stage with a lasting farewell.

Longing is an earnest wish, a continual wish, a yearning after an object, a happiness. We long for an occurrence which we know will one day take place, and we picture it in a manner agreeable to our tastes, to our minds, to our hearts; we picture an event which exists only in our



longing, with all imaginable happiness attending it, then we are conscious of desiring its attainment; forthwith we commence to picture the time, place and manner in which it shall happen, in a word, we outstep the bounds of Longing and enter the realm of Anticipation. Anticipation of happiness, which is the universal principle manifested in the life of the heart, may be defined as an act of the will by which we form mental representations of future events, events which we always picture as we wish them to be, as we long for them to be. Few, indeed, among us are without at least some anticipation of future bliss, whether it be the earnest gaze of dear eyes into which we will once more look, or the sound of loved voices which will cheer our weary hearts. What if it is only too true that, that which we imagine, anticipate, rarely—if ever—takes place exactly as we picture it? What if our fond day dreams have only too surely proved but dreams? Dreams which are blotted out from the memory by the surging tide of facts, by the stern reality of the life around us. Blotted from our memories, did I say? No, not that, for even if our cherished hopes should never be realized, we still have the memory of those happy hours we spent in picturing them as we would have willed them to be. So vividly do we reproduce them that we forget all that surrounds us and think—O happy delusions! the unattainable is attained, for

“The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,”

and the thoughts we think, the objects we pursue make us queens of a Fantastic Realm.

Hopes in youth are always bright. In the full anticipation of a happy life, we look forward into the golden tints of the future, and represent to ourselves a life of unmingled security. Everything to come seems real and natural, and, of course, we are sure it will come without disappointment, and in our joyous impatience at the slowness of time, we bid Pegasus hurry his car along, and bring to us our looked-for pleasure. We do not think that there may be a possibility of disappointment, because in our sweet simplicity, we have not yet learned to doubt the future; experience has not taught us to waver in our faith in the realization of our youthful dreams. We see no dark clouds to dim the clear horizon of our lives,

or if such a thought should creep into our minds, we flatter ourselves that the clouds of our life shall have a silver lining and reflect their brightness all the more brilliantly after they have passed by.

In the miniature world of school life how eagerly we look forward to the day on which we hope it will fall to our happy lot to be the joyous recipient of a letter from some dear friend, or best of all, from home. Home! with that dear word a vision of the sweet nest of our childhood flits before our gaze and brings the thought of the approaching vacation, which never fails to thrill the school girl's heart. Oh! who can tell the world of ideas, of plans, of fancies which the Imagination—that wonderful painter—the heart, the mind present to the eager eyes of the young girl dreaming of vacation—the returning home to mother—the joyous fireside reunions of friends and acquaintances; and as the time draws near thoughts and anticipations, up to the present calm and sweet, become eager, rapturous—even reprehensible at times when they invade the realm of Duty.

Thus it is that day by day we continue to weave aerial, gossamer desires, to indulge in golden day dreams and brilliant fancyings as transient, mayhap, as the lightning flash, earnestly hoping that these sweet reveries which form the groundwork of such a lovely picture may be in reality as delightful as we have painted them on the dreamy shores of our ideal clime.

Although the companionship of our best beloved is assuredly the highest happiness in the “Eden of our hearts,” and the unbroken home-circle a scene of loveliness rarely to be surpassed, yet, like all earthly things, these are subject to time and change, but there is a Home—the one prepared by our Heavenly Father—on whose anticipated joys no disappointment waits, for whose acquisition we must strive, at whose Golden Portals Death never knocks. May we all reach it!

PERLE ROMAINE TAYLOR.

The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small importance, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess; by the authority of others.

**Skies.**

“The chasm of sky above my head,  
Is Heaven’s profoundest azure.”



It is a great pain to conceive vividly and to render faintly” are words singularly applicable to my mental condition whenever I feel tempted to describe the transcendent and ever-varying beauty of the glorious dome that overarches our beautiful home. Gazing on its blue depths, its gorgeous tints and rich splendor, involuntarily we exclaim—if such loveliness is to be found on earth what must be the beauty of heaven!

It is dawn, a faint gleaming in the dappled east heralds the approach of day, the clouds break into trailing, ragged fringes of foamy light, until, at length, the day-star appears in glorious colored fires of crimson, purple and gold, and “the conscious waters see their god and blush.” And so mounts the god of day in his golden chariot till he has reached the throne of his meridian splendor, when like a monarch glorying in his power, he raises his gleaming sceptre whose effulgent beams are cast in all directions, till woodland, stream and meadow are steeped in its fervid rays. Noon-day—and the leaping, surging waves of old Niagara flow on with a more subdued and measured pace as if the eye of Day were on them and they dare not overleap the bounds of his magnetic influence, so they grow more hushed and tranquil as if yielding to the potent spell.

But slowly the god of day retires to his chamber in the western sky whose gorgeous tapestries alone betray the couch of his repose, cloud after cloud, as it passes, is crowned with a halo of benediction from its parting king, and moves slowly over the horizon, as decked in the imperial purple and gold they would yield their place to no sombre handmaid of night who would cast a veil over their charms or drop the curtain over the scene. Already there is a change, one by one the silvery stars come out in their accustomed place till all the azure dome is spangled, and

“Every wave, with dimpled cheek,  
That leaps upon the air,  
Has caught a star in its embrace,  
And holds it trembling there.”

We look at that book, ever ancient but always

new, and con the pages over and read and re-read those mysterious letters as our ancestors have done before us. How unconscious they seem and guileless for all the world’s history they know! but they will keep their secret to the end, till the banner is furled for each—till the curtain has dropped for the last time.

Beautifully has a learned author said: “Type of the world of souls—there is no trace of time in that kingdom of space. There is beauty without spot or wrinkle,—immortal youth. Like the soul, the sky has dates, but not age. Like the soul, it has no night, but changes its lights, as the soul varies in brightness. The succession of the seasons causes the vicissitudes of the earth, its burning heats and its hoary frosts, its long and sad intervals of desolation. But by a sublime immunity, the heavens, although created, know neither change nor decay. In the daytime, waves of light burst from its glowing central fire; in the night, its dark depths sparkle with innumerable suns. While nature, bound beneath the yoke of the winter solstice, desolate, mute, hiding her nakedness in a shroud—seems to accuse man of sin and its fatal consequences; the sky remains blue, the sun keeps the gold of his beams, the moon her silver clearness, the stars the blaze of their many-colored diamonds; in a word, the vault of heaven, resplendent and gloriously arrayed, seems like the heart of a good man to celebrate a perpetual feast. Kindly mother though she be, the earth sometimes allows her aid to fail, but the fount of light never fails. Again and again the day dawns and the shadows flee away that we may be lured to the sweetness of a hope in the future.”

TERESA CROWLEY.

**Life.**

THE mere lapse of years is not life, the truer method of measurement does not reckon it by months and years, but by thought and action. Thus there are those who, though aged, have really lived less than others whose span of life has been shorter.

“He lives most, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.” The exercise of the power of thought is all-important since it leads to action, and it is the thought that ripens into




action that makes life what it should be—grandly noble. We all associate life with some end or ends, the attainment of which seems to us most desirable. This ideal which in our inmost soul we desire is at once the truest expression of our nature and the most potent agency in developing its powers. The advantages derived from the exercise of the power of thought are innumerable. Thought has enabled men to abandon the theories of former ages and to establish new laws for themselves; it has been the civilizer of the world, and to it we are indebted for the many inventions and discoveries that have been made. The neglect of cultivating thought is the reason why so few rise to distinction or fill the stations in life for which nature has fitted them. How many have gone down to the grave with intellects which, had they been properly developed, might have rendered their possessors immortal. And yet many have made life real—have boldly plucked a fadeless laurel from the brow of Time and twined it around their own. “But ordinarily, the powers remain through life bound up and torpid; and he therefore forms but a contracted estimate of the amount of high mental endowments, who reckons by the proud marbles which cause the aisles of a cathedral to breathe the memory of departed greatness, and never thinks while walking the village churchyard, with its rude memorials of the fathers of the valley, that possibly there sleeps beneath his feet one who, if early taught, might have trod with a Newton’s step the firmament, or swept with a Milton’s hand the harp-strings.”

Oh! the goodness and the seriousness of life, the illimitable reach of achievement which it opens up to those who have a worthy aim! It is an undying existence linked with a destiny brighter, grander, higher than the stars and associated with responsibilities almost overwhelming in their deep significance. What, then, is the end, and what should be the aim of human life? It is to believe with simple faith, to obey with the calm courage of the will, to sacrifice the most cherished feelings of the heart at the shrine of duty, to be loyal to conscience and true to God. This alone is in keeping with the higher and better faculties of our being, and while crowning the most glorious achievements, it will

bring with it the sweetest peace, the truest joy and the only real happiness to be found in this vale of tears.

HELEN TALTY.

“The Greatest of These is Charity.”

HARITY is not only the chief of Christian virtues, it is the rarest. Is there not a suggestion of this fact in the words of the Apostle when he says that a man may be possessed of eloquence and knowledge, of generosity and faith, may be self-sacrificing and devoted, and yet may fall short of the highest standard of Christian character by his lack of charity.

Charity is the fruit of the Christian belief; it is the vital principle of faith, and faith is on earth what the beatific vision is in heaven. When faith has merged into vision, charity will reign triumphant like a sunburst of splendor in the glorious city of Sion, of which it is the life and light. Charity is a divine virtue—the spirit of God dwelling in us. Faith and hope are human—belonging to us as creatures dependent on our Creator, believing in Him, consequently, hoping in Him; but charity is the activity of the indwelling of the spirit of God; as He is benign, patient, kind, ever pouring out His gifts and graces on His creatures, so in proportion as the creature is united with its divine Head will it wish to diffuse good, to restore peace; for charity is God-like. It is the outward expression of the faith within us. It is our spiritual life revealed. As we have certain signs of the life of nations, of the life of man, without which there is decay, so we know that a Christian lives if he has charity.

As all art is the expression of our sense of the beautiful—of the æsthetic life of our nature—so charity is the outward form of our spiritual life. It is the golden atmosphere whose transforming light brightens even the darkest days of our earthly pilgrimage—a transparent veil that separates us from heaven’s own bliss.

Words may be said to be the flowers of charity, scattered over our pathway here, beautifying and diversifying it, whilst raising our hearts and attuning them to the celestial harmony of our heavenly home. “By their fruits you shall know them.” Yes, there are many who think of the fruits—works of mercy—deeds of benevolence—though not always such from pure motives

but for the respect they gain from men—but words may be too insignificant. Yet, words, precious words, how little do we understand their worth! Precious seeds dropped noiselessly, without stir, without bustle,—a capital we all have at our hands without calling for the millionaire's dollars. How they will shine with a beauty all their own when the curtain is withdrawn! Words of praise so seldom given, so grudgingly given, where the interests are too near our own, yet, be not afraid they will injure your cause. He who gives will receive a hundredfold. Who would not let out his money at so high an interest and without usury. Words of kindness, words of cheering encouragement and approval, what work may be done by them! Could we make use of this mighty factor for good as others do for evil, how soon the balance would be adjusted and its ennobling influence felt as the purifying waters of a stream that "maketh glad the city." But alas! that so precious an element in our human existence is so frequently turned to a pernicious use, stealing from poor humanity that which it holds dearest, leaving it more naked and wounded than the wayfarer who was despoiled by robbers—without a shred of its once shining apparel of a good reputation. Blessed is the good Samaritan that clothes that soul anew, that heals its wounds smarting under the sharp weapon of a slanderous tongue!—yea, even more blessed than he who ministers to mere corporeal wants.

How worthy an association were that and deserving of knighthood whose laudable purpose would be to guard the honor, to preserve the good name of the neighbor in its widest sense, and if need be to help by a word of praise every struggling soul. Without noise, however, or outward show, gently, unobtrusively—even silently—where silence is gold.

ANGELINE MAPES.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion. It is in the mind. A high sense of honor; a determination never to take a mean advantage of another; an adherence to the truth; delicacy, politeness towards those with whom we have dealings; these are its essential characteristics.

## Cycles.

**L**IFE is made up of three great cycles—childhood, youth, and maturity. How beautiful, how pure, how guileless is that of childhood. It is the happiest epoch, in many respects, of human existence. Its freedom from care, its unquestioning trustfulness, its innocent joyousness—all these shed around that period a halo of more than earthly loveliness. There is an instinct implanted by God in the heart of every creature to cling with unutterable tenderness to the scenes of childhood's days, for there are associations clustering around these precious spots and sacred memories attached to them that must ever endear them to us. The exile's soul, borne on the wings of memory, revisits the haunts of early childhood, the aged sire sheds many a briny tear as he talks of boyhood's days and in imagination wanders back to the humble cottage, nestling among evergreens; even the poor Indian cherishes an almost idolatrous reverence for his hunting grounds. In a word, the soul on the pinions of gladness is wafted back to those scenes like a bird to its mountain.

But this cycle of existence is finished and we enter upon that of school life. Here, there are cycles within cycles. Every problem solved, every science mastered, every success achieved is a cycle. Every unworthy impulse subdued, every noble virtue made habitual, every difficulty overcome is a cycle. Amid the genial and ennobling influences of convent life it has been our happy privilege to spend many of childhood and girlhood's days in the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge, led by careful and kindly guides through paths of brilliant attainments, lighted by the torch of Faith and cheered by the beacon of Religion; without which, education may be compared to a beautiful structure built on a foundation of sand. Our education has not been confined to mere human learning; so well and forcibly has the all-important principle been instilled that in an age when infidelity is rampant and claims submission from the intelligent and learned, and sneers at the votaries of religion as wanting in intellectual strength, it is ours to reinforce the valiant army whose serried ranks defy the fiercest attacks.

And now, at this hour, some of us pass out



from the cycle of our school life, freighted with recollections of the past and laden with hopes for the future, looking forward into the dimly-beautiful chamber of Futurity whose portals are slowly swinging open on their hinges, while a voice unheard before bids us enter. We set out with a goal before us, Hope—bright, beaming, ever beautiful Hope singing in our ears and throwing a gentle beauty over the commonplace affairs of life, and high resolve in our hearts, conscious that whatever may have been our shortcomings during our school life, we have learned the duties of mental and moral discipline and acquired a true estimate of the great object and purpose of life. Hitherto we have labored for ourselves, now we go into the world to help those who may need our assistance, and I trust, to do good whenever and wherever opportunities may present themselves, and with a determination to lead noble and useful lives.

Soon the last cycle will be completed, then we enter into that mighty cycle which runs parallel with the existence of God—the unlimited cycle of Eternity.

MARGARET FREEBORN.

### Courtesy.

**C**OURTESY is the result of a desire to please others by anticipating their wishes and avoiding giving them pain. It is to goodness what words are to thought, telling not only on the actions, but on the mind and heart, and manifesting itself in ease and grace of manner. Polish and etiquette aid, but do not constitute true politeness. A man of the world, despite his apparently refined deportment, is not always a gentleman. Milton says:—

“Courtesy is sooner found in lowly sheds,  
With smoky rafters, than in tapestried halls  
And courts of princes, where it just was  
named.”

How often do we find the roughly clad and uneducated laborer performing a deed of truer politeness than the richly-garbed and perfumed exquisite, with his worn-out list of compliments, stereotyped smile and conventional bow. The spirit of the action diffuses itself over the man, and, for the time, he is as courteous and self-possessed as a Chesterfield.

Politeness is not servility much less cold con-

ventionality; its growth is the result of a good, strong, true, generously-throbbing heart; for the narrow-minded egotist is never polite. He is too absorbed in paying homage to himself ever to think of performing those little acts of kindness, those delicate attentions which go so far in diffusing the genial glow of kindness, and the neglect of which has caused the waning of so many friendships, the destruction of so much happiness. How incomparably the atmosphere of an ideal home is brightened and the charm of sweet domesticity enhanced by an habitual interchange of the courtesies of life and of those affectionate attentions and gentle signs of deportment, which are never unimportant, never unacceptable, which are scarcely definable and which are only fully realized by those who have enjoyed the privilege of living within such a sphere. In this charmed circle every member has a sense of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which shrinks from saying unpleasant things or wounding the sensibilities of the less favored.

While it is possible that kind and generous actions may be so uncouthly performed as to cause more pain than pleasure, a reproof or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy as almost to obliterate any sense of mortification or disappointment. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by a contemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend, and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his Grace than to receive one from any other man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from dislikes, even at a time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom.

The delicate perception and appreciation of a refined nature—that sweet subtle essence of a perfect heart in sympathetic touch with all the emotions that prompt a kindly deed was never more beautifully illustrated than in the eastern legend which tells of the poor Arab, going through the desert and meeting with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a fitting present for the Caliph. So he filled the leather bottle, and after a weary tramp laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet.

The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to the blush, called for a cup and drank freely; and then, with a smile, thanked the Arab, and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition: "During the last journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore, it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man might be wounded."

O, gentle courtesy! shrined in a noble breast, thou art a letter of introduction written in a language that everyone understands.

ELIZABETH RAUBER.

### The Roll Call of the S. C. L. S.

**C**ONSCIENCE is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law; it rebukes sin with stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor; it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. There is a torture of regret felt for evil deeds, neglected duties, corrupted minds and wasted lives, which in depth and keenness surpasses all other suffering. It haunts a man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul, which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pains of its avenging lash. It is an gnawing worm which secretly preys on his vitals. Though its avenging power may not be felt at once and though we may sin and seem to prosper, and be absorbed in the engrossing excitements of the world, despite demands upon us, until we think we have conquered conscience, it will come and have its debt of us, and it will claim its prerogative; it will rake over the ashes of our indifference, and rekindle the extinguished fire. In some season of thoughtfulness, in some day of disappointment

and trouble, when our vanities and pride are thrown down—in some restless hour, when sleep flies from the pillow, when gain and ambition must fail to excite the heart, that outraged friend will rise up and do its office, and lift its avenging hand.

NORA.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

MARGARET.

Conscience is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or a shorter slumber; but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes.

PEARL.

Though ten thousand tongues should chant our praises, they would sound inharmonious in our ears, if conscience join not in the choir.

ANGELINE.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

HELEN.

Conscience, the still, small voice is always speaking. By its soft whispers we are held back from sin, and in the moment of trial and danger its approving voice whispering "you are right," imparts a courage and strength to the weary soul that can come from no other source.

ELIZABETH.

### The May Festival.

**T**HE May Festival is over, and night is closing one of the most pleasing and never-to-be-forgotten chapters of my life. Through the great courtesy of the Ladies of Loretto, many friends of their Academy were entertained by a programme of music, song and high-class literary work rarely enjoyed by mortals.

Among the many prominent persons present, the most conspicuous figure was His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. As he sat surrounded by his devoted clergy, he looked what he has so often proved himself to be, a tower of strength and spiritual beauty to the Church which claims him for her son. No one was more hearty in applauding when the occasion demanded, and judging from his repeated exclamations of "good," "well done," he was more than pleased with the entertainment.



Handel's "March from Scipio" was splendidly executed by Miss O'Brien, A. Krumholz, L. Keenan, E. Mason, J. McNulty, C. Kean and N. Griswold on their respective instruments, viz.: piano, violin, organ and harp. After which the graduate of '94, Miss M. Freeborn of Angelica, N. Y., was presented to His Grace, who decorated her with the medal and wreath she so richly deserved.

The full chorus "Welcome Pretty Primrose," was an enchanting glee, and very appropriate for the season. Miss K. Maccarron of New York is deserving of great credit for her rendering of "The Legend of St. Christopher," and the manipulation of the overture, "Commedietta" by Miss Talty, E. Rauber, L. Keenan and A. Krumholz was certainly very fine. Gounod's "Ave Maria" was in safe keeping in the person of Miss Schuler of Chicago, who betrayed some little nervousness, which, with more practice in public, she will overcome. The piano solo, "Valse Caprice" by Miss Mackey of Jersey City was very pleasing. The song and recitation by the little children won the hearts of the audience, several of *les petites mesdames* avowing themselves to be certain pretty flowers whose innocence are mottoes to be cherished through our lives.

Miss Juanita Miller, daughter of Joaquin Miller, the Heights, California, proved herself no novice in her particular line; her rendering of the "Waxen Ciborium" was beautiful, while Miss Mackey sang "Alla Stella Confidante" in a charming manner, and the junior musicians executed Gounod's lullaby (Dodelinette) in a manner that was universally admired. The first part closed with selections on harp with violin accompaniment by Miss Griswold and E. Mason.

Part second opened with the little children's singing "Baby, Baby," (Wang) a very amusing piece of acting being given, descriptive of some of the nursery rhymes.

A brilliant feature of the entertainment was "A Violin Fantasy" by Miss O'Brien of Baltimore. This recitation is one of the most inspiring elocutionary works of the day, and Miss O'Brien did it ample justice; she is possessed of a splendid delivery and fairly carried her audience with her to the very borders of tears, by her portrayal of the poor, starved musician, pleading at the feet of the haughty Director of the Academy. She is

a natural genius, and gives golden promise to rank among the foremost elocutionists of the country.

The piano duet, "Norwegische Tänze" (Grieg) by Miss Mackey, T. Crowley, L. Barrett and C. Bampffield was admirably executed. The "Bells of Elsinore" was a veritable feast in itself, and was given in an able manner by the Choral Class under the skilful direction of Mr. Doward, whose indefatigable exertions in the vocal department have been crowned with marked success.

The principal parts of this cantata were sustained by Miss Taylor, A. Doerr, J. Mackey, H. Talty, T. Crowley, A. Moran, A. Schuler and L. Barrett.

The proceedings concluded with the kindly remarks and blessing of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the universal verdict that Loretto's May Festival was the most enjoyable event of the season.

STANLEY.



" 'Tis Only Noble to be Good."

BUT too plainly visible in the present age when contrasted with the past is the thinning of the ranks under this true standard of nobility—goodness. Men's passions and the wide diffusion of materialism and infidelity have lured them on outside the pale, until we question whether it is still deemed noble to be good. But,

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while."

If it were possible to number the good and true in every clime, we would be astonished at the numbers who think and feel and act "'tis only noble to be good," who are the personification of Irving's idea of a true nobleman, of whom he says the oak is the emblem "with its lofty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth—a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless," and lastly, who are noblemen in secret, whose titles are not of this world and who stand, even as the oak in the distance, of whose existence no one knows,—alone, with not even the responsibility of giving support to the clinging vine, separated from its fellow-trees because it needs richer soil and higher, purer air.

All the influence of evil, scorn and scepticism

have failed to alter the standard of true nobility, nor can they ever do so while brave hearts embody its spirit. I have said brave, for does it not require courage to walk alone over the narrow, rough road, to bear heavy burdens without even a glimmering of hope that they will be lighter before the goal is reached? Are they not courageous who, in spite of ridicule and bitter taunts still walk alone? You may object that to these only calm indifference should be shown. Yes, outwardly, but they are not the less felt because of our consciousness of moral superiority. And then, that great need of the human heart, sympathy,—surely, they are brave who, all their lives longing for it, have struggled on to the end unsatisfied.

Molière has said “virtue is the first title to nobility.” May we not add—its very essence, as it is unquestionably the fairest ornament of the human character which it exalts and beautifies, clothing it with a dignity that commands the respect and admiration of even the perverse who seem unable to resist its attractions. But, unfortunately, we are sometimes witnesses of a counterfeit virtue, or shall we call it a virtuous gloss which is assumed to polish off an otherwise repulsive, selfish character. We encounter such falseness not only in fiction, but alas! in real life, where the hideousness of a living illustration makes it all the more appalling. True virtue is not of the *noblesse oblige* type, it is worked for, striven for, battled for, until it reaches the standard established by Christ. Ah, what an Eden this world of ours would be if each and every one of God’s creatures would keep in letters of gold before their half-blinded eyes this truism: “’Tis only noble to be good;” the dazzling rays emitted from it, shedding light on their darkness, would make them realize the tinsel bauble they have pursued, their greed of empty titles, their breathless chase after phantom joys.

ELIZABETH MATHEWS.

True culture is kindness of feeling. For what is culture? Is it not the power we acquire of sympathizing with another, or feeling the condition under which he acts, and of regarding our own circumstances as they affect others, and not so much as they conduce to our personal gratifications?

**Souvenir of Holy Thursday.**

‘T WAS a fragrant rose, twin’d with maidenhair and a spray of sweet mountain broom,  
That lay nestling there near that Golden Door in the shade of the deepening gloom;  
The dew was yet fresh on the shining leaves, but a message of pray’r had flown  
On its wings of love all that wond’rous night to the foot of the “Great White Throne.”

I know not the language these flow’rets spoke, but an Ear that was listening nigh  
Heard the perfum’d breath of the fluttering leaves that was wafted unto the sky,  
As their voiceless pray’r like sweet incense rose uncheck’d in its odorous flight,  
Till angel hands bore it with tenderest care before the All-Holy’s sight.

I know not what words in that message sped, for the murmur was soft and low  
That the trembling breath of the dying flow’rs sent up from His shrine below,  
But they sank to the depths of the Saviour’s Heart; ah, that was their long’d-for rest—  
With the beautiful, simple, loving faith of a babe on its mother’s breast.

I know not the answer the Master sent to that message of earthly love,  
For ear hath not heard nor may mind conceive the language of realms above;  
But the heart that was bow’d with its griefs and cares and the eye that was dim with tears  
Shall glow with the thought of that wond’rous night thro’ all the Eternal years.

M. J. B.

The above lines were suggested to the writer by a basket of roses placed at the door of the Sepulchre on Holy Thursday.

**Killarney Seen From Niagara Rainbow.**

WITH SOME CURIOUS LEGENDS OF THE CELEBRATED O’DONOUGH, PRINCE AND CHIEF OF THE LAKES AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

‘T HE Lakes of Killarney, three in number—the Lower Lake, (Lough Leane,) the “Muckross” or Torc or Middle Lake and the Upper Lake. The entire length of the three is about eleven miles and as all points of primary interest are upon or in the vicinity of these lakes, any tourist anxious for a description may form at least some conception of the extent of scenery through which he is to pass.

The lakes are situated in the midst of majestic and lofty mountains whose sides and steeps are covered with the most luxuriant verdure and



shrubbery, and in many places with splendid forest trees. The highest of the mountains are Carran Tual and Mangerton, the former 3,414, the latter about 2,756 feet high. The lakes are dotted with islands, some of which are connected by bridges with each other and with the shore. The Lower and largest lake spreads out in one direction towards a comparatively level country, while the Upper and smallest lake lies embedded in dark, wild, magnificent mountains, and all around are cataracts and waterfalls of every size and form. There are various legends as regards the origin of the lakes, they all differ in some respects while agreeing in this, viz.: that in former days the valley over which the lakes flow was richly cultivated and thickly peopled, and that the ancient inhabitants with their Prince and Chief, O'Donoghue, are still living comfortably under water in the perfect enjoyment of health and happiness.

#### LEGEND OF THE O'DONOGHUE.

Long ago in those romantic ages which are usually spoken of as "once upon a time," the great Prince and Chief, O'Donoghue dwelt in his castle on Ross Island, and ruled over the regions around the beautiful Lakes of Killarney. This Chief was a brave, good, hospitable man, very unlike the other princes of his time. One day he plunged into the waters of the lake and disappeared. Ever since that day he has paid an annual visit to the scenes of his former residence. Every May morning he is said to be seen galloping over the lake clad in a suit of glittering white armor, mounted on a milk-white charger, while a long train of youths and fair maidens scatters flowers in his path. Sometimes he may be seen walking on the margin of the lake, at others, playing "hurly" on its surface.

In these same old days—"once upon a time," there dwelt in a cottage near the lakes a fair and most beautiful maiden whose name was Moirin Desmond or "Moirin Bawn," as she was usually called (Bawn, signifying white or fair in the Celtic tongue,) she well deserved the appellation, for as the legend tells us, the sun never shone on fairer maiden than Moirin. She was of a sad, thoughtful temperament, delighting chiefly in solitary rambles or in gathering the wild flowers that grew on the margin of the lovely Glena. One evening having wandered from home farther

than usual, the shades of night overtook her and she began to retrace her steps homewards; being fatigued, she sat down to rest for awhile on a grassy knoll, gazing pensively on the calm surface of the water. She presently fell into a quiet slumber, out of which she was awakened by strains of the sweetest and most entrancing music, which seemed borne like a soft zephyr from a distance over the calm lake. The music gradually became louder and seemed to approach the spot where Moirin rested; she started up in alarm on seeing that the waters of the lake became agitated in a very mysterious manner. While her gaze remained still fixed on the lake in fear and surprise, suddenly from the midst of the waves a form arose and slowly approached the now terrified maiden. She beheld a knight on a milk-white charger; she would have fled in terror, but her trembling limbs refused to obey her. The knight drew near, dismounting as he reached the land, doffing his hat with noble courtesy, and with most respectful tenderness endeavored to calm her fears. As Moirin beheld—not a spectre but a handsome and beautiful chief—all her fears vanished, and she grew so to love this noble knight as to listen to him with pleasure. He told her his name was O'Donoghue; that for an offence committed against the Spirit of the Lakes, he was doomed to wander over them until a young and beautiful maiden should consent to become his bride; and that he had roamed about for centuries in the hope of obtaining release; and ended by giving the wondering maiden a glowing picture of life at the bottom of the lake and the happiness in store for both of them if she would only forsake the world above and come and dwell there with him.

To all this the blushing Moirin listened with pleasure and finally promised to become his bride on the next May morning. With anxious impatience she waited for the appointed day. It came at last, bright and beautiful under the rays of the rising sun; Moirin repaired to the trysting place at Glena, arrayed in her bridal robes, the loveliest picture that the eye could rest on; as she sped along the wooded path her garments shone with the dewdrops that fell like living diamonds from innumerable shrubs growing luxuriantly around. As she stood on a high rock overhanging the water, sweet sounds of most unearthly

music once more fell upon her ear, and she soon beheld a procession of youths and maidens floating over the placid lake which shone like a sheet of burnished silver in the morning light. At the head of this youthful train rode the O'Donoghue on his milk-white steed, and clad in his suit of pure white armour. There was but one bright spot of color about him and that was the scarlet scarf which Moirin had given him at their previous meeting. On reaching the part of the lake opposite the rock on which the maiden stood, the procession halted and remained motionless. Moirin now perceived that it was expected she should try to join her expectant bridegroom, but she trembled as she thought of leaping from the cliff into the water. Would she be drowned? And had the knight power to save her? were questions that she asked herself mentally but instantly dismissed; as she advanced, fear caused her to falter till a low voice whispered in her ear:

“Fear not, fear not, lady fair,  
Nothing shall harm thee in sea or air.”

At the same moment O'Donoghue extended his arms towards her. With a wild bound she plunged over the cliff into the arms held out to receive her, then she and the Chief and his train sank together into the clear lake, never to appear except on the charmed May morning.

### Favorable Comments.

I have read the several essays, poems, etc., in the April number, and certainly must pronounce the Magazine a first-class literary work, of which not only the Ladies of Loretto and their students may well feel proud, but those of the public who may have the good fortune to be on the subscription list. Every subject treated in the Magazine is handled in a masterly manner, showing a very high order of literary talent. That it will continue in the front rank of similar publications, there is not the slightest reason to doubt.

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On reading the April number of your delightful RAINBOW I could not help regretting that the extreme poverty of this College does not allow of our subscribing to that focus of prismatic splendors.

The title of your new publication, NIAGARA RAINBOW, is suggestive and appropriate and the contents quite bear out the name. I have read the articles, descriptions, etc., and am more than pleased with them. In their freshness, variety, and harmonious and poetic touches they are so many rainbow tints; and do wonderful credit to the youthful writers. It speaks highly for their love of reading, as well as for their literary taste and ability, and affords a convincing proof of the superior educational training received by the favored pupils of the Loretto Academy at Niagara Falls. To show my appreciation in the only practical way I can of the courageous enterprise of the young lady writers, and of the RAINBOW which their united harmonious coloring produces, I hereby become a subscriber. The artistic cover design of the number you have already sent has brought back to my memory very vividly all the delightful sights and sounds and surroundings of Niagara Falls, not the least pleasing and agreeable being Loretto Convent.

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The RAINBOW is a wonderfully good magazine, and what pleases me more than the mere writing is the title—a sign of advancement hors ligne. That Loretto does its duty by pupils while they are in the convent is a truism, but one never could have guessed at such a development as raining bows upon them after their course is made. A holy, wholesome device is the RAINBOW whose contents, if they continue to be as well assorted as in the number I have received, will place Niagara Loretto in the seventh heaven in the estimation of parents and subscribers.

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From the widely known Loretto Convent at Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada, we have received a copy of the second issue of a new Catholic magazine called the NIAGARA RAINBOW, of which it is only just to speak in terms of the highest praise. The RAINBOW is edited and managed by the young lady pupils of the Loretto nuns, and its contents proclaim in the most unmistakable manner the high standard of education and of literary culture which the children of Mother Ball have carried to Canada, as well as to many other portions of the globe. Niagara Loretto



Convent owes its foundation to the genius and zeal of the saintly Mother Teresa Dease, of whose work a writer in the number of the RAINBOW, which has reached our hands, asks "Canada not to forget, when she reckons up the number of her public benefactors, to write in rubric characters the lustrous and immortal name of Mother Teresa Dease, whose colossal labors in the important sphere of female culture and instruction are the glory of our western province today." The RAINBOW in itself is a fitting and worthy memorial of the heroic and gifted Meath woman who planted the standard of Loretto in so many portions of the great Dominion, for the magazine is something far different from the ordinary type of school periodical, and is one well fitted to take its place amongst the highest class of magazine literature. The names of the staff of the RAINBOW are published in a prominent place in its pages, and, if only because an Irish *colleen* sits in the editorial chair, must be reproduced here. They read as follows: Nora O'Brien, Editor-in-Chief; Associate Editors: Perle Taylor, Helen Talty, Angeline Mapeš, Elizabeth Mathews, Margaret Freeborn, Manager. We heartily congratulate Miss O'Brien and her companions on the work they have accomplished, and we trust that the RAINBOW may enjoy a wide circulation. The subscription for a year, which should be remitted to the convent, is only one dollar, and we feel sure that many of the girls of Loretto in this country and elsewhere, will be glad of the opportunity now afforded them of linking hands with their sisters in the fair Canadian land—*Irish Catholic and Nation*.

### A June Song.

THE morning breeze is making sweet,  
 Low music through the grasses;  
 The daisies nod their starry heads  
 In greeting as it passes.  
 The shining trees are tremulous,  
 For every leaf is thrilling;  
 June charms them with her lovely smile,  
 And birds are blithely trilling.  
 The roses unfold fragrant blooms,  
 Each one with rapture glowing,  
 The fervor of the sunshine's kiss  
 Sets all their pulses going.  
 The lonely heart forgets its pain,  
 With joy the June is bringing;  
 And from the grave of buried hopes  
 New tender shoots are springing.

ANNE MEECH.

## Special Correspondence

ROME, June, 1894.

POPE LEO XIII.



FEELING of awe creeps over the writer when he attempts to delineate the august personality of the Pope. The subject is too large, too complex, too full of boulders. Like his Divine Master every Pope may be said to have two natures. The nature of his office or his spiritual nature which is the same in every Pope, and his human nature or his individuality which makes every Pope a distinct and separate study.

To the world at large the Pope is an enigma. For three hundred years his name and his office have been besmeared with opprobrium. To millions of English-speaking people, prejudice and ignorance have handed him down as an ogre, a terror and a curse. His prerogatives sound blasphemous and his actions seem a danger and a menace. The world has been told that he is a usurper and a fraud. He was once a power, but he has fallen from his high estate. To-day he is out of date, effete, as useless as a corpse and as unattractive as a mother-in-law. Yet, the world's heart has a hankering after him; it feels his presence as blind men feel a lamp post, and it fain would cry out in one breath, "After all, the Pope is a grand old man,"—"To hell with the Pope!" To describe the spiritual office of the Pope would be to write the history of the Church, to dive into the civilization of the world, and to bring to light all that has been great and good in man for the last 2,000 years. Leo XIII., as Pope, like each of his predecessors from St. Peter downward, is Vicar of Christ. Astounding prerogative! Christ was God-man. The Pope is man, with the power and authority of God, "As the Father has sent me I also send you." "He that heareth you heareth me." The Pope is the great reconciler of man with God. "Whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." The Pope is Pontifex Maximus—the great bridge-maker who spans the chasm between here and hereafter. "Well, has the name of Pontifex been given unto the

Church's head as the chief builder and architect of the invisible bridge that leads from earth to heaven." The Pope is the universal teacher. "Go ye into all nations and teach them all those things which I have commanded ye."

The Pope as expounder of the teachings of Christ is infallible. "Thy faith shall never fail." "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." When speaking in the name of his Master, the Pope cannot go wrong, what he has once declared true and right, is right and true for ever.

The Pope is the real rainbow. He is the hope and consolation of man wrestling with the troubled waters of life. His light gives radiance to the clouds of affliction, and his appearance over the cataracts of misfortune is a source of confidence to the oppressed and a pledge that God will not be angry for ever.

The Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the "Conditions of Labor" will go down to posterity as a valiant and effective struggle of the Papacy against those sins crying to heaven for vengeance—defrauding laborers of their wages, and oppression of the poor. Tyrants are staggered by his voice, and even Jews and Irish landlords are giving way under the silent pressure of his power.

But Leo XIII. is also a man, a scholar and a skilled farmer. Like his valet and his cook, he needs clothing, food, repose. His doctor feels his pulse, prescribes tonics and authoritatively warns his illustrious patient against all other unprofessional draughts, especially from open windows and corridors. To the bookworm Leo XIII. is a Latin writer of classical elegance. He has a literary farm in Arcadia where he cultivates Greek and Latin roots, which always fetch the highest praise. To politicians he is a diplomatist of keenest insight, skilled in just awards and the art of making peace. In the gardens of the Vatican he sits under the shadow of his own vines, and revels in the flowers of his own fancy. One autumn afternoon looking out over the walls of Rome across the parched Campagna to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, where the sun was going down in the glory of purple and golden hues, he thought of himself, his age, his prison, his sure demise, his yearning for heaven; and wrote the following poem:

LA MORTE.

Del sol cadente e che si asconde omai,  
Splendon, Leon, su te gl'ultimi rai  
Nelle riarse vene, inaridita  
Lenta, lenta si spegne omai la vita,  
Vivra morte lo stral; le fredde spoglie  
Chiuse in funereo vel, la tomba accoglie,  
Ma fuor di sua prigion lo spirito anelo  
Ratto, dispiega il vol, ricerca il ciel,  
D'aspro lungo cammin questa la mèta.  
Deh Signor mio! la santa voglia acqueta  
E si di tanto, tua mercè, son degno,  
Lo spirto accogli nel beato regno.

—LEO XIII.

DEATH.

The setting sun of lengthened days,  
Shines, Leo, on thee in golden rays.

In dried up veins and withered skin,  
The flood of life purls slow and thin.

Death strikes the blow, the cold remains,  
Enclosed in shroud, a tomb retains.

But loosed from bonds the spirit free  
Enraptured, wings its way to Thee.

Oh God! of long rough road the goal,  
Dear Lord, this mercy grant my soul,

And if found worthy through Thy grace,  
Thy kingdom be my resting place.

Foreign.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,  
CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLA }

DEAR RAINBOW:

There is a Loretto House in Sunny Spain well worthy of a place in your radiant columns, which is situated in Castilleja de la Cuesta, an ancient and picturesque little town three miles west of "Seville the Enchantress," as the Andalusians fondly call their beautiful city.

In this secluded spot Hernan Cortes, the great conqueror of Mexico, buried himself in his later years, when, disgusted with the ingratitude of a king and country he had served only too well, he retired from court; and here in 1547 he died.

The greater part of the old Moorish "palacio" where the hero dwelt is now in ruins; of the marble pillars which surrounded the "patio"



only two are standing. Early in the present century the house and grounds came into the possession of the Duc de Montpensier, a prince of refined taste, who rescued the ancient dwelling from utter destruction. The room in which Hernan Cortes died was converted into a chapel, and an adjoining apartment was elegantly fitted up and filled with memorials of Mexico, its conqueror and its people. Among these may be mentioned the "Table on which was signed the Declaration of Mexican Independence," a fac-simile of the Declaration with signatures, a case containing some cigars taken from the pocket of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian on the day of his execution, a branch of the tree of Popotlas under which Hernan Cortes passed the night after his partial defeat at La Calzada, near the city of Mexico; in the same frame is a drawing of the tree which is known as the "Tree of the sorrowful night" (*El arbol de la noche triste*). A wooden cross, which is said to have been in the possession of Cortes and to have been the first introduced into Mexico, is also here. Among the paintings is one by Galofre, "Interview of Cortes with the ambassadors of Montezuma;" several portraits of Hernan Cortes, amongst others a fine copy of Velasquez' great painting *El Hombre desconocido* (the ignored man), which represents the hero in full armour, and in the distance a view of the burning ships; a portrait of Don Antonio Solis, the Historian of Mexico, and views in oil of Mexico, Jalapa, Queretaro and Puebla, as well as other places in Mexico, and a fine little head of Columbus. In a handsome book-case with glass doors the Duke collected many curios, all relating to Mexico or illustrative of the manners and costumes of its people, as well as a number of works in Spanish and French relating to the same country, its conquest and conqueror. All these things combine to give this room its name—Museum of Hernan Cortes—even its terraced roof, from one of the battlements of which an iron bust of the brave old conqueror looks grimly down on the quaint old village beneath. But from the opposite side of the same terrace are seen the fragrant clusters and delicate foliage of the white Banksian rose shading the verandah which runs all along the old house, partly supported by the two pillars already mentioned; beyond it extends for some hundred feet the paved

outline of the ruined "patio". To the south and west lie the gardens and shrubberies tastefully laid out and planted under the direction of the Duc de Montpensier, who also built the castle or modern house east of the old "palacio" and joining it. The castle is also of Moorish architecture rising in terraces to a tower whence can be obtained magnificent views of Seville, San Juan, Italica, and the surrounding country.

Such is the home of Mary's Institute in Spain.

On the 29th September, 1889, was said the first Community Mass, the nuns having arrived on the evening of the previous day. On the 1st October, the school opened with twenty-three pupils, all Spaniards; some, however, had learned English previously, either at our convent in Gibraltar or in Puerto Santa Maria, where there was a house of our Institute for two years. From this small beginning the school went on increasing until early in 1891, when the Mother Superior found she must either enlarge the house or refuse to take more pupils; the latter alternative was not to be thought of, so she applied to headquarters for a new building. This place being now royal property the application had to pass through many hands and it was almost impossible to obtain a satisfactory answer. Then the Superior was obliged to apply directly to the Queen Regent, whose piety and liberality are well-known. The difficulty of getting a letter into royal hands was next discussed, and induced the suggestion of the plan finally adopted, viz., a visit to Her Majesty. Vacation began on 3rd July, and on the 4th the Mother Superior and another nun set out for Madrid. They were well provided with letters of introduction from the Superior of the Assumption Royal Convent of Santa Isabel. They had a disappointment at first, being told that the season for audiences was over and the court was preparing to move to San Sebastian, but owing to the kindness of friends this obstacle was overcome.

Her Majesty received the nuns most graciously, she addressed them first in French, but having heard they were Irish, she spoke in very good English. She promised to do all in her power for them, though there would be difficulties, as the estate belongs not to her but to her daughter, the Princess of Asturias, who is a minor. The nuns had a conversation also with the Infanta

Isabella, who told them that she was acquainted with the members of some of the convents of the German branch of our Institute.

On the 16th May the year following, the foundations of the new building were laid. It consists of study hall, refectory and sleeping apartments, connected with the castle by a pretty "galeria" or covered verandah. All its large and bright rooms are now fully occupied.

Before bringing my letter to a close, I must not forget to mention our park, which is acknowledged to be the handsomest outside Seville, and is only surpassed within it by those of the "Alcazar" and "San Flemo," royal residences. In it there is every variety of tree—the orange, medlar, fig, lemon, pine, almond, peach, palm, oleander, the Paradise tree, laburnum, flowering acacia, pepper, etc., affording ample scope to the winged minstrels of Castilleja for a brilliant display of their vocal powers. Ah, you should hear the chorus of praise that goes up from these musicians of Nature! Quite an historic interest centres around one of the palms. A brass plate attached to it records that it was planted by the tiny hand of the fair Queen Mercedes, when but a child. This little incident recalls to our minds the untimely end of this unfortunate Queen, around whose name so many pathetic association cluster. What a world of memories must have awakened in the breast of her mother, the Duchess of Montpensier, during her recent visit to her old home—now transformed by the Angel of Time into a Loretto House—for is not every nook and corner, spacious hall and broad "galeria," every sunny slope and gorgeous flower connected with her own and her children's early days!

I wish the young lady who wrote "Orange Blossoms" could take a stroll in our parks where their fragrance is almost oppressive this warm evening. The lemon trees are even prettier and their fragrance more refreshing. As I write the nightingales are filling the calm evening air with their tuneful lays; it would be delightful to stroll down the park and listen, but with the great American poet I must say:

"Oh! Life and Time! ye were not made  
For languid dreaming in the shade,"

and return to my work, bidding you good-bye. And now, dear RAINBOW, we would crave a

boon—send us for our new museum a few of the treasures contained within your glorious home, of which we have read so much, and inscribe us among the number of your admirers. M. J. S.

PARIS, FRANCE, May, 1894.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Your second appearance has been welcomed by me with extreme pleasure, and I must congratulate you on the many rays of sparkling beauty by which you prove yourself a worthy representative of your glorious prototype. In vain would I endeavor to add to your brilliancy from this distance, for our skies just now are unfavorable to rainbows, nevertheless, Paris is looking gay and beautiful, although the spring has not been at all so fine as that of last year, but when the sun shines in France, the clouds disappear and the sky becomes beautifully clear, not like that of England, which lowers even in the best weather.

It is needless for me to tell you of the fashions, etc.; I know you are debarred from adopting them during your sojourn in dear Loretto, so remarkable for its strict adherence to simplicity in dress; besides, as a rule, our fashions travel quickly to Canada, where they appear in all their Parisian freshness.

The National Society of Fine Arts is at present holding a very fine exhibition at the Champs de Mars and daily attracting numerous visitors. Many of the fine paintings shown are the work of American artists, and one of the exhibits in the Sculpture gallery, the work, or I should rather say, the chief d'oeuvre of Paul Wayland Bartlett of Boston, is truly magnificent. It represents a wounded lion trying to hold his head up while he utters his last cry.

Canadians must always feel at home in Paris while Lady Dufferin presides at the English Embassy. She is always so pleased to welcome anyone from Canada and delights to converse about her many pleasant reminiscences of the country and its people; she is looking wonderfully well, and it seems to me, younger than when she left Rideau Hall. She is at present in England attending to some preparations for the wedding of her daughter, Lady Victoria Blackwood, who is soon to wed the son of the Arch-



bishop of Dublin, Hon. Wm. Lee Plunkett. I have heard that Lord Dufferin attributes all his later success as a statesman to that which he achieved as Governor-General of Canada—a country which he and Lady Dufferin love very dearly. During my stay in Ireland, I visited, with some friends who formed a picnic party to the beautiful grounds of Clandeboye, the home of Lord Dufferin. They are very extensive, and extremely well kept. At the farthest end on a magnificently wooded hill stands "Helen's Tower," a most interesting spot which commands a delightful view of the surrounding country. Here, it is said the gifted mother of Lord Dufferin wrote "The Irish Emigrant" and many other songs. As the family has not lived at Clandeboye, except occasionally, for many years, the house has been closed; however, we gained admittance, and the first objects which greeted our eyes were Canadian trophies and souvenirs in the great entrance hall. On our mentioning Canada, the housekeeper became quite enthusiastic and told us how Lady Dufferin treasured her souvenirs of the country, mentioning especially her Ladyship's appreciation of the many beautifully executed gifts which had been given to her at the different convents she had visited when there, and when I had the honor of speaking to Lady Dufferin herself in Paris, she mentioned her pleasant recollection of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and the lasting impression made on her by the beauty and magnificence of your charming home at Niagara, which was the first convent on Canadian soil visited by their Excellencies.

Her Ladyship is very gracious in her patronage of our English Catholic Church here, and also of its Rector, Reverend Father Osmund Cooke, who is a great favorite with her, and no wonder, for he is a truly noble priest and a perfect gentleman.

It is said that our friends across the water will fear to visit Paris this summer in consequence of the many dynamite scares we have had, but really one hears more about them from a distance than at home. I have read accounts of bombs having exploded in different parts of the city, from English and American papers, of which I had heard nothing before; however, there have been three very serious attempts to destroy life and valuable property within the last six months, the dastardly effort to injure La Madeleine being

the last. The death of the perpetrator and the only partial explosion of the bomb were simply miraculous; had the attempt been successfully carried into effect a half hour later, there would have been thousands in the church, and doubtless, a great loss of life; it is also a satisfaction that no damage, whatever, is apparent in the edifice as the result.

Many pilgrimages are being organized in the city to visit Argenteuil, where the Seamless Robe of Our Lord is to be exposed from May 14th to June 10th. The relic was brought to France by Charlemagne and is entirely intact.

No doubt, dear RAINBOW, many of your admirers have witnessed what is called in Paris "La fête des fleurs," but for those who have not, I will try to give a slight idea of the beauty of the scene. It takes place always on the first Saturday and Sunday in June, and during these two days the city resembles nothing so much as a huge moving conservatory; carriages are to be seen in every direction completely hidden in masses of lovely flowers; some are all of one color, others are of diverse hues, but all are exquisitely and artistically arranged. The rendezvous is at the end of the Bois de Boulogne, and to this point all the carriages move; the scene along the Bois and Champs Elysées is too lovely for my poor pen, even faintly to describe. Myriads of carriages, embedded as I have described, some having even the horses and harness garlanded, with no part of the equipage visible except the wheels, proceed slowly along, while fashionable Paris, in all its beauty of garniture, sits smiling within these moving exotics, the very air being laden with perfume, and, as thousands upon thousands sweep by, each string of lovely vehicles seeming too beautiful to be surpassed, one wonders—soliloquizes—Is the sight terrestrial? Is it a dream? Have I been suddenly transported to Fairyland?

The distance to the rendezvous or field where the "bataille des fleurs" takes place, is about five or six miles from the city; all along the Bois the scene is one of enchantment. The lovely hillocks and lakes, cascades and windings, in which this unrivalled route abounds, add beauty to the gorgeous spectacle of huge flying bouquets which seem as if they must represent in themselves all the gardens of France. When the

"champs de bataille" is reached, the vehicles are in part denuded and flowers are thrown in every direction, aimed at friends, acquaintances, etc., and the scene is still one of inexpressible beauty.

After the "Fête des fleurs" and grand prix, Paris soon becomes empty, and the watering places and country seats are resorted to for the summer. Last year I was at Cabourg, a small village on the coast of Normandy, in the vicinity of which there is a place of interest, viz., the old château of the Dukes of Normandy, and the birth place of William the Conqueror. It is now a hostelry, but is in splendid preservation, considering the centuries that have rolled by since its erection; it is built in circular form with a courtyard in the center, the small diamond-paned windows and low ceilings bespeak its antiquity, but altogether, it seems a modern structure when compared to the old castles and buildings in England of even more recent date. The furniture is supposed to be that which belonged to the Conqueror and his predecessors; some articles are certainly ancient and very interesting; there is also a portrait in oil of William with his spear and hunting apparatus; the wainscotting is particularly beautiful, and heraldic arms are carved in several places.

Near by is the old church of Dives, which was built by Robert le Diable, father of the Conqueror. I was greatly struck by the beauty of its architecture; it, also, is in a state of good preservation, and on a marble slab over the door are inscribed the names of all those who set sail with William for the conquest of England.

Au revoir, dear RAINBOW, till the month of roses.

J. O'DOWDA.

LORETTO CONVENT,  
DARJEELING, BENGAL, INDIA. }

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

It gives me genuine pleasure to comply with your simple request. We are all daughters, filial ones too, of our good Mother, the Institute, and love our sisters and pupils, no matter in what country they may be, as members of one united family.

Our Convent in Darjeeling is picturesquely situated on a spur of the great Himalayan Mountains. Its distance from Calcutta is 412 miles.

The journey between the capital and the Sanitarium is made by train until the River Ganges is reached, where a small steamer, the property of the Railway Company, awaits passengers to convey them across. Having gained the opposite bank of the river, the journey is continued for some hours by the ordinary train until the base of the hills is reached. Here a miniature train, generally called a tram, but propelled by an engine, is in readiness to begin the ascent. The tram-line is a work of great engineering skill and was planned, it is said, by a lady, the wife of the engineer, Mr. Prestige. The line is laid in a zig-zag direction. A series of shuntings enables the little engine to climb gradually, until it steams into the Darjeeling station, after a run of about eight hours, having reached an elevation of 7,067 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery from the foot of the hills to Darjeeling is grand in the extreme. Those who have travelled in Switzerland find a great resemblance between the Himalayan and Alpine scenery. As the little train passes along the edge of the precipice, on more than one occasion the passenger, who is making the journey for the first time, feels his brain grow dizzy as he looks down into the depths below. The foliage of every imaginable shade of green, which adorns the hillsides in the richest profusion, presents a charming picture to those who can appreciate the beautiful in nature. During the rainy season, from June to September, the effect is heightened by numerous cataracts rushing madly down the precipitous mountain sides.

In 1845 our venerated Mother M. Joseph came to Darjeeling to open a House of the Institute. Travelling in those days, particularly in India, was not so expeditious as it is now, and what may be accomplished now in twenty-six hours took in those early days six weeks. The climate of Darjeeling is quite European, therefore the convent is invaluable to the Mother House in Calcutta as a sanitarium for Sisters whose health may be broken down or impaired by long residence in the plains. Frequently during the winter months there are falls of snow, then the sight of the surrounding hills when the sun's rays fall on them is indeed very beautiful. Throughout the year the highest peaks of the Himalays whose summits are perpetually white-capped, may be seen from any good standpoint. During the



winter months the cold is intense. Visitors to Darjeeling, who abandon Calcutta during the great heat of summer, return to the capital during the cold season, so that the population is variable. The villas, with which Darjeeling is studded, rise prettily one above the other on the hills and the effect, when they are lighted up at night, is very striking.

Owing to the salubrity of the climate, the Catholic Archbishop of Calcutta resides here for the greater part of the year, his health not permitting him to bear the great heat of the plains during the hot months. His palace, which stands on an eminence above the convent, has been built within the last three years, and is one of the finest buildings in Darjeeling. Our little convent of former years, with its one story and thatched roof, has given place to a more commodious and elegant building. It, as well as the Archbishop's house, is built in the Gothic style. The former now affords ample accommodation for the great number of boarders who are sent to us for the benefit of their health as well as for education.

At a short distance from the Convent and in the grounds, stands another large house, the property of the Nuns. It is an establishment for little boys under ten, who are too young for college and who require special care. At present the young lady boarders number eighty, but during the year new arrivals very often bring the number up to a hundred. There are more than twenty little fellows in the boys' school at present, but there are generally between thirty and forty towards the end of the year. The appearance of the children, their cheeks resembling rosy apples, would do credit to any rural district in the British Isles. As the journey is too long and expensive to be made more than once during the year, the pupils remain in school until the end of November, when they return to their homes in two large parties accompanied by two or three of the Nuns who remain in Calcutta until the pupils return to school at the beginning of the year. The children's spirits are in keeping with the exhilarating atmosphere which surrounds them, and it is with difficulty they can be got to apply assiduously to their studies. Nevertheless, with a little pressure, they are made to overcome themselves on this point, and almost every year they distinguish themselves at the public examinations. About

two miles from the convent stands St. Joseph's College for boys of the upper class, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. It is a splendid structure, and I think I may truthfully say, stands unrivalled among the educational establishments in India. The number of boys within its walls at present is one hundred and thirty. Our convent may justly be styled "Loretto in the clouds," for very often during the summer months the clouds roll in through the open windows and the furniture, etc., are covered with vapor. At a distance of a few yards, at times, one cannot distinguish objects when out walking, on account of a cloud intervening. Our community consists of twenty-two Sisters, some of whom remain constantly with the little boys. As I think I have related in brief all that is interesting concerning Darjeeling and our convent, I will end abruptly after expressing a wish that what I have had in view, viz., to interest, has not been a failure.

The NIAGARA RAINBOW has shed a new lustre on the Himalayan peaks, where its periodic appearance is eagerly looked for. M. P. B.

STEAMER FULDA.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Monday morning at six o'clock we steam across the bay of Algeciras, where we take the train for the interior of Spain. In a rickety compartment car we pass through sandy plains, through the well-known old cork forests, by old castles and ruined aqueducts, then we enter, after ascending steep grades, a country where the orange tree gives way to the shrubby olive that seems to thrive where nothing else will.

The easy-going way of the Spanish railway official, the deliberation and circumspection he uses in starting his train cannot fail to strike the American as being very curious. First a man rings a bell to notify another man to blow a horn; this being done, a third man blows a shrill whistle and, hearing this, the engineer responds with the stronger whistle of his engine. When the echo has died out, the bell-ringer, the horn-blower, the whistle artist and the engineer take a good look up and down the road and then the train will slowly be set in motion. Accidents are a rarity in this country, and collisions almost an impossibility, as only one train a day runs in each direction, and these trains meet at Bobadilla,

where you have to change cars, whether you go to Cadiz, to Granada, to Seville or to Gordoba.

You leave Bobadilla at 3.35 p. m. and arrive at Granada at 7.40; no carriages being in sight we take an omnibus and give orders to be conveyed to the Washington Irving Hotel, where we find third-class accommodations and first-class charges. The ride in this vehicle, innocent of springs, furnished with good hard wooden benches along the sides, a dim candle light in one corner, that gives up the ghost as the first gust of wind strikes us turning a corner and going over an uneven cobble stone pavement, we shall never forget; and if the ride had lasted a little longer and we would have been thrown into each others arms a few times oftener, I have no doubt that it would have produced results, compared with which a regular attack of sea-sickness would have been a veritable picnic.

The night being cool and the covering of our beds being adapted to a warm climate, I spent the greater part of the night in dreams concerning the Esquimaux village of Chicago World's Fair fame, and did not wake up until the warm rays of the sun had restored the circulation of my blood to its normal condition.

The first thing we intend to see is the Alhambra, and on inquiry how to proceed best to do so, we are informed to put ourselves in charge of a guide. The guide of Spain and Italy is a nuisance—worse, a good deal, than the beggar of these down-trodden countries. Without him you cannot see anything, and if you should try to make the attempt you find so many difficulties to overcome and so much loss of time connected with it, that you finally accept his services. The Alhambra, being maintained more as a source of revenue for Granada, than the love of preserving this beautiful piece of Moorish art, everybody in and around it figures on the arriving stranger as so much merchandise, the importation of which is only admissible on payment of a very high duty to be collected at sight.

The Alhambra at Granada is undoubtedly the greatest work of Moorish art. A plain and almost forbidding exterior hides the unrivalled interior splendor. Spacious halls and corridors, covered with graceful marble columns and pilasters and highly decorated ceilings, in which decorations red, blue and a yellow gold predom-

inate, are in a tolerably good state of preservation. One of the most beautiful parts of the Alhambra is the private apartment of the Sultana called Linderaja, the Golden Orange. The filagree stuccos of veil-like transparency, unsurpassed by lightness and grace, give testimony of Oriental magnificence at the time when Moorish prosperity was at its height in Spain. To commemorate our visit we, my brother, our friend P., a travelling companion, Captain L. of Maryland, a hotel man of Buffalo and a doctor from Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, had our picture taken grouped about the fountain in the so-called Lion's Court. The photograph was taken at eleven o'clock in the morning and at six o'clock each had his copy, well executed and mounted at the moderate cost of ten pesetas each.

Mr. Coutreras, the architect, who is constantly at work repairing the buildings and keeping the grounds in order, is a very courteous gentleman, but even he has not escaped the contagious disease of taking advantage of strangers. He offers to us small models of parts of the Alhambra, executed in plaster or terra cotta for which he charges, according to size and fineness of execution, from 40 to 200 pesetas. Assuring us that he is the only one making and selling these really beautiful works of art, the captain selects one at fifty pesetas, and everything being conducted on a cash basis, hands over the money and gets the selected and afterwards well-packed and boxed up article. Well pleased with his bargain we walk down the street to enter the city and one of the first stores we pass has a large display of the very same models, marked with prices of from 50 to 100 per cent. less, than what was asked at the Alhambra.

Although it might be better for my future reputation not to mention the perpetrator of these descriptions, many will excuse the attempt when they see they are from an Architect, a man who deals in straight lines, and figures out everything to well established rules and cold facts, and not accustomed to poetry and ornamental descriptions.

Thank you very much for the complimentary letter addressed to me; you must have written the same out of pure goodness of heart rather than from the promptings of your conscience, but if my writing really interests you, I will keep on indefinitely.

J. F. DOERR.



### Loosened Leaves from Literary Laurels Twined by the Rainbow Circle.

**L**ITERATURE is like society; we must have trustworthy friends in it if we wish to enjoy it. Like society, too, it is fascinating and alluring, dangerous and destructive, or it ennobles and spiritualizes by inspirations little less than supernatural. If, therefore, we would make it a means of soul-culture, it is at least advisable, and, perhaps, necessary, to follow the instructions of some reliable critic whose reputation and character are beyond reproach, and in whose word we can place the most implicit confidence. Such a friend, such an adviser is the lamented Brother Azarias.

Brother Azarias is, first of all, one of the grandest types to be found in our generation of the pious and erudite Christian gentleman. His naturally brilliant and perspicacious mind was developed to its fullest extent by a thorough and exhaustive Catholic education, and his great soul faithfully stood the test of thirty years' endurance in the sublimest, if severest, of all schools—a religious order. Prayer, fasting, meditation and study,—these were the lights which shone around his pathway. The irreligious and the non-Catholic who learned to know and reverence,—almost to worship him, and to whom he, like the mild and beloved Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, never spoke an unkind word, wondered how a man of such extraordinary abilities and such rare accomplishments was content with the plain garb, the frugal fare, the Christ-like poverty of a Christian Brother. Ah! if they only knew, if they could only understand how little he prized his erudition, deep and extensive though it was, in comparison with the religion in which he lived and moved and had his being, how much greater would be their astonishment. Indeed, the sacrifices which, as a member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, he had to make, were even greater than the most radical or most liberal of these persons imagined. The order to which he belonged is one of the severest in the Catholic Church, which is equivalent to saying that it makes exactions on human nature that nothing short of heroism can endure. In such a society lived Brother Azarias from the time he was fifteen years old until his death at forty-five, serving God in solitude and spending his energies

for the benefit of his fellow men. Love of learning seemed to be a second nature to him. It displayed itself from the first dawning of his reason. Little has been thus far told of his habits as a student, but from results we must conclude that he was an indefatigable worker. Like Father Faber he naturally took to literature and the mastery of his own tongue. Yet, he could speak French fluently, and read Greek and Latin, Spanish, Italian, German, old English, and old French, without any difficulty. No one knows the extent of his reading, but from hints which he drops here and there throughout what he has written, it must have been world-wide. His "Philosophy of Literature," written more than twenty years ago, shows a familiarity with general history, ancient and modern, with the great master-pieces of literature, native and foreign, which is, to say the least, surprising. Yet he was but a mere boy when it was written. Until the time when Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" received such a severe scorching from the sharp, caustic pen of Mathew Arnold, men used to wonder how a man of twenty-five years could produce such an able and learned paper. But lo! and behold! there is a pedantic, spread-eagle boyishness, a stiffness of style, and an historical falseness clinging to this encomium on the Puritan Poet, that has made it the laughing-stock of all honest critics. Yet, here is Azarias at the same time of life, writing with a soundness of understanding worthy of the sage, and with a grace and finish of style scarcely surpassed by Addison. The main lines of his researches extended chiefly through the regions of education; and says the Reverend John Talbot Smith: "In the history of education from the earliest times, in the knowledge of the life led in ancient and modern universities, colleges and schools, he was the superior of any American scholar of his time."

He was at once a poet and a philosopher, a theologian and a critic. True, he has written but little poetry, but what we have from him has a Tennysonian finish. The trend of his mind was philosophical, and although he has left us no treatise on philosophy as such, he could have done so had he chosen; for so famous a man as Dr. Brownson said, in a review of "The Philosophy of Literature": "We have been struck with the depth and justness of the Author's philosophical

principles, which could, as we understand them, be borrowed from no school of philosophy generally accepted by Catholics or by non-Catholics." Yet he was conversant with all the great philosophical schools. Plato and Aristotle, St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Augustine and the many other canonized champions of the faith who preceded him, Albert the Great and St. Anselm; all these and the lesser and more broken lights of modern times, such as Malebranche and Descartes, Spinoza and Giaberti, Kant and Hegel, he had studied in the original. His essay on "Aristotle and the Christian Schools" sounded like a revelation to the Concord School of Philosophy, when, by request he read it before that society.

But it is as a literary critic that Azarias will be best known to the generations yet to come. Indeed he may justly be called the founder of a new school of criticism,—of a school which comprises all the perfections of the other schools without their prejudices and shortcomings; a school, which, in his own words "has for its object to know what is best in thought and style, and to make thereof a criterion whereby to judge literary work according to the degree of its approach to the ideal standard" He brought to this work an understanding filled to overflowing with the best thought of all ages, a heart burning with love for the glory of God, and an intense desire to better the mental and moral condition of the reading public. He reviewed the work of other men without bitterness of heart or tongue. Just, exact, penetrating, recondite; a hater of shams, of trickery, of double-dealing; a despiser of falsehood, prejudice and loud-mouthed declamation; he saw at a glance the beauty, the grandeur, the strength of real genius, admired it whether in Pagan, Jew, Mahometan, Catholic or non-Catholic, and showed the utmost leniency to its foibles and its limitations. "True criticism," he used to say, "rises above party prejudice. It is truth-loving. It examines both sides of an issue. It will state the points telling against a cherished opinion as well as those in favor of it. It is conscientious. It is honest." His reviews are exhaustive, and what is best of all, didactic. He taught that criticism has duties of an educative character. It sifts the wheat of literature from the chaff. It seeks to bring the popular intelligence into touch with the

best thoughts of the best authors of all times. It teaches us how to read and interpret our world-authors. It gets at the heart of a book and shows it to us palpitating with the life-blood of a vivifying principle flowing through it, and we henceforth are possessed of the meaning and import of that book. In fine it may be said without exaggeration that his code of rules for the art of interpretation is the best that has ever found its way into print.

Rhetoricians would, doubtless, call his style plain. It seldom rises into elegance; it is never florid; it is simple, clear, nervous, almost classical in finish and repose. One cannot mistake his meaning. You will look in vain through all his works for a superfluous word. His vocabulary is not large; but it is most select. His sentences are for the most part short; yet he is not wanting in flexibility when intricate ideas are to be expressed.

It is indeed to be deplored that this great scholar passed from amongst us so soon; when the fruits of his many years of study and meditation were but beginning to ripen and when the world was just beginning to learn the wonderful treasure it possessed in him. His books are a precious inheritance. Though few and short, they show in affable, but unmistakable terms, that faith and science are but different rays of the same Eternal Light; and that literature, like all other avenues of learning, may be made a means of adoring God in spirit and in truth.

Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard, so extolled and lionized for a short period of his stormy, chequered career, so neglected during his few later years, has at last risen to a height in the affection of his countrymen, and of the world in general, which has no parallel in the annals of literature. Men of the highest culture, humble mechanics and tillers of the soil have enshrined him in their heart of hearts, and he, who has been the channel of imparting so much happiness to the world, was himself, on the whole, so unhappy. Poor Burns! "He held the pen of a philosopher, but led a life of sorrow and excess." As we read his wise advice, his warnings to Tam, his moralizings on life and death, and then think of his own sad experience, we are led to exclaim with the poet:



“O men! this man, in brotherhood,  
Your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
And died while you were smiling.”

What would literature be without Burns? How could the world spare “Tam O’Shanter,” “Mary in Heaven,” “The Cotter’s Saturday Night.” And then we must not forget the “Address to a Mouse,” and “The Mountain Daisy,” in both of which the bard draws an analogy between their hapless fate and his own:

“But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain.  
The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An’ lea’e us nought but grief an’ pain,  
For promis’d joy.”

“The worthiest poet among women is Elizabeth Barrett Browning,” One grand result of her literary career has been to disprove the assertion that women cannot write true poetry. Such a taunt may be considered as disposed of for ever. If we are to believe tradition, Sappho wrote the finest lyrics the world has seen; but our own generation has beheld woman’s genius take even a wider range. No woman as yet has written a great epic, or dramatic poetry of the highest order; but how restricted is the number of men who have done this! and where is the poetry which can be considered superior to Mrs. Browning’s? In spite of the life-long delicacy of her health, which deterred her from the laborious work of many students, her acquirements were so great that in her youth she was as famous for her learning as for her genius. Illness never kept her from her books. This woman of heartfelt emotion, of lofty thought of devout spirit,—this woman whose heart went out in sympathy for the wretched, whilst she herself was confined in her darkened chamber, gathered up her strength, and put her soul into her verse, now with all the passion of “Aurora Leigh,” her greatest work and that which she pronounces “the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered;” now in the tenderer sonnets full of pathos and love and in poems which come down to the level of our common humanity, such as “Cowper’s Grave,” and “The Sleep.” Her life was, in the main, a sad one, which accounts for

the sometimes mournful character of her verse. Rarely are her productions in any way sportive. Occasionally she deals in satire, but satire is always sad. Speaking of poetry she said: “Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing.”

“Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist’s music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

“‘Sleep soft, beloved!’ we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.’”

“O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailer’s heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And ‘giveth His beloved, sleep.’”

Notwithstanding her profound and wide knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French and English literature—which knowledge might well have made her most deeply pedantic—Mrs. Browning wrote very simple, gay, sweet girlish letters to K. H. Horne. These have been printed, but Mr. Horne would never have permitted the public to share the treasures of his correspondence had it not been that the extreme minuteness of the poetess’s handwriting, and the fading of the ink, threatened to render her letters very soon entirely illegible.

At the very name of Moore, the Béranger of Ireland, a vision of Sloperton, with all its sunshine and its shade flits before our gaze. Had the bard lived at other times than those which his genius adorned, he would have been executed as a traitor, but luckily, perhaps, for himself, he lived in an age when the national spirit of Ireland appeared to be dead, and when he alone, in all the land sang of her ancient chivalry. But dead as the national spirit appeared to be, he did not hesitate to sing, “Let Erin Remember the Days of Old,” nor did he refuse to drop a tear to the memory of Emmet, while he held up to the admiration of the world that choicest glory of our race, in the

exquisite ballad, "Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore." Patted by English society, yet all his best impulses remained Irish to the core; and while a citizen of the world he never ceased to give his first love to "Sweet Innisfail." In all the "wide world" he could see no "Valley so Sweet, as the Vale in Whose Bosom the Bright Waters Meet." He could charm Canadians with his boat song to the weird metre of "Row, Brothers, Row;" he could puzzle Oriental scholars with his "Lalla Rookh;" he could picture misty loveliness, even in the "Dismal Swamp;" he could appeal to English chivalry in his "Go Where Glory Waits Thee;" but he was more at home when chanting the glories of Erin, in "The Harp that Once," or when appealing to the toleration of jarring clans in predicting that Ireland would never be a nation until like the rainbow, "her various tints united in one arch of peace."

Surely, of all melodious strains, wedded to melodious verse, there is nothing in the music of Great Britain comparable to the best of the Irish melodies. Who is ever tired of the sweet pathos of those lyrics, their exquisite imagery, the liquid flow of the numbers, the plaintive and fascinating airs to which they are set? The faculty of expressing the sentiments of the Irish people establishes Moore's claims to a species of genius, the very rarity of which may be one reason why justice is seldom done it as an individual quality.

It is no very difficult matter to write in imitation of the ancient Greek, or ancient Roman, or ancient Hebrew, or any other ancient style, and call the result an expression of the national character of the people in those ancient times. First, you have those ancient people's literature to imitate; and, if you miss the spirit, you can hardly fail to catch the shape and color which will pass very well with the critics, as many examples prove. Then, again, when you undertake to serve as exponent of the sentiments and character of ancient people, nobody can be quite sure that you are wrong in what you make those ancient people say and think, unless, indeed, you write in flat defiance of history and the example of the poetry of the times you deal with. But when you come to a living people, a modern people, with no literature to help you, nothing but their wild words, their passionate impulses, their unuttered prayers, their dreams and their melan-

choly to inspire you, then be sure you are a great poet if the harp that you strike and the voice that you lift up put into melody and words, which every throbbing heart knows to be as true as heaven, all those aspirations and strange unfinished fancies, and the sorrows and the hopes which have heretofore remained without a voice.

This Moore did for the Irish people. He was the first to give beautiful expression to the Irish character by words and music. In respect of accurate interpretation of national thoughts lying "too deep for tears," he was an Irishman more Irish than Burns as a Scotchman was Scotch.

Whilst the poet was engaged in producing these melodies, most of which are instinct with the true fire of genius, he was also contributing to his friend, Power, many other exquisite songs which have found a lasting place in the history of lyric poetry; such as those beautiful songs set to the so called "National Airs," which were everywhere welcomed with delight, and which will continue to be popular as long as the English language is sung or spoken. Take, for instance, that most poetical of songs, so characteristic of Moore's brilliant fancy, "Flow on Thou Shining River," set to a Portuguese air, and that sparkling little gem, "Oh! Come to Me When Daylight Dies," which is the very beau ideal of what a serenade should be. Who is there, with a warm Irish heart and a memory that fondly treasures recollections dead and gone, as well as "the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years," and recalls with many a sigh "the words of love then spoken;" who is there can hear "Oft in the stilly night"—that plaintive cry of a wounded soul with all the wrecks of life strewn around—without yielding the tribute of sympathy to that most touching wail of sorrow, set to a Scotch air, itself as sad as the words in which the poet has embalmed it?

An interesting fact with regard to these so called "National" songs is that Moore himself composed some of the airs as well as the poetry. One day, while Moore was seated at the piano, striking the chords of a simple melody, Mr. Bishop, the well-known composer, was announced, and having begged the poet to repeat the music, the Maestro, who was then in high fame, declared that he had not heard so pretty an air for a long time.



The composition was Moore's own, but through a feeling of diffidence, and respect for the great composer, he kept the knowledge a secret. After Bishop had left, however, the poet observes in his diary that he thinks he shall call it a "Moorish air."

To the Irish, at least, the name of Moore must always be a precious memory, and the impulses which they derive from his beautiful verse must always be noble, since patriotism, at once chivalrous, generous, and completely honest was never carried higher than we find it in his symbolization and his direct appeal to liberty.

But the spirit of the passions and longings and hopes of the Irish which admit of the exquisite and moving forms into which the genius of Moore has shaped them must be understood, for the harp that he swept was his country's, and to miss the echo of *her* voice in the sweet tunes is to rob the Melodies of half their fascination.

"If the pulse of the Patriot, Soldier or Lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly  
over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine  
own."

VILLA FILIPPE,  
CABOURG, CALVADOS, FRANCE, June, 1894. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

The cloud of sorrow which has enveloped France for the past few weeks has, I am sure, found her innumerable sympathizers beyond the Atlantic, as, indeed, everywhere. It is needless for me to dwell upon the subject as I know that all particulars have been as fully enumerated by the Canadian and American press as by the French.

It has been a dreadful blow, and France is giving expression to her sorrow, and tokens of respect to the memory of her martyred President in every conceivable way. I never saw anything to equal the universal expression of regret and horror that was to be seen on the face of every one I met in Paris on the morning following the assassination at Lyons; everyone seemed to walk along with head bowed down, and groups of men were standing in all directions, evidently discussing the news, with looks of stern resignation, which, put in words, would seem to say "We must bear this, but it is very hard."

After the first day, the city assumed an aspect

of general mourning, and flags, draped or tied with crape, were floating from many windows in every street; on the day of the funeral, solemn requiem services were held in every Catholic church in France, as well as in many of other denominations. Here, in Normandy, the church was hung inside and outside with draped flags; the altar, also, was draped, and the catafalque, prepared for the occasion, was covered with flags tied with crape.

President Carnot had won the respect and devotion of the whole French nation, excepting those ostracized few who are, like his alien assassin, the refuse of most countries; and Madame Carnot's name is a synonym for deeds of charity and goodness. She is well known throughout Paris by the poor of every district, and her aid or intercession has never been sought in vain. She has been the organizer of many charitable societies, and last winter she paid out of her own private purse the rent for four hundred poor widows. The greatest sympathy is felt for her by all classes.

The new President has already made a wonderful impression on the people by the manner in which he has shown his sincere grief for the calamity which has been the means of calling him to office; also by his courteous demeanor towards Madame Carnot, and his respect to the memory of his predecessor. He seems to be a man of great power and force of character, as well as a polished gentleman; like Carnot, he is the grandson of a man who is famous in the history of modern France; and doubtless, he will prove eminently worthy of holding the now critical position to which he has been elected.

Casimir Périer, the grandfather of the President, was Prime Minister of Louis Philippe, and met his death from visiting, in company with the Duke d'Oréans, the sick who were effected with cholera in 1832. There is a very handsome monument erected to his memory in Père la Chaise. The father of the President, who was also named Casimir, was held as hostage by the Prussians during the war, and afterwards became Minister of the Interior under M. Thiers.

The solemn obsequies of M. Carnot have brought to light, through M. Lallemand, some very interesting papers, which have been found in the archives at Florence, on the burial of Fran-

cis I. His obsequies were celebrated with unrivalled magnificence in conjunction with those of the Dauphin and the Duke d'Orléans who had not previously been properly interred. During the time of his lying in state, his plate was set at table each day, and the table was waited on with all the usual pomp and ceremony.

Normandy, where we are now, is a very pretty, as well as interesting part of France, and the people seem so courteous and hospitable; there is evidently a great affinity between the peasantry of France and those of Ireland: the same bright smile and ready "Bonjour" greet one at every meeting, and in their light-heartedness and love of variety and display they are exactly alike. It is very amusing to attend a *Marché*, which is held quite close to us here every Saturday morning, and listen to the venders of laces, ribbons, and all kinds of dry goods, as well as those of fowls, butter, fruit, etc., holding forth on the merits of their respective possessions, in their Norman dialect. The peasants still wear the high typical cap, though not exactly the sort of head gear we imitate in other countries; and all are so courteous to each other and to strangers that one very seldom witnesses a disagreement of grave character. Great taste is displayed even in the arrangement of the most commonplace commodities, and all are spotlessly neat and clean; their bright eyes and smiling faces make a very effective picture.

Caen, a town twenty-four miles from Cabourg, is about the oldest and most historic spot in Normandy; it was the birthplace of Charlotte Corday. The house in which she was born is still pretty well preserved; it was also the burial place of the Dukes of Normandy. There are two very fine churches there—one of magnificent architecture. The streets are narrow, as was formerly the case in most French cities, but in front of the cathedral and the hotel de ville are two very beautiful squares, with just enough of the old régime remaining to prevent their detracting from the interesting appearance of the town.

Havre is, of course, the largest town in this Department. It is quite modern in its appointments and remarkable for its fine wide streets and boulevards, handsome buildings, pretty parks and squares. On the highest part, overlooking the ocean, is built a lovely little shrine, dedicated

to the Blessed Virgin and called "Sainte Adresse." A very interesting feature at Havre is the light-house or Phare, which is, I believe, in point of brilliancy, the second in the world.

It is wonderful to observe the exquisite taste which distinguishes the arrangements in even the most remote French village when occasion calls forth the effort; every town and village has its patron saint, and on each respective anniversary its fête day; in rural districts crowds flock from the adjacent country places to the village where the fête is being held, and games and amusements of all kinds are indulged in during the day. The poor are not forgotten: in some appointed place gifts are distributed to all the poor children who attend the parish schools, and afterwards they are regaled with cakes, sweetmeats and many good things in the form of refreshments; in the evening there are fireworks and illuminations, and really, I was quite astonished at the effective appearance of the latter in a quiet country village; the arrangements would have done credit to Paris or any large city I have ever been in; every house in the principal street was beautifully illuminated, their little gardens seeming like veritable fairy bowers, myriads of different colored lights gleaming amid the flowers and shrubs and girding the paths to the very gates, the little shops, too, were exquisitely decorated; and turn where one would, there was nothing to be seen that did not harmonize with the surroundings. A torchlight procession wound up the evening and all terminated in a manner on which, in my opinion, at least, the villagers might be heartily congratulated.

I regret that I cannot be in Paris for Miss Falconbridge's wedding which takes place on the 25th prox.; many of your friends will be there, and doubtless, many fervent prayers will ascend from Loretto for the happiness of the youthful bride whose earliest aspirations towards truth and virtue were fostered within the walls of Mary's Institute.

J. O'DOWDA.

THERE is nothing so beautiful as a pure soul. What joy it is for an angel guardian to have charge of a pure soul. When a soul is pure all heaven looks down upon it with love. We cannot understand the power a pure soul has over the heart of Jesus.



### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.

The saintly Oratorian, who blended the fancy of a poet with the fervor of a religious, wrote the following on the Beautiful Blue Danube: "No language can possibly describe the superb scenery of to-day's journey. It far transcends anything I ever saw or conceived of woodland or of river scenery. It is the part of the Danube where the waters break from the great basin of Hungary through the mountains. When we first left Orsova the hills were one green wilderness of massive and unbroken foliage, and the views up the valleys were very sweet indeed. But soon huge and shadowy cliffs began to show themselves among the woods, and once or twice the Danube pressed her waters through awful walls of sheer precipice. At first I thought it like the Rhine, only much, very much superior, because of the woods instead of miserable, tame, formal vineyards; but presently the magnificence and almost fearful grandeur of the scenery drove the Rhine utterly out of my thoughts. The woods were principally deciduous trees, with an immense profusion of walnut, and they were all matted together with wild vines, clematis, and very large white convolvuli; while between her banks the river writhed and boiled over rocks, effectually forbidding all navigation. But now the cliffs receded, and there came some miles of incessant wood, with beautiful valleys, through whose woody gates we obtained exquisite glimpses up the mountain glens. One, in particular, I remember, of consummate loveliness. It was on the Servian shore; and far inland where rose a huge mountain, in shape like a crouching lion, and the valley broadened out, and left the mountain standing alone against the sky. Then came a large sea-like bay, with a Servian village and church on a tongue of green fields. The broad river went by gently, wheeling solemnly in glossy eddies. It was a scene of perfect loveliness. Not a feature could be heightened or improved. Then came the cliffs again, no longer white and hoary but a deep mottled red. For the next hour I was well nigh beside myself; had it been the time of many-colored autumn, instead of brown-leaved June, with its heavy green, I should have lost my senses. Red cliffs, masked in infinitely various degrees by foliage, or standing abrupt like walls, or shooting up into spires and pinnacles, like castles, here receding from the view, there throwing themselves forward and shutting the waters up into a narrow, turbulent rapid; these were the features of the scenery. To describe them is quite impossible. At last we turned from the cliffs and saw the deep-wooded hills above Drenkova, backed by the deep, dull crimson of a stormy sunset, and we arrived absolutely wearied with the strength of

the impressions made upon us by the scenery. Such a glorious and divine mingling of grandeur and loveliness, of Nature's smiles and frowns, as decks the royal Danube all this day's journey, I never saw in my life; and I believe I shall never forget the silent astonishment in which I travelled for many hours. I almost envied the birds that were free to drop anywhere in leafy wilderness or on rocky ledge or to suspend themselves in the air over the middle of the Danube."

\* \*

Sincerity is one of the most beautiful words in the English language; and, like other words, it has a history. It comes from two Latin words, *sine* and *cera*, without wax or cement; and its origin was in this wise. In the golden days of Roman prosperity, when her merchants were very affluent, and dwelt in marble palaces on the banks of the Tiber, there was a very natural sort of emulation in the grandeur and artistic adornments of their dwellings. Their successful wars had made many of the gems of Grecian art the possession of the Roman people. A taste for sculpture had been awakened, and the sons of Rome set to work themselves in the school of design. Good sculptures were quickly drawn up, but dodges sometimes took place then as now. For instance, if the sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or if his chisel missed its aim, he had a carefully constructed cement made of wax and other ingredients with which he filled in the chinks, and so cleverly fixed it that it was imperceptible. In time, however, and after the purchase had long been completed, heat or damp, or accident would affect the cement and it would reveal its presence there. The consequence was that, when new contracts came to be signed for commissioned works of art, there was a clause put in that they were to be *sine cera*, or without cement. What a picture-story in a word! What a moral meaning in it—namely, that true characters should be sincere, or without cement!

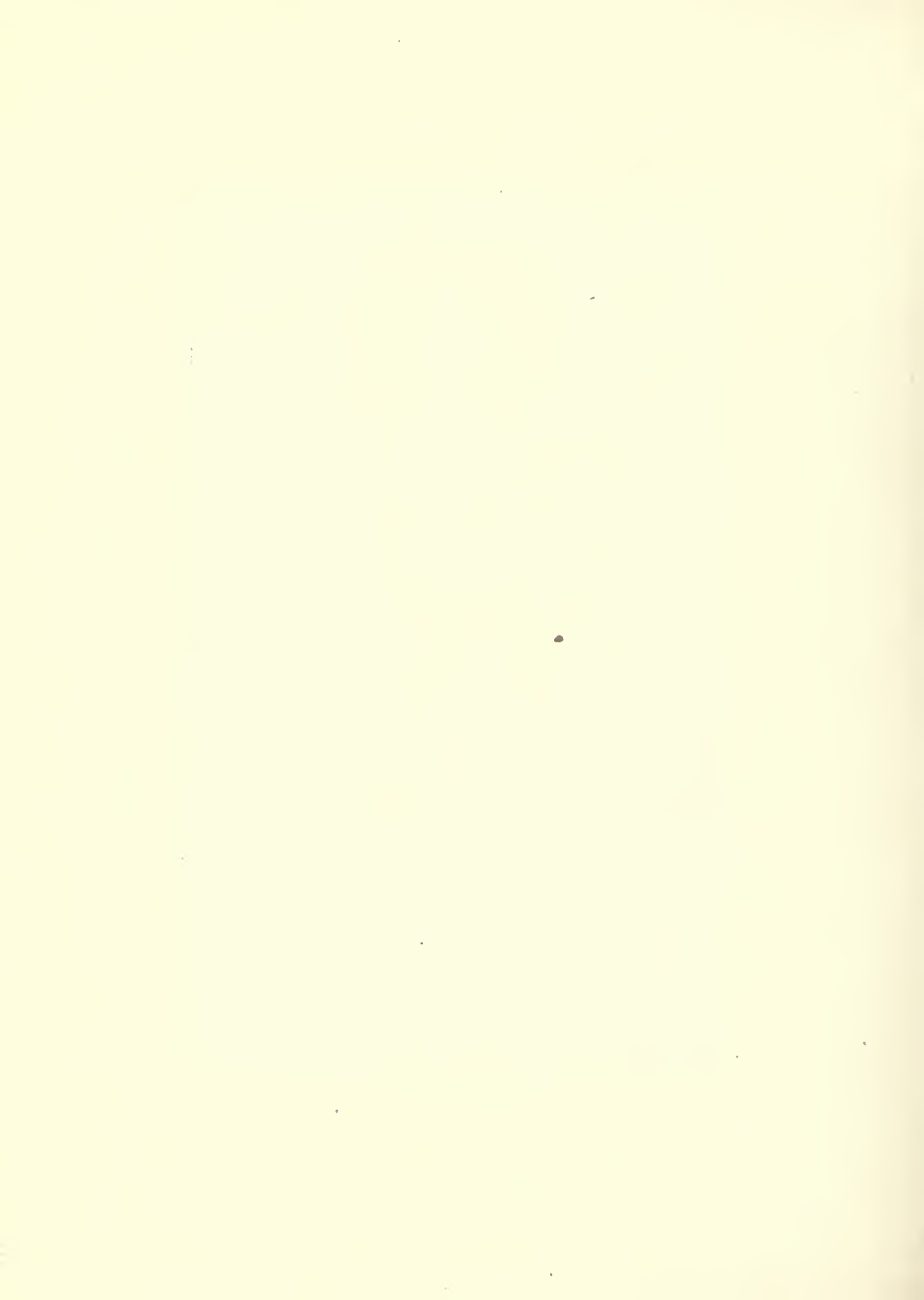
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We should always be learners, gladly welcoming every help and respecting every personality. But we should always respect our own, and bear in mind that, though the wide universe is full of good, not a kernel of nourishing corn can come to us but through our toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to us to till. To undervalue our thought because it is ours, to depreciate our own powers or faculties because someone else's are more vigorous, to shrink from doing what we can because we think we can do so little, is to hinder our own development and the progress of the world. For it is only by exercise that any faculty is strengthened, and only by each one putting his shoulder to the wheel that the world moves and humanity advances.



OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.





# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

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## Some Thoughts on the Providential Preparation of the World for the Advent of the Messiah.

THREE great characteristics stamp ancient history in relation to the Advent of Christ, and stand out in such prominence, as to arrest general attention—I mean the universal expectation of a Redeemer that then prevailed—secondly, the universal degradation and corruption into which mankind had sunk, proving man's powerlessness, when left to himself, to stem the tide of moral evil, much less to regenerate and sanctify himself; and thirdly, the great political unity that combined the discovered world within the bounds of the Roman Empire, in order that it might serve as the earthly foundation and basis of the great kingdom of revealed truth—the Catholic Church, to be established by the Messiah. We shall glance briefly at these outlines of ancient history in relation to the coming of the world's Redeemer.

In treating this subject it is not my purpose to attempt to fathom the dark undiscovered ocean of God's designs, nor with impious hand to tear away the thick veil that hides His eternal secrets from the profane gaze of mortals. That were a rash and useless and impious undertaking. No man can see the face of God and live, neither should any man with the farthing light of his own unaided intellect, presume to scan the eternal purposes which lie buried in the mind of the Deity. But it is lawful to judge of events by the light which God Himself in His revealed word has thrown upon them. It is permitted us to follow the light of reason and the light of history, when they lead on to the road along which the lamps of revelation burn.

Besides, we deal not here with the mysteries of unfulfilled prophecy. We speak of that which has passed from the misty region of prophecy to the domain of actual being.

As in His eternal decrees God resolved that 4,000 years should elapse ere He sent our Redeemer, so He must have kept the world in continual expectation of His advent, for if man felt no want of a Redeemer, if he were perfectly satisfied with his own degraded condition, and experienced no desire of emerging from it—if he were so completely enveloped in the horrid gloom of despair, as never to hope for any one to rescue him from his miseries, it is manifest that he would not then be in a proper mood of mind to recognize the Redeemer when He should come, or to accept of His grace and mercy.

But if, on the other hand, man never lost sight of the Redeemer—if from the abyss of his lowest degradation he continually cried out for a deliverer—if from the gloom and darkness of his spiritual ignorance he eagerly looked out on the horizon for the first faint streak of the day-star from on high which was to visit him, it is clear that then he would be in a way to recognize our Saviour when He should appear, and to accept of His proffered redemption. Now, this is precisely what we find to have been the case, both from sacred and profane history.

Adam, having transgressed the divine command, was banished from the garden of pleasure. He and his posterity were condemned to a life of ignorance and unnumbered privations, and were doomed to end that life in the throes and agonies of death. But God, ere banishing man from the flowery walks and cooling shades of paradise, promised him a Redeemer—one who should come at some distant time not then defined to



undo the evils caused by the fall, to rescue man from the claws of oppression, to recall the sentence of eternal death pronounced at the gates of Eden, to cancel the warrant of his exile and misery, and to restore a lost, priceless inheritance to a fallen race.

Driven beyond the walls of paradise, man carried his promise with him, and cherished it more dearly than a miser cherishes his gold. But for this promise nothing remained for him but a black future of misery unrelieved by a single ray of hope. He therefore clung to it with a terrible tenacity, with the energy of desperation; he looked upon it as the solitary plank which was to save him from an eternal shipwreck; he regarded it as the guiding star, that alone was given him to light his faltering footsteps through time and to point out that better world after which he yearned. It was, in fine, the only crumb of comfort he carried with him into the bleak world, which was cursed in his fall, and he therefore took good care to preserve it.

But, lest that bright hope should be lost—lest its light should be extinguished in the night of spiritual ignorance that then brooded in stupid satisfaction over the earth—lest, like many other fragments of primeval revelation, it should be clean swept away in the tide of iniquity and corruption that then flooded the universe—God raised up a people whose special vocation and mission was to preserve the primitive promise of a Redeemer, and to perpetuate it unto His coming. The Jewish people to whom I allude, were entrusted with this sublime mission. The oldest amongst the great families of nations, they remained during three thousand years in possession of that country which was at once the cradle and the old domain of the human race. They remained the depository and the guardian of the patrimonial titles of man's lost inheritance, titles of which their brethren carried with them in their dispersion but very imperfect copies. They continued the confidants of God, the organ through which He spoke to fallen humanity. Such was the sublime part which the Jews had to play on the world's theatre. And how perfectly they acted it! Whilst other nations were stumbling on blindfolded in the by-ways of individual interests—whilst *their* schools of philosophy were contradicting each other by a thousand

and conflicting doctrines—whilst their religion, philosophy and policy flowed on in different channels, and they themselves seemed governed and swayed by that blind fate which they had raised to the dignity of a God—the Jewish people had but one doctrine, one policy, one fixed idea, and that was to announce, to foreshadow, and to await the Redeemer. They were conscious of the divine mission with which they were charged, and hence nothing could distract, nothing could avert their attention from it. They devoted all their energies to its accomplishment, and that not for one or two, but for thirty succeeding centuries. Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, Isaias, etc., following each other at distant intervals, re-echoed the primeval promise and quickened the great expectation of nations, defined more precisely the characteristics and attributes of the divine object of that expectation, and unrolled the scroll of time, and laid as it were their fingers on the precise spot at which He was to bless the world by His holy presence. In fact, everything in that nation spoke of the expected *Liberator*—not only the Bible, which was their only book, and which might be considered an open register in which each prophet came in his turn to write a page or a paragraph, until it was, as far as the old testament is concerned, completed by the coming of Him it predicted, not only it but all their rites, ceremonies and sacrifices pointed out and foreshadowed the Redeemer. They were but gleams emitted from the rising sun of justice that was to illumine the world. The whole Jewish nation was styled by St. Augustin a great prophet that consoled humanity by perpetually reminding it of the long expected succor. For upwards of three thousand years this monumental people kept alive the promise of the Messiah, and when their mission had been fulfilled they were scattered over the face of the earth, and remain to this day a living monument of His Advent.

But not amongst the Jews only, but even amongst pagan nations, did God preserve the recollection of the primeval promise and hope of a *Liberator*. Jacob foretold the Redeemer, as the expectation of nations, and accordingly we find the cheering hope of His coming prevailing amongst mankind, who for ages had been abandoned to themselves, who, since the dispersion of their fathers, after the confusion of

tongues at the tower of Babel had never been enlightened by the preachings and predictions of a prophet, and who had been for centuries the slaves of idolatry and superstition. The most rude and savage tribes, whether roaming over fields of snow in the freezing north, or basking in the warm sun of southern climes, never lost sight of a Redeemer—it was the pole of their most cherished expectations. Pagan nations, the most polished and enlightened as well as the most unlettered and savage, always clung to the hope, as a drowning man clings to the solitary spar that reaches him amid the wild terrors of shipwreck. The idea of a Redeemer and the doctrine of a divine incarnation were interwoven like threads of gold with their superstitious beliefs, and were inserted in their various systems of religion as precious gems of truth that gleamed and sparkled through the thick darkness that surrounded them. Men then, as now, felt the want of a Redeemer; they looked into their hearts and found there a void which ought to be filled up; they peered into their inmost souls and there experienced a burning desire and unquenchable thirst after an immense good which had once been theirs, but which had afterwards disappeared, leaving behind a gulf of misery and want which could not be filled up by anything surrounding them. "The only consolation," observes a modern writer, "amidst the wild and degrading forms of error which by times have appeared on the earth, is, they one and all bear witness to the indomitable determination of mankind to find out God." When primeval traditions grew fainter and God seemed to have abandoned His creatures to their own devices, what a temptation it was to mankind to give up all belief and die without religion. Yet 4,000 years of sin and passion had not obliterated God from the minds of men, and even in heathen Athens St. Paul could still appeal to the unknown God for whom they yearned and in whom they lived, and moved, and existed. The guilty conscience would fain have turned Atheist, but in spite of their own desire, to believe that He was not; nay, in spite of what was infinitely more trying, His own deep silence and apparent abandonment, men still clung to the idea of God, still looked for reconciliation with ONE who seemed to be

eternally alienated from them. Poor humanity still hoped on. Meanwhile the inveterate mysticism of the human heart found vent in the awful rites of paganism. Not with scorn, but with unutterable pity should we look on those terrible superstitions. What were all these wild orgies and hideous mysteries but demon sacraments by which men drank deep of the powers of darkness! They held in their hands the cup of devils, and hell-life ran in their blood and fired their brains, but they thought all the while to drink in the chalice of heaven and to feel the life of God flowing within them. What lured them on was the remembrance of the God whom they had lost and the yearning desire to be united to Him. They were sick at heart for their home in the invisible world, and by fair means or foul they would break into it. It is like an old tradition of the tree of life still lingering upon earth. They strove by illicit means to reverse the curse which drove us from paradise; but their very crime bore witness to their earnest crying for reunion to the God whom they had lost! And the same author adds that "in the very depths of paganism man still remembered the time when he had powers that brought him into sensible intercourse with God's holy angels." His memory still preserved the echo of the voice of God walking among the trees of the garden. This view is eminently philosophical and correct. Man in his fallen state is not like a beggar who has been always poor; he resembles rather a dethroned and captive monarch who chafes against the claims that bind him and yearns after the glories of the royalty he has lost. Men felt they had been dethroned from the dignity in which they had been first created, that they had been banished from their primeval inheritance, and hence they wistfully and earnestly looked out for Him who would restore them to their lost inheritance. Like exiles in a foreign land, they pined after that paradise from which they had been expelled, or rather after that eternal paradise of which the former was but the imperfect shadow. And no theory of ethics, no system of religion found any acceptance from them if it held not out the prospects of a new life and of a return home to the bosom and friendship of God, from their weary banishment in the region of sin and sorrow.



Go talk of spring to the trampled flower,  
 Of light to the fallen star,  
 Of glory to him who in danger's hour  
 Lies cold on the field of war,  
 But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell  
 Of aught save the home where he pines to dwell.

Mankind felt the bitter pangs of exile, and, like the poor prodigal in the Gospel, they longed to return to their Father's house. It would be impossible to show within the narrow limits of this paper how widespread was the tradition of a Redeemer among pagan nations. It must suffice here to say that it obtained amongst them all. It prevailed at Rome, amongst the Goths and Scandinavians in their dark forests; it found expression in song along the banks of Chinese rivers, in the philosophy of Confucius and resounded in the immortal strains of Virgil along the yellow waters of the historic Tiber. In his fourth eclogue he sings of the approach of the new and happy age announced by the Cumean Sybil, that it would be brought about by a heavenly offspring and a Virgin, and that all traces of human wretchedness would be by Him wiped away. Cicero, who, like Virgil, represented the mental culture and erudition of his age, said:

"There shall no longer be one law at Rome and another at Athens, nor shall it prescribe one thing to-day and another to-morrow, but one and the same law, eternal and immutable, shall be prescribed for all nations and all times, and the God who shall prescribe, introduce and promulgate this law shall be the one common Lord and Supreme Ruler of all, and whosoever will refuse obedience to Him shall be filled with confusion, as this very act will be a virtual denial of His human nature; and, should he escape present punishment, he shall have to endure heavy chastisement hereafter."—Cicero. *De Republica*, —III., 6. Suetonius and Tacitus affirm that an old and constant tradition prevailed throughout the East, that at that period a Supreme Ruler would come forth from Judea. This tradition existed in India, China and Higher Asia, where almost all religious systems are founded on the doctrine of a divine incarnation. The red men of America spoke of it at their camp-fires in their primeval forests, or as they paddled their light canoes over the glassy surface of their sunlit

lakes. They mused on it among the thousand islets flowering fair in the bosom of Ontario, and thought they heard the voice of Him it spoke of in the eternal thunders of Niagara. The age of gold to be brought back by Him who was to come was announced in the mystic verses of the Sybils, many of which were scattered over Chaldea, Egypt, Persia, and even Judea.

The Sybils were a sort of prophetesses who dwelt in the midst of the pagan world: They drank in their inspirations from the antique faith of their respective countries, and were collectors of the primitive traditions, all of which referred to the regeneration of man by divine incarnation. They subserved the scattered remnants of the primitive tradition that still survived, and in feeding and keeping alive the sickly light of hope in a Liberator, which burnt faintly and fitfully among the nations. This was, in my humble opinion, one of the great means employed by Providence to prepare the world for the advent of the Messiah, and the rapid extension of His kingdom.

During ages mankind had hungered for His coming, and therefore were well disposed to receive His doctrine and His teaching. Had the recollection of the primeval promise of a Redeemer died out, men would not have understood the object of His mission nor would they have troubled themselves about His teaching, but because they had been for ages anxiously expecting His advent, His doctrine, when at last it issued from His divine lips, spread with the rapidity of lightning; so that it could in truth be said of the apostles before their death: "*In omnem terram exiit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terrae verba eorum.*"—"Their sound went into all the earth and their words to the boundaries of the world."

2. Again it pleased the Providence of God to delay the fulfillment of the primeval promise for the long period of 4,000 years, and this for a wise purpose. For had the regeneration of man followed immediately on his "Fall" he would not have felt all the value of his redemption, nor would he have realized its necessity. He would have considered redemption as a something due to the dignity of human nature and not as a gratuitous gift of God. It was, therefore, necessary

that the world should be made to feel the pangs of its sickness in order the better to appreciate the remedy—it was expedient that the human race should realize its utter misery and sheer impotence for good that it might grasp with greater avidity at the heavenly succor that was held out to it—it was, in fine, fit that human nature should finish its fall and reach the lowest depths of degradation and corruption that the mercy and Omnipotence of God might shine out the more brightly in the work of its regeneration. And this is precisely where the world found itself in the days of the Roman Empire.

For 4,000 years it had been falling from one iniquity into a greater—from one depth of corruption into a lower depth, until at last it reached the very bottom of the abyss, and it was to this abyss that the mercy of God stooped in the incarnation to lift up fallen humanity, and to plant it once again on the pedestal of its olden dignity and upon the elevated plane of its immortal destinies. Never was corruption so deep and universal. The world was at that period a vast temple of idols. Man—reason-gifted man—abdicated the throne of reason, and blushed not to burn incense before the most infamous of divinities—he bowed himself down before sticks and stones, some adored the sun, moon and stars, others prostrated themselves in adoration before the vilest animals, some even worshipped the very vegetables which grew in their gardens.

Rome itself, mighty Rome, that had caused all the nations of the known world to pass beneath its yoke, became, in its turn, the slave of their errors and vices. It adored the very gods which it carried in triumph from the subdued provinces. Not one was so absurd and infamous as not to be deemed worthy of a temple. It reckoned at one time within its pale upwards of 30,000 gods. And these false divinities, far from being held up as paragons of virtue and examples of morality and worth were only to be worshipped and appeased by the foulest and most revolting crimes. Vice itself was taken under divine protection, for each had a god for its author and patron, whilst the great and eternal God, the author of the universe, was not acknowledged by the works of His hands; He was an outlaw in His own creation. Society was rotten to the

core. Three huge plague-spots then covered as with a leprosy the Roman world, and ate and rotted their way into its very heart, viz., slavery, the bloody gladiatorial games, and another vice which Christian modesty forbids me to mention.

More than two-thirds of the Roman world, which at that time stretched from the Euphrates in the East to the pillars of Hercules in the West, pined in hopeless slavery, and had no higher aim than that of catering to the pleasures and sensualities of the remainder of the population. It is computed that upwards of sixty millions of human beings, at that period, spent their lives in bondage, deprived of the sweets of liberty and robbed of the dignity of manhood. Seneca asserts that were the slaves of his day to wear distinct costumes one would be astonished at the small number of freemen that would be left. This fact gives us a startling idea of the contempt of man for man which then prevailed and of the fearfully degraded state of society. What fearful cruelties! What terrible atrocities must have been committed against the poor slaves at a time when Christianity had not yet existed to tame human ferocity, to soften, humanize or rather Christianize the human heart! Add to this that the slaves of those days were not men on whose brow an Indian or an African sun had burned the brand of slavery. They were free born men in whose veins flowed the purest Caucassian blood. The finest youths of the conquered populations were exposed for sale in the Roman markets. It was the sight of some English youths offered for sale which extorted from Gregory the Great the well-known saying: "*Non Angli sed Angeli essent si essent Christiani.*" The very philosophers whose boasted mission it was to enlighten and instruct mankind, encouraged the horrors of slavery by their examples and writings. "Our slaves are our enemies," said Cato, and the same philosopher maintained that superannuated slaves should be sold at any price rather than be supported in their old age by those in whose service they had wasted their youth and manhood. Vidius Apollo had large ponds of fishes which he fed with the flesh of slaves. Quintus Flaminius, a Roman senator, put one of his slaves to death merely to satisfy the depraved curiosity of one of his friends who complained that he had never seen a man



die. If a father of a family were killed, and that the murderer could not be discovered, all his slaves were subject to capital punishment. And hence we read that a Roman noble who owned four hundred slaves having been killed by one of them, they were all put to the sword. Even when the rich were compelled to bow to the decrees of death, when they were forced to leave a world they had defiled by their crimes, numbers of their slaves were killed, that they might accompany them in Charon's ferry-boat and minister to their shades in the Elysian fields! And what is remarkable in all this, and what shows the appalling depravity of the time, is this: that all these cruelties, all these outrages against humanity were not looked upon as excesses or abuses, but, on the contrary, were regarded as a legitimate exercise of natural rights. The very writers and satirists who assumed the right to censure and lash the vices of the day, had not one harsh word to utter against those gigantic excesses in which we could not believe if not convinced by the overwhelming testimony of history.

Another crying iniquity of the time was the gladiatorial games. The gladiators were men brought captive from conquered provinces or were slaves and criminals condemned to death for capital crime. They appeared by thousands in the Roman amphitheatre and butchered and mangled each other to death, to the delight of assembled Rome. No war was so destructive to human life as they. These sanguinary spectacles, according to Lypsius, devoured twenty and thirty thousand men per month. Besides the torrents of blood that flooded the amphitheatre the gladiators were introduced at feasts and tore each other to pieces amid the supper tables, to the delight of the assembled guests. All Rome; the whole pagan world rushed to those horrid butcheries. Red hot iron bars were employed to compel the unwilling wretches to fight. Men revelled in the shedding of blood, in the sight of gaping wounds, and in the rattle of approaching death. And when a gladiator fell wounded and was no longer capable of continuing the fight thousands of hands were raised to give the signal of death; but if he sued for pardon the pleasure of refusing it was reserved to the youngest Roman ladies present. Pity seemed to have fled the human

breast and unrelenting cruelty filled its vacant place. The people thirsted, tiger-like, for the effusion of blood. Trajan, reputed the most humane of Roman Emperors, ordered gladiatorial games, which lasted twenty-three days, during which time ten thousand men and eleven thousand wild beasts mangled each other to death. Those ferocious habits were become so natural that the victims themselves lent themselves to them by a stupid resignation. They no longer remembered that they had a right to life. Death, which snaps in twain all other ties, failed to burst the chain of their servitude; its eternal shadows afforded no refuge or shelter to outraged liberty. The brows those shadows were to settle on forever bowed themselves in the dust to adore for the last time the god Cæsar, and as the doomed victims passed before his throne on their way to death they cried out: "*Ave Caesar morituri te salutamus.*" But the smoking blood of these gladiators cried to heaven for vengeance, and even Byron maintains that the sacking of Rome by the Goths was a divine retribution for this terrible enormity. The sacred rights of humanity were trampled under foot, men were torn from their distant homes and brought in chains to Rome to be butchered, in order, by the shedding of their innocent blood, to contribute to the pleasures of a Roman holiday. Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, vividly describes the outrages perpetrated on humanity in the person of these gladiators:

I see before me the gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch  
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.  
All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire,  
And unrevenged? Arise, ye Goths! and glut your ire!

The other crime to which I alluded was as universal and as heinous as when it wrung from an indignant God the awful expression that He repented to have created man, and when, in His omnipotent anger, He broke up the fountains of the great deep and threw open the floodgates of heaven, sending the waters of the deluge to wash the works of His hands from human defilement.\*

Such was the moral state of the world at the period of which we write. Human nature had finished its fall because it could fall no lower into the abyss of corruption. It stood aghast, appalled, at its own depravity, and hence it cried out to the very inanimate objects surrounding it in pity to send it a Redeemer. It cried out in the words of Isaias: "Distill in dew ye heavens, and let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour."

We shall now glance at the external and political state of the world at that time, and we shall not find it less phenomenal than its moral state which we have just essayed to describe. Here it may be necessary to observe that there is no greater folly, no greater impiety, than to deny or ignore the divine agency in the affairs of men. Truth itself tells us that Providence permits not a hair to drop from the head without His permission, that He feeds the little birds, and guides their flight through the trackless air, and that He clothes the lilies of the field in greater beauty than ever Solomon was arrayed in. Is it not, therefore, folly to assert that He would abandon man, His master work, and allow him to be the sport of chance and fortuitous circumstances? No. Providence has not relinquished His dominion over human affairs, over individual man, or that organized aggregate of men which we call a nation. It is He who, in union with human energy, builds up nations and co-operates in their overthrow. It is He who built up the mighty pagan empires of antiquity, the glory of whose rise and the thundering crash of whose fall dazzle and terrify us in turn. He rules the lot of battles and disposes of the power of dynasties; His intervention in human affairs is constant—it is the rule and law. Nations are but puppets, mere

playthings in His hands, which He knows how to control and direct according to His eternal decrees without offering violence to human liberty. Hence, history has been well defined as a picture of the works of God in man, and of the works of man in the domain of his liberty. We shall now proceed to show how God guided the march of events and disposed of the destinies of nations in order to prepare the world for the advent of His incarnate truth and love. And here we shall not draw upon our imagination. We shall open the Book of Daniel, and shall see there unveiled the whole plan of God regarding the disposition of nations for that which is the center of the world's history, the coming of the Messiah.

We therein read (chap. 2nd), that Nabuchodonosor had a dream which on waking he could not recall to memory. Daniel interpreted the dream as follows: (chap. 2, v. 37.) "Thou art the king of kings, and the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, and strength, and power, and glory, and after thee shall arise up another kingdom inferior to thee of silver, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall rule over the whole world. And the fourth kingdom shall be as iron. As iron breaketh into pieces and subdueth all things, so shall that break and destroy all these. But in the days of those kingdoms the God of heaven shall set up another kingdom, that shall never be destroyed, and His kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand forever."

We have here a sacred map on which the hand of God points out to us the kingdoms which were to succeed each other, until they all make way for the kingdom of Christ—we see here the kingdom of Nabuchodonosor giving way to that of the Medes and Persians; this in its turn is swallowed up in the Empire of Alexander the Great, whilst the latter is succeeded by the Roman Empire, on whose ruins the kingdom of Christ is established forever. The execution of this divine plan bore so plainly stamped upon it the impress of the hand of God, that even pagan historians and philosophers, though ignorant of what it meant, were seized with astonishment, and proclaimed aloud that there was something

\*NOTE—For a description of the moral condition of the Roman world at that period, see St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, 1st Chapter. See also the Apocalypse xvii c.



truly divine in the wonderful formation of the great unity of the Roman world. Titus Livy wrote under the influence of this impression, for he begins his history of Rome by the reflection that the origin of the greatest empire the world ever saw could not but be the work of the fates, and the effect of the special protection of the gods. Cicero, the great Roman orator, was but the organ of this public sentiment, when he exclaimed, "What man so stupid as not to admit that there are gods, or when he does admit, does not also acknowledge, that it is to their particular protection our immense empire owes its origin, its growth and its preservation." "Submit to Rome," cried out Agrippa to the revolted Jews, "the gods are for her; without the aid of the gods could she have conquered the world, and caused so many warlike nations to pass beneath her yoke? Without their aid could she have governed the world, to conquer which it was but necessary to show the dazzling arms of her soldiers?" And Polybius, who wrote before either Livy or Cicero, was struck with the mysterious aspect of affairs, when he observed that "events were bringing the world to a certain unity." It was Catholic unity which was being prepared in the unity of the Roman world.

Men then wrote and felt as if under a divine influence, and as if breathing an atmosphere impregnated with the divinity. They felt that all those great events which were transpiring were controlled and directed by a supernatural power for some hidden and mysterious end. In fact, it is impossible not to recognize the hand of God in the greatness and glory of the eternal city and of the empire of which it was the capital. The lever of events raised up that city from the obscure, muddy village of Romulus to the mighty marble Rome of the Cæsars. The Roman legions marched to the conquest of the world—their eagles flapped their wings in triumph over the boundaries of the discovered earth—Rome sat enthroned on the seven hills, the queen of nations, the mistress of the world, but she handed over that seat of empire and of royalty to Christianity, which has sat enthroned on it ever since, and will until time shall be no more. "Those," says the infidel Gibbon, "who are curious to contemplate the revolutions of mankind, may observe that the

gardens and circus of Nero on the Vatican, which were once watered by the blood of the first Christians, have become far more renowned by the triumph of the persecuted religion. On that same spot Christian Pontiffs have erected a temple that far transcends the ancient monuments which formed the glory of the capitol. Deriving their pretensions to universal empire from an humble fisherman of Galilee, they have succeeded to the throne of the Cæsars, and after giving laws to the barbarian conquerors of Rome, have extended their spiritual jurisdiction from the shores of the frozen ocean to the banks of the Pacific."

Never was there a historic point of view so vast, so true, and so well authenticated. Daniel foretells it, Livy and Cicero bear it witness, Bossuet traces it out in his immortal discourses on universal history, and Gibbon confesses it. This point of view was that of the wisdom and mercy of God disposing events for the salvation of the world. Looking at the facts of history from this standpoint, we assist at a majestic scene where all the intrigues of policy are disentangled and seen through, where all the destinies of nations are knit together and explain each other, and where Cyrus and Alexander the Great, the Cæsars, Constantine and Charlemagne figure as the actors in a sublime drama, as the personages of a mighty plot which finds its *dénouement* in Christ and His Church. And why all this? Why were empires built up to be destroyed? Why were thrones raised and then shattered into fragments? Why was Rome helped on by Providence to crush dynastics—to trample down thrones—to sweep away in the tide of victory the barriers that had hitherto divided nations and peoples, and to absorb and swallow up all distinct nationalities in its own? Why was it divinely helped to bring the nations within its pale, to govern them by the same code of laws and instruct them in the same language—the Latin?

For the best and wisest of purposes: "The *Desired of Nations*" was to be the Saviour of the entire world and not of merely a part of it. His religion was to be universal. Now, in order that this might be the case—in order that His holy religion might extend itself rapidly over the earth—it was necessary to knock down all those

barriers and walls of separation that had hitherto divided the races of men—it was necessary that mankind should return to its primitive unity.

Since the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, the human race was cleft asunder and split up into distinct tribes whose respective languages threw a gulf of separation between them. In those days men of different nations rarely met, save on the battle-field. But, at the time marked out in the eternal decrees for the redemption of the world, it was fit that the human race should be established on the basis of its primitive unity, that it should once again *become one family* in order that all the members of that family might partake of the benefit of the redemption. This the Roman legions effected. The various peoples subdued by their brilliant victories lost their distinct nationalities. The human race had become one family in the Roman Empire, and had one common language—the Latin. The decree of the confusion of tongues was revoked; for, as before that decree, according to Genesis, chapter xi: “All the earth was of one tongue, and of the same speech,” so at the period of which we speak, according to Pliny, the naturalist (His Nat. iii. 5), “Rome had brought back to a common language the savage and discordant idioms of the human race.” The world, therefore, was so constituted that Christianity on its coming would find mankind as one great family speaking a common language. The Gospel could make rapid marches and quickly reach the various members of that family by means of the great military roads which had been opened from one end of the Empire to the other. The Apostles could preach the glad tidings to the children of men in one language. So that every eye could see and every ear hear the revelation of the word and of the glory of God.” Thus did God make use of Cyrus, of Alexander the Great, and of the Cæsars to carry into execution the prophecy of Isaias the prophet, (Cap. 40-v. 3, 4, 5,) “Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God, every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall become straight, and the rough ways plain, and the glory of God shall be revealed, and all flesh together shall see that ‘the mouth of the Lord hath spoken.’”

I fear, my dear readers, I have trespassed too much on your patience, and yet I have succeeded in giving but a very imperfect sketch of what I consider the principal means employed by Providence to prepare the world for the advent of the Messiah. We have in the first place seen how wonderfully God preserved the recollection of His primeval promise of a Redeemer, even amongst the nations which were buried in the night of the pagan darkness. The recollection of that promise burned as a star in their dark firmament and lured them on and bade them hope; it preserved them from despair, filled them with an ardent yearning after the Holy One that was to come to deliver them from their miseries and dispose them to receive Him and His saving doctrines with outstretched arms. The Jewish people—their rites, ceremonies and sacrifices, preached the coming Saviour, and kept the world in restless expectation of Him.

We have said, in the second place, that God suffered 4,000 years to lapse ere He sent the Redeemer, and this for a special purpose. During that long period fallen humanity would see that, unaided by heaven, it could do nothing towards its own regeneration, it would feel the acute pangs of its moral disease, and would, therefore, appreciate a heaven-sent remedy; it would grow appalled at the dark abyss of its degradation, and would, therefore, grasp with avidity at the succor held out to it by the Messiah. The bottom of this abyss it had reached, as we have seen, and from its depths besought “the heavens to distill in dew and the clouds to rain down the just One.”

In the third place, we have given a rapid glance at the material, or political state of the world, and have essayed to show how admirably and providentially Rome was prepared to be the site of the new kingdom which was to be established by the Messiah, a kingdom which was not to be transitory, like terrestrial kingdoms, but one that was to endure in perennial beauty and undying vigor for all time.

At this period a strange presentiment seized mankind; there was a hush of expectation over the whole earth. All the ancient traditions of a Redeemer, hitherto so scattered and confused, now acquired force and consistency and converged



to a common centre. They were like a thousand echoes of the one voice that was heard in Paradise filling the earth with strange sounds, like rivers flowing from far distant countries and meeting at last at their home in the ocean. From east to west mysterious whisperings of a great event traversed the world as invisible messengers and summoned it to witness some great prodigy. All peoples turned their eyes towards the east as the pole of their common expectations. The heart-sick, fallen world seemed at last to feel the descent of the divinity upon it. A Chinese Emperor, Ming-Ti, sent deputies towards India in order to adore the Holy One who was to come; crowds of Gentiles went to Jerusalem to see the Saviour of the world. The Jews, conscious of the near approach of the Messiah, and falsely believing that He would be a powerful temporal prince, engaged in a bloody contest against the colossal power of Rome, in order to win back their lost liberties, whilst Herod, conscious of the near approach of the birth of the new King who was to rule the world, and ignorant of the object of His mission, passed a decree of death against all male children born within the year within his jurisdiction. At this solemn period of the world's destinies a profound peace prevailed—the sword rusted in its scabbard—the war horse crunched his oats at leisure, or neighed in savage freedom along the pastures of his master—warriors reposed from the toil and tumult of war—the temple of Janus was closed at Rome.

In the words of Milton:

No war or battle sound  
Was heard the world around,  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by.

Amid this profound peace, the Prince of peace made His appearance in the world. He came not amid thunders and lightnings as on Mount Sinai. He came gently as the dew of heaven and in the helplessness of infancy. He came not in the splendor and pomp of a temporal prince. He first appeared to us in the swaddling clothes of a poor child and in the squalid poverty of a stable.

Though infinitely rich He became poor that He might give us a share in His infinite riches; though eternal, He was born in time, that He might give us a share in the eternity of His happiness. He but touched the earth and fountains of living waters sprang up and overflowed the world, cleansing and regenerating it, and changing it from a dreary desert into a blooming garden. At the approach of this sun of justice the dark clouds of ignorance were dissipated and man walked abroad in the dignity of a new manhood—redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled. On the ruins of the Roman world He established His kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His reign, which never shall end, till time shall be no more.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away.  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains,  
His realm forever lasts, our own Messiah reigns.

✠ JOHN WALSH,

*Archbishop of Toronto.*

## The Teacher and the Pupil.

(CONTINUED.)



*Second Paper—The Dramatic in Music.*  
WISH to bring to your attention the deep importance of the dramatic instinct in human life, and to consider for a moment its nature. We are too apt in speaking of dramatic ability in a person to consider it an adaptability for the stage, and from this association the word has lost the great wealth of its true meaning. Those who condemn the dramatic in man condemn all mankind and their work, for it is the one great force or director of force in man; all art, all literature and all history have grown out of it. But we have connected it with the theatrical, and why? Because the play is the nearest representative of life, and life is all dramatic; but it is a finer and more delicate task requiring a more cultivated and refined perception to deduce the dramatic elements from a Sonata of Beethoven or a Nocturn of Chopin, therefore, fewer are capable of doing it.

The dramatic instinct is one of the earliest delights of primitive man. Before he thinks of the necessaries of life, and before the possibility of

civilization has dawned upon him, he invents his dance, his musical instruments, and discovers the elements of design in figuring and disfiguring his own body. Many savage tribes have their plays and songs that do not know the use of clothes and houses. Among some peoples the reality of expression runs so strong that characters are really killed when the play or pantomime demands such. The instinct is the same the world over. The same plots and same expressions of this something in man that "must out." In civilized countries we find it in the earliest years of childhood, and mark here that the child possessing it in the greatest measure is the one for whom we predict the brightest and most successful future. The baby begins its play with making one thing represent another, for the purpose of expressing something. Sticks mean cows, and beans are money. The child will play he is a horse or a soldier and lose himself in his occupation. This is all the dramatic in the human soul seeking for expression. It is one of the greatest forces we meet in this world. All great men have been tremendously dramatic people: they lost themselves in the work they did—they "lost their life to find it"—if they wrote, the world saw the book but not the man, if they spoke as a Demosthenes, the populace saw thoughts and glowing pictures on the Athenian sky, and became as the things they saw, but the orator was lost sight of that his works might live. If the man could lose himself in his work, his mission, as completely as the child is lost in his representative amusement, what a force would go with him! If a child puts up a row of chairs and lectures to them, does he think of himself? Never, he thinks only of those chairs and what he wants them to know. Did Christ ever think of how He did things, of how He spoke? I think not, He lost Himself in the truth, and those who heard, marvelled at what came from His lips; the thought, the living words were not obscured by a personality. This power of losing ourselves in the truth of our subject is the great secret of presentation in art of all forms. We are always less than our ideals, and if we place ourselves in front of our thoughts, we obscure them. Through our thoughts we strive to give to others a glimpse of our ideals.

The dramatic instinct in man is that which induces him to give expression to truths and emotions which are moving him, and in such a manner as to cause similar truths and emotions to arise in the minds of his hearers. Is not this the aim of every day life—to cause others to think as we think? The person of dramatic powers does this. The greatest actors make the audience think as they think, and the orators of the world have led whole nations by their dramatic powers, for the dramatic increases in power in just that proportion that it approaches the expression of truth, until we have that orator who, in his simple and plain words "turned the world upside down." The orators of the world have been its most powerful kings, they have been and are few, and not all of them are upon the platform speaking to the multitudes. We meet such men in our daily walks—we converse with them, and their arguments without effort carry us along with them, we are pleased when we give up our own ideas and accept theirs, so freighted are they with truth and love. All that is applicable to the outside arts is applicable to music, which is the great dramatic song of humanity. Music is the earliest of the arts, finding its growth out of the rhythmic movements of the body and the cries and inflections of the voice acting under emotion. Nothing can grow without a meaning behind it, and if there was a meaning behind the growth of music, there is much which we can obtain from the perfected flower.

Like oratory, music is made up of words and sentences—thesis and antithesis. That interpreter of a master who plays all notes alike is to be compared to the orator who reads all words alike, possibly so mumbled that we catch but one in a sentence, and that an indefinite article.

The player or singer must tell the audience something. The striving to make your hearers understand you will bring a clearness and meaning into your playing. Sing as though you must make your listeners know what you mean. We have no right to give concerts to entertain and tickle our audience; they like to be amused, but they also like to be instructed, it is the meaningless performance of "words, words, words," that they find boresome; when you sing or read to them, make their minds act as well as your



larynx, make them understand you have something for them. How they will listen! Whatever you do with your audience, do not talk at them, hardly to them. Not only clothe them but also feed them. Every human soul is hungry, starving, but it does not know it is for teachers, for what is taught is only to the intellect, the soul feeds on religion, and what do I mean here? I mean knowledge of itself, knowledge of its fellow-beings, knowledge of the unknown world within and around.

But the works of art, and in art I include all forms wherein the soul stands out expressed, are not built for a day. Long after the tongue of a nation lies palsied, the art of her artists and the words of her prophets dwell in the souls of that nation, for the beautiful is the true. Beauty is not skin deep. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And what is joy? It is not pleasure, it is not a divergence of the mind from the daily realities of life. Joy comes from a calm in the soul that beholds truth. Joy does not dissipate the forces of man, pleasure does; pleasure comes from the attachment of the soul to its loves, joy finds its birth in renunciation, and its life in beneficence and magnanimity.

We gaze on beauty, and it is our own ideals that shed a lustre upon the adored object, we see our inmost self reflected, through beauty we have approached nearer to our true self, we are moved by it and forever more it glideth with us and we live it, and we are it. The good life is full of beauty. How the soul hungers for these three—Truth, Beauty and Goodness! They are the three that bear witness to true art.

Now in your music let every note be a beautiful word, think of this or that phrase, marked by a slur, and is there not in your mind some idea, is there not within you some feeling or emotion that associates itself with that musical idea? If there is, then play it as you would speak it. Make your hearers feel as you feel.

This is the mission of art—that those who stand nearer to God than others may give form to the truths they perceive, and through these expressions wield the human mind, turning it toward heaven and the beautiful.

All mankind worship beauty, and next they worship that truth which beauty represents, then

turning poets themselves, worship the truth first, and strive to give it new clothing as they behold it. Beauty leads the world in art, in literature and in life.

Get rid of yourselves. Stand for what you wish to present. Do not think whether you will attract applause, rather have one person see your thought and understand your motive than a whole hall full admire your skill.

Away with the personal self! Cultivate the dramatic in your work. Imagine yourself some one else, feeling all that *that* some one feels, thus live in the works of others. Be Hamlet, Cicero, Cæsar, Burns, and live their lives, then be Beethoven, Schumann or Chopin, feel as they felt and find that feeling in their works,—then make another feel and know these things that stir you. Now you are an artist. This is the dramatic in art.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

### The Autumnal Glory of Niagara.

"I know thy face—its shifting glooms and smiles—  
As cloud or sun, upon thy bosom lies,  
Thy wrathful guise, thy witching rainbow wiles,  
Can wake no more for me the sweet surprise.

"I know thy voice, its terror and its glee,  
Have in my ear so oft their changes rung,  
Nor forest winds, nor anthems of the sea,  
Speak to my soul with more familiar tongue.

"Yet, as the more of God the soul perceives,  
And nigher Him is drawn, it worships more—  
So in my heart thy matchless beauty leaves  
Constraint in thine His grandeur to adore."

SUMMER, like a beautiful dream, has glided by and left in its path happy memories, with, perhaps, a sad one here and there to chasten the effect, and Autumn's glory is now gilding tree and shrub with such a rapidly increasing brilliancy, that we, fortunate inmates of the Stone Mansion on the heights, gazing on the wealth of rich and indescribable beauty at our feet—the mighty Cataract dashing in billowy wrath over rocky precipice—the sunlit river—the foam-crested Rapids scattering sparkling diamonds in the air—the Sister Islands (the subject of our illustration) nestling in dream-like loveliness, as though unconscious of the tumult around—the huge, but gorgeously draped cliffs—the distant village with its thousand memories of old-time battles—in-



PROSPECT POINT, AMERICAN FALLS.



THREE SISTER ISLANDS AND RAPIDS.



INSPIRATION POINT, HORSESHOE FALLS.





stinctively feel for it an admiration which no pen can portray nor tongue describe.

Historians have written of Niagara, poets have sung of it, mankind has placed it among the wonders of creation—nay, called it “the greatest of natural wonders, a sublime apotheosis of Omnipotence, a glorification of the immeasurable power that nature possesses, in whose roar we distinguish the hallelujah chorus of centuries and peans of praise to the mightiness of the Deity,” but, above all, has the Almighty Author immortalized this favored spot by placing it as one of the most forcible illustrations of His power in the book of Nature.

If Niagara be in all seasons beautiful, as we who live on its banks and love its unique and unrivalled glories, so well know, it is in Autumn that it appears in the full splendor of its transcendent magnificence and entrancing glory—then it is, that its woods are resplendent with every shade and tint that can captivate the eye and charm the heart. In the midst of so much that is bewildering to the senses there is a singular fascination in the cool shades and sweet seclusion of the Sister Islands. No marvel that the tender notes of their tiny rivulets, siren-like, lured, many years ago, the “Hermit of the Falls,” Francis Abbot, whose love for the beautiful no other place could satisfy, and whose story is as romantic as the scenery which bears his name. The son of an English clergyman, he visited Niagara for the first time in the Summer of 1829. So deeply was he impressed by the sublimity of the Falls, that, unable to tear himself away, he took up his residence in an old house upon one of these Islands—his only companions being his books, a portfolio, a violin, a flute, and a guitar. Many were the conjectures regarding the comely and attractive young stranger whose quiet and studious bearing, together with the rare skill with which he performed upon these musical instruments, led many to suppose him to be an artist. Though music appeared to be his favorite pursuit, he was also skilled in the languages, sciences and the art of drawing. He wrote a great deal, but, strange to say, his compositions were written in Latin, and destroyed as soon as they were finished. He seldom had any intercourse with man, and this evidently not from a feeling of moroseness or misanthropy, but

rather influenced by a sentiment which made him love not mankind less but Nature more. The absorbing delight of his existence was to wander through unfrequented paths and watch the mighty Cataract from every point of view, as though communing with the spirits of the waters. A bold swimmer and passionately fond of bathing, he had hollowed out and arranged for himself a secluded bath between Moss and Iris Islands; here he never failed to bathe daily, even after the inclemency of the weather had rendered it imprudent for the most robust to enter the water; however, he escaped with impunity until one bright but chilly day in June, 1831, when having gone from his accustomed bathing place to a spot below the principal Fall, he floated into death on the beautiful bosom he loved too well. His body was found below the whirlpool, and tenderly borne to his desolate cottage where his faithful dog guarding the door, and the kitten which he had petted, watching by his pillow, awaited his return. In artistic confusion lay the books and the instruments that had beguiled the weary hours; the music his own bow had drawn, and the profound diapason of Nature’s mighty organ were the last sounds he had heard on earth.

As Niagara must remain forever unpainted and unsung so must the cause of this gifted being’s seclusion from the society of men be forever a secret.

Through the ages his enthusiastic admiration of Niagara will confer immortality on his name, and his tragic fate will touch a tender chord in the heart of every nature-loving tourist who may visit the Sister Islands. LORETTO BARRETT

The joys, the sorrows, and the trials of yesterday—all are past. We have filled another page in our life-book, and hasten on, perhaps, alas! only to blot the next with tears of regret for the deficiencies of its predecessor. But what we have written is unchangeable, “whether it be good or whether it be evil;” its effect will continue into eternity, and will determine our status in the future world. Then, while we still have this pen of life within our hold, should we not use it to record noble deeds, kindly words and thoughts, that our remaining yesterdays may be pleasant reading for the future?



# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

SUNDAY morning brings ever with it the glad expectation of a beautiful exposition of Gospel truth which, however often we have heard explained and expostulated upon, comes with a new revelation to us from the eloquent lips of our gifted Pastor, Rev. Father Kreidt, whose ready and beautiful ideas invest even those sacred words of Incarnate Truth with a new charm, or rather bring them home to our youthful hearts and intelligences in a sweet and attractive light which will not be easily effaced.

\*

THE happy auspices under which our scholastic year reopened have had a gladdening effect on the household. A visit from our benevolent and much-loved Archbishop, the magic of whose kindly smile and cheering words is at all times most potent, is ever a welcome event, but especially so at the commencement of those duties which, after a long and pleasant vacation, assume such a sombre aspect. We hope to be frequently cheered by the sunshine of his presence through the year, and when the sheaves of our industrious efforts have been gathered, to meet with the approving smile of our revered and beloved Shepherd and Guide.

\*

MR. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mount Vernon, New York, have been visiting their daughter Gertrude

who, with her characteristic amiability, made us partakers of her joy by requesting her mother, whose vocal powers are of a very high order, and display the most careful culture, to sing a few selections, notably, Jeanne d'Arc à Rouen (Bordese), Across the Sands (Millard), Kerry Dance (Molloy), which she did with a charm and artistic grace rarely to be found. As we go to press the echoes of that beautiful voice have scarcely died away, and we look forward with pleasure to the time when we may be again privileged to hear it.

\*

THE chill blasts of November have left but little trace of beauty in woodland, grove, or bower, the bright leaves have been ruthlessly swept from the parent stem, and decay has wholly claimed them as her own; but, though all seems desolate without, the flowers of Carmel bloom brightly in our Sanctum, exhaling a fragrance all their own and breathing a heavenly sweetness of pure love and tender filial devotion to Mary, our Mother and our Queen. Like the Alpine flower that blooms on the lonely mountain pass, and gladdens the traveler's heart, these ever meet our gaze and raise our hearts to the exile's true home and country, the haven of our rest and peace.

\*

AMONG the many distinguished visitors whose names we have the honor to record was Mgr. O'Bryen, a typical Roman Prelate, noble in bearing and gracious and condescending withal. Never were we more delightfully entertained than when listening to his interesting and amusing anecdotes and pungent witticisms. Invested with an intense interest in our eyes from the fact of his being a sojourner in the Eternal City and in frequent communication with our Holy Father, we were prepared to be somewhat awed by his presence, but his affability and peculiar charm of manner set us at once at our ease, and more delightful recreations we never enjoyed before. The hours had, indeed, the traditional golden appendages and all too swiftly winged their flight, as did our honored guest.

*A LIFE-WORK WELL DONE.*

From Loretto, Darjeeling, comes the announcement that after a life of earnest and fruitful labor in the service of her Divine Master, Venerable Mother Mary Stanislaus Hart has been called to receive "the hundred-fold" promised by Him who alone can reward so munificently. Never was a nobler heart or a more upright character than was possessed by her who so calmly expired at Darjeeling, in the seventy-first year of her age, and fifty-third from her entrance into the religious life, where her name is the synonym of pre-eminent womanhood and fervent piety. To her spirit of zeal and the gentle manner in which she exercised it, not less than to her great spirit of prayer, to which she had recourse when arguments and entreaties were unavailing, many a soul, now assured of eternal happiness, is indebted. Mother M. Stanislaus, on entering the religious life, abandoned much. Bright prospects in her regard, were not the result of a vivid imagination. Wealth, beauty, youth were hers, yet she reckoned them as naught and generously made the sacrifice of all to Him, whose infinite love for His miserable creatures had won her young heart. Mother M. Stanislaus was sister of Venerable Mother M. Delphina, Foundress of the Loretto Institute in India. The Houses of the Institute: Loretto House, Calcutta, the Convent at Entally, and the Houses in Hazaribagh and Darjeeling were the fields of her labors. For seventeen years she held the office of Superioress at Entally. Difficulties many and great had to be contended with during those long years, such as are inseparable from the infancy of an orphanage; yet did she ever preserve her characteristic patience and sweetness. Her natural delicacy of constitution did not prevent her from being an active member of the Institute; she was only relieved of the burden of superiority when her increasing weakness called for it, two years ago.

*Requiescat in Pace!* Her work is done—another life, full of love, floats like a sweet melody in our remembrance, May we hope that her reward is exceeding great!

*AN HONORED GUEST.*

The bright Autumnal beauty of our superb surroundings has lured many an art-loving nature to linger in its favored haunts, endeavoring to depict the glories which an artistic sense could not resist. To this pleasing circumstance we are indebted for the visit of a distinguished member of one of the noblest and most illustrious of old England's families—Lady Howard of Glossop—whose charming personality and courteous affability are the clearest index of her gentle birth.

As her Ladyship passed through the spacious corridors and visited the various departments, she was fain to express her admiration of the scenes of surpassing loveliness which everywhere met her gaze, but when the cupola, which commands the most extensive view of our surroundings, was reached, her enthusiasm knew no bounds, for here one may indulge to the full one's zest for all that can please the eye or elevate and charm the mind in Nature. The Islands reposing in tranquil security in the midst of the surging waters, the glorious tints of their Autumnal robes making a lovely contrast with the snowy foam of the crested breakers—the wealth of green and yellow and crimson foliage clothing the rugged cliffs and deep gorges—the canopy of "silver-fringed cloudlets"—all these combine to form a picture of such unutterable beauty as is rarely seen. We may find a charm in the scenery of other lands, but here we stand in mute amaze at Nature's prodigality. It is as if we have reached the high altar of the Great Temple and must needs acknowledge and adore.

Before leaving, her Ladyship visited the study hall where expectant glances of school-girl curiosity to view the fair claimant of illustrious pedigree met her on all sides, but the gentle simplicity of high-born grace soon dispelled all thought of a greatness which obtrudes itself; and an informal entertainment was given by the rendition of an impromptu welcome chorus and selections from Gounod.

The pleasant event was enhanced by the gorgeous hues of a singularly beautiful sunset,



streaming through the windows with ruddy glow till one would have thought the massive building was enveloped in lurid flames—Nature's illumination, we said, in her Ladyship's honor.

It is gratifying to chronicle a visit like this when a noble title is crowned by that which alone is worthy of the name—nobility of soul—strength to withstand—Christian virtue. This is the proud title which we glory in for our honored guest.

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*"WATCH AND WAIT."*

Waiting for the mail! Hour of expectancy sacred to the memory of heartaches and disappointments! Painters, I believe, have done ample justice to this subject, but art has yet to score a triumph in depicting the scenes and emotions witnessed daily in our midst at two P. M. Should the "white-winged messengers" loiter on the way (a not unusual occurrence), should their course be impeded by obstacles which must forever remain a secret except to those who occupy the "seat of wisdom," or worse still, should they fail altogether to put in an appearance, the anguished "dupes of fickle fortune" seem to find a vindictive pleasure, incomprehensible to folk of ordinary common sense, in proclaiming very evident truths, uttering rash protests, and apostrophizing the Fates; while the uninterested lookers-on enjoy the ludicrous side of the question and have a half-latent conviction that "storms," if they are injurious, "clear the air."

Fearful lest our sympathy should prove inopportune, and oblivious of the fact that "misery likes company," we leave the disappointed and turn our attention to the bright faces of the glad recipients who are eagerly perusing loving messages from "the dearest spot on earth," but even here a shadow falls, a hope is unrealized—a promise unfulfilled, something wanting to the completion of joy. Faint foreshadowing of life of which we, even on its threshold, catch a glimpse! Let us then take to heart the moral of these apparently trifling daily events, remembering that "many blessings come through the doorway of early disappointment," that the happiest

heart feels or has felt its pang, and learned thereby to "hold all earthly things with loosened grasp."

May we read "at night" the unfolded records of memory's scroll without a shade of disappointment

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*MANDOLIN QUINTETTE.*

The troubadours of old sang sweet songs to the music of the Mandolin, and the troubadours of the present day—the "Loretto Mandolin Quintette" think sweet (?) thoughts to the same accompaniment, as they practise hours monthly and flatten their aristocratic finger tips.

This "Mandolin Quintette" has hitherto been content to "hide its light under a bushel," but is now ready to burst forth with a tremendous boom upon the world of music. It consists of the following highly gifted young ladies, Sada Kinnally, Lois Wright, Henrietta Woodward, Belle Ward and Nellie Hogan. Anyone who is acquainted with these will willingly testify as to their ability to go forth into the world as finished Mandolinists. But the present age, we find, is sadly wanting in appreciation of the Mandolin; the violin, guitar, and even that instrument of torture—the banjo—are put before it, which accounts for the existence of the "Mandolin Quintette" and its laudable desire to reform the world of stringed instruments. Could there be a grander mission? The world will brighten its aspect at sight of these fair maidens strolling forth, each with her Mandolin, and discoursing sweet music as though in harmony with the sound of angel voices calling from the celestial spheres.

But we must be encouraged. Genius must be fed! Therefore, close not your eyes nor lend a deaf ear when we make our début in solos and duets. In future we will furnish orchestral music at all the concerts and festivals of Loretto, at any price, if our feelings are taken into consideration and sufficient applause given.

We wish to inform the public that a flattering invitation has been extended to us by one of the high dignitaries of the Church to go to Rome and perform in the Vatican before the Holy Father and the assembled Prelates.

If we conclude to accept, we will afterwards travel throughout the Continent, giving concerts before the crowned heads and other heads—less uneasy, perhaps, for being crownless.

### True Heroism.

**W**HEN Father Damien, who devoted his life to the service of the Leper colony, on lone Molakai, died a martyr of charity, people of all nations and creeds joined in praise of the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which led him to choose such a life, and sustained him through its desolation and all its indescribable horrors. Many were surprised to find that human nature was capable of enduring all that he must have endured while comforting, consoling, instructing and nursing those whose bodies, while yet living, were putrid and hideous as any that have lain for months in the charnel house. But this feeling was not shared by Catholics. They know that no Catholic priest worthy of his vocation ever is deterred by the horrors of pestilence or the terrors of the battlefield, from the discharge of his duty, and that thousands of Catholic religious, whose names will never be known, work day and night in the hospital and pest-house, discharging for the love of God and of their fellow-creatures duties as dangerous and disgusting as those in which the martyr of Molakai spent so many years.

About fifty years ago a strange disease appeared in that part of the Province of New Brunswick, known as Miramichi. Tradition says that it appeared first in a Scotch family and that all the members of the family died of it. The skin became mottled with chocolate-colored spots and the surface was for the greater part covered with fine scales of a somewhat silvery whiteness which in some cases may be brushed off. The afflicted suffered frequent attacks of high fever accompanied by intense pain in the joints, and during these attacks the disease made marked progress. Where the skin was of a chocolate color, skin and flesh became insensible to pain from external causes, so that the puncture of a needle or the application of fire was not felt. In the process of time sores appeared on the joints of the extremities. These caused little pain and when the fingers and toes fell off, the loss was not always perceived at once by the sufferers. Frequently, the eyes were destroyed and the nose entirely eaten away and in such cases the appearance of the afflicted was shocking beyond description. The throat also was fre-

quently attacked. In most cases the features were swollen and hideously distorted, and it was peculiarly painful to see children of ten or twelve years whose features bore all the semblance of extreme old age. The progress of the disease was in some cases slow, in others very rapid.

A commission of physicians, appointed by the Provincial Government, after careful examination, reported that this was the true oriental leprosy. They failed, as every enquiry since made has failed, to discover how it originated. At one time it was generally believed that a vessel from the Levant was wrecked somewhere on the coast at the close of the season, and that the disease was communicated by some of the sailors of that vessel to the families with which they spent the winter; but enquiries, made by M. Taché for the Dominion Government, proved that this story had no foundation; in fact, it was sometimes suggested that there must be something in the character of the soil or climate or in the condition of the people, their food and manner of living, to account for this dreadful visitation. Those who favored such theories alleged that the people among whom the disease exists are descendants of French and Indians, are very poor and live on unwholesome food, especially ill-cured fish. The evidence of many, who were full-grown men at the time, showed that the disease first made its appearance in districts in which a large portion of the population was English or Scotch. It was also said that some of the first cases appeared in a Scotch family; and, since it has been confined to what may be called the Tracadie district, it has occurred only amongst a few families whose mode of life and general circumstances differ in no other respect from those of the other people of the district. The food of the people is abundant and wholesome, consisting largely of bread made of flour, imported from the Upper Provinces, and although the land along the New Brunswick coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is nowhere high, it is high enough here as elsewhere for purposes of drainage, and there are none of those dismal miasmatic swamps in which some imagine that this disease must have been bred. There is absolutely no means of accounting for its existence.

The Government and Legislature acted imme-



diately on the report of the Commission. It was assumed that leprosy must be contagious and a law was made authorizing the appointment of a commission clothed with power to seize and imprison in a Lazaretto, which they were to erect for the purpose, all in whom any symptoms of the dread disease could be discovered and to cut them off from all communications with the world. It was supposed that by these means the disease could soon be stamped out, and for many years the law was rigidly and vigorously enforced. The first Lazaretto was built on Sheldrake Island in Miramichi Bay. Some two or three persons were found who were willing for pay to live near the Lazaretto, to render some services about the establishment, and to manage the supplies; but no one imagined that anything was done by these persons for the relief or comfort of the Lepers who, it was said, were left almost entirely to care for themselves as best they could, or that the few and hurried visits of the physician supposed to be in charge served to alleviate their sufferings in the slightest degree. No one else was permitted to approach the Island except those who from time to time conveyed to it the lepers torn from their houses by due process of law. When the Rev. Father Sweeney, the Catholic priest of the district (now the Bishop of St. John, N. B.), applied to the Court of Quarter Sessions, the body having authority in the case, for permission to carry the consolations of religion to the lepers, he was told that if he dared to land on the Island, he would be detained there, as his return to the main-land would spread the contagion. It need not be said that the devoted priest, who feared not the dreadful disease, was not deterred by that threat from the discharge of his duty. Whilst he remained on that Mission he visited the Lazaretto regularly, though he must have believed that whenever he heard the confession of a leper, or administered the last Sacraments, he ran a serious risk of himself becoming a leper.

After some years it was found that the disease was confined to the Tracadie district, and when the Lazaretto on Sheldrake Island was burned down, the authorities resolved to place a new building on the main-land in that district. The idea that the disease would soon be stamped out still prevailed, and this building though sufficient

for temporary use was little more than a large barn. The fear that the disease may be spread by contagion must have been in a great measure allayed by this time, as a chaplain was appointed; but, nevertheless, a fence some twelve or fourteen feet high was put up close to the Lazaretto, and at some distance was placed a small building in which the food was cooked. This was conveyed to the lepers in such a way as to prevent all danger of contact, and such provision was made for washing that the attendants never touched the clothes. Indeed, very little washing was done except what was done by such of the female lepers as were not wholly helpless, and the attendance was, in all respects, wretched in the extreme. Sometimes a physician was employed, but when he did visit the Lazaretto, he rendered little service.

Things went on in this way for some years. The number of inmates seldom exceeded twenty-five and was seldom less than from eighteen to twenty. As the confinement was somewhat relaxed, the horror of being inured in what was even then a living charnel house, was not so great; but on the other hand, the efforts to search out and capture the afflicted were less vigorous.

Visitors were now allowed to see the interior of the place and to converse with the lepers, but as may be easily understood, few availed themselves of this privilege. One who visited it in 1867 says:

“Passing through the gate in the high fence over which the roof of the building was scarcely visible, I crossed a narrow yard in which were several pools of filthy water covered with green slime and emitting a very perceptible stench. As I stood at the door of the wretched building, the fetid odor from the crowded, filthy room on which it opened was overpowering, and the scene presented was positively appalling. At one side lay in a shabby little shell the body of a man who had died a few hours before. On a miserable bed close by lay a man who, I was told, could not live many hours. Near him lay another whose nose and great part of whose face had been eaten away so that he presented a most shocking appearance, and who yet would talk in the thin high falsetto in which, I was told, many spoke for some time before their death. This

poor man thanked and blessed God for his goodness with much fervor and declared with unmistakable earnestness his resignation to the Divine will. Many had lost some of their fingers, and suffered from other sores. A few, in whom the disease had not made such progress, seemed out of place amongst the rest. Three or four boys, the oldest of whom was not more than twelve years of age, looked like hideous dwarfs of eighty, so strangely swollen were their features. But to me the most painful of all these sights was that of a handsome little boy who lay writhing in the fever which racked his whole body. His features, which were remarkably regular, were rendered beautiful by the heightened color of his face and the expansion of the pupils of his large black eyes, caused by his illness. But he must become like those other boys in a little time and then reach the condition of those for whom putrefaction came before the grave.

"The beds were in most cases filthy beyond description. The matter which oozed from the sores of those in the advanced stages of the disease accumulated about them and generated myriads of maggots. Sores were in all cases covered with layer upon layer of rags so saturated with matter that it showed through the outer coverings. It is impossible to give any idea of the dreadful nauseating, overpowering stench which proceeded from this accumulation of putridity and filth. The condition of things in the women's part of the building was quite as bad.

"The daily visit of the chaplain was the only gleam of sunshine that ever illuminated this dismal abode. To teach resignation under circumstances so calculated to induce despair, must be extremely difficult; but Father Gauvreau brought to the task an infinite tenderness and sympathy which at once won those whom he approached, and a tact that enabled him to employ effectively the arguments and influences which suited the state of mind and habits of thought of the sufferers. His gentle, joyous manner seemed contagious, and while he was with them the lepers appeared to forget that their misery was so great and so hopeless."

Such was the state of the Lazaretto and such the condition of its inmates, when in 1867 the

nuns of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal were invited to take charge. They accepted the invitation willingly, almost eagerly. They knew all that they must undergo and endure in that lonely, dreary spot. They had had experience enough to give them some idea of what the care of those lepers and the constant dressing of their sores and attendance on their wants must mean. And although experience had shown that the disease was not as contagious as it was for a time supposed to be, yet the general impression was that anyone who washed and dressed the lepers' sores, as the nuns intended to do, and was constantly engaged in attendance upon them, must contract the disease.

The Provincial Government, which still had charge of the Lazaretto, became parties to the arrangement and gave a sum of money sufficient to build for the dwelling of the nuns what was really but a small extension of the hospital, in which they must constantly breathe air, laden with the exhalations of the lepers.

These considerations had no weight with the nuns. As gladly as Father Damien went to the terrors and the abominations of Molakai, did these religious women go to the abominations of Tracadie and to terrors which to them could scarcely seem less. The motive, the purpose and the sustaining power were the same in both cases.

These nuns, having had much experience, were as wise and discreet as they were pious and zealous. The high fence which for years had served only to shut out the Sun's light and the pure breezes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence was torn down. The pools around the building in which water had so long lain stagnant were filled up. The wooden bedsteads and the bedding, which had become a mass of filth and vermin, were burnt. The interior of the building was cleansed and purified as much as possible and was renovated to some extent. Iron bedsteads and new bedding were provided. From the lepers themselves were removed their polluted clothes and bandages. For the first time in years their persons were thoroughly cleansed. For the first time in their lives their sores were tenderly and skilfully dressed by loving hands. The Lazaretto, though still lacking much that was



necessary in such an institution, no longer repelled visitors by foul smells. It is impossible where so many of the inmates are covered with putrid sores to keep the air perfectly sweet, but—especially in summer time—a stranger may now pass through the building without suspecting that the inmates are lepers. With their improved physical condition the gloom which had so long enshrouded the minds of the lepers was in a great measure dispelled. They did not brood over their miseries as when they appeared to be abandoned by the world. They became almost cheerful, capable of joining earnestly in the daily devotions and of enjoying the amusements which the nuns took care to provide for them. How great a change has been wrought, only those who saw the Lazaretto before the nuns took charge of it, can imagine. Only charity—earnest, self-sacrificing charity, the essence of religion, the perfect fruit of divine grace—could work such a change.

The nuns hoped at first that by proper medical treatment and constant care some of those in whom the disease had not made much progress could be healed, and at one time they felt quite certain that at least one cure had been effected; but in this they found themselves mistaken. The number of the inmates of the Lazaretto grew small for some years, and it was hoped that the disease would soon disappear altogether. But this hope also proved groundless.

For several years the Provincial government, whose means were scarcely sufficient to meet their ordinary wants, were left to provide for the maintenance of the Lazaretto. But in 1878, Mr. McKenzie's government were induced to grant a small sum to the nuns to provide such comforts for the lepers as they may think desirable, and this prepared the way for the assumption of the entire charge of the institution by the government of Sir John A. MacDonald a few years after. It was hoped that this would soon be followed by the erection of a proper hospital with all the appliances necessary for the treatment of the disease. Such a building—delayed for reasons which cannot be easily explained—has at length been commenced, and we may expect soon to see the nuns placed in a position in which they can do more to alleviate the suffer-

ings of those committed to their charge, and in which they will themselves be relieved from the discomforts and annoyances which they have for so many years borne so patiently.

Meantime they work on constantly, cheerfully, without thought of what the world may say of them, their very names unknown, seeking only to serve and please God and to do their duty.

HON. T. ANGLIN.

### Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen of James II. of England.



FLOOD of tears surged through my heart as I read in a number of the NIAGARA RAINBOW the copy of a letter from Mary Beatrice of Modena to the Holy Father, Pope Clement XI., commending to his favor the "Ladies commonly called of Mary," and now widely known as the Ladies of Loretto.

I shall henceforth, if possible, hold in greater reverence their sacred habit, knowing that the Foundresses of their Institute were the protégées of that sorrow-tried, saintly queen.

It is several years since I read her life; but in Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," no character captivated my lasting interest and affections as that of Mary Beatrice of Este or Modena. When James II. or rather James, Duke of York—for he was not yet king—married her in 1673, and brought her to England, away from her sunny Italy, she was only fifteen. He told his daughters, Mary and Anne, that he had "brought them a playmate." The little Princess of Modena became not only their loving companion, but their thoughtful, good little mother. After Mary, the eldest daughter, married the Prince of Orange and left England, the letters written her by her playmate-mother were addressed "My dear Orange," and those in return were addressed "My dear Lemon." Alas! that the orange so soon lost its savor, and became rotten to the core; but the lemon took up the wasted sweetness, and preserved all its virtues to the last.

When, in 1688, his unfilial daughters, Mary and Anne, rose against James II., and Mary, with her husband, usurped the crown of England, none felt for him so keenly as Mary Beatrice. Her heart, not her pride of rank, was stricken. No

reproaches escaped her lips; she grieved silently, as their own mother might have done. Louis XIV. having offered an asylum to King James and those who followed him into exile, the queen fled to France and remained there with her children, James and Louise, even after her husband's death in 1701, in order to share and to sympathize with his faithful adherents.

The French court and the British colony were at St. Germain's; and it was from there the Queen wrote her letter in behalf of the "Ladies commonly called of Mary" whose virtuous and sequestered life had edified her for many years in England. Her own life at St. Germain's was most exemplary. After the king's death, she and her daughter, Louise, took up their abode in a convent. One of the nuns, who was their intimate attendant, kept a journal, which is still in good preservation, and gives us a daily chronicle of the sayings and doings of Mary Beatrice.

To live on the bounty of any one is galling. Louis was generous, but he was engrossed in the affairs of his kingdom. The British colony that had left their homes, hopes and country, never to return, were often reduced to positive want through the non-receival of promised moneys. The poor Queen took upon herself the burden of their woes, and only the kind-hearted religious knew what she suffered. She told her that she grieved more especially for her faithful Irish; we all know the reason. Had James II. fought for himself as *they* fought for him, his dominions had never been lost.

The chronicle informs us that Queen Mary Beatrice, when need became desperate, would quietly visit the King's palace, in order to personally acquaint Louis with the wants of her people: again and again would her heart fail her. Ah, how hard it was to be reduced to beggary! She would return to the convent and tell her nun-friend of her kindly reception at the palace, of the *fauteuils* placed for her and the King by Madame de Maintenon, how cordial was the former and sympathetic the latter, and how easy it was to speak of everything but her errand.

Our religious chronicler states that a tranquil amiability was peculiar to the Queen, and she never saw her outwardly disturbed except once, and that was when her daughter, Louise, draw-

ing her soup plate towards her at the dinner table, spilled the soup on the cloth.

Mary Beatrice made it her rule of life and that of her children that no uncharitable word should pass the lips; when she could not speak well of others, she mentioned their names not at all. How often the names of Mary and Anne must have died upon her lips! Her heart was, indeed, a fountain of charity, and her self-sacrifice extreme. Let us look at the situation through the eyes of one of her upright English subjects. When upon Mary's usurpation of her father's crown she solicited the blessing of Sancroft, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, what was his answer? "Madam, gain first the blessing of your royal father!" Although deprived, he nobly refused to take the oath of allegiance.

Very admirable was the Queen's devotion to the King during his life, and her reverence for his memory after his death.

I shall quote from the journal one instance of the heroic poverty embraced by Queen Mary Beatrice.

Her daughter, the Princess Louise, cast longing eyes upon a certain red satin or velvet petticoat, then very fashionable with the young ladies of the court. The purchase of it was deemed an impossibility; so the little Princess was comforted by the promise from her brother, James, that she should have the petticoat when he became king. Alas! his hopes were never realized; and the little Louise did not live to wear the raiment of an earthly court!

I cannot think of Mary Beatrice of Modena but as a saint; and I picture her now praying in high Heaven for the religious of Mary's Institute. As surely as she, militant and suffering, remembered them before His vicar on earth, just as surely does she, triumphant in Heaven, solicit Christ Himself in their behalf.

IDRIS.

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Just as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.

To love something more than one's self—that is the secret of all that is great; to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls.



## Special Correspondence

### Foreign.

#### ISLE OF MAN.

DEAR RAINBOW :

I hardly know how to defend my long neglect of your request for something literary, but I sincerely trust my belated "Echoes of Manxland" may be in time for your next appearance.

The Isle of Man presents to the American fancy a quaint and unfrequented and almost inaccessible aspect. I cannot account for this; but I know it to be true. When Hall Caine's novels broke on our literary horizon a few winters ago, we hailed them as word pictures of a country as obscure and interesting as the moon; and yet Douglas, the great Manx port, is not a hundred miles from either Dublin or Liverpool, and Peel, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "*Peperil of the Peak*," and the old seat of the Derbys, is but sixty-five miles from Belfast. On a clear day, from the high ground about Peel Castle (the guide said (!)), you can see the coasts of England, Ireland and Scotland, so this ought to distinguish the Island for a most neighborly accessibility.

I know from personal experience, what a risky thing it is to visit places on the recommendations of other people. So many things that are quite extraneous to the journey and the spot, can make or mar the pleasure of an excursion, that it is always of the first importance to allow margin for contingencies when you are giving or taking accounts of them. We started from the North Wall, Dublin, by the steamer *Mona's Isle*, for a little trip to Manxland on the sole information that it was a "dull hole, full of English factory hands and Yankee tourists." You see we were not easily discouraged. We congratulated ourselves, at all events, that the weather was perfect, and five or six hours on the Irish Sea, when you are comfortably ensconced in an easy deck-chair, and have plenty of warm wraps and nice congenial company, are not enough to dismay the worst sailor in the world. Leaving Dublin at 5:30 P. M. we had ample daylight to be able to take in every feature its busy quays present; from the excited jarvey in the distance,

who is almost late for the boat, and is rattling the bones of his unhappy human cargo over the stones of the interminable quay, to the black-thorn vendor on the steamer's gangway, importuning the passengers with such persistence that that they would fain buy his wares if only to try their virtue on himself! Out of all the confused images, however, the one that clings is the one that most contrasts with the thrift and cleanliness and prosperity of the other island. The more one travels in the neighboring countries, the more one wonders that there is any Ireland left at all. Every other land that is wholly or partially civilized, gives so much encouragement to the down-trodden race to go to it and be happy! The grand old head of Howth runs a long way out to sea, with Ireland's departing guests; its outline, merging into the gray clouds at last, gave us the impression that it was still visible when night fell, and we were far from any shore. We had tea on deck, brought to us by a deft little steward hardly in his teens; then we sat close together, under cover, with our feet well off the damp ground, and "just enjoyed" the swift, cool; bracing ride over the world's oldest thoroughfare—the strong wholesome smell of the brine, the floating mysteries far off in the distance that winked at us, and the speculation that even the least fanciful *will* make, in the midst of a large assortment of strange men and women. It would relieve much of the monotony of travel, no doubt, if each of us only knew what the rest are wondering and concluding about us. Because, just as surely as you think the lady opposite with the fresh pretty clothes and attentive escort is a bride, and the couple to the left are the parents of their younger companions, and the sleepy, wrongish-looking man to the right must be the lonely-looking girl's brother, they are thinking their own thoughts about you, and wondering what possible relation there is between you, and the man or child of *your* party, and where you came from, and whether you are rich and happy and "nice," in your own local habitation. One of the first pleasant discoveries we made was, that we were much nearer Douglas at half-past ten than we thought we were. We had had greetings from the great revolving lights that mark the coast and shine far out at sea, but the

spangled harbor and the broad, busy quays of the port, broke on us all at once. Hall Caine says "Douglas at night, is one of the sights of the world," and, indeed, there is not much exaggeration in the loyal boast. The town sweeps round the bay in a crescent, and all the houses fronting the sea are stately and uniform and cheerful. They are terraces of cut stone and are all hotels or boarding houses, and are full of light, and life, and mirth. No description can improve on Mr. Hall Caine's. "The fine bay with its cliffs lined and surmounted by gigantic glass houses, concert halls and dancing palaces, makes at night a scene of wonderful splendor. The steps of the terraces are thronged with people—every open window has its dark heads with the light behind; pianos are being played in the houses, harps are being played in the streets; tinkling train cars, like toast-racks, are sweeping the curve of the bay; there is a steady flow of people on the pavement, and from water's edge to cliff top—the town flashes and fizzles and sparkles and blazes under its thousand lights with the splendor of a forest fire." This is a word-photograph of the Douglas that bewildered and delighted us when we went ashore. But we looked in vain for Manx features—of course the Three Legs are on everything, and the names of the hotels and boats recall whatever one has read and remembers of Mona's Isle—but for the rest, Douglas is only a beautiful cosmopolitan little Babylon, the pleasure-ground of the English and Scotch manufacturers and their "hands." Back of the gay and elegant esplanade are the narrow old streets, crooked but clean, and the less showy shops, every other one of which is redolent of the savory Manx kipper.

The real Manx country is everywhere else almost in the Island—except Douglas—Peel, Port Erin, Ramsay, Castletown and many smaller places are easily reached by rail, for the whole Island is only thirty by eighteen miles, I believe. If you are anxious to get rid of superfluous money, you may *drive* about, but if you are not bent on it, you do well to content yourself with the iron horse. The Island is said to have lost most of its primitive and characteristic features, and it is no small wonder, with such an influx every year of the most commonplace types of

humanity. In the quieter districts, a quaint, queer standard is, however, noticeable. There is a neighborliness in the narrow streets and near houses which makes one feel as if the wives and sweethearts of the fishermen wanted to be close together when the wild storms at sea will not let them sleep with fear.

Peel is quite the most interesting of all the Manx towns. It is the headquarters of the fishing industry and is set off by the old castle, which, of course, is full of historic and literary associations. Readers of *Peeveril of the Peak*, know the story of Fenella and her escape from the tower, and Mr. Hall Caine's charmed readers look with intense interest into the dark prison where Dan Mylrea was confined for the murder of Ewan. Generally speaking, the country is, however, not replete with interest. Except for the glens which are numerous and lovely, the scenery inland is bleak, and after Ireland, almost ugly. There are no trees, and the color of the grass, beside Erin's, is a sickly brownish green. The coast is bold and grand, however. The walk from Port Erin round the neck of the sound to Port St. Mary is one uninterrupted stretch of awful beauty. Along the coast west of Port Erin too, by Bradda Head, and over the Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa(!) mountain, it is the same. There are suggestions here of wrecks and perils of every sort, that give the reefs and beetling rocks and the safe quiet bay an air of mystery and a nameless fascination. At Douglas there is a splendid Catholic church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the *Maris Stella* of all nations. The services are conducted with exquisite taste and care, and it was our good fortune to attend a mass at which the far-famed and far-loved Mgr. Nugent, the greatest living apostle of charity, preached a forcible and scholarly sermon. He surprised us by saying, in his appeal on behalf of the schools, that the priests of Douglas, who are only two in number, minister to the Catholics of Peel and Castletown as well. This means an amount of work and hardship, on Sundays especially when the distance must be covered fasting, which excites equal admiration and pity. There was certainly nothing in the pious and respectfully leisurely way in which the 11 o'clock mass was sung, however, to suggest that the celebrant had travelled twenty miles or



more that morning, while we, taking advantage of his delay, were enjoying our extra hour's sleep. Catholics visiting Douglas have every reason to be proud of their religion and its ministers as they are represented there, and it would only be what the sacrifices and labors of these good priests well deserve, if they reaped a teeming spiritual and financial harvest among the tourists, for the benefit of the church in general, and of the little Manx mission in particular.

A few things struck us as indicative of unusual thrift and respectability—or unusual good government. During our stay of nearly five days on the Island, we never saw a *beggar*. No one annoyed us in any way, we saw no trouble of any sort, even in the thronged streets of Douglas, we got no uncivil answers from anyone, were most comfortably and reasonably entertained at one of the best hotels, and had to *ask* for the servants before our departure, to bestow the customary *douceurs*. We made the return voyage in the morning, and it was shorter by nearly an hour. The weather was glorious and as the air of the Island is notoriously stimulating, we were in uncommonly good spirits for travellers who had been routed at six o'clock and had breakfasted in a hurry. Many of the English and Scotch visitors taking advantage of the sunshine, came over to Dublin for the day in our steamer. One of them expressed the wonderful hope as we neared the metropolis, that they "would see some of the *genooine* natives." He was saying it into the ear of one and did not know it—that is about the extent of England's acquaintance in general with her Irish subjects! When we reached the quay, the poor *genooine* natives did not wait to be gazed at, but dived at us from every side with their hungry importunities. They were glad to get the bulging bags of English plebcians to drag for a few pence, while these strolled behind and studied their raggedness with an amused bewilderment.

When we reached Dublin the weather was still fine, but an hour after, the rain came down in torrents and culminated in the worst thunderstorm of the season. Needless to say, we tendered the barometer our most grateful compliments then, for though "A Storm at Sea" is an

excellent subject for a class composition or a prize-chromo, it in no way enhances a pleasure excursion to or from Mona's Isle!

K. MADELEINE BARRY.

**Memoranda of Travels in Spain, Italy, France and Germany, by J. F. Doerr, Architect, Chicago, Ill.**

DEAR RAINBOW:

SEVILLA, SPAIN.

The best view of Granada is had from the tower on the west side of the Alhambra. There you see the new city below with its gardens and trees clothed in a dark green foliage, further west fertile plains well cultivated, and to the south, at the confluence of the rivers Darro and Jenil, the gigantic mountain chains of the snow-covered Sierra Nevada.

The view is magnificent; the contrast of life and springtime in the valley, and desolation and winter on the mountains, makes a picture, the contemplation of which will ever be fascinating to the tourist.

We leave Granada at 6.15 in the morning and arrive at 4.15 in the afternoon at Sevilla, where we stop at the hotel de Madrid. Our first visit is to the celebrated Cathedral, a structure in the Gothic style, of immense proportions and of rare beauty. On one side of this church is a square tower, the upper gallery of which is 100 metres, some 328 feet above the street level. This tower is of such large proportions that it needs no steps to reach the top, but instead you go up on an incline, and by making the circumference of the tower thirty-four times, you arrive on a large platform surrounded by a high, massive stone railing.

From here you get a splendid view of the city below, the streets are irregular, well paved and clean, here and there rises a church tower above the peaked roofs, covered with red Spanish tile, and further west you can see the winding river Guadalquivir lined with vessels and steamers of all kinds, to take the products of Spain in exchange for the merchandise of foreign countries across the Mediterranean or the Atlantic Ocean.

The chief relic of Moorish art in Seville is, undoubtedly, the Alcazar, a palace of great architectural beauty and full of interesting works of art. This palace was once surrounded by high

walls and towers, of which latter the Torre del Oro is the only remaining witness in a tolerably fair state of preservation.

In Seville we saw one of the largest, if not the very largest, cigar and cigarette factory of the world; a building nearly 700 feet long, over 500 feet wide, and four stories high, which gives employment to from five to six thousand girls and women from fourteen to fifty years old.

A good many of the married women have their children with them, and find no difficulty in rocking the cradle with their feet while rolling cigars or cigarettes; youngsters from two to four years old play on the floor, while their mothers work hard to earn a few pesetas. This factory is of great benefit to the city, it gives employment to a good many girls that would otherwise be idle, and helps older ones to earn enough to support their families. The wages earned here are from forty to fifty pesetas a month, or from seven to fifteen dollars.

From Seville to Jerez de la Frontera, a great wine producing country, is only a few hours' ride on the railroad. Here we found an old friend, who is employed as foreign correspondent of one of the largest English wine houses, and to him we are indebted for a very pleasant and interesting sojourn at Jerez.

The vintage at Jerez and its vicinity, takes place during the early part of September. The product of a day's gathering is put in large vats and the juice pressed out and filled into ordinary Bodega butts, in which it undergoes a process of fermentation. The result of last year's vintage, we were told, has been less satisfactory than that of former years, in regard to quantity. This was due partly to mildew during the Spring, and partly to the intense heat during the Summer, which had the effect of shrivelling up a large percentage of the grapes. The Spanish Sherry produced here is sent to all parts of the world, and last year the demand of Mexico and South America was greater than ever.

From Jerez we go back to Bobadilla, then to Ronda, where we have to stay over night to continue our journey early next morning to Algeciras and Gibraltar, where we await the arrival of the steamer Fulda to take us to Algiers and then to Naples. The Fulda arrived at Gibraltar early

Monday afternoon and left at six p. m. to bring us to Algiers Wednesday morning. Algiers bears the stamp of the refined French civilization,—clean, well-kept streets, a fine harbor and elegant public buildings and gardens,—further up we find the old town of narrow streets and gloomy looking buildings of a highly Oriental character. Here we find on a height of about 500 feet above the sea level the ruins of the Casbah, an ancient fortress of the Deys. Artisans of all kinds are at work in their poorly lighted shops, shoemakers, wood turners, men painting and gilding very rude and clumsy pieces of earthenware,—but taking all these products at their best, I doubt whether they would find a ready market in a civilized country. The Moorish coffee-house is also well represented, and to satisfy our curiosity we concluded to try a sample of the brown fluid. The native prepared it for us while we sat down on a stone bench running along one side of the gloomy apartment. After he got the water boiling over a charcoal fire, he poured it into a vessel so that it might run through the ground coffee held in a bag (just the same as they make coffee in France), and opening a faucet at the bottom of the coffee urn, he filled our elegantly shaped and tiny cups. The coffee was good, and a franc apiece seemed to satisfy the Moor amply for his services. Climbing up flights of stone steps we came to a street where the houses almost touched each other on the upper story.

Here, one of the party remarked, that in such secluded and dark localities, the highwayman would, undoubtedly, find his Eldorado, if it were not for the fact that he soon would get either tired of waiting for a worthy victim or get rheumatism in his arms holding up people innocent of money.

PARIS, FRANCE, October, 1894.

DEAR RAINBOW:

We have just returned to Paris from the seaboard, and I find that the city still wears—in most of the fashionable avenues and streets—almost the air of desertion. Many families remained in Paris this year until quite late in the season, on account of the unusual cold, wet Summer we have had, and now, most country châteaux are filled with visitors and lovers of la chasse; but down town, of course, the city is alive and busy



as usual, in fact, there is no other city in the world, perhaps, where one may spend time so profitably in no matter what season. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Churches, the Parks, etc., all are open, free of charge, to whomsoever will come to learn and admire, and what a school the Louvre is for the civilized world! Its vast halls filled to overflowing with everything to gratify and cultivate the taste of the artist as well as that of the antiquarian, its doors thrown open to all who wish to enter—and what rare treasures lie within! What magnificent old paintings grace its walls! What inimitable specimens of the sculptor's art greet your admiring eyes as you wander through its interminable halls and corridors! I often think it a pity, after all, that some of these rare old treasures of the Louvre should be copied. I have seen in other countries fac-similes of many of its paintings, but when one comes face to face with the originals, those that have passed as "good copies" sink in one's memory into mere nothingness. I had seen many representations of the Venus of Milo, but never had I experienced a sensation, when beholding a sculptor's chef-d'oeuvre, comparable to that which I felt when I first looked upon that wonderful work of an unknown genius. The fascinating power which it possesses is indescribable. The marvellous grace, the inimitable pose, the expressive face—all make it nearly impossible to believe there is not a living spirit within the marble, shining through it like a lighted lamp within a transparent shrine. As you look at it from different points, the face seems to turn with you, and the eyes to follow your movements, the expression, too, seems to change, but it remains always sweet and loving, with an unrivalled dignity pervading the whole.

An attempt at copying this statue is a farce. I have seen some representations of it which, no doubt, were very good, but, when one looks upon the original, those others seem a kind of profanation, and one remembers them as nothing but cold, dead blocks of marble. In a photograph, too, the power is lost—nothing *lives* but the statue itself.

The Gladiator, too, is a marvellous work, with an expression of eye and a pose impossible to imitate. All the parks and public gardens of Paris

teem with models for the student of sculpture. A visit to the gardens of the Louvre and Luxembourg is a study in mythology as well; in the latter there are some very fine historic ones, too, and I may particularly mention one of Mary Stuart which is supposed to be very good. By the way, talking of Mary Stuart, perhaps some of your young readers, who have not yet crossed the Atlantic, would like a description of Holyrood. The Abbey is a lovely old ruin, and I am sorry to state, it is permitted to be a ruin and nothing else, no pains seem to be taken to keep the walls from tumbling down and crumbling to pieces (or at least this was the case a few years ago when I saw it). I wonder why the Archæological Society does not make some effort to preserve it? The old abbeys and monasteries in Ireland are being splendidly taken care of at present, and why should such a gem be allowed to disappear from Scotland? It is built in the form of a cross—hence its name—and the architecture seems to have been rare and magnificent, beautiful ivy covers nearly all that remains of the walls—which are roofless—but the old entrance struck me as having been splendid; the tombs of many eminent and well-known persons may be seen within the Abbey, and among them that of Lord Darnley.

A piece of marble, which once rested in front of the altar rails, is preserved within the Palace, and shown to visitors as the slab on which the Queen knelt during the ceremony on the occasion of her marriage with him. The Palace is well preserved, and intensely interesting. Here one is shown the rooms of Mary and Darnley with the furniture which was there in their time, one room holds the Queen's bed, with the—or said to be—same coverture, etc., as were used by her; the chairs and other articles of furniture are of a faded red upholstery, with ropes of the same color drawn round them to prevent visitors from injuring them; there is a very good picture of Mary in this room, taken from life, and her mirror is pointed out as the first one ever introduced into Scotland,—a baby's basket is laid on a small table beside the bed, and said to be the one sent by Queen Elizabeth to her after the birth of James I.; two small rooms open off this apartment, one is that in which Rizzio was murdered—no blood stains were shown the day I visited it—and from

which a winding stone stairs leads to the court below, the other was the Queen's toilette. In the outer, larger room souvenirs of Lord Darnley are to be seen, but here, also, is an exquisite escritoire which was Mary's especial property—a fact that on close inspection becomes quite evident—for it is most beautifully inlaid, and a small casket lies within, in which she is said to have preserved her letters. The tapestry on the walls of Holyrood is particularly interesting, it is supposed to have been wrought by the Queen and her Marys. In the large banqueting hall, where Prince Charlie was entertained, there is a full length oil painting of Mary Stuart, together with those of nearly all the kings and queens of Scotland. In Edinburgh Castle there is another painting of Mary, which is said to be the best existing of the fair original,—it is truly a lovely face and was painted when she was in her eighteenth year. Edinburgh Castle is full of historic interest, part of it is said to have been built as early as the third century, it commands a magnificent view of the city and its environs and the lovely Forth in the background,—altogether, I consider Edinburgh one of the prettiest and most picturesque cities I have ever seen. The Highlands of Scotland, too, are lovely. Loch Lomond with its cloud-capped Bens has satisfied the tourist's imagination, and nothing more seems needed to place Scotia in the first rank of beauty; but when one views Loch Katrine's "silver strand," with its Islands where Ellen Douglas loved to wander, the heights showing in the distance where Roderick Dhu met James Fitzjames; and when one walks through the Trossachs, one begins to recognize the fact that there are few fairer lands than "bonnie Scotland." So far as my experience goes, I know only one scenery of the kind which rivals that of the Scottish Lakes—that of the Lakes of Killarney—which I consider unique. Space will not permit me at present to remark further on the subject, but, perhaps, in a future letter, if it will interest your readers, I may tell you something of my first impressions on beholding these favored nooks of nature.

From the Trossachs to Edinburgh the route is full of interest—you pass Bannockburn, Stirling, the Wallace Monument, the ruins of Linlithgow

Palace—the birthplace of Mary Stuart—truly, there seems to be no attention paid to either her birthplace or her tomb; the former is a total ruin, and the latter seemed to me cold and neglected,—as indeed did most of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. In no country that I have visited are the ashes of the dead so revered and carefully tended as in France. Notwithstanding the centuries that have rolled over the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse, the visitor to Père la Chaise will rarely—if ever—behold it denuded of fresh bouquets of flowers, and within the enclosure surrounding it there are always flowers planted, wreaths of immortelles are being constantly placed at the entrance or some other available point, and the figures which adorn the tomb—full length—are untouched by the marauder's hand, while, considering the comparatively short time that has passed since its erection, the tomb of Scotland's unhappy Queen is not quite intact, and no effort is made to stay the ravages of time, no wreath of immortelles or fresh bunch of violets is ever placed near it, dust and mildew are its conspicuous features.

A correspondent of yours, in a very true and interesting description of Westminster Abbey, remarked, when speaking of the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth: "The monuments are both magnificent structures," but around that of Queen Mary, in particular, there does not exist that air one would like to see of *nous n'oublions jamais*.

To return to France. The President and Madame Périer have been in Paris for some time, returned from their country château, which, by the way, has quite a history attached to it. It was formerly a royal residence, and during the First Empire the mother of Napoleon occupied it, it has been enlarged and nearly rebuilt since it became the property of the Périer family, and where once were the stables, the President has now his dining room.

The Pantheon is still visited by thousands eager to pay a tribute of respect to the late President, flowers are constantly being placed there by his mourners.

Lord and Lady Dufferin have been visiting their Irish home, lovely Clondeboye, for some months past, and have not yet returned to France. I believe they are expected to arrive in Paris



about the middle of the present month. Lord Dufferin has been made President of the Library Association of Great Britain, and he has lately compiled and edited a book composed of his mother's writings.

The weather has again asserted its French nature by dispersing the clouds that loomed so prominently all Summer, and now bright sunshine gilds a glorious Autumn.

A bientôt, dear RAINBOW,  
J. O'DOWDA.

ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, }  
USHAW, DURHAM, ENGLAND, }

DEAR RAINBOW:

The memory of Dr. Lingard, the eminent historian, whose ordination took place in the Convent chapel of the Institute of Mary (Ladies of Loretto) at York, on the 18th of April, 1795, must, doubtless, be very dear to you, and, indeed, to every English Catholic, for it was in a very great measure due to his influence and his pen that the Church in England obtained the firm footing and high standpoint which it holds today. Up to the early part of the present century the grossest slanders and most absurd misstatements against our Catholic ancestors were implicitly believed in by the great mass of the people, simply because they had been given credence to by some of our great writers, principally Hume, who—whatever be his merits as an historian—must ever be regarded as one of the greatest bigots of modern times. But Lingard, in his two great works, "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" and "The History of England," has effectually disposed of the greater part of these charges, and, moreover, has shown that the Sovereigns of England in ancient, as well as modern times, have had no more faithful adherents and loyal subjects than the so-called "Papists."

The name of Lingard then ought to be, and indeed is, dear to every Catholic of England. But especially is it dear to and revered by all Ushaw students; for Lingard was one of the very first *Alumni* of our dear *Alma Mater*, and it was his energy and fostering care that brought the youthful Ushaw safely and successfully through its earliest trials. But, strange to say, to my knowledge at least, there is no very handy life

of the great historian, and, I think that very few people know much more about him than the bare facts that he was once at this College and that he wrote a history of England. Hence, the object of this paper is to give to your readers a brief outline of the life of this great and learned man.

John Lingard was born in the ancient city of Winchester on February 5th, 1771,—the same year, by the way, which ushered into the world another of England's greatest writers, the immortal Sir Walter Scott. His father was a well-to-do carpenter, and his mother the daughter of a respectable farmer, named Rennel, who had been well-nigh ruined by persecution on account of his religion. Endowed with qualities of unusual excellence, and displaying, even in his youth, that keenness of intellect and piety of manner which so distinguished him in after years, he was sent by Bishop James Talbot in 1782 to the English College at Douai. At that College, so famous in the annals of modern English Catholicism, our young student applied himself to his books with all the energy of his ardent disposition, and, during the eleven years which he spent there, abundantly fulfilled the high expectations which his friends and relations had formed from his promising youth. After a brilliant course of humanities, he entered the school of Theology. But at this period of his career an event happened which put a stop for a time to his peaceful studies, and went very near depriving us of the most distinguished lights of modern literature.

The increased violence of the democratical party in France had for some time been a cause of great anxiety to the professors and students of the English College. "Twice the garrison of the town had broken loose; and several times the excesses of the soldiery had intruded within the walls of the College." Lingard himself in 1790, very nearly lost his life in an encounter with the rabble. About that time bread riots, in which the ladies were greatly in evidence, prevailed at Paris. Whilst walking one day through the city, which he was bold enough to visit and anxious to see, his dress attracted the attention of the infuriated mob, and some one, noticing Mr. Lingard's skull-cap, shouted: "*Calotin!*" The word was taken up; and the young Divine, who

had quickened his pace, found it necessary to run. He darted up a narrow passage, followed by a rabble, screaming: "*Calotin! à la lanterne!*" The hunt was headed by a buxom *dame de la Halle*, conspicuous for *embonpoint*, who, when last seen by the fugitive, was fast at the end of the passage between two posts, where, gesticulating wildly, she hindered the further progress of her leaner comrades.

Occurrences such as these, naturally caused great alarm to all in the College, and several of the students, foreseeing what must eventually happen, withdrew to other lands, before the storm which had been so long brewing finally burst. Lingard was one of these. He saw that it was mere folly to remain longer in France, so he asked and obtained leave to return to his native land. On the 21st of February, 1793 he set out on his journey in company with three of the younger students—William Stourton and two brothers named Oliveira.

On hearing of their arrival in England, Lord Stourton, the father of the above, at once invited Lingard to his residence, and shortly afterwards gave him the appointment of tutor to his son, William, with whom he had escaped from Douai.

There he remained for twelve months till the Summer of 1794, when he was invited by Bishop Gibson to join a small body of the old Douai students who had made their escape from Dourlens—whither they had been sent on the breaking up of their College—and had found a temporary place of abode in a school kept by the Rev. Arthur Storey at Tudhoe. He willingly did so, and once more commenced his theological studies. In September of the same year the little community moved to Pontop, about sixteen miles west of Durham, and remained there for a short time in the missionary residence of the Rev. Thomas Eyre. A few weeks later they again moved, this time to Crook Hall, also near Durham, which was an old mansion newly fitted up for their reception by Bishop Gibson. Lingard now rapidly advanced in his Theological course, and on April 18th, 1795, he was ordained priest by Bishop Gibson. He returned to Crook Hall immediately after his ordination, and was there installed as Prefect of Studies and Professor of Natural and Moral Philosophy.

It was during his residence at Crook Hall that he wrote and published his first great work, the "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church." The book was not at first written with the object of having it printed, but took the form of lectures which he read to his friends for their amusement at the evening fireside, and we are told that "they were charmed beyond measure, not only with the lectures themselves, but with the exquisite manner in which he read them, and with the easy familiarity and playfulness of character, which always distinguished him, making everyone at home." The extent of his learning and the depth of his reading "struck them at once with surprise and admiration, and when he had brought his lectures to a close they begged him to put them into book-form and publish them." He was for a long time very unwilling to do so, but finally gave way to their importunity and in 1806 they were published in two volumes. Four years later a second edition was published, and since then numerous other editions have had to be issued.

Shortly after the original publication of this work, in the year 1808, the now flourishing College at Crook, was moved to Ushaw, its final resting-place, where a large and commodious building had been erected for its reception. Father Lingard accompanied the College to its new abode, and continued to fill the same office as he had done at Crook Hall.

"He had now acted as Vice-President for seventeen years, had directed the studies all that time, had taught Moral and Natural Philosophy, had even been procurator for one year at Ushaw; and finally had governed the College for a short time and taught Theology. If, at the starting of the College, any ordinary person had been the President's right-hand man, and had done so much for so many years, a great share of the glory of the work done must be due to him; but when a great mind is in question which, a little later, charmed some of the greatest minds in the land, must we not grant that he really was—whatever he was in name—the foster-father of this College; that it was he who carried it not only safely but triumphantly through the throes of its early life, and, that much which we admire about the College bears the impress of his mind and is his work?"



And now his life at Ushaw was to end. He had exerted his vast energy and genius to infuse something of his own vigorous life into the College he loved so well, and feeling that he had succeeded and that he could leave it to itself and retire, he did so in September, 1811. In the Spring of that year he had been offered the presidency of the College at Maynooth by Bishop Moylan, and shortly afterwards he had a similar offer, in reference to Old Hall, by Dr. Pointer. But he refused both these posts and withdrew to the secluded little mission of Hornby in Lancashire. There he gave himself up once more to deep study and research. He had discovered from the great success of his "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" that he was endowed with great talents for writing, and he was determined that he would not bury them like the foolish servant. Very soon the world received the first fruits of his leisure in the various tracts which he issued in answer to the anti-Catholic publications of the Bishop of Durham, Lord Kenyon, Dr. Huntingford and many others too numerous to mention. These papers were all collected and published in one large volume in 1826, and "may be justly regarded as models of polemical and theological excellence."

But this article has already exceeded the limits I had intended and I must pass rapidly on. From the moment of the appearance of his "Anglo-Saxon Church" his friends had continually urged him to complete the work that he had begun by writing a history of England. He now commenced in earnest this great work, and so diligently did he apply himself to it that in the early part of the year 1819, he was able to publish the first three volumes of this, his great masterpiece. I should like to tell your readers of some of the methods by which he worked at this splendid book—but time does not allow me to do so, and I must content myself with saying that the entire work was completed and published in the year 1830. His reputation had rapidly spread throughout England, and before the publication of the eighth and last volume there were translations of the early part of it in French, German and Italian—in fact, its reputation had already become world-wide. Lingard was congratulated and thanked by the Pope, and it is even said that the Cardinal-

ate was bestowed upon him, though this is a disputed question.

Up to the end of his life the great historian worked well and successfully in the cause of religion, and when, in the June of 1851, the illness came upon him which was to take him from earth to his eternal reward, he calmly expired, having received all the rites and consolations of the Church. By his own desire his body was conveyed to Ushaw for interment, and lies in the little cloister in the cemetery amidst the other Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the College.

L. D. S.

LORETTO CONVENT,  
DARJEELING, BENGAL, INDIA. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

With the hope that our "Holiday Ramble" may prove interesting to you, I send a brief account of what proved to be a very enjoyable day.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—the dormitory bell! Can it be possible, six o'clock! I rub my eyes to assure myself that I am not dreaming, and then perceive the good Sister, whose duty it is to disturb our morning slumbers, pacing up and down the large dormitory, bell in hand. Having satisfied herself that no lover of Morpheus had gone back to his embrace, she makes the sign of the cross, and on our behalf offers up all the actions of the day to God. If our future life is not all that it should be, we shall only have ourselves to blame, for, beginning with the early morning, continuing during the day, and ceasing only when we lay our heads upon our pillows, we are constantly reminded by our visible guardian angels of the presence of the Supreme Being to whom we owe so much and who accepts so lovingly the little return we can make Him. Having thanked our Lord for His goodness in preserving us during the night, our thoughts take a different direction. This is Wednesday, our weekly holiday, and should the weather prove favorable, our day for a ramble. After the children's mass, which is said at eight A. M., we prepare for our walk, watching the sky, meantime, which is beginning to be overcast with clouds. The sun appears to take a malicious pleasure in keeping us in suspense and seems to be playing "hide and seek." Now he

peeps out and sends us a radiant smile, but no sooner do we begin to indulge in extravagant expressions of delight, than he suddenly vanishes again. Having well tried our patience, he rewards us by donning his best attire, and asserts his supremacy over the clouds. A little delay is again caused by the difference of wishes as to our destination. To decide the point in question, our good Mistress of Schools throws in her vote in favor of Observatory Hill, and we proceed. Strong nether limbs and a stout pair of shoes are indispensable requisites to traverse the mountainous roads of Darjeeling. The sight-seer in this picturesque land can count on no other means of conveyance than his own trusty pair of steeds, save the *dandy*, a vehicle resembling an invalid's couch on poles, borne on the shoulders of stalwart Bhuteas. The latter are natives of Bhutan, an independent State in the north of India. They form a striking contrast to the Hindoos of the plains, being of a very powerful build and of high stature, somewhat like the giants of old in proportions, though not, perhaps, in color. Their appearance is enough to inspire the timid with fear, though they are, in reality, a very harmless race. They possess extraordinary strength, attributable, no doubt, to the salubrity of the climate. As regards cleanliness—they have a decided objection to the use of soap and water, and consider it quite unnecessary to change their clothes until they actually fall off. We are tempted several times to lag behind, as ferns and wild flowers of uncommon beauty meet our eyes, but as we must have a special permission for this, and we have not obtained it, we may not do so. Now we pass the summer residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in the midst of giant trees and every variety of shrub. From the abundance of the latter it has received its name, "The Shrubbery." From this standpoint we have a fine view of the snowy range—Everest and Dwalagiri majestically rear their proud heads, enveloped in perpetual snow, to the sky. Foliage in rich profusion and every variety of shade abounds on both sides of the road we traverse. Nature has, indeed, been prodigal of her gifts in this favored spot. Several times we are obliged to stand, whilst climbing, to recover breath, viewing and admiring mean-

time, the surrounding hills. We pass a Bhutea priest who holds in his hand a novel machine, the wheel of which revolves with the wind. This little toy renders prayer easy to the Bhutea, for he believes that having set it in motion, it performs the action of praying for him. Higher and higher we ascend until the summit of Observatory Hill is reached. We feel now like Alexander Selkirk, that we are, if not "Monarchs of all we survey," at least, above many of our kind. An extensive view of the surrounding country presents itself,—hills high and low, everywhere a superabundance of foliage, villas prettily situated, the white walls of which glisten in the sun. Clouds of grotesque shape rest lazily on the hillsides and in the valleys, disappearing at times as suddenly and as strangely as phantoms. This spot seems to be the Bhuteas' favorite place for offering sacrifice; there are traces of a recent one on the ground besmeared with blood. On inquiry we were told that a poor goat had been the victim. The trees and shrubs around were in gala attire, hung with many colored pieces of cloth, which we were informed, were prayers; some of them bore characters in Hindoostani. They made the place quite gay, and reminded me of a display of bunting on a regatta day. Their belief is that when the pieces of cloth are moved by the wind, their petitions are presented; they are granted, when the pieces are blown down.

We ventured to peer into a cave, which is a natural curiosity, but the darkness prevented our discerning any object within. We were told that it was the entrance to an underground passage which leads to Kurseong, the next station of importance. We rested sometimes after our exertions in climbing, and then prepared to return home, the little ones laden with ferns and pretty grasses, of which they soon grew tired, and which they presented to anyone who was willing to accept them, and so relieve the tired little arms of their burden.

On our way home by a different road we passed a Hindoo temple; the door being ajar we could not resist the temptation to take a peep, though many fierce looking Bhuteas were loitering about. Cut in black stone, lying in the center of the temple was a small sized cow, apparently in the act of chewing the cud; but,



instead of grass, there was placed before her a tray of choice sweetmeats, the offering of some generous worshipper. We withdrew hastily, as we did not like the looks which the Bhuteas were directing towards us, and continued our way.

Our appetites had been sharpened by the walk and we returned at a much quicker pace than when we started, in good time for dinner, to which we did ample justice. With our ramble, I must bring my preamble to an end and say, Adieu.

A PUPIL OF LORETTO, Darjeeling.

### A Visit to St. Edward's Tomb, Westminster Abbey.

THE thirteenth of October, the Feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, is celebrated in England by all devout Catholics, and especially by those who have at heart the conversion or rather return of England to the ancient faith. For this purpose, Cardinal Manning, some years ago, established the pilgrimage to Saint Edward's shrine in Westminster Abbey. Great efforts were made by the "Protestant Alliance" to have it forbidden by the Dean—this narrow element seeing in the pilgrimage a deeply-laid plot on the part of the English Catholics, but the weak appeal of bigotry received no sympathy, but on the contrary, a rebuke from the Dean, who, in a letter to one of the London dailies, said there could be no objection to persons going to say a few prayers at Saint Edward's Shrine, as long as they conducted themselves in a reverent manner. From that time the Chapel of Saint Edward has been thronged with devotees eager to gain the indulgence granted to those who make the pilgrimage to the sainted king's tomb and beg his intercession for the conversion of the land he loved so well, which was once so redolent of piety, and whose soil has been sanctified by so many noble deeds.

The pilgrims assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass in some church or chapel in the vicinity. The little chapel of St. Peter and St. Edward in Buckingham Gate is always crowded, its short distance from the Abbey being a great consideration. On such an occasion as this one cannot but be overcome by a feeling of awe on entering the venerable pile, and so closely does one be-

come united to the past, that the modern monuments—masterpieces of the sculptor's art—are passed by unheeded. One's thoughts are so completely interwoven in this far past, that the black-robed monks—gentle followers of St. Benedict—seem to wend their way from the cloisters to their stalls in the sanctuary, the sweet chanting of the Complin in deep Gregorian tones reaches the ear, and, as the words, *Benedicat te Dominus ex Sion: qui fecit coelum et terram*, die away, we seem to have been listening to some angelic choir.

The spell is soon broken, however, and the nineteenth century with all its worldliness and individual selfishness is brought back to us in a very forcible manner by the surging of the ever-increasing crowd, anxious to reach the chapel first. There is a little delay at the entrance caused by the Verger's demand of the sixpenny fee for each person, as the feast happened to fall on a pay day (one day in the week is reserved as such). A few are haggling over what they consider an exorbitant sum, but when they find there is no relenting on the part of the Verger, all quietly submit. The effect of our day-dream has vanished entirely by this time, no longer in fancy do we see the flickering lights on the beautiful high altar or the tonsured heads reverently bent before the tabernacle,—both are replaced by a low table with a crimson cloth, and a chill passes over us as we realize that for over three hundred years the Divine Presence has not been within the walls of this beautiful church, which was built for the service and praise of the Most High.

Although so rudely awakened from the past, we follow in the line of the pilgrims and offer a little orison at the Saint's shrine, which once was covered with gems and rich gifts, whose costliness was very great as shown by a record in the Tower. Parl. Roll. 51st of Henry III. "Henry III. with consent of the abbot and convent of Westminster, pledged the jewels belonging to the body and shrine of Edward the Confessor to foreigners, being necessitated on account of heavy emergencies; the value of the said jewels amounted to £2,557, 4s. 8d.

Let us take a hasty glance at Saint Edward's Chapel before leaving. Here is kept the "Corona-

tion Chair," brought by Edward I. from Scotland, after defeating John Baliol, and which has been used by all the Sovereigns of England since that time, on their coronation day. This chair contains a stone which is said to have been Jacob's Pillar. The ashes of many whose names are well-known in history rest here. Eleanor, the brave wife of Edward I., who saved the life of her husband by sucking the poison from a wound he had received in battle, is buried here; while close by are the tombs of Queen Philippa of Hainault and Maud, the latter of whom, it is recorded, walked barefoot from her palace to the Abbey, and washed the feet of the poor.

The hour being early and our pilgrimage done, we are loth to leave, so we loiter leisurely in the sacred precincts, now coming across an old tomb whose effigy is black with age and whose epitaph is almost obliterated,—the mitre and staff alone revealing to us the identity of an abbot or bishop,—and then to a spot which, although having no religious associations, is dear to every reader. This is the "Poets' Corner," and why particularly belonging to the Poets is a query. Gazing on the memorials to those whose lives were spent in building a great national literature, we make a resolution to study "The Canterbury Tales" and "Spectator", and forever love "The Faerie Queen," and thinking of other monuments these men have left behind, we wonder if it ever occurred to the author of "Henry Esmond" that he and the gentle Addison, of whose time he wrote so charmingly, would bring so many pleasant memories to those who visit "the Poets' Corner." Passing on, we step lightly over the epitaph, "O Rare Ben Jonson," fearful of disturbing the dust of a genius so long passed away.

And now drawing a chair into a quiet nook, safe from the curious crowd, with a slight feeling of fatigue, we let our thoughts run riot for the few moments we have to spare, and feel with Irving "that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet, it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and justled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook—a gloomy corner—a little portion

of earth to those who, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy: and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration." Truly,

" Life is a frost of cold felicitie,  
And death the thaw of all our vanitie."

The magnificent scenes witnessed by the cold, unfeeling stones of this "mansion of shadowy honors" would be dazzling to our eyes; the royal pageants that passed along, the splendor of their habiliments contrasting with the sombre garb of the monks chanting the "Te Deum," can hardly be pictured in our nineteenth century minds.

As far back as 616 a church was built here on the site of a pagan temple, it is said, by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who embraced Christianity and was baptized by Melitus, Bishop of London, the companion of St. Augustine. It was dedicated to St. Peter, "who," so runs the legend, "consecrated the church, himself, in the night previous to the day appointed for the ceremony; he was accompanied by angels and surrounded by a glare of lights." This legend must have been believed by Edward the Confessor, for in his charter for the rebuilding of the Abbey, mention is made of this miraculous consecration.

Westminster was originally called "Thorney Island," most probably from its large growth of thorns; it was not an island, however, but a peninsula of sandy, gravelly soil, which afforded a solid foundation for this immense building. At the urgent appeals of Saint Dunstan, King Edgar restored the church which had suffered from the ravages of the Danes. Twelve monks of the Benedictine Order were brought, it is thought from Glastonbury, to establish a monastery here, while rich endowments in land and gold were granted by the king. In honor of Saint Peter, the patron of fishermen, gifts of salmon were offered on the high altar, and tradition says: "the donor on such occasions was privileged to eat at the convent table to dinner, and to demand ale and bread from the cellarer." The church must again have fallen into decay, as it was rebuilt on a much larger plan by Saint Edward who, to



be near the great work so dear to his heart, had a palace erected close by. Many legends have been recorded of this gentle king, and miracles were frequently performed by him. It was said that the time of his death was revealed to him by "a ring and message from Saint John the Evangelist." When his Abbey was completed and ready for the opening, on the feast of the Holy Innocents, he was too ill to attend, and was represented by his queen, Editha, at the ceremony. He lived only five days after, but a dear wish of his heart was fulfilled in leaving behind him an edifice of which a large portion of the original still remains, and the part that has been rebuilt was done in his memory by Henry III. who erected the chapel of Saint Edward, and had his remains removed to the present shrine, with ceremonies befitting his kingly rank.

A miracle was performed at Saint Edward's tomb eight years after his death, when Lanfranc, in the name of the conquering king, held a synod at Westminster to look into 'the qualifications and conduct of the clergy,' as the Norman prelates declared. Saint Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being a "most illiterate and foolish man, unfit for the station; a very idiot, unacquainted with the French language and incapable either to instruct the Church or counsel the king." On Lanfranc's demanding his pastoral staff and ring in the king's name, Saint Wulstan grasped them tenaciously, and with firmness replied: "I know, my Lord Archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy so high a station, being undeserving of the honor and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff which I never received from you; yet, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign it, but consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me." Having spoken thus to the synod, he walked with a dignified mien across the church to Saint Edward's tomb, stood beside it and addressed the following words to the dead king: "Thou knowest, O holy king! how unwillingly I undertook this office, and even by force, for neither the desire of the prelates, the petition of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till your commands obliged me; but see, a new king, new laws, a new bishop

pronounce a new sentence; thee they accuse of a fault for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for accepting the charge." He then placed the staff on the tomb, and dressing himself as a monk sat with them in the chapter house. As soon as the synod became aware of this, they dispatched a messenger for the staff, which was found to adhere so closely to the stone that no one could move it; even the King and the Archbishop tried, but to no avail. Saint Wulstan was recalled and on the staff's readily submitting to his touch, he was no longer interfered with in his episcopal duties.

As we sit dreaming of ages gone by, "Time is silently turning over his pages," while the rays of the Autumn sun piercing through the western windows and lighting up the nave, now deserted by all save ghostly monuments, remind us that we are still very much of this world, and other duties must be performed.

You, too, dear RAINBOW, must be as weary as the pilgrim who prayed at Saint Edward's Shrine.

L. A. TEEFY.

### Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham Co., Dublin.

"Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows  
There arts and taste expand,—"



LORETO Abbey, Rathfarnham, is a "local habitation and a name" dear to many hearts over the wide, wide world. From busy centres away in distant India and Africa, from the banks of the Niagara or the scented groves of Andalusia, from the island rock, whence at sundown the British gun thunders over the blue Mediterranean, as well as from many a great city of the Colonies, thoughts are wafted to Rathfarnham many a time and oft, in the course of the fleeting year.

The venerable pile that lifts its spires and battlements above its beautiful surroundings, in this quiet suburb of Dublin, is the hearth of many homes, the present Mother House of the Loreto Order in many lands.

Long ago, in pre-Union days, Rathfarnham was one of the most fashionable suburbs of Dublin. The beauty and healthfulness of its situation largely attracted the noblest and wealthiest of its citizens to make it the scene of their homes.

The romance and interest of historical associa-

tion invested the place with much of that fascination which at all times exerts such an influence on the Celtic heart.

The Castle of Rathfarnham and its vicissitudes played an important part in Ireland's story, from the days when the sturdy Norman raised his keep, till the fated hour when Cromwell quartered his soldiers within its bastioned walls. Later the lords of Ely held revel there for many a year. Even to-day, when the spirit of war and chivalry has forsaken it, the memories of the olden days still suggest thoughts of times that shall come no more.

Close by, the master-printer of Dublin had his mansion, a century ago. He was an important personage in that day, just as important, perhaps, in his way, as the Moretus of Antwerp. His name and works are now well nigh quite forgotten, but happily those into whose hands his belongings passed, have preserved within his halls many evidences of the magnificence and taste which have out-lived his fame.

The house of Grierson, the King's printer, the friend of the poet Moore, is now the home of no less learned occupants. It is the College-Abbey of which it is our pleasure to write to-day.

The tramway system, which now so closely knits Dublin to its suburbs, brings the village of Rathfarnham within half-an-hour's ride of the capital. Five minutes' walk thence takes us to the Abbey gates. The entrance, with its massive piers, surmounted by classic lions, so loved as ornaments at the close of the Stuart period, is unchanged, and looks to-day as it did a hundred years ago. It is flanked on either side by quaint lodges. The carriage-drive, or better said, the double avenue branching both left and right and encircling a grassy sward, sweeps on to the dual flight of granite steps that lead up to the portals of Loreto.

In its appearance the Abbey of Rathfarnham may be said to present a large frontage of chiseled stone, in the centre of which, with beautiful distinctness, stands the mansion of olden times. The latter, from the warm tone of its brick-facings and its quaint windows, forms a pleasing contrast to the Gothic wings that spread away from it on either side. Terminating the extensive range of buildings to the right rises the beautiful church with its lateral bell-turret.

To the left, the many-windowed building that correspondingly projects is the exhibition hall, a lofty and splendid apartment, over which are the music rooms, lecture rooms, and other accessories of the College.

Entering the great hall of the Abbey we feel at once carried back to the shadowy past. This spacious vestibule, some thirty feet square, retains all its former splendor. The old paintings that hang upon its walls, the massively carved buffet, the exquisite Chippendale clock that once marked the fleeting hours of carnival, but now registers the more profitable sands of time—all, as of old, lend their charms to this venerable interior. Deep set doors of dark mahogany stand on every side, and from above them the busts of by-gone celebrities look solemnly down.

The imposing recess which faces the entrance door is now occupied by a beautiful figure of the "Mater Immaculata." Below it, on an inscribed pedestal, rests the bust, in Carrara marble, of Mrs. Ball, foundress of the Irish branch of the Institute of Mary, popularly known as Loreto. Looking on the chiseled outlines of the beautiful features, little effort of imagination is needed to realize the lofty soul that once animated them, and whose spirit still lives in the Institute of her spiritual daughters.

Immediately over the hall is what is now called the University room. This apartment is set aside for the sole use of the lady students preparing for the examination of the Royal University of Ireland. It is a sweet old-fashioned room, replete with every appointment of elegance and comfort. Everything around bespeaks the taste and refinement of its occupants. Caps and gowns thrown listlessly upon the restful seats are not the least suggestive features of this literary *sanctum*. Quaint, low-browed windows—such as Oscar Wilde would delight in—look upon the broad lawn which we traversed as we approached the College.

The view from here is strikingly beautiful. In the full splendor of leafy June the glinting sunbeams fall with many a shadow through the spreading boughs across the green and level sward. On the chestnuts the spiral tufts have not yet lost their waxen loveliness, nor has yet the scented hawthorn shed its varied blooms.



The brightening woods and glades of the home-park spreading away on every side and growing ever richer with the hues of the plane, the cedar, and the tinted beach, blend at last into the purple shadows of the distant hills. It is a scene full of calm and restfulness—a scene such as book-wearied eyes must often gladly turn upon, and find in its loveliness and peace, moments of soothing influence during the protracted hours of study.

For this section of the students of Loreto the science and art lectures are delivered by the various professors attached to the institution—partly in the Abbey and partly in the branch house, Stephen's Green—Dublin. This is an excellent arrangement, promoting as it does that change and variety of scene so relaxing and exhilarating to the student mind.

From the left of the entrance hall the great drawing-room is entered. To most strangers the first impression of this room is very lasting. The stately beauty of the vast *salon* is unique to an extent peculiarly its own. Everything around speaks of the past. The walls are still resplendent with the magnificent *peau d'Espagne*, whose colors, though dimmed with age, recall the gorgeous tapestries so often described as the most coveted spoils of the Spaniards in their conquests of the new world. The ceiling, the work of Venetian hands, tells of times when craftsmen worked for art and not for gain—for love, not gold—loftily heedless of how, after their toil, their names might perish or be forgot. Among the few paintings that grace the tinted walls is a portrait of the whilom exile Pius VII. Well marked are the lines of care that cloud the aged Pontiff's brow. Near it hang beautiful line engravings of marvellous perspective scenes, in the Eternal city, in the days of its papal splendor. Above the mantelpiece, filling the space from shelf to ceiling, is a noble painting of Archbishop Murray, who occupied the See of Dublin when the Institute of Loreto was founded in Ireland.

The embrazured windows of the room open upon a stately terrace of the olden time. From here the beauty of the Abbey's surroundings may be best appreciated. Silent shadowy paths, winding under canopies of dense foliage, encircle the recreation grounds stretching on to the beau-

tiful promenade, known as the "Rosary Walk." Broad meadows, divided by lines of fragrant hedge-rows, stretch away as far as the eye can follow, bounded only by the hills, whose waving outlines pencil the blue horizon. Near the grotto that closes the "Rosary Walk," quaint white gates lead on to the vast range of enclosed gardens. The borders are now aglow with the radiance of rarest bloom, cherished by loving watchfulness, for those flowers are destined in later summer to breathe their fullest fragrance beside the marble Tabernacle. Broad patches, well stocked with vegetable store, gladden us on every side, while the gnarled boughs, mossy and lichened, of the old and spreading fruit trees tell of autumn's golden promise.

But there is another spot close by those verdured walls sacred to many a thought and many a prayer. It is the garden of "our last rest"—the Convent cemetery.

An arched entrance, draped with the trailing sprays of the sad wisteria, opens upon its central avenue. Facing and rising from a gentle mound, a large Celtic cross marks the last resting-place of Mother Teresa of Jesus, the foundress of Rathfarnham. Rows of tiny crosses—in some spots thickly grouped—simply inscribed, tell where lie her faithful followers. The walls around, clothed with the faithful ivy, the starry passion flower and perfumed clematis, reveal at intervals the "Stations of the Cross."

Here and there, little mounds, bright with memory's flowers, are marked by costlier tributes of affection. These are the graves of Loreto's children and saints, once "buds" of fair and tender promise destined

"to bloom in Paradise."

The recollection of that beautiful cemetery, its rose-bedecked graves, and its impressive surroundings, have suggested these tributary lines:

Revere the dead and where they sleep,  
With gentle care their dwellings keep.  
Go thither oft and breathe a prayer,  
And strew affection's garlands there.

The "field of God," the churchyard lone,  
Whither those once we've loved have gone.  
'Tis but the silent bridge of tears  
From Time to the Eternal years.

And soon—perhaps too soon, alas!  
 Our dearest, fairest ones may pass  
 Those portals never closed in Faith—  
 That lead to Life—Ah! say not death!

Revere the dead—they will repay  
 Those who have sooth'd their captive day,  
 Will bless those hands whose charity  
 Weave, fresh, the wreaths of Memory.

Retracing our steps to the Abbey we pass along the famous "Beech walk," now dark in the shadows of its venerable sentinels. Yonder glances the lakelet with its tributary brook and picturesque bridge.

The stately swans gliding on its bosom seem as if conscious of the increased dignity and harmony their presence gives to the surroundings of their home. The great charm of Rathfarnham Abbey is its exquisite church—an everlasting monument of the taste and genius of the founders. The plan and every line of its proportions are said to have been traced by her own hand. Although raised in the first days of modern church-building, it is still unsurpassed in beauty by any conventional church in Ireland. The style is Tudor-Gothic, the plan being cruciform. One of its most remarkable features is the hexagonal lantern, that rises dome-like above the high altar.

The appointments of the church are, in point of elegance and design, in keeping with the splendor of the building. The high altar is one of Ireland's national treasures. It is the masterpiece of the famous sculptor, Hogan.

The "Pieta" that occupies the front, and the adoring angels at either side, are justly considered the finest efforts of this gifted son of Ireland. The models of the angels were the artist's own children.

A vast cloister, sombre and beautiful, extends around the building, opening to the church at various points. Paintings, shrines and objects of devotion, meet the eye at every turn. In the south arcade closing the slender vista is the marble figure and altar of the Immaculate Conception.

The superb organ suggests the same high standard of taste and judgment as the other appointments of the church. It is by Gray, of London, and was originally designed for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The instrument is

three manual, the combination of its stops being most varied and excellent. In the reeds and diapasons, the quality of tone reaches the acme of acoustic perfection.

Our mind must not dwell too long on this descriptive page, as the theme on which we have ventured has filled ere now volumes from gifted writers. Limited space bids us hasten to a close.

To many of our readers the foundation of Rathfarnham Convent and wonderful development of the institute are familiar tales.

Over seventy summers have come and gone since Mother Teresa of Jesus—and her few associates—dedicated their lives and fortunes to the promotion of Catholic education. Archbishop Murray then filled the Metropolitan See of Dublin. The great work that most lastingly marked his episcopate was the founding of religious congregations devoted to the services of the sick and the destitute poor, and to those of the higher classes in the work of education. It was in the latter sphere Frances Ball—for such was the worldly name of Rathfarnham's foundress—was destined to play a more figurative part for forty years. Long before she passed to her reward in 1861, it was her privilege and happiness to see her Order not only firmly established in her native land, but spread widely in many a distant clime.

Rathfarnham Abbey still remains the seat of central government of the Order of Loreto—here rests the mystic sceptre that guides the thoughts and workings of the Institute at home and abroad.

Within recent years, with us in Ireland, as elsewhere, many educational forces have been set in motion. By degrees, the flimsiness so often, and, perhaps, sometimes truly, associated with woman's education is giving place to more real and solid attainments. In this, as in many other departments of social progress, work begets love of work. Subjects which tend to educate thought and character, are at every step, becoming integral parts of woman's aspirations. To this end systematic efforts, on the teachers' or the students' part, are not wanting. As the prospect widens, higher attainments still are seen to be within reach. The fated day is coming to a close which satisfied itself with a few showy accomplishments, and with a too slender knowledge of what is best worth knowing.



In this great work of higher education, the Loreto Nuns, of Ireland, as we have seen, were the pioneers, and are still the foremost laborers in the field. Term after term, as the charter of academic honors is unrolled, renewed successes reward their patient toil.

Happily we live in times when devotedness such as theirs is not suffered to pass unappreciated or unrewarded, even by the rulers of the State. Further concessions in promotion of education are no doubt near at hand. And when the defects which mar the present system, improved though it be, have gradually disappeared, let us hope the sheaves of honors stored by Rathfarnham's students shall have increased an hundred fold.

#### ILLUSTROGRAPH.

#### Our Visitors.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Toronto; Rt. Rev. Monsigneur O'Bryen, Rome, Italy; Very Rev. J. McCann, V. G., St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto; Rev. F. Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto; Rev. J. Walsh, Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto; Rev. R. B. Gwydir, O. S. B., English College, Douai, France; Rev. P. Griffith, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. Hazell, London, England; Rev. P. N. Bruchési, D. D., Rev. J. A. Brosseau, Montreal; Very Rev. P. MacHale, C. M., President of Niagara University, N. Y.; Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., Stratford, Ont.; Rev. W. Doherty, S. J., Rev. J. O'Brien, S. J., Rev. E. B. Devlin, S. J., Montreal; Rev. J. O. Hayden, C. M., Rev. F. Rosa, C. M., Rev. J. Carey, C. M., Rev. J. O'Brien, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. F. Poel, M. R., Newark, N. J.; Rev. W. Smith, S. P. M., New York; Rev. J. Redden, Toronto; Rev. E. McDermott, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. P. Mayer, O. C. C., Pittsburg, Pa.; Very Rev. Dean Mangan, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. J. Lachermeier, Erie, Pa.; Rev. A. I. Smits, O. C. C., Englewood, N. J.; Rev. J. Fuhr, O. S. F., Quincy, Ill.; Rev. J. Biden, Ellicottville, N. Y.; Rev. J. McDonough, New Brunswick; Mr. J. U. Emard and the Misses Alberta and Blanche Emard, Montreal; Mrs. Powers, Lockport, N. Y.; Mrs. L. Pearson, Portsmouth, Va.; Master Leo O'Brien, Baltimore, Md.; Miss A. Byrne, Jacksonville, Florida; Miss Tureaud, New York; Miss Seymour, Montreal; Mrs. Gwydir,

Bayswater, London, England; Mr. G. Delisle, Leicestershire, England; Mr. H. Boyd, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Crowley, Little Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. McSloy, St. Catharines, Ont.; Prof. Franck, Boston, Mass.; Dr. and Mrs. Leiten, Mr. and Mrs. Pond, Nyack, N. Y.; Dr. Stokes, Syracuse, N. Y.; Prof. Adams, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Cahill, Mr. and Miss Powers, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. T. O'Hagan, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mr. Flynn, Mrs. Duffy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mason, Miss Cooper, Mrs. Doward, Miss Teefy, Miss McConnon, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Rauber, Wellsville, N. Y.; Mr. J. Garvey, Miss Forde, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Brann, New York; Mr. and Mrs. O'Gorman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. and Mrs. Reiger, Mr. King, Mr. and Mrs. Devereux, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. McLoughlin, Mr. Watt, Mrs. Craven, New York; Mrs. Ransom, Mrs. Read, Mr. W. W. Read, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Macauley, Providence, R. I.; Mr. and Miss Miller, Toronto; Miss Baker, Wolf Island; Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Austin, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Duffy, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Cook, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. G. Kiely, Mrs. Jarvis, the Misses Kiely, Toronto; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hyman, New Orleans, La.; Miss McCarthy, Leetonia, Ohio; Miss Green, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Shapleigh, Boston, Mass.; Miss Chilton, Washington, D. C.; Hon. T. V. Welch, Miss Welch, Miss Udell, Miss Woods, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Doherty, Miss Sherman, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Doherty, Emmitsburg, Md.; Mr. J. Gallagher, Mr. J. Woods, New York; Miss Sherman, Mr. Strauss, Miss Strauss, Mr. Zimmermann, Mr. Neukirchen, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. W. Mayo, Boston, Mass.; Miss Walsh, Miss Dwyer, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Leonard, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Englewood, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Lymburner, Miss Kean, LaSalle, N. Y.; Mr. W. Cashin, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.; Miss Rebstock, Miss Diebolt, Mrs. Parsons, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. and Mr. Quirk, Stratford, Ont.; Miss M. Macdonnell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Dunne, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Murphy, Miss Doyle, Miss O'Connell, Mrs. James, Toronto; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Long, Toronto; Mr. J. Long, Collingwood; Mr.

McGinness, Ingersoll; Mr., Miss and Mr. W. Conway, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Anglin, Miss Innell, Toronto; Mr. Ritchie, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Hardin, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cullen, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Murray, Toronto; Mr. Malcolm Johnston, Baltimore, Md.; The Misses Wintermantel, Lancaster, N. Y.

### Favorable Comments.

The NIAGARA RAINBOW, published at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., deserves a more than passing notice. The third number of this magazine, which appears quarterly, is as brilliant as its previous numbers. It is high above the usual college journal, although most of the articles are written by pupils. One of the most interesting features of the RAINBOW is its foreign correspondence. The descriptions of the Spanish and the East Indian Loretos in this number will be a delightful, intellectual feast to the readers of the RAINBOW.—*Carmelite Review*.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW, Published by the Students of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

This is the age of periodicals, and no educational institution seems to consider its position assured until it has produced some literary evidence of culture and well being. In this beautiful little quarterly Loretto Academy does itself great credit, while it certainly proves the editor-in-chief and her assistants to have a good deal of journalistic ability. Published in the interest of the students who attend an institution which was founded by the late Archbishop Lynch within sight and sound of the thundering waters of Niagara, the RAINBOW contains much that is of general as well as local interest. Letters from India, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany and Spain, keep the readers informed of current movements and the scenes of memorable events. Original poems and articles of, in many cases, genuine literary excellence are given, while the welfare of the ladies' college, which, during one month, was visited by Monseigneur Satolli, four archbishops and so many bishops, is not forgotten. In this connection the following verse of a beautiful tribute to that natural wonder—a rainbow—by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the Canadian

poet, appears in a late issue of the periodical, and is worthy of its reputation:

Eternal seal of peace from God,  
 With heavenly colors bright,  
 Spanning this earth with rays of love  
 Wrought in divinest light.  
 Arch of the hours, the days, the years,  
 Since our new life began,  
 Symbol of Faith, and Hope, and Love—  
 A three-fold gift to man.

Altogether, the young ladies of the academy are to be congratulated upon their journal and its high literary excellence.—*The Empire*, Toronto.

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The NIAGARA RAINBOW is the title of a charming publication issued quarterly from the Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls. It contains twenty-eight pages of the choicest of reading matter from the pens of the young lady pupils, as well as the original contributions from some of the ablest writers of the day. The book is exquisitely gotten up, the paper, style and letter press being faultless. The RAINBOW deserves a successful career.—*The Guelph Herald*.

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It was our intention to refer this week to an admirable publication, the RAINBOW, that comes from the Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls. The title is a fitting one. It spans, with its prismatic literary beauties, a grand space in Catholic literature, and it recalls the countless rainbows that nature has flung across the turbulent and majestic chasm over which stands the Convent of Loretto. In a future number we will make our readers acquainted with this charming and ably edited Catholic periodical.—*True Witness*, Montreal.

Peace is the indwelling of God and the habitual possession of all our desires; and it is too grave and quiet even for a smile.

By our memories, our imagination, and our desires, we are forever painting the walls of the inmost chambers of our heart with pictures that are ineffaceable. No repentance will obliterate them. How jealously, therefore, should we guard the mystic shrine!





### In Memoriam.

HE winning face, the cheery voice, the warm, happy heart that age could not wither, the fertile brain in which "the lamp of intellect burned bright and clear to the very end," are to us now only a memory.

"A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield,  
No shame defaces and no envy mars!"

In the winter of his life, peacefully and without suffering, the soul of Oliver Wendell Holmes has been set free to join the beautiful, brave spirits that have "crossed the bar" before him.

He was dear to all who knew him. Everybody loved him, even those who knew him only through his writings, for in those writings he revealed and expressed himself, his gentle, genial self, so thoughtful, so witty, so loving. His own heart so brimmed over with the milk of human kindness and bubbled with joy that the overflow ran through his pen into the hearts of those who read. He is gone. We shall never hear him speak again in this world, but the words he has spoken, the songs he has sung still remain to us a precious legacy.

And not only in his own country was he known and is regretted. Flashing over the sea comes a message of sympathy to his family from H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, who "had the pleasure of knowing him personally." In "Our Hundred Days in Europe" our keen essayist has recorded lightly and briefly his impressions of royal personages as they appeared to him when he met them unconventionally at the Derby races. To the observant Autocrat "they seemed very much like their fellow mortals." Dr. Holmes had the royalty of genius and the simplicity and sincerity of manner that goes with the truest culture. He could meet the highest on their own level, and the lowliest ever found in him a friend.

It is not for me to attempt any criticism of this brilliant man whose work is now done. Others better fitted for the task than I will be found to pass judgment upon his writings. This gifted intellect was so versatile that all that sprang from it, lectures, novels, essays, poems—all are readable, and through them ripples and flashes that delicious wit that has no rival. Dr. Holmes was

always very ready in expressing his ideas, but this faculty of easy writing did not hinder him from taking infinite pains with his work. He was a born singer and he cultivated his talent with the utmost care. He wrote seven very beautiful hymns which are widely known. "A Hymn of Trust" is exquisite in its finish. Of another, characterized by its author as a "Sun-Day Hymn," a master of hymnology says, "Many valuable hymns are not, strictly speaking, poems; and, of course, most poems are not hymns; but this is both. It is a true hymn, full of worship; and a real poem, all alive with sublime imagery." The first verse runs as follows:

"Lord of all being; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!"

It was the belief of Oliver Wendell Holmes that "genius means ancestors." Truly he had reason to think this of himself, for many of his forefathers and foremothers, too, were distinguished for mental energy, some of them having no small gift with the pen. One of them was Anne (Dudley) Bradstreet, our first American poetess. It takes the extracted essence of one thousand roses to make one drop of attar of rose.

His first poem, entitled, "James's Tree," was published in the *Youth's Companion*, when Holmes was seventeen years of age. He expresses his feelings at this great epoch in his life as follows: "I took the printed copy containing it from the post-office, peeped within, and then walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have seen my work in type since then until I have been tired of the sight of it, but I can never forget the great joy of that occasion."

Dr. Holmes also held a place of honor in the ranks of able physicians, and his medical works have won him deserved renown among those who know how to appreciate them, but it is as man of letters rather than as man of science that he will be longest and most tenderly remembered. We owe him much. He has taught us how to look on the bright side of life, and has given us the example of one who carried his cheerful phil-

osophy and keen delight in living into extreme old age. But best of all we can say that he was good all the way through. There is not a blot in his career to sadden our remembrance of him.

The ink is dry on the silent pen. The brave hero who has so blithely breasted the billows of "life's unresting sea" is now safe in port.

ANNE MEECH.

### Reserved Power.



VERY human being, from the man whose breast is aglow with the fire of genius to a hard-driven son of the clod, commands success in proportion to the amount of reserved power at his command. One has but to note the number of those who fail from early exhaustion to be assured of this fact.

And for this reason, if we would prosperously conduct the contest of life, we should equip ourselves with competent forces, physical, mental and moral. To a purpose has it been said that "He only organizes victory behind whose van and corps of battle is heard the steady tramp of the army of the reserve." In the event of our being sure of our field or of our enemy's considerably acquainting us with the moment of his intended attack, we might come off victors without calling into action much if any reserved force. But in real life, circumstances fail to adjust themselves in accordance with our desires, and hence it is, that unless we are able to contend with obstacles until we have ground them to powder, qualified to match our little strokes of policy against the stratagem of others, we shall in many instances be obliged to beat a humiliating retreat. Two small boys once planned to have a snow battle. One, prior to the engagement, devoted some time to the manufacture of his weapons; the other took his stand totally unprepared, and despite the fact of his boasting a greater facility in forming his balls than his sturdy little opponent, he was in the end compelled to utilize the "reserved force" in his feet when the reserved snow balls of his companion whizzed "to the right of him" and whirled "to the left of him."

The fact that we are living and desire to live, is, perhaps, the paramount consideration for husbanding our strength, for having what might be

termed a reserved potency of character. First and foremost, because it is both time and labor-saving, and the man who possesses it, has that by which he is enabled to work easily and hence with greater despatch. For, if a man in order to perform a certain task is forced to work his powers to their highest tension, work becomes drudgery, and drudgery and slow-plodding are practically synonymous. Secondly, it will be found that the "might have been" people in the world expend more energy in the effort to conceal their defects than would be required to supplant that very ignorance by knowledge. In the long run it is infinitely more easy to be than to seem; persons may feign to be what they are not, may play fast and loose for a time, but the unmasking comes sooner or later, their gorgeous coach is turned into an ugly pumpkin, their horses, into mice.

Have we not conversed with those who, upon first acquaintance, charmed us by what seemed their wonderful versatility? Anxiously have we waited in expectance of a second interview, but alas! we tire of a hand-organ when we have heard all its tunes, and our brilliant friend of yesterday is to-day insipid, dull, flat. Take another example, a very common one: an author writes a book which, owing to its originality, depth, etc., takes the world by storm. In the course of time a second production is brought to the notice of the public. Then does merit meet its just reward. Merciless public! Poor author! in the first instance you used a pencil to record your thoughts, in the second, to waste graphite. You had about as much reserved power to warrant your writing a second book as had the school boy a fund of poetry at his command whose knowledge was limited to the fact that, in the long ago—somewhere in the dim past—a "Boy stood on the burning deck."

Who then are the men who affect us most in history, in every-day life? Are they the men who exhaust themselves in a single effort, the "Single Speech Hamiltons?" Nay, rather are they the Napoleonic and Shakesperian types. Those men, in a word, whose deeds breed an expectation that distances their actual achievement; those who have a power back of themselves by which at a moment's notice they are



capable of augmenting the force already exerted. Have we not seen a cat playfully toss a mouse in the air, and have we not seen that cat utterly annihilate its plaything in the end? Was the cat less dangerous because it teased the mouse before killing it?

Then, whether addressing a large audience or engaged in private conversation, a person moves us not so much by what he or she says as by what he or she is. Logical thought and a fine vocabulary do not suffice to form a good speech; the discourse whatever it be must have something to give it life, and that something?—the great throbbing heart of a human being.

Again, although reserved power may not always prevent disaster, it will at least help us to make a graceful retreat, and one does not retreat in such a manner unless there is a strong certainty of coming out first in the end. Who does not remember Sheridan's answer to a general, who seeing his army retreating, cried, "O Sir, we are beaten!" "No:" replied Sheridan, "*you* are beaten but this army is not beaten," and assuming command he completely overpowered the enemy. But perhaps the most striking case of this reserved power was furnished us in 1830. There was a debate in the Senate regarding the sale of lands, etc.; Mr. Hayne made a brilliant speech in which he attacked Daniel Webster with some show of bitterness. Evidently Mr. Hayne had not measured the strength of reserved power. He imagined he had gauged Webster's strength. It was a decisive moment and Webster's success hinged upon the amount of this power at his command. It is said that his friends, who anxiously awaited his reply, were indignant at his apparent indifference. Ah! did they not know that there is a calm that sometimes precedes a storm, sometimes an outward indifference that conceals feeling about to manifest itself in action—action deadly, crushing in its terrible strength? Webster grasped his subject, marshalled his ideas and made a speech whose lofty eloquence, sharp wit and repressed but overpowering passion accorded him the glorious name of "Defender of the Constitution."

But you may ask, by what means is one to secure this reserved strength? In answer then, if a man desire affluence in the world's goods, he hoards; he makes constant deposit in some sav-

ings bank. He lives on the interest of his money. Only in the event of an emergency does he draw on his principal. And what is to prevent our treasuring up our mental funds in the same way? Can we not, by dint of diligent study, thought and observation, make heavy deposits in the bank of memory, subject to demand when needed? Thus may we not be enabled to meet an unexpected draft upon our abilities. Experience teaches us that the man full of resource is the one whom indefatigable toil has made ready; whose present high value is the sum total of a hundred struggles; whose apparent ease in the performance of difficult tasks is but the measure of past toil.

Another expedient to assist us is the husbanding of our forces against ineffectual expenditures. If something can be accomplished with a slight exertion why make a great struggle? If we can crush an insect by pressing our foot in a movement that is almost caressing in its lightness, why throw ourselves upon it bodily? The insect does not die the more and we are liable to injure ourselves—unless we understand the secret of relaxed muscles. Secondly, we should avoid overwork; we may cheat ourselves into the belief that, by rising at an early hour and working into half the night, we are stealing a march on old Father Time. Alas! the most competent book-keeper is not so strict an accountant as he; every item is entered against us and when the account is balanced we may find ourselves bankrupt. The person capable of ten hours' work may well restrict himself to eight. Even in mechanical contrivances this matter of reserve is made an important point; a machine required to be six-horse power is made eight. It then works more easily and wears better.

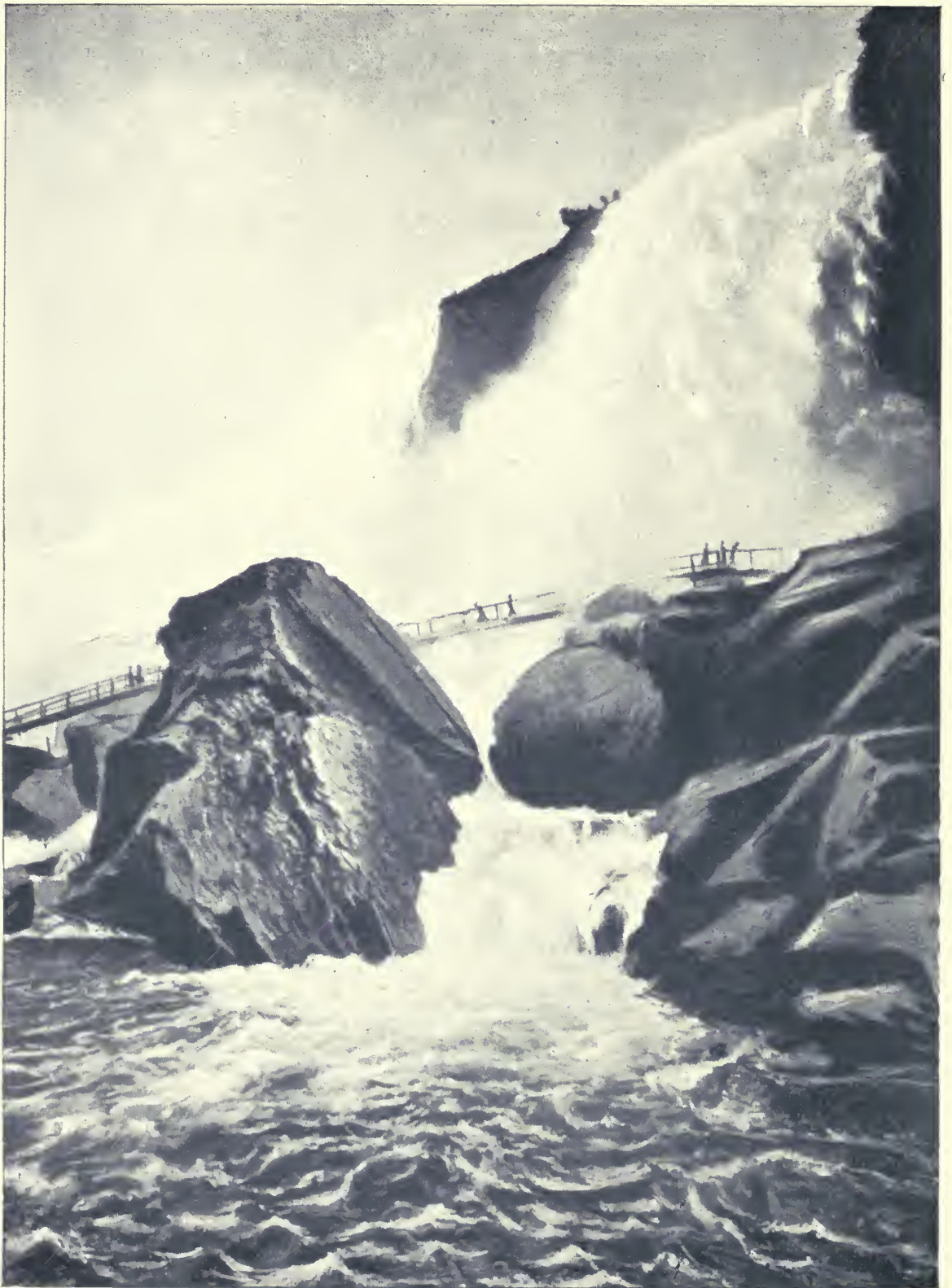
To conclude, this matter of reserve is of such moment that no one can with impunity depreciate its value. The great characters who have graced the pages of history possessed it; those who occupy high positions at the present time realize its potency, and those who aspire to be anything in the future should cultivate it.

HARRIET KEAN.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a noble thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as God's angels must give.







SUPPLEMENT TO "NIAGARA RAINBOW."

PUBLISHED BY LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

"ROCK OF AGES."

**The Rock of Ages and Cave of the Winds.**

NATURE, as if conscious that the coming frost and loud winds will rob her of her beauty, arrays herself in the magnificent splendor of her most brilliant hues during this "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness;" and Niagara, so noted for its unique loveliness, seems to me the most perfect illustration of the fact. At this "high festival of color" we are privileged guests, for everything around us is transformed as if by magic, and looking down from the vantage ground of our beautiful convent home, we sometimes think that King Midas still lives, and instead of changing to gold the hearts of the roses, must use his great gift of the golden touch to beautify the cliffs and banks of our superb surroundings.

An attempt on the part of the school-girl to produce a pen-picture of even the least of Niagara's features seems like presumption, yet, it is consoling to think "there is but one way to record poetically its fascinations; that is, to tell its glories in that plain language which is the Creator's greatest gift to man, and to describe it as a part of that stupendous and eternal poem whose strophes and lines are the rivers, mountains, glens, caves and rainbows of the universe; for of nature in its grandest and most varied forms, Niagara is a condensation and exemplification."

A gifted writer who visited this locality that he might celebrate its beauties in verse, recorded only the following words: "I came to see! I thought to write! I am but dumb!"

During one of our delightful rambles through the park, some time ago, a huge boulder, standing in front of the Cave of the Winds, like a sentinel on guard, engaged my attention. This is known as The Rock of Ages, and is a piece of the precipice which has been cut away by the force of the water—"one of the largest chips which Nature has left in this portion of her workshop." Inaccessible from shape and position, it stands severely aloft, but a smaller boulder near by may be stood upon with perfect safety when the wind is blowing from the American side, and, although now within a few feet of the falling water no inconvenience is felt from the spray. In the afternoon, if the sun shines, an exquisite rain-

bow appears between the fall and the rock; this is the only place on the globe where a rainbow forming an entire circle is seen. Two, and sometimes three, rivalling each other in prismatic beauty have been seen at once. At this point one realizes the fearful grandeur and sublimity of the tremendous torrent, for one of the most remarkable things about Niagara is entirely lost in a picture, its motion. Here also is the starting point for the trip to the Cave of the Winds—a trip, which N. P. Willis has said "is an achievement, equivalent to a hundred shower baths, one severe cold, and being drowned twice," but visitors can happily prevent all these disagreeable sensations by procuring a water-proof suit from the guide.

The formation of this celebrated Cave is easily accounted for. The shaly substratum of the precipice having been gradually worn away by the water, left the limestone rock above projecting about thirty feet beyond the base. "The compression of the atmosphere by the falling water is here so great that the cave is rendered as stormy and turbulent as that of old Æolus himself, from whose classical majesty it derived its first name." One of the charms of a visit to this abode of the Prince of Air, where he is, indeed, in a very unruly mood, is the sight of the ever-changing effect of the light passing through the descending mass of water, the spray bath, and the trip *through* the rainbows after which one exclaims with the poet:

"Has aught like this descended since the fountains  
Of the Great Deep, broke up, in cataracts hurled,  
And climbing lofty hills, eternal mountains,  
Poured wave on wave above a buried world?"

LUCY WRIGHT.

**Firelight.**

THE shadowy spell of the deepening twilight has enwrapped me, and seated before the gleaming hearth, I am weaving "fancies from the fiery embers' glow," and recalling memories of childhood—that Eden of existence now forever closed—when my heart, like the tiny flame that leaps and flickers, was alive to every joyous impulse and as merry and free from



care. How strangely conducive to thought is the glowing firelight with its world of spectral shapes and noiseless phantoms, and with what an irresistible charm it invests the evening hour! Memory's richest treasury of dear and cherished recollections yield to its spell. How its ruddy glow shines on the marble walls and stately towers of the youthful maiden's air castles! What visions of enchantment meet her gaze in that wonderful realm of dreamland! There is music too—rich, delicious music, and it swells through the vaulted halls and steals in faint whispers down the lofty corridors like some mystic melody.

And now the spell of the firelight's restful glow is upon a tender, loving mother, weary and heartsore, mayhap, and done with the toils of the day; visions of the past rise swiftly before her, and how vividly through the vista of the years since she saw them last every feature of the loved ones comes back to her mind, as her heart re-traces with a sad pleasure the joyful life of those by-gone days. But alas! all was not joy. A form long shut away beneath its coffin-lid steals noiselessly back to-night—her erring, but once sinless boy, "gone, ere the autumn of life had shed its ripened loveliness round his head," but living in the heart that cannot forget.

In this hushed and tranquil hour the aged sire is watching once again the firelight's play on the clustering rings of gold and rosy faces of the little ones climbing his knee, though the lustre of that gold has been dimmed, and the faces are lined with care—he is communing with some loved one gone before, with whom he delights to live again in memory, listening to tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his heart since they were hushed to his senses. Is not heaven brought nearer to him by holding some kindred soul whose form he now pictures looking down upon him and beckoning him to her own bright home? Oh, beautiful memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a chastening influence it sheds upon human life!

Like the dying embers that erstwhile burned so brightly, our friends drop off, and the ashes of dead hopes, of shattered dreams and disappointed ambitions alone remain; yet, how seldom it

occurs to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world, when, like the firelight, life goes out and we return to the earth whence we sprang—"dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and our immortal souls to their God, to be judged for good or evil—to suffer with the lost or win Paradise.

GERTRUDE O'CONNOR.

### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.

It is a true saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. The Persians have a legend that a poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise. Then while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.

\* \*

The oil which the Angel of Resignation pours among the different members of the same family, or among the different thoughts which succeed each other in our hearts, is gentleness. And this virtue prevents characters from clashing, from growing angry, from rebelling, either against one another or against events. Alas! yes, against events. There, perhaps, sweetness is more necessary than in our intercourse with men; we can fly from men, but we cannot escape events.

\* \*

Oh, Time! great Chronos! have you dried up seas and levelled mountains, and left the tiny human heart-strings to defy you? Ah, yes! they were spun by a Mightier than thou, and they stretch beyond your narrow ken, for their ends are made fast in eternity. Ay, you may mow down the leaves and the blossoms, but the roots of life lie too deep for your sickle to sever. You refashion Nature's garments, but you cannot vary by a jot the throbbings of her pulse. The world rolls round obedient to your laws, but the heart of man is not of your kingdom, for in its birth-place "a thousand years are but as yesterday!"

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The meanest pool by the wayside can hold the stars in its bosom, and give back the gleam of the sunlight, and receive the showers from heaven, even as the mighty ocean. To all of us it is not given to climb the mountain, and few may wear the laurel; but who shall say what constitutes

success—who deny she has achieved her noblest mission who has been simply a *good woman*? A well-known writer says: “To shed joy, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, the spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service?”

It is so pleasant to dwell upon the ideal side of life, to lay far-reaching plans and dream great deeds, but be you the most orthodox of Christians or the broadest of ethical culturists, we shall yet agree that the truest and most searching test of character lies in “the trivial round, the common task,” along life’s wayside. The great creative Power takes as infinite patience and care in fashioning the facets of an insect’s eye as in marking the course of a Niagara or building a Matterhorn. And George Elliot preached a great gospel to us when she wrote: “The growing good of the world is partly dependent upon un-historic acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who have lived faithfully hidden lives and lie in unvisited tombs.” It is more satisfying to efficiently perform our duty of the hour than to hope that large opportunities may yet be ours; it is better to live to-day nobly than to muse on a radiant to-morrow. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one out.

In the twilight time we see her—that fair woman yet to be. She stands serene and beautiful, looking forward to meet the coming years with calm eyes that tell of inward grace and the peace of God upon her forehead. She is robed in the white raiment of modesty. About her throat she wears a circle of rare gems, and these are the pearls of truth. Her feet are shod with the wingéd sandals of a willing heart. Her cool, white palms are made to lay soft touches on some sweet baby brow, and to clasp the hand of manhood when it falters.

She shall cherish both the meanest flower that blows and the highest stars in heaven. She shall do all things possible with honor to herself and to her Maker. She passes on life’s highway, gathering here the rose of beauty, and there the stately lily of a faithful soul. She stoops for the green mosses of love that grow all about her feet

and will yield her ever-fragrant favor. She lingers long in the grateful shade of the tree of knowledge; of its wide-spreading branches she gathers the leaves to weave a garland for her forehead. She plucks the olive branch to bear within her hand. She treads the beaten path of life, and in her wake the way appears a little greener where her feet have trod, until she stands at heaven’s gate and the angel saith, “Come in.”



### My Trip to the Highlands.

PROMPTLY at seven on a bright Autumn morning we steamed out of Glasgow harbor, aboard the beautiful little steamer “Columba,” for what proved to be a delightful tour of the Highlands. The harbor, which is fully two and a half miles long, presented a very pretty sight with its numerous foreign vessels and also some large men-of-war. A half an hour’s sail brought us within sight of Renfrew, one of the oldest burgh towns in Scotland, and which has the honor of giving a title to the Prince of Wales. A few miles farther on, but distant from the river, is the village of Elderslie, the reputed birth-place of Scotland’s noblest hero, Sir William Wallace. Passing the ruins of Dunglass Castle, where, according to some antiquaries, the Roman Wall which extended to Caeridden on the Firth of Forth began, the scenery which presents itself to the traveler is really enchanting. Both sides of the river are beautifully wooded, and in the background, picturesquely situated, is Dunbarton Castle, speaking of which Ossian says: “The thistle shakes there its lovely head;” for the true Scottish thistle, though a rare plant in Scotland, grows wild on Dunbarton rock. We now come to a place to which tourists are not very partial—Greenock—Custom House Quay. Proceeding on our journey, we pass villas and cottages which, in the distance, appear to be so closely built as almost to resemble a town, but as the steamer nears the shore, we find they are far apart, and surrounded by green foliage which gives them a most charming appearance.

Rothsay, the capital of the Isle of Bute, is now in sight, there is quite a crowd on the pier, some have come to meet friends, others are about to embark, and some are there through shere curiosity. The ruins of Rothsay Castle are still well



preserved; here it was that Robert II. and his son, Robert III., lived; the latter died in this royal residence in 1406. Passing the Isle of Bute, I little thought that my sister, Daisy, would, in the near future, have the honor of presenting the Marchioness' step-mother—Lady Howard of Glossop—with a bouquet of Niagara's fairest flowers, at the Loretto Convent that is so majestically throned above its banks.

We next make for the Kyles (or narrows) of Bute. The strip of water is barely wide enough to allow our steamer to pass through, and we seem to be almost hemmed in by hills, but we sail safely, and at every turn the scenery becomes more attractive and interesting than hitherto. As the steamer turns to the left, Loch Ridden in all its grandeur appears, and is a never-to-be-forgotten sight—glen, mountain, loch, stream, with the reflection of the hills in the bright green water, make, indeed, an entrancing picture. Almost opposite the Isle of Bute are the "Maids of Bute," these consist of rocks on a green spot upon the hill, resembling two maids sitting side by side. At Ardrishaig we boarded the pretty Canal steamer, "Linnet," for Oban, and then entered the Crinan Canal which is nine miles long. The fifteen locks through which we passed afforded us as much amusement as pleasure, but it really seemed as if there were no end of them, for after entering the "Vale of Dail" there was a series of nine within a mile. Finally we reach Crinan, where we again change steamers, this time for the "Chevalier." The mainland of Argyle, along the coast of which we sail, is called Lorn; on the Knapdale coast we catch a glimpse of Downie House where Thomas Campbell, the poet, spent his early days, and after doubling the Point of Craignish, we have a good view of Jura and the Island of Scarba, between which is the celebrated whirlpool of Corryvreckan. The Atlantic tide rushes in with a velocity of about eighteen miles an hour between these Islands, and being impeded in its course by a huge sunken rock that rises nearly to the surface, it is thrown into such a violent commotion that the roar of the waves can be heard at a distance of many miles—sounding not unlike our own Falls.

And now we have reached Oban—the "Charging Cross" of the Highlands, and

"Oban is a dainty place;  
In distant or in nigh lands,  
No town delights the tourist race  
Like Oban in the Highlands."

Straight ahead of us rises the monarch of the British mountains—glorious Ben Nevis—hoary and scarred by the ravages of time—but still towering proudly among his fellows. Although it was only early Fall, he wore his dazzling crown of snow. (We flatter ourselves that he must have known we were coming.)

"Oh, for the sight of Ben Nevis,  
Methinks I see him now,  
As the morning sun-light crimson  
The snow wreath on his brow,  
As he shakes away the shadows  
His heart the sunshine thrills,  
And he towers high and majestic  
Amid a thousand hills."

After spending the night at Banavie we continued our journey next day, passing many beautiful and romantic spots which have inspired poets and artists alike, among them a dark cave in the middle of an avenue of trees that so interweave their branches that the sun cannot find his way to the earth. Here it was that Prince Charlie took refuge in his flight from Culloden; and as we skirt the shores of Loch Arkaig and see the many glens and "corries" that branch off from it—now the home of the eagle and red deer—our hearts go out in sympathy to the disconsolate Prince wending his solitary way to Skye, to make his escape to France. In a forest in the vicinity we saw the celebrated Scotch firs and on a hill heather that was six feet high.

Tradition has many tales to tell about these romantic spots on our route, all of which are, of course, interesting to tourists. Near Loch Oich there is a monument with an apex representing seven human heads, known by the name of "The well of heads." The base deed of which this stone tells took place in the early part of the sixteenth century. Keppoch sent his two sons to France to be educated, and in their absence died, leaving the management of the estate to seven kinsmen. On the return of their Chief's sons, their blood-thirsty kinsmen murdered them, and then took possession of their lands. The bard of Keppoch went to urge Glengarry to vengeance, and this monument tells the story of the terrible

revenge. The heads of the seven murderers were cut off, washed in this spring, and then presented to the noble Chief of Glengarry Castle. Since then the spring has been known by the name it still bears.

As the hunting season was fast approaching, the Highlanders, plaided and belted and in high spirits would get off and on our steamer on the way to their "boxes;" they and the bag-pipe players were a novel sight for us, and added greatly to the already picturesque scene.

At Fort Augustus there is an Institution comprising four distinct buildings—the College, Monastery, Hospice, and Scriptorium—connected by exquisite cloisters in the English Gothic style, belonging to the Benedictine Order. The Scriptorium is the monastic studio for painting, illuminating and works of art. Besides the ordinary staff of professors, there are others who receive their salaries from the Marquis of Bute, and are known as the "Bute Professors." Time did not permit us to visit this interesting establishment in which tourists are most courteously received, so we had to content ourselves with viewing its peaceful exterior, sylvan beauty and background of royal heather. The Fort has an additional interest from being the place where Mrs. Grant of Laggan, resided for some time, and where she wrote her beautiful "Letters from the Mountains," composed the loveliest of her poems, and mastered the Celtic language.

A little further we were told that we might visit the "Falls of Foyers;" when we arrived there after a hard climb, for which the scenery on the way well repaid us, the Falls were—dried up! I am happy to say that since, I have been indemnified for the privation, for it is my good fortune to gaze every moment of the day from my classroom window on Niagara's far-famed cataract.

After a short sail we reach Glen Urquhart whose beauties have a poetic fame. Here we had the pleasure of seeing Ellen Terry who came down to the dock to meet Irving who was on board with us.

"In Highland glens 'tis far too oft observed,  
That man is chased away and game preserved;  
Glen Urquhart is to me a lovelier glen—  
Here, deer and grouse have not supplanted  
men."

Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, is reached at two p. m.; it is an ancient burgh, having received in the twelfth century a charter from William the Lion; within four miles of this town is the battle-field of Culloden, where the Stuart cause was finally crushed, in 1746. Castle hill commands the finest view of the surrounding country of which a celebrated traveler has said: "Such a happy combination of sea and land beauties, so much central culture with such an amplitude of wild environment, is very seldom to be found, not to mention the fresh breeziness, and comparative mildness and proved salubrity of the climate."

Our first Sunday morning in Inverness was spent in the Cathedral, but the service being in Gaelic, was quite unintelligible to us. Next to me sat a Highlander armed with the usual Highland weapon—a long dagger with an inlaid handle which was plainly visible, and did not add to my comfort.

Professor Blackie has given to the world the following sonnet in praise of the northern capital:


Some sing of Rome and some of Florence; I  
Will sound thy Highland praise, fair Inver-  
ness;  
And, till some worthier bard thy thanks may  
buy,  
Hope for the greater, but not spurn the less.  
All things that make a city fair are thine,  
The rightful queen and sovereign of this land  
Of Bens and glens and valiant men, who shine  
Brightest in Britain's glory-roll, and stand  
Best bulwarks of her bounds-wide-circling sweep  
Of rich green slope and brown-empurpled brae,  
And flowery mead, and far in-winding bay,  
Temple and tower are thine, and castled keep,  
And ample stream that round fair gardened isles  
Rolls its majestic current, wreathed in smiles.

AUGUSTA WOODWARD.

All epochs in which faith has prevailed, have been brilliant, heart-elevating, and fruitful both to contemporaries and to posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, in which unbelief, under whatever form, has maintained a sad supremacy, even if they glitter for a moment with false splendor, vanish from the memory because they have been barren.



### Loosened Leaves from Literary Laurels Twined by the Rainbow Circle.

 All the tales of struggling and neglected genius that have come to us, none are more pathetic than that of the gifted and genial, and kindly, and abused poet, Oliver Goldsmith. Everybody who has laughed and wept over the simple fortunes of the "Vicar of Wakefield," or lingered over the tender pictures and sweet sentiment of the "Deserted Village," must have dropped a tear of sympathy over the wandering and troubled life of the author, who could write so charmingly of a home he never had—of pleasures he was never to know; but his story never grows old. The quaint figure always stands out among the poets and wits of that day with an odd air of incongruity; and, as we look at the sad record of splendid possibilities and petty failures, of weakness and folly, and misfortune, we cannot help wondering that Nature should have showered so many gifts upon one man, and kept but the single talent that would have rendered them available for personal comfort and worldly success; for we can hardly count as wordly success that fame which comes when the toil-worn life is over, and the heart that might have been gladdened by it is cold.

The year in which Oliver Goldsmith was born was the center of a brilliant era. Swift had just published *Gulliver's Travels*, in 1728, and was writing pleasant things of poor Stella, whose heart he had at length finished breaking; Steele had stopped laughing and sinning and getting into gaol, and repenting, and promising, and was dying at a little estate in Wales, heart-weary and already forgotten by those who had laughed and sinned with him; Addison had died at Holland House ten years before, and left a polished and shining memory; Pope was writing the first books of the *Dunciad*, or talking philosophy with Bolingbroke at the famous grotto at Twickenham; Hogarth was on the eve of fame; Smollett was a five-year old urchin, getting his first glimpse of life among the Scottish hills; Fielding was a young man of twenty-one, just beginning to be courted for his wit, to run in debt and to borrow money, and find the world much more rose-colored than he did a few years later; Richardson was nearly forty, with his entire

literary career yet before him; Sterne was learning Latin and cultivating his sensibilities at Halifax, Johnson and Garrick were indulging in boyish dreams of the great world which they entered together ten years later; Gray was pursuing his lonely meditations apart or playing with Horace Walpole at Eaton; and Burke had not yet entered upon this mortal scene when his future companion and friend first saw the light in the village of Pallas, Ireland, from which his father, the good old clergyman, who has come down to us in the guise of the well-known Dr. Primrose, removed two years afterwards to Lissoy, with his eight children, his scanty means, and his kind heart.

The world did not take generously to the gifted child, indeed, it does not seem to have considered him gifted at all. He was pronounced a dunce by the old woman who taught him his letters, and mercilessly whipped by his master, and was clearly much more fond of getting rid of his pocket-money and running into mischief than of getting his lessons. The small-pox left its unkind marks upon his plain face, and gave his sensitive vanity something to mourn over all his life. As he grew older he was wild, lawless and good-natured, with a remarkable taste for idleness and fine colors.

He found himself at twenty-eight, alone in a strange city, with a great deal of desultory knowledge, a kind heart and very little else. He tried to be a physician and failed. He sought an appointment and was rejected. He borrowed clothes to appear in and was obliged to pawn them; indeed, he seems to have been reduced to the lowest extremity of misery and want. At last, however, after thirty years of uncertain drifting, he discovered that he had a talent.

While in the irksome position of usher in a small school, he tried to eke out his scanty salary by his pen. From that time to the end of his life, his prolific brain threw off with rapidity the varied and numerous works which have given him so high a rank among English poets, moralists and essayists. He had no home, no wife, no children, no domestic ties; but he went away to his bare and desolate room, and wrote the most touching domestic idyl that was ever penned. Severe as his sufferings must have been, they had

left no morbid traces. "The Vicar of Wakefield" might have been written by the happiest of firesides, so sunny and truthful are its household pictures—so simple and true is its healthful feeling. There is always a smile shining through his tears; and yet, behind the quaint oddities and innocent vanities of these gentle-hearted people, a tear is always lurking. He makes you laugh while he makes you weep, so closely does he blend the joys and sorrows, the comedy and tragedy of life. Charmed by his simplicity, his tenderness, his kindly humor, his sweet sympathy, and his fascinating grace of style, you forget to criticise, and are content to lose yourself in the varied, pathetic and oftentimes amusing fortunes of the simple-hearted family. One cannot help thinking how happy Goldsmith would have been, could he have foreseen that his unpretending tale would make the tour of the world, and find a place in the universal heart a century after he was gone to rest. One cannot help wishing that he could have read the loving eulogies of Scott, and Irving and Thackeray, the glowing tribute of Herder, and the fine, discriminating praise of Goethe, who, near the close of his long life, spoke of "that lofty and benevolent irony—that fair and indulgent view of all oversights, that meakness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and all that train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear," as having formed his best education. It was linked, too, with a sad little episode of his own, for, in his youthful days, he had found a second Primrose family, with its virtues, and oddities and misfortunes, in the old-fashioned household of the artless but unfortunate Frederika.

Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield" at thirty-three, but it was not published until three years later, when the "Traveller" had already given him some reputation. There is a trace in this poem of his own wandering nature, of the restlessness that drove him to all climes in search of something he never found. His heart "drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain," but the vague longing for change spurs him on. There is an irresistible pathos in his own words:

But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue

Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view!  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot, of all the world, my own.

What a tragedy lies beneath it all! What a heavy heart was beating in the bosom of the tired minstrel, as he played his merry airs at the doors of the simple peasants who gave him his frugal supper and humble lodging, and sent him on his way, never dreaming of the wealth of thought and fancy that lay hidden behind that plain face and shabby garb! What a tender vein of humanity, too, runs through it all!

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope  
at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

The "Deserted Village" did not appear until 1770. It touched with the same nameless charm which has so endeared the other prominent works of Goldsmith to the popular heart. The picture of "Sweet Auburn," with its soft coloring, and delicate, dreamy sadness, is always fresh. It lingers in the memory like some old melody of which we never tire. How tenderly the simple-hearted poet dwells upon the scenes of his childhood, giving each fond detail with an artist's skill and a lover's heart! It is sad to desolation, and as true and faithful as it is sad. Many a boyish dream, no doubt, lies dead in that peaceful vale, and years of wandering have given it a hallowed and poetic grace in his eyes.

After his first literary success, Goldsmith emerged from his garret, took rooms in Fleet street, and formed that friendship with Burke, Johnson, Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds, which ended only with his life. But his ideas of living expanded faster than his purse, and the honors that began to come were more expensive than lucrative. The man who spent his last penny to treat the boys with sweetmeats; who gave his coat to a poor neighbor, and his blankets to a destitute widow, and went shivering without himself; who pawned his coat to get his landlord out of jail, and was always ready



to divide his last crumb; was never likely to lack pensioners on his bounty, and, perhaps, the sincerest tears that were shed at his death were those of the poor women who sat on the stairs weeping for their benefactor, while Johnson and Burke and Reynolds passed in.

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The spirit of an age creates the spirit that utters it, and though Byron's genius stamped its impress powerfully upon the thought and feeling of his contemporaries, he was himself, after all, but a sort of quintessence of them, and gave them back only an intensified, individual extract of themselves. The selfish vanity and profligate vice which he combined with his extraordinary intellectual gifts were as peculiar to himself as his great mental endowments, and though fools may have followed the fashion of his follies, the heart of all Europe was not stirred by a fashion of which he set the example, but by a passion for which he found the voice, indeed, but of which the keynote lay in the very temper of the time and the souls of the men of his day. Goethe, Alfieri, Chateaubriand, each in his own language and with his own peculiar national and individual accent, uttered the same mind; they stamped their own image and superscription upon the coin to which, by so doing, they gave currency, but the mine from whence they drew their metal was the civilized humanity of the nineteenth century. It is true that some of Solomon's coining rings were not unlike Goethe's and Byron's, but Solomon forestalled his day in being *blasé* before the nineteenth century. Doubtless, the recipe for that result has been the same for individuals ever since the world rolled, but only here and there a great king, who was also a great genius, possessed it in the earlier times; it took all the ages that preceded it to make the *blasé* age, and Byron, pre-eminently, to speak its mind in English, which he had no sooner done than every nineteenth century shopboy in England quoted Byron, aped his style of dress, and execrated his destiny. Unquestionably, by grace of his free will, a man may wring every drop of sap out of his own soul and help his fellows like-minded to do the same; but the everlasting spirit of truth renews the vitality of the world, and while Byron was growling and

howling, and Shelley was denying and defying, Scott was telling and Wordsworth singing things beautiful and good, and new and true. "Certain it is, however, that the noble poet's glorious chanting of much inglorious matter did me no good," says Fanny Kemble, "and so I resolved to read that grand poetry no more. It was a severe struggle, but I persevered in it for more than two years, and had my reward; I broke through the thralldom of that powerful spell, and all the noble beauty of those poems remained to me henceforth divested of the power of wild excitement they had exercised over me. A great many years after this girlish effort and sacrifice, Lady Byron, who was a highly esteemed friend of mine, spoke to me upon the subject of a new and cheap edition of her husband's works about to be published, and likely to be widely disseminated among the young clerk and shopkeeper class of readers, for whom she deprecated extremely the pernicious influence it was calculated to produce. She consulted me on the expediency of appending to it some notice of Lord Byron, written by herself, which she thought might modify or lessen the injurious effect of his poetry upon young minds. 'Nobody,' she said, 'knew him as I did [this certainly was not the general impression upon the subject]; 'nobody knew as well as I the causes that had made him what he was; nobody, I think, is so capable of doing justice to him, and therefore of counteracting the injustice he does to himself, and the injury he might do to others in some of his writings.'"

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Between Bryant and Wordsworth there was an essential difference, a difference as great as that between Byron and Shelley. The notion that the author of the "Thanatopsis" and the author of the "Excursion" had much in common is due to the fact that they both dealt largely with the simpler forms of objective nature, but the use they made of these forms was not at all alike. Wordsworth was pre-eminently the Transcendentalist of our century. The material world was to him as a vapor. "The light that never shone on sea or shore" was constantly before his mind. Bryant exhibits no trace of this conception in his verse. The material world was to him a substantial fact that depended in no respect for existence upon

the perceptions of any mind. Indeed, it is indicated in many places that Bryant felt far surer about the rocks and trees than about the survival of the soul, and while disposed, like Tennyson, to trust the larger hope, was not without fear that when mother earth claimed her own there would be very little left for the upper world. In other words, while Wordsworth felt certain about the soul and speculated as to the significance of objective phenomena, Bryant felt certain about the objective and speculated as to the possibility of life apart from the material organization.

### An Evening with the Masters.

*A Musical Program with Explanatory Remarks by Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, the Distinguished Virtuoso, Critic and Lecturer, Who Has Given Over Sixteen Hundred Entertainments on the American Continent, and is Known to More Than a Thousand Colleges, Convents and Universities of the United States and Canada as the Originator of "Lecture-Recitals" in Music or "Talks at the Piano."*

A GRAND piano recital had been announced for October 26. The performer was to be no less a personage than Mr. Waugh Lauder, pupil of the renowned Abbé Franz von Liszt, Carl Reinecke, and other famous teachers, and already himself distinguished as a brilliant pianist and interpreter of the music of some of the greatest masters, especially of the difficult productions of his gifted instructor, Franz Liszt.

Bright as had been the dawning of the auspicious day, a little cloud of disappointment hung gloomily on the horizon as the day wore on towards evening and the gifted artist did not appear; however, at 7:30 the announcement of his arrival was quickly communicated. The study hall which had been prettily decorated and garlanded with gorgeously tinted Autumn leaves, was brilliantly lighted, and the grand piano, which had responded to the magic touch of a Scharwenka, a de Kontski, a Gruenfeld, and a host of other celebrities, was now brought into requisition. It is needless to comment on the music discoursed, the following rich program speaks for itself, and certainly, Mr. Lauder could not have selected one better calculated to display the marvels of his pianistic ability:

### PROGRAM.

1. Wedding March and Faries' Dance, . . . Mendelssohn-Liszt
2. Polonaise from "Jewgeny Onegin," . . . Tschaiakowsky
3. Elves at Play, . . . Heymann
4. Staccato Caprice, . . . Vogrich
5. Two Legends, { 1. Sermon of the Birds, } . . . Liszt  
                          { 11. Walking on the Waves, }
6. Barcarole, . . . Schubert-Liszt
7. The Last Sonata, Opus III., . . . Beethoven
8. Vecchio Minuetto, . . . Sgambati
9. Kermesse from "Faust," . . . Gounod-Saint-Saens
10. Pizzicati, . . . Delibes-Joseffy
11. Invitation to the Dance, . . . Weber-Tausig
12. Military March, . . . Schubert
13. The Hungarian "Gipsy Strains," . . . Tausig
14. Don Giovanni Fantasia, . . . Liszt

Having had the rare advantage of a two years' sojourn with the illustrious composer and virtuoso, Dr. Franz Liszt, in Rome and Weimar, Mr. Lauder interspersed his remarks with much that was of interest concerning life in the Eternal City, and the inner meaning of art in its highest sense. As he explained each composition before performing the same, the audience was interested and intelligently appreciative. Among the remarkable features of the Recital were the Legends Nos. 1 and 2 by Liszt—"St. Francis of Assisi and the Sermon of the Birds," and "St. Francis of Paula walking on the waves"—the latter was grandly impressive, as was the glorious "Last Sonata" of Beethoven, Opus III. in C minor. Mr. Lauder's rendering of Tausig's "Gipsy Strains" was dazzlingly brilliant and thoroughly appreciated by his spell-bound audience. The all-absorbing interest and admiration which the performance elicited was at times quickly changed to merry peals of laughter as the genial artist, who so well knew how to diversify the entertainment, related many amusing incidents relative to the musicians whose works he so ably interpreted.

Mr. Lauder had just come from the Cincinnati College of Music, where he lectured on the beautiful, quaint and romantic "Ancient Voyageur Chansons of New France." This subject was first presented to the attention of the public of the United States by Mr. Lauder, and for the first time to the profession by him at the "National Music Teachers' Association" convention at Saratoga, N. Y., in May last. He also gave a phenomenal analytical performance of the Last Five Great Sonatas of the great Shakespeare of music



—Beethoven. This was the first presentation of these glorious works in this completely novel form to an American public, and it has brought new laurels to Mr. Lauder, as a philologist, lecturer and scientist in his art. He has also won an enviable *préstitige* in his sphere as critic, feuilletonist and *littérateur* by his recent article on "Polyhymnia Ecclesiastica" or the songs of the Sanctuary of all times, tongues and creeds. In this he gave probably the most complete and exhaustive treatment of the music of the Mother Church of Rome as yet published in America. It was accompanied by a pamphlet containing the historic and wonderful tones of the ancient Arminian Church, on which subject he is likewise an authority. These articles appeared in Clayton F. Lummy's Chicago "Music Review" in March, April, May, June, July and August of the World's Fair year.

We consider ourselves rarely privileged in hearing Prof. Lauder talk, for the further reason that his eight years of travel and study in Europe, his experiences as critic in music and art at the "World's Columbian Exposition" and at thirteen great American Festivals have given his utterances a weight second to those of no other critic in America.

We would wish in closing this notice to most heartily recommend Mr. Lauder's delightful, scholarly and educative entertainments to our sister Academies in Canada and the United States. His visits inspire all ambitious students and teachers with genuine artistic fervor.

### In My Study Chair.



THE study chair is associated in most minds with an idea of *study*, but the embodiment of the multifarious thoughts and reflections that pass through the poor student's brain, during the hours of her close connection with this very accommodating friend, would require a more lengthy paper than I purpose to inflict on my genial readers.

"The past lives but in words and many ages would be blank if books had not evoked their ghosts." True, but it seems to me that much anxiety might be spared us by the authors of the silent faces confronting me, had they been less scrupulous about details, for nothing is so aggra-

vating as the minutiae of these tantalizing, yet daily companions, who demand not only all but our very strictest attention.

"The measure of a book is in its appeal to the individual," but to become entirely absorbed in its contents takes some time, for before one is acquainted with or even becomes interested in her friendly guide, reflecting Memory trips along making sport of the dullest charms, like sunshine provokingly peering through leaden clouds Books—those at least that students deal with—are, I dare say, the revelations of great minds; that they show the untiring research of the writers, I will not deny, but for a novelty, a balm to the bliss-forsaken school girl, these unfeeling associates give none.

It certainly holds good in the case of study books that "reading without reflecting is like eating without digesting," yet, how prone we are to let our thoughts run riot or unrestrainedly take wing from this substantial world of books to lands about which poets have woven bright fancies, apparently unmindful of the fact that unless we thoroughly ponder over the eloquent speeches awaiting our attention, we can never make clear their meaning; never acquire knowledge unless we make their sound teachings and calculations our own—in a word, unless our wandering mind, cheered on by ensuing pleasures, like bright visions behind a rising curtain, imbibes the mayhap unpalatable contents of these books.


"Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men," so says the poet; I doubt if he was as fond of his little brood of vagrants as I am,—surely not, or he would have spared me this disheartening reflection.

"You should not give vent to the discontented feelings that rise like vapors during the lonely hours of prolonged intercourse with the Study Chair," says the persevering one,—but, does the heartsore maiden, just torn from the fond embrace of home, realize that she must drink deep of knowledge or leave the Pierian Spring untasted?

Well, Resignation is the study to which I am most partial just now, and as "it is thinking that makes what we read ours," I shall solace myself in its calm content while yearning for knowledge.

ANNA DOERR.

**Our Studio.**

 HERE are so many charming rooms and cozy nooks in our beautiful home that it would be impossible, nay, invidious, to institute a comparison; therefore, in order to escape any ill feeling on this point, I shall allow each one to make her own selection; and content myself with proclaiming the charms of the one that is most to my taste, which, it is needless to say, is the Studio—the favorite haunt of the art-loving section of the school—the relief from the boredom of emphatic labor or study. We saunter into this pleasant retreat—by no means of idleness—lured by the sweet pictures of varied life which even at the threshold meet our gaze. All the æsthetic beauty of what sometimes seems a humdrum existence forces itself upon our imagination, from the irresistible charms of infantine tenderness to the calm dignity of serene age. The dimpling smile of lovely maidenhood, replete with summer charms, the more mature beauty of the matron whose head is bowed beneath the chastening rod of grief or affliction—human life in all its phases, like a beautiful poem, unfolds itself to our view—and so, without any effort, that inquisitive faculty, ever on the alert for some new aliment, feeds itself to satiety. Nor is it with human life alone that it beguiles itself, for sylvan scenes and rushing floods, transferred from nature to the canvas, glowing fruit and blooming flowers whose freshness is here preserved by the inimitable art which, in its wonderful capability of seizing and representing the object, surpasses even poetry or music.


Yes, this is our fairyland—our dreamland—where we work and forget that we are working, where ideality so absorbs us that we forget the dull realities of life. We are quite a secret circle and enjoy our artist life with all its privileges and immunities. Our sketching class is so progressive that even Winter's stern reign does not chill its ardent aspirations towards the beautiful in nature, for though no pleasant Summer rambles with sketch book in hand are now before it, it entertains itself with the prospect of fairy network and frost castles more beautiful than ever were built in Spain.

Is not life spent in painting pictures? Some of them to adorn, others, alas! to disfigure the walls

of Memory. Let us then paint bright, beautiful and true ones—leaving no touch unfinished, no tint omitted, so that with proud and grateful hearts we may show all the pictures of our lifetime to the Great Master when He shall demand an entrance to this mystic Hall.

HELEN TALTY.

**The Groves of Loretto.**

 O the Groves of Loretto perfections enchanting  
Have stolen apart from the sad world of care;

The brightest of streamlets, the sweetest wild flowers,

The forest's rare fragrance and bright skies are there.

And such were the whole world, called good by the Maker,

If hearts their first offerings to Him would but bring;

And Winter's fell blight of despair would be turned

To the newness, the freshness, the bloom of the Spring.

The birdlings that flit thro' the groves of Loretto

Enhance the rare beauties they linger among,

Unconscious conforming to favors and graces,

Till the fulness of promise burst forth into song.

The folded wings happy that leave not Loretto,

Could tell of the hundred-fold peace that is there,

No mists hide their skies, and no storms raze their shelter,

Their joy and protection is prayer, sweet prayer.

When the groves of Loretto to one little nestling,

My one precious birdling, give fostering care,

The sigh for her presence shall merge in rejoicing,

When 'mong the sweet voices I number hers there.

IDRIS.

"Groves of Loretto"—The Convent precincts.

"Folded Wings"—The nuns.

"Birdlings"—Pupils.

"One Little Nestling"—The four-year old daughter of the writer.





### My Mother's Face

**H**INES like a star in the sky of my life, its pure, bright rays guiding my footsteps and cheering my lonely hours. In the faint dawn of early childhood when my mind and eyes could conceive nothing else of this world, I was attracted by the brightness of that dear face, but I did not then know its true and priceless value, for through the years that have passed, its clear, steady light has never grown dim, and I recognize in my mother my most faithful and loving friend. When my joys and sorrows are unfolded to her, I see them all reflected in her face, for who can sympathize like a mother? Her face is a photograph, as it were, of her love, and is not unwritten history full of the noble achievements due to the blessed influence of a mother's approving smile? Yes, that cheerful face is daily and hourly more to the growth and health of the noblest affections in our souls than the great sun in the heavens is to the life of the forest or field, her sweet words of praise, of encouragement, of correction, descend like the rain and the dew into the inmost sources of life in our hearts, stirring up therein and fostering into bloom the germs of every manly virtue and noble womanly affection.

As every tree in the great virgin forest extends its branches to the sunlight and its thirsty leaves to catch the raindrops by day and the dew of night, so the yearning heart of childhood turns to the never-failing fount and sweet refreshing dew of a mother's love. When I feel a sympathetic glow for an orphaned companion, I often think what a world of loneliness and sorrow this must be for those who are doomed to tread its rocky paths deprived of the tenderest, most enduring and holiest of all human affections—who have not even the memory of such a love to cheer them through the dreary years in which they may, by contrasting their own condition with that of the more fortunate, realize the loss they have sustained. For does not the remembrance of a mother's face, flitting athwart the gloom, revive the faint and drooping spirit, with the freshness of flowers after rain.

Ah, yes, a mother's heart is a living spring of tenderness and wisdom, and corresponding to our sweet trust in its unbounded and unwearied

love is the need we all have of this incomparable treasure, and the powerful attraction which draws us to it in sorrow and in joy.

TERESA CROWLEY.

### SPRAY.

*("You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.")*

Our Literary Star—"I just dote on Longfellow; how do you like Hyperion?"

Isabel (wonderingly)—"I don't know anything about it, I always use Burnett's Cocaine."

Jane—"I am so glad to see your sunny face back amongst us."

Clara (inwardly)—I don't know about the sun, but the freckles are there."

You must think that I imagine you have a "penchant" for the nom. "I," but I do know you are fond of the obj. "me."

Professor—"Miss D——r, will you sing now?" Miss D., whose lachrymal glands have been suffering from a severe strain—"Oh, yes; after the bawl(1)!"

It has been raining here for weeks, and we are anxiously looking for the appearance of the RAINBOW.

Of all parts of arithmetical studies, the young ladies of our Academy object most to aver-age.

Poor Kate! No one compassionates her deep-rooted sorrow, (toothache).

Our Moralizer thinks that the peculiar appearance of the sky a few weeks ago, produced one good effect—it made some people, who are too intent on earthly affairs, look up to heaven.

Giulia, singers should be above climatic influence, it is so easy for them to have a *change of air*.

So you feel mischievous enough to run over and give us an electric shock? Ha! ha! ha!

Teresa will have a rest now; no more climbing from basement to skies—the Seraph's song is hushed, "the bright particular star" has set!

Maggie is not musical, still she reminds us of a music-box—full of airs.

"How these flies bite!" Ethel (archly)—"Only what is sweet, Sister."

"Niagara by Moonlight" does not prove so bewitching when 'tis gazed at as *late* or as *early* as two o'clock in the morning!

Retribution overtook the fair maidens—innocent of *curline*, but guilty of *Marsh Mallow* dust, dropped on the lamp chimney and looking very suspicious.

Christine (intolerant of home-sickness) to four-year-old companion—"I know what's the matter with you. You're too young to be at *bodin*' school. You ought to be at *kiddergarten*!"

A Tale of a Spinning Wheel—Mamie spun too fast. Helen's thread snapped so often, she gave up in despair. Clara broke the spindle. The spokes flew out when Blanche sat down. Edna inundated the wheel with tears. Ethel advanced with the air of "conquer or die," picked up the débris, and spun famously.

The wheel has been taken away and "put out of sight—the spinners are heavy-hearted and cannot spin to-night." Owing to the failure in the spinning department, hosiery will be at a premium during the coming season.

(Musical Examination—"Spinning Wheel" the piece for juniors.)

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# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. 2.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1895.

No. 1.

## Description of the Grand Cathedral of Mexico.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You say that you have never read a full description of the grand Cathedral of the city of Mexico, and that you would like me to tell you and your readers something about it. Be it so. During my recent visit to Mexico, I spent day after day wandering through it with my guide, "Opal Joe," and left it every time edified—and delighted with all I saw.

The Cathedral stands on a raised platform, about two feet high, and four hundred and sixty feet broad. It forms a rectangle, one hundred and ninety-six feet wide by three hundred and ninety in length, and is built of grey sandstone and basalt.

It was begun in 1573, under the direct patronage of Philip II. of Spain, and completed in 1791, at a cost of two millions of dollars. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and has two towers and an elegant dome. The towers have a height of two hundred and three feet. It contains five naves, six altars, and fourteen beautiful chapels. Six low steps lead to the main entrance. The central portion, gradually rising from the main doors, is divided by prodigious buttresses into three parts, of various orders of architecture. The lower part, Doric; upper, Ionic; third part, Corinthian. Bas-reliefs and statues are between the columns, the capitals and friezes of which are white marble.

The bas-reliefs, over the three grand portals, represent "Peter receiving the keys," "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," and "Peter at the helm."

The Cathedral towers consist of two stones with open arches, lower part, Doric; upper, Ionic; and are crowned with bell-shaped domes,

with hemisphere and cross. In the west tower, hangs a bell, "Our Lady of Guadeloupe," sixteen and a half feet high, which was purchased in 1792, at a cost of ten thousand four hundred dollars. On the upper part of each tower, stand eight figures, nine feet high, representing the Doctors of the Church and the chief Founders of the great religious Orders.

The interior of the building forms a Latin cross, three hundred and fifty-four feet long by one hundred and seventy-seven wide, and contains five naves which gradually decrease in height from the middle to the outer walls. In the center, two rows of eight pillars each, consisting of four fluted Doric columns, support the Roman vaulted roof, above which, rises a beautiful octagonal dome. On each side, is a row of arches between eight Doric fluted half columns. Behind these arches of the exterior naves, are fourteen exquisitely beautiful chapels.

Come with me and we will enter by the western portal of the facade, and take a look at the most remarkable aspect of the interior. Near the first pair of pillars, are two large holy water basins, of onyx. Back of the second pair of pillars, the choir is partitioned by a richly decorated wall, in the Renaissance style, before which, rises the "Altar del Perdon." Our guide points out to us two superb paintings on this Altar, Our Lady offering the Child Jesus for adoration, and Saint Sebastian.

On the west side of the choir partition, is a large and noble painting, "Las Animas," (souls in purgatory) by "Juan Correa."

The entrance to the choir is found before the fourth pair of pillars, and is separated by a high grating of *Tumbago* which, like the balustrade of the passage way to the choir, and the Taberna-



cle, was founded in Macao, China, in 1730, from a combination of gold, silver and copper, weighing about twenty-six tons. It is of priceless value. Above the entrance to the choir, are three crosses, bearing the images of our Blessed Lord and the two malefactors who were crucified with Him, and above the richly sculptured "stalls" of the choir, stands a grand organ, erected A. D. 1736. The background of the choir is adorned with a large oil painting of the Holy Family. On the railing of the passage way, and of the Tabernacle, stands sixty-two small figures, as candlesticks, also of *Tumbago*. Just as we approached the main Altar, at our last visit, a venerable Bishop, with one assistant Deacon, was administering Confirmation to about two hundred youngsters, most of them under three years. The babes did some good yelling whilst they were held before the Bishop by their mothers or nurses.

Above the fifth and sixth pillars, the elegant dome vaults majestically. Between the seventh and eighth pillars, arises from a terrace the main Altar, which was rebuilt A. D. 1850. Before the Tabernacle, on the seventh pair of pillars, are two "Ambos" (pulpits) of onyx.

I must now close this letter, but, in some future number, I will tell your readers about the wealth of paintings, statues, and ornaments that adorn the fourteen chapels, and also describe "Sagrario Metropolitano," where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, with its many paintings and exquisitely chiseled statues of Faith, Hope and Charity.

The Cathedral is opened every morning at 6.30 A. M., and closed at 5.30 P. M. During the whole morning, crowds are constantly going to and from the many altars where mass is said. No matter at what time of day I visited the church, I found devout worshippers before shrines and altars.

I have now redeemed my promise and given you, dear RAINBOW, a glimpse of the Cathedral of Mexico.  
E. B. K., D. D.

PREJUDICE corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of life.

CALUMNY hurts three persons—him who utters it, the listener, and the person of whom it is spoken—but the last, happily, not always, or not for a long time.

## Thoughts by the Fireside.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.



CHRISTMAS has come and gone, the red holly berries of the branches upon the wall are fading into a sombre brown, and we hear but the echo of the joyful Christmas chimes. The Yule-log has blazed and burned out upon the hearth, and we sit silently beside its ashes while our sober, second thoughts take possession of our hearts.

We have said, ah! how many times! "I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"—and a sorrowful shame comes to us to think how lightly we have given the greeting that should come only with a prayer, or with a kindly deed. Do we, indeed, wish the world a Happy New Year? What we wish for that we work for—no striving is too arduous for our heart's desire. Have we labored to bring good cheer to the lonely soul to whom it would have meant so much? Have we dealt tenderly with the little ones who look to us for love and gentleness? Have we denied ourselves that we might brighten life's days for another? Have we ceased to envy those above us and exult over those beneath us? Have we made the world happier and better because we were here? Ah, no—and we look upon the ashes where the blaze once burned so high, and we know that our good wishes and our greeting have been but a mockery. And we bow our heads in sadness, and would that we could blot out the past.

The moments pass in silence until the clock rings out the hour. We lift our eyes again and lo! a sunbeam strays in at the window, and under its gentle glow the holly berries upon the wall grow warm and red again. Without, we see the snow that lies white over the fields. It has enfolded the bareness of the winter trees, and covered the blackness of the frozen ground. And to-morrow—ah, to-morrow, the sun will rise again and bring us once again a day wherein we may do better; and with charity and loving kindness, as with the snow, shall we cover our past failures.

Oh! hope of all the world—"To-morrow!" Each sunrise heralds hours in which to retrieve lost possibilities. Each morning carol of the lark sings to our hearts, anew, of hope. Each

awakening of the earth gives us time to build our world more worthily than before.

“It is not too late

‘Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.’”

We see the ashes on the hearth through tears, though happy tears, for black and ruined, like our own dead days, as they lie, we add a faggot, and behold! the blaze burns cheerily again. Aye! the very past shall bless us, for out of it shall come high endeavor and patient labor. And we kindle the fire of our hearts with hope and cry “Welcome!” to the days of the New Year.

Come in, O January! with gladness we cry Hail! for Heaven has blessed you to us. We mourn no longer by the hearthside. We buckle on the armor of our souls and go forth to seek the heavy-hearted, to say the helpful word, to wish God-speed to all the laborers in life’s vineyard. Farewell to idle mourning and ashes! Welcome to earnest effort and nobler days!

“Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

ADELYN WESLEY-SMITH.

New York, January 1st, 1895.

## The Religious in Art.

(THIRD PAPER)



ALL things that are true are religious, and all real things are true. That which is not true cannot have any reality—it must be negative. Of real things we cannot proclaim that they are religious, nor can we class all the transitory as non-religious. The criterion of all things is within ourselves, and the outer can only be judged as it acts upon the inner as a stimulating afflatus.

There are but two worlds, the terrestrial and the celestial. So all things have their two sides, the real and the relative, infinite and finite. We have our intellect and our world of facts and observances, relationships and deductions, where one thing is measured by another for its estimate, and then again, we have our inner, deeper world of intuitions and apprehensions,—our emotions; here dwelleth the household of faith, love and true knowledge; it is the heart from which the lip speaketh. This is our real world. “The intellect and its work shall pass away, but love endureth forever.”

What shall we term the religious and what the non-religious in life and its environments? I must begin with the assertion that everything originates in divinity and must therefore be divine. How grand is this great law of creation! Everything is conceived in love, gestated in beauty, and at birth we behold it as “very good.” Only as it touches life does the *idea* become tarnished by the poisonous atmosphere of false thought and erroneous teaching.

There is no law of creation outside of the divine law in all the works of God or man. Nature, God’s creation; art, man’s. The artist creates through the love of his soul quickened by the fire of the spirit. O if we had all of us but the eyes of the poet or of the prophet! Then we would see in all we meet with in our daily walks the semblance of something holy. We would find beauty in the plainest of Nature’s liveries,—and beauty is a seal set upon that which tells of God. Keats saw the wonder of beauty in Nature’s healthiest moods, but he could not tell what it spoke to his prophet eyes, nor could Shelley. The secrets of the illumination were within them.

Every human soul is yearning for a knowledge of itself; the desire for religion, for the real, the absolute, is implanted in every breast. Man always wonders at himself first, and then, through his own mysterious self, goes marvelling to God. “O God! I am, and therefore, Thou must be.” The Kingdom of God is within us. The celestial world of man is within, and he looks out upon the terrestrial, and is deceived in its forms and appearances. Again and again he returns into himself to find the unchanging and eternal. He sees the shallowness of external life, and longs for the reality prophesied in his ideals.

Adversity has driven men to become great by forcing them to rely upon their true inner selfhood, where alone they were able to find the true and enduring. The efforts that spring from the inner world are universal, and live for ages. Remember the Prophets! Did they speak from the standpoint of the finite, daily, exterior, shallow world, or from the inner world to which I allude?

In art these two worlds are very marked both in its outer and objective side that catches us and pleases—nay—charms with its glow of fire, its



meteoric showers of brilliant lights, its blaze and bombast, illusion and dexterity, and in the inner and subjective side wherein reside the quiet inward joy and soul delight that come over the man of man and the woman of woman, when the celestial world of art is opened to them.

It is true that we may hunt the world over, for the beautiful; if we do not carry it within us, we find it not. It is not often thought of in this way; how far a person may penetrate the mysteries of true art depends upon the amount of religious instinct in him. It is the religious, not doctrinal nature of man, that decides whether the wonders of art strike the intellect and leave there the sparkle and display of their marvels, or whether they enter into the inner and eternal chambers and awaken a response in the true life—the soul. That which comes to us from without can never go beyond the intellect, but if we ourselves are beautiful, it will awaken the response in that Holy of Holies of our being, and the answer that comes from within is always holy and sacred. That response proclaims man or woman a poet, for the poet is one who conceives beauty in its essence. When that conception of beauty springs from within to blend with the beauty appealing from without, that is the birth hour of the poet. When we respond to the good, the beautiful or the true, it is always with holy thought. Art never called an unworthy thought or feeling from any source deeper than the human intellect or heart, swayed by animal passion.

The truest artist is always the greatest worshipper. Not that one who has the greatest amount of power or technique at his command, not he who can talk or paint with the greatest fluency, or the brightest combinations of color, but he who can take the simple work of some simple, though grand soul, and find in it all the wondrous incentives to its birth. All great men have been simple in one side of their life, and all the greatest productions of art are immortal, because of the simplicity in their conception; they stand out honest and clear, pure and free from barbarisms. Becoming like a little child, the artist produces truth.

There is a great difference between invention and creation. One is human, one divine. Invention is the result of the human intellect,

creation is the production of all that is divine in man resigned to truth, and propelled by the mighty engine of a disinterested love. An invention can be altered, improved upon and perfected, but, a creation of genius is divine, and the touch of earthly tools only mars the grace and beauty of its structure. Let me try to illustrate the fact, for herein lies the difference between the religious and the non-religious in art.

The poems of Burns are a beautiful example of the inward creative power. In speaking of the first poem he wrote, he says, "I never thought of writing poetry until I was fairly in love, and then poetry and music came together, and I beheld the verses entire at a glance." The first poem was written for the little girl that was coupled with him in the harvesting, and there is a famous painting of Burns sitting by the road with this maiden, picking the briars from her hand. His "My Nannie, O" may be compared to the poem of Reynolds on the same subject. The wonderful "Farewell to Nancy," of which not a word could be changed, is as good an example as we could find to illustrate this point of inner birth of true art. DeQuincy and Lord Byron claim it as the most universal poem in all literature. Byron's "Ode to the Ocean," Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and a thousand others that came out of the soul, go speaking on to every other soul. Look at the Psalms of David, and think how impossible for a mind to have invented them. They were from within out. In contrast, turn to such writers as Pope, Swift, Prior, Crabbe, etc., and note the stilted style of invention, the constant allusions to gods, cupids, sylphs and all that poetic and mythical mass of material from which each drew in common with the other to supply needed or unneeded metaphor and simile.

That which makes a production a true work of art also stamps it as truly religious. All religion must be universal and for all men, so, all true art is also universal and appeals to the same instincts and longings in all people. The song of Burns, translated for our American Indian, would tell his own heart story. All souls travel over the same road in coming in the end to the same throne, and, on the way, they leave beautiful monuments by the roadside, and other souls, reaching those points, understand the cypher left there by the

former, for true art is a great book, written in strange symbols, telling the story of a soul on its lone way from the fallen Adam to the glorified Christ.

Art finds its birth among all savage races in the same manner. There is no *chance* in God's universe, all is a grand law that is never broken without penalty. Savage and barbarous tribes, in all parts of the world, are eager in their search for the elements of art,—some means of expressing what they themselves are. They instinctively feel their dependence on God, and that, being in his image, they are also gifted with the power to create. The imagination among such people is very powerful, and this is the organ or faculty of creation in man. There is no race of men on the earth so low that they have not some instinct that forces them to look to some being or beings higher than themselves, to whom they give unlimited powers, but, it is due to their not having the enlightenment and education which are afforded us, that they set up a system of boo-gaboos, goblins, angry or protecting deities, for their worship. Religion dwells in every human breast, but man is always wont to "create God in his own image," instead of building himself in the true likeness of his Creator.

The highest ideals among the savage races of man are those of valor, the chase and war. They deal with stratagem and bribe the keepers of different kingdoms or dominions for liberties or peace. So it is with their conception of God, they bribe their deities with sacrifices—too often human—they have gods that, like themselves, are angry, brutal and revengeful. We have families and homes, we know a God of love, and all our art sings His glory.

Art and religion find their birth simultaneously. The entrance of one into the world was accompanied by the other, and there has always been a divine marriage between them. Each has been the support of the other.

The human mind cannot conceive of abstract things, everything must be put into the concrete before it can be held in the mind. No one can hold in his mind a conception of goodness, holiness, devotion, or any type of perfectness, without associating it with some object, so in all the faiths of this world, it has been necessary to use symbols

that could stand before the minds of the people, and this was the great mission of art—to be the language of Religion.

The highest religious ideals of a nation, alone, could have produced such an epoch as that of Greek art. The Temples were built for the gods and goddesses, and the sculpturing was a portraying of their grandest conceptions of those beings so much higher and nobler and more beautiful than they. The same is true of Egypt and her massive Temples, Pyramids, and Obelisks; her Colossi and Sphinxes, bound in their stony death, were born of the religious impulse of that ancient land. Their belief in immortality and in the indestructibility of the soul led them to the embalming of bodies and the erecting of such structures as would outlive the ages.

When Christianity came into the world, art changed. Painting sprang up as it had never before shown itself, and the harmony of color seemed to speak of the love element that had entered the world's ideals. The Gothic architecture took the place of the old solid Corinthian, and in the flying buttress, the star-seeking turret and thousand soaring pinnacles, is seen the new flight given to the soaring and aspiring soul that was discontented with the old world and looked to a new heaven and a new God. The colored windows in the Gothic churches and Cathedrals were another outward sign of the love-warmth so wanting in the ancient faith. And in the music of this new world—but this I will reserve for my next paper in which I will show the aid of music to religion and religion to music, from the advent of Christ to our present time.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

### Niagara in Winter.

"And the hoar frost spangles the waste with flowers,  
Fairer than any, where night dews weep."

**W**E have sung of Niagara's beauties in the rich luxuriance of its Summer charms, and crowned with the golden glory of the year, and we thought its Autumn beauty Nature's swan-like cadence of praise; there seemed to be naught for a poet's theme in the chill nakedness of its Winter's aspect—skeleton trees and barren rocks looming drearily before us, waters flowing sullenly on, as if resentful of



the spoliation of all that had added to their former grandeur—but, no sooner has Nature divested herself of all that might prove incompatible with the Frost King's reign, and exchanged her dazzling robes of green and gold for an ermine mantle, than a scene of enchanting splendor is unfolded to our view. "No marvels wrought by genii and magicians in Eastern tales could surpass the wonderful creations that rise along the surrounding banks and hang over the walls of the cataract. Glittering wreaths of icicles, like jewelled diadems, gleam on the brow of every projecting rock and jutting crag. Arches, pillars and porticos of shining splendor are grouped beneath the overhanging cliffs, giving fanciful suggestions of fairy palaces beyond. Every fallen fragment of rock, under its icy covering, becomes a marble column, pyramid or obelisk, every rift and opening in the cliff is transformed into an alabaster grotto, with friezes and mouldings, with filagree wreaths and festoons, and filmy veils and canopies of lace-like pattern and gossamer texture; and on every curve and angle, round every fissure and crevice, some fantastic and lovely decoration is woven by Winter's master artist."

Everything, from the giant cedar to the tiniest blade of grass on which the wonder-working spray falls and freezes, is wrapped in a gleaming white crust, and sparkles in the sun like crystal and mother-of-pearl. As we look upon the evergreen branches, from the tips of which hang clusters of ice balls, popularly called "ice apples," we almost imagine that some of the trees laden with jewel fruit from the magic gardens of Araby, have been transplanted to the banks of Niagara, for, in the sunlight, these "ice apples" flash and sparkle like so many gems. Still more fairy-like are the evanescent charms of the delicate and fantastic tracery, fragile efflorescence and soft shadowy drapery produced by the hoar frost, which transforms even the most commonplace objects into "things of beauty," our very window panes are an artistic study which often rivets our gaze and beguiles the hour of more serious tasks.

As I write, the loveliest snowflakes are whirling and falling in silent softness, not a snow-laden limb of the many trees that border our stately home, stirs in the keen, quiet air, the

white-clad fields and ice-bound shore are glistening in the sunlight, and the cold, dismal-looking water hurries its green flood over the brink, and roars hoarsely as it rushes into the vortex below.

Yes, the Ice King now wields his sceptre with undisputed sway, and opens his crystal palaces and fairy gardens to the enchanted beholder, and, as a mighty monarch, views with complacency the changes he has wrought in his vast dominions. Nor will he depart from his regal throne till the voice of the feathered minstrel is heard in the land, and the herald of Spring's approach gives warning that his reign is over. In the meantime, we may marvel at the wonders of the old magician who, with a touch of his powerful wand, can conjure up such matchless scenes of beauty—too beautiful to last.

Reign on, old King, thy pleasures are not scant, smoothly gliding over thy icy paths—no rugged roads are thine—to the merry tinkle of gladsome bells, we will sing thy praise. Yea, we will dare to walk upon the waves, so firm beneath our feet hast thou chained them by thy iron will, and shouldst thou span Niagara's tide with thy wondrous bridge of ice, ten thousand tongues shall chant thy glories.

LUCY WRIGHT.

### A Tribute to the Memory of Canada's Late Premier.



HE life of Sir John Thompson, although he had not so large a shade as some others in making the history of Canada, was in some respects very remarkable. Others were equal, perhaps superior to him in constructive ability, in the art of managing men, in all that may fairly be regarded as statesmanship; some rendered more important services to their country and "left the impress of their minds on the institutions of their country" more deep and permanent; but no other attained the highest position in the gift of the Canadian people in so short a time, or with such little apparent effort. And at his death he was honored and mourned as no colonial statesman has ever been honored before.

His success, however, was by no means fortuitous. In his early days he had many difficulties to encounter. The son of Irish emigrants, he had neither wealth nor family influence to aid

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“Where Niagara’s starry spray  
Frozen on the cliff appears,  
Like a giant’s starting tears.”

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ON LUNA ISLAND.



SUPPLEMENT TO "NIAGARA RAINBOW."

ICE MOUNTAIN.

PUBLISHED BY LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

WINTER SCENES AT NIAGARA FALLS.





him in the struggles of life. He received a fair average education at a Methodist Seminary, in Halifax, but when he left school he appears to have had to rely almost entirely on his personal exertions. While a student at law he gained his subsistence, in part, at least, by hard work as a stenographer, in the service of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly. When called to the bar, it was by his ability and industry and his earnest intelligent attention to all the business entrusted to him that he slowly but steadily created a practice. The sterling qualities which ensured his success at the bar contributed much to his success in public life. Circumstances did much for him, but it was because he was able by his ability and industry to shape them to his own ends.

Extraordinary opportunities of advancement were given to him, but he used these opportunities with consummate skill. He became Attorney-General of Nova Scotia while yet a young man, and the Government of which he was a member was sustained chiefly by his abilities and high character. He was not so successful when he became Premier. Owing to his want of tact, and experience, and skill in the management of such men as then constituted the legislative majority in that Province, or to the overwhelming strength (in the Province) of the party to which he was opposed, the Government fell to pieces, soon after he assumed its leadership. He certainly was not regarded at the time as fitted to take and to hold a high place in political life. But this failure served, in his case, to prepare the way to greater success. A seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the Province having become vacant, he was appointed a Judge, and in that position he remained until he became Minister of Justice of the Dominion. As a Judge he was esteemed for his ability and industry, and respected for his eminent integrity. The Archbishop of Halifax, who preached his panegyric, said of the means by which he achieved success:

"How, then, did the late Premier rise to the lofty eminence in which he was stricken by the hand of death? It was not by the aid of the outward accidents of wealth or of birth. Much less was it by an unworthy pandering to the passions and prejudices of the people, or by the employment of cunning arts and devices by which a corrupt public man sometimes threads his way successfully to ambition's distinction. None of these lent him any aid in his upward course. A faithful observance of the

law of labor imposed by the Creator of the human race, and from which no one, without disturbance of nature's order, can exempt himself, together with intellectual gifts of a high order, strengthened and made perfect by a deep religious spirit, enabled him to hew a pathway through the difficulties of life on an ever upward plane. It is only by a combination of such forces that great results can be achieved. Some will say he was lucky, but to a thoughtful man what is the meaning of this trite phrase? As we are not the creatures of blind chance, but, under God, the architects of our own destiny, the word can only mean that a man is always alive to and takes advantage of his opportunity; in other words, that he puts at good interest the talent committed to his keeping. We can, therefore, safely conclude that industry, sobriety and a conscientious attention to the details of each duty constitute the pinions which bore him onward in a career which can only be rightly characterized as phenomenal."

Of his character as a lawyer and as a Judge, the Archbishop said:

"Now, it is admitted on all sides that as a lawyer, Sir John was never found unable to meet the legal points which might unexpectedly arise in the conduct of a case. Some may say he had not a laid-up store of legal knowledge. He merely solved the difficulties as they successively arose. Even if that be so, it would simply prove that he lacked the time in a busy life to fill his mind with all manner of law questions, whilst it would serve to show the resourceful quality of his intellect. As a pleader, his success was so marked that his services were eagerly sought in all cases of great moment. As a Judge, his summing up of cases was noted for its method and impartiality. His decisions were ever clear and satisfactory."

The most important event in the life of Sir John Thompson was his conversion to Catholicity. While yet struggling to make a practice he married Miss Affleck, a Catholic, and this, no doubt, led to his enquiring what Catholicity is. Sincerely attached to the belief of Methodists, as he was, it must have cost him much to get rid of the prejudices in which he had been educated and to unlearn so much of what he had been taught. But for him to know the truth was to accept and to profess it. He could make the most of his opportunities, but he could also encounter difficulties and brave dangers in the cause of what he believed to be truth. How much the difficulties of a young man striving to make his way in the world are increased in any part of this country by his being a Catholic; how much greater are the difficulties of him who is a convert to Catholicity need not be said. Halifax has always been the most liberal of the Protestant cities of Canada in this respect; but even in Halifax such a change would, in all probability, add greatly to the difficulties of one in his position. He did not hesi-



tate to obey the voice of conscience. He became an earnest, sincere, practical Catholic, tempering, indeed, the zeal of the neophyte with the discretion which was at all times one of his chief characteristics, but faithfully discharging all the duties of his religion. On this point, also, we quote the Archbishop of Halifax:

"His manner of life from the date of that change until the day of his death was that of a thoroughly practical, consistent Catholic. Both in public and in private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise, many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirements of unjust triumphs. How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul can be gathered, in an unmistakable manner, from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things was a small picture of his Saviour, a crucifix, and a set of rosary beads.

"Be it borne in mind that he could not have forseen his death at Windsor Castle, consequently even his most bitter adversary cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but, in which he fully believed, were ever on his person. He had gone to Windsor Castle at the command of his earthly sovereign. Whilst bending his knee to her and swearing fidelity to her throne, with a heart filled with the spirit of true loyalty, he wore pressed to that same heart the image of his heavenly King, both as a reminder of the homage which he owed Him, and as a consecration of the service of his soul to the eternal King. He was to dine with the Queen and then remain for the night in her historic Windsor Castle. He would offer to her every sign of respectful allegiance and ready service; but when he should have retired from her presence, he was prepared to salute the Queen of Heaven, and to commend himself to her care by devoutly reciting the beads in her honor."

One of the most remarkable facts in his career is that his becoming a Catholic did not retard, but did much to promote his advancement. He did not, indeed, trade in his Catholicity at any time, but, his undoubted sincerity, his willingness to run all risks in the service of what he believed to be truth, as well as his high character and recognized ability made him acceptable to the people of Antigonish when he required a constituency, and his being a Catholic was, perhaps, one of the reasons why he was appointed Minister of Justice.

He sat on the Bench of Nova Scotia for some

years, giving much satisfaction to people of all creeds and parties in that Province, but almost unknown to the people of the other Provinces of the Dominion. His appointment as Minister of Justice was a surprise everywhere, and everywhere men asked who he was, and why he was selected. Sir Charles Tupper is now proud to claim that it was he who, knowing how serviceable he could be, urged his appointment. This claim is probably well founded, but all parties soon found and acknowledged that Sir John A. Macdonald, who was then Premier, had made a wise selection. This was the more manifest, perhaps, because of the dearth of talent on the Government side of the House of Commons at that time. But Sir John Thompson's ability and knowledge would have rendered him a valuable supporter even when his party was at its best. Even those who complained that his eloquence lacked force and fire—was too calm, unimpassioned and judicial, admitted that his speeches were clear, logical, and often conclusive, and that his honesty of tone and apparent sincerity gave weight to what he said, even with those who differed from his conclusions.

It was as Minister of Justice, as Premier of the Dominion and as representative of Canada in the negotiations at Washington and the Arbitration at Paris, that Sir John Thompson made his Canadian reputation. Of the policy on trade and other questions adopted and carried out by the Government of which he had become a member, and accepted by him, many disapproved. A letter, recently published by Mr. Goldwin Smith, proves conclusively, that as was always believed by many who knew him best, Sir John A. Macdonald never was a protectionist on principle. The opponents of that system assert that no intelligent man who studies the question carefully can be a protectionist. Not a few wondered how Sir John Thompson, who was so able, could be a protectionist, but even these inclined to the belief that, nevertheless, he was honest. It would be improper to discuss such questions in the RAINBOW or even to express an opinion on them, but it may not be amiss to say so much in order to show that even under circumstances of especial difficulty, Sir John created the impression that he was honest, at all events. His speech on what is

known as the Riel Question, was the first in which he manifested his great legal and forensic power. Those who believed that Riel was insane during that second rebellion were surprised to find that Sir John held a contrary opinion, yet, no one doubted his honesty. The death of Sir John A. Macdonald forced Sir John Thompson, who then became leader of the House of Commons, to assume a far greater amount of responsibility for the management of public affairs. Serious charges were made in Parliament against members of the Government, and some of their prominent supporters. These charges proved to be so well founded that one member of the Government was compelled to resign, at least one prominent official was dismissed, one prominent member of Parliament and one contractor for a great public work were criminally prosecuted and convicted. For all these extraordinary proceedings credit was given to the honesty of Sir John Thompson. Those who thought that much more should have been done, generally expressed the opinion that for what was done the country was indebted to him, and that he would have done much more if his colleagues had not rendered it impossible.

His greatest Parliamentary effort was his speech on what is known as the Jesuits' Estate Bill. A large amount of property in the Province of Quebec, which belonged to the Jesuits before that Order was suppressed and which was afterwards confiscated by the Government, lay almost useless and unproductive because the Catholic people of the Province would not purchase or put to use without the consent of the Church authorities, property which they regarded as the property of the Church. Mr. Mercier, boldly grappling with a question with which his predecessors did not dare to deal, made an arrangement, approved of by the Pope, by which he obtained full right to all those properties on paying a price distributed between the Jesuits and the Catholic Bishops in the proportions agreed upon.

The only real objection to the arrangement was that the price was greatly less than the actual present value of the properties; but a dreadful storm was raised in several quarters because justice was thus partially done to the Jesuits and because, as was said, the Pope was allowed to meddle in Canadian affairs. A motion

was made in the House of Commons virtually censuring the Dominion Government for not having disallowed this Act of the Quebec Legislature, as, constitutionally, they might have done. While the controversy raged out of doors, Father Jones, S. J., published several pamphlets in which the facts of the case were fully stated and the numberless gross misstatements then current were refuted. Sir John Thompson in what was admittedly a great speech—a mass of facts stated clearly and forcibly and of irrefutable arguments based on those facts—triumphantly vindicated the policy of the Government, and, indeed, of Mr. Mercier, as the policy of justice, of prudence and of good government. Clear, argumentative, logical, often impassioned, he had never been so eloquent. That speech quelled the agitation which for a time threatened to disturb the peace of the Dominion, and fully established the parliamentary reputation of Sir John.

The Manitoba school question must have worried him greatly for some years. The Government and Legislature of that Province, in utter disregard of the rights of the Minority, and of the Act by which the Canadian Parliament sought to give effect to a solemn agreement between the Dominion Government and the people of Manitoba, passed an Act to deprive of their schools the Catholics, now become the minority. That Act the Dominion Government could have disallowed, but Sir John Thompson, it would seem, did not urge its disallowance. Believing that the Act would be declared *ultra vires* by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, he thought it better to have the question permanently settled in that way. The astounding decision of that tribunal must have grieved as well as surprised him.

The general policy of the Government remained, after he became Premier, very much what it had been for some years. If he possessed a faculty for creative legislation, he appeared to find no opportunity for its exercise.

His administration of the Department of Justice was generally satisfactory. While he was Minister of Justice an attempt was made to negotiate a treaty with the United States. The result was not satisfactory, but for his services on that occasion he was created a Knight of St. Michael and St. George. When all the questions relating



to the Seal Fisheries of the Pacific were submitted to arbitration, he was appointed arbitrator representing Canada. Of the legal learning, the knowledge of the subject, the judicial capacity and the remarkable ability he manifested on that arbitration, the leading English papers have again, since his death, spoken in the most eulogistic terms. For his services as arbitrator he was rewarded by the Imperial Government with the appointment of Privy Councillor, which, although otherwise of little value, gives the title of Right Honorable, and is, perhaps, the greatest honor that can be conferred on one who is to remain a colonist. The chief object of Sir John's last visit to Europe was to take the oaths which would give him full possession of the rank to which he had been appointed. He went to Windsor Castle by royal command to attend the Council at which the Queen presided. He had scarcely left the Queen's presence, flushed with the crowning honor of a career so brilliant, when death claimed him as its victim. The death, so appallingly sudden, of the man on whom she had just conferred the great honor which he had so well earned by his services to the throne and to the Empire, and who was still her honored guest, excited the sorrow of the woman and the profound sympathy of the sovereign. The feeling she manifested, the attention she paid to the remains of the dead; the efforts she made to console and comfort the living will not soon be forgotten by Canadians. And to Canada, the Queen and the British Government showed all possible respect in its great bereavement. It was impossible to summon a priest in time to administer the last sacraments to him whose death was so sudden; but a priest was called and solemn services were held while the body lay in the Clarence Tower of Windsor Castle, the Queen, herself, it is said, taking care that everything necessary was provided. The body was attended by members of the Royal household to the railway station, and thence to London by representatives of Her Majesty, especially appointed for that duty. A ship of war, one of the finest cruisers in the navy, was summoned from Gibraltar to bear the body to Canada, and when the remains of the dead Premier reached Plymouth, they were received with all the funeral pomp and circumstance

with which a great nation could honor its illustrious dead.

The State funeral at Halifax surpassed in solemn magnificence, in the attendance of dignitaries, ecclesiastical and civil, in the naval and military pageant, in the impressive ceremonial, and yet more, in the sincere sorrow of the thousands who had gathered from all parts of the Dominion, any similar demonstration ever witnessed in Canada.


His sad death was intensely dramatic, and it may be that the feeling of sorrow which prevailed so widely, and was manifested so strikingly, was strengthened by its extraordinary circumstances. But these circumstances would not have evoked sorrow so sincere, sympathy so profound, did not people of all classes and all parties believe that Canada had lost a man thoroughly honest and thoroughly devoted to her service. The Archbishop gave expression to this belief in his selection of the text:

"And I have walked before you from my youth unto this day. Here I am. Witness against me before the Lord and before His anointed. Whose ox have I taken? Or whose ass have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Or of whose hand have I taken a ransom to blind mine eyes therewith? And I will restore it you. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us; neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." (1 Samuel. xii. 3, and 4.)

HON. T. ANGLIN.

### Partings.

"They are so sad to say: no poem tells the agony of hearts that dwells in lone and last farewells."

E live in a world of continual change and most strangely blended contradictions, the language of which contains no sadder word than that whose mournful accents greet us hourly amid the busy cares of life—whose plaintive melody covers a world of unspoken anguish—the tender, sad "Farewell!" Ere yet the events of yesterday have passed quite beyond the scope of our vision into the domain of memory, the realities of the present tread close upon their departing footsteps; while the sharp lines of the future loom up in the near horizon, and—

"Coming things, full freighted with our fate,  
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind."

If we glance at the chain of Friendship, we will see that some of its precious links, although not

broken, have been worn and tried by partings. To-day, perhaps, our souls are happy in the calm, unclouded enjoyment of earth's richest blessings, the endearing intercourse and cherished companionship of the loved ones whose friendship is so essential to our happiness, and whose very lives are a part of our own. To-morrow, some stern necessity of human life, or the pale messenger, Death, steps between us and them, and severs with remorseless hand the golden chain whose links have become like fibres of our being; and while with the next wave of time's unceasing current our lives drift far apart, naught remains for the spirit's solace save the magic glass of memory. To-day, we exchange the cordial greeting of friendship with long-tried companions, to-morrow, the engulfing waves of business or pleasure swallow us up in their maelstrom depths, and with a quickly uttered farewell we part, perhaps, forever. The forms of loved ones are to pass from our view; almost joyfully—with that feeling of sweet sorrow—we go to meet them to say a last good-bye. For one brief instant, in their loving clasp, they seem to be ours—and ours alone—but, suddenly they vanish like shadows from our vision, and only their image remains deeply imprinted on our hearts. They pass from us, perhaps, to form new friendships, to enshrine new images in the place of ours, or, mayhap, to be drawn nearer and nearer to us as the mournful miles divide.

Whenever there is a happy social circle, united by the attachments of long-continued intercourse, and an oft-repeated interchange of thought and sympathy, there must be melancholy hours as one after another bids adieu to its enjoyments, to mingle in new associations, to engage in the more active duties of life; and though the skies of Fate seem divinely fair "in the untried impressibility of youth and hope," yet, the hour of parting is a sad one.

"Beware of parting!" says a well-known writer. "The true sadness is not in the pain of parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! Meet again you may; will it be in the same way?—with the same sympathies?—with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if

the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely!" From that tenderest and saddest of farewells to the mother who had guarded us in childhood, to the cordial good-bye exchanged with school-mates—a chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and the wearing away of years does not favor reunions.

Sad it is when the clouds of distrust and doubt shadow the brow of the friend of years, whose firm constancy in the darkness of adversity, as well as in the sunshine of prosperity, we have so fondly trusted; when we find we have blindly leant upon a broken reed, when the joyous salutation of friendship, which has so often awakened echoes of love in our hearts, changes to the distant greeting of formal etiquette. Painful, indeed, is it to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love; but this, too, we must learn to bear without a murmur, for it is an oft-repeated tale.

Very dark and mournful is the hour when from the pleasant family circle whose quiet happiness seems like a glimpse of that glorious spirit—tryst in the realms of light, the inexorable mandate of the death-angel summons the fairest and best to pass from earth forever, and bitter, indeed, the moment when we are rallied to say a last farewell to those so soon to enter the unexplored Hereafter, but its bitterness is sweetened by the thought of the eternal reunion that awaits the pure in heart, in the land where partings are unknown.

TERESA CROWLEY.



### The Uses of Sorrow.

IN the sea of life there are two great currents ever flowing side by side, ever reflecting their lights and shadows, each on the other, so opposite, and yet so closely connected—these are Joy and Sorrow. But of Sorrow only, with its manifold uses, I shall speak.

Men's hearts are so constituted that they thrive on joy, while sorrow is to them like frost to the delicate flower, under whose blighting touch it droops and fades. Not all men have the strength to benefit by the sorrow that falls to their lot, the favored few, alone, rise above their afflictions, strengthened, calmed and purified by them, with only the shadow of the struggle visible on their faces.

When great afflictions come to us, the bright-



ness, the happiness of the past, stand out clear in contrast with the dark present—"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"—very dark, indeed, except for the thought, ever present with us, that the love, which gave to us the glowing past, has deemed it fitting to darken the present, and are we not better for passing through the shadow? Ah, yes, it is then, alone, that we feel our great dependence on our Creator, that we feel how truly we are in His hands, as He wishes us to feel.

As gold is tried in the crucible, so is the heart of man tried by sorrow. It is the test of his greatness, the measure of his capabilities, the purifying process, by which the dross of his littleness falls, and the beauty of his character is revealed. As the storm's rude shock and lightning's glare reveal all the rugged grandeur of the cloud-capped mountain, and the upheaving of the deep, its awful extent and vastness, so, sorrow's touch is often needed to bring out the moral worth and beauty of a soul. Why is the oak so strong, so venerable? Because it has withstood the storm, while the hot-house plant—feeble nursling of luxury and ease—has never known a blast. The soul of man is great, its immortal longings and yearnings are beyond the satisfactions of mere sense. He is but half a man who has not known what sorrow is. We have not known him. He has not been revealed to us, for sorrow is the touchstone of character. Why is the music of Beethoven so grand? How should we have known this man, to outward seeming so little worthy of our enthusiastic admiration—almost repellent in his unsympathetic abruptness and singular eccentricity, at least to those who did not know him intimately—but whose music, like a mighty tide wave, sweeps all before it? Where is the secret of his power? His colossal soul has been touched, and music is the language it chooses for its expression. Its pain, its anguish, its pent up feelings flow forth in exquisite harmony which relieves and soothes at the same time.

So with the poet, and so with the painter, their greatest works are achieved while under sorrow's pressure. The immortal Dante, wandering about from castle to castle, in Northern Italy, accepting the hospitality now of one, now

of an other petty potentate, wrote almost, if not quite, the whole of the "Divina Commedia," and it is his thoughts and feelings during this period that have made him sublime. This time of misfortune was the time of his real greatness, when he learned, day by day, the truth of that prophecy which himself had feigned—

Thou shalt prove  
How salt the savor is of others' bread;  
How hard the passage, to ascend and climb  
By others' stairs.


When Christ redeemed us with plentiful redemption, He took not away the pains and sorrows which, in such large proportion, make up the texture of our mortal life, He transformed them into motives of virtue, and occasions of merit. "There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

Sorrow, too, awakens us to the reality of things, dispels our dream of earthly happiness, leaving only its memory, and makes us realize that we are destined for another end than the mere enjoyment of pleasure.

" In the cruel fire of sorrow  
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;  
Let thy hand be firm and steady,  
Do not let thy spirit quail:  
But wait till the trial is over,  
And take thy heart again;  
For as gold is tried by fire,  
So a heart must be tried by pain!"

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

### Among the Lilies.

HRISTMAS morning. The bells have rung their silver carillon to the quiet air, and never, it seemed to us, did the sweet light of Bethlehem shine with so bright a radiance on Loretto, never did the bells seem to peal with so joyful or earnest a solicitation to come and worship, as on this glad feast of the Nativity of our Infant King. Was it that He, whose "delight is to be with the children of men," was pleased with the offering made Him, on this, the anniversary of His coming among us?

Gleaming lights from the High Altar, revealing

the glowing tints of rare exotic bloom, shed a softened lustre on the lowly crib, fragrant flowers exhaled the sweetest perfume, while the lily unfolded its spotless beauty to greet its Lord and Appraiser, but, purer even than this fair flower, and more pleasing to the "Lord of the garden," were the young souls who, this morning, for the first time, were about to receive Him. On one the regenerating waters had just been poured, and clad in the unsullied robe of baptismal innocence and spotless purity, she awaits the coming of her God. All the vivacity, the light frivolity, of their age have faded from laughing eye and brow, giving place to a breathless, loving devotion; Nature's prodigality in their regard is forgotten, for, favored, indeed, one would call them in the rich possession of her gifts, but far more favored now in the modest forgetfulness of all else—even the joys of the festive season—conscious, alone, of the coming of their Heavenly Guest, sensible, alone, of the one gift which includes and surpasses all others.

A fair galaxy of beautiful souls is gathered round the altar this glad morning—aged, religious, novice, maiden—each possessing its own special charm, and all infinitely dear to Him who has come on earth to enter the hearts of His creatures; yet, who shall say that His loving glances do not seek oftenest, do not rest longest, on the little ones, the white-robed band, to be His hostesses for the first time? No marvel it should be so, are they not His own selected models of perfection?—childhood in its holiest, loveliest aspect. Now the joyous strains of the "Venite Adoremus" steal upon the air, reverberating in each heart, often as it may have heard them, with a new and fuller meaning, for the Incarnation is a mystery of all others which grows upon us. Its depths we shall never fathom, its heights we shall never gauge. The beautiful service, solemn in its impressiveness, proceeds, the celebrant, in touching and eloquent words, instructs and exhorts the favored ones in a manner admirably adapted to their years, and as the grand, half-imploping strains of the "Agnus Dei" rise and fall among the flower-wreathed columns; with slow, timid steps the children approach, their snowy robes and flowing veils shimmering in the sanctuary light, their earnest eyes downcast,

and small hands clasped in wordless prayer, to take their place at the New Banquet, surrounded by those visible guardian angels, in the bright example of whose many virtues, a light to guide their youthful steps was found.

No flourish of trumpets, no busy heralds announce the coming of the Great King, only a light foot fall in the hushed sanctuary, the rising of a consecrated hand, a low breathed prayer—and the Creator has entered His creature's heart.

The beautiful communion hymn has died away, our first communicants, with bowed heads, are wrapt in fervent adoration—we will leave them to their transports with the angels that surround the Altar Throne, for surely, beneath their wings, must ever sleep the memory of this day.

ANNA DOERR.



### Can It Be True

THAT our dream is o'er, that the oasis of too brief holidays has disappeared from our view, leaving us in a desert of grammars, arithmetics and ponderous volumes, too numerous to mention, too dear (?) to forget, whose dumb resistance it is ours to conquer; with nothing but a bitter-sweet memory and "that tired feeling" to bear us company through the days of dreary toil and dull routine?

Oh! can it be true, my anguished soul exclaims, that no more may we wander at will through the convent halls and corridors, or tread the mazes of the dance to other music than that furnished by that masterpiece of artistic and musical creation—the recreation hall piano?

The vacation joys have fled, though their memories may haunt us, and, in their place, a ghastly array of months, devoted to mental pursuits, confronts us, but, time is a rare old healer, not only of heartaches, but of the maladies that are wont to attack those who use their pedal extremities more than their brains, and also those "rare and peerless maidens" whom *we* call—well, never mind—whose plaintive, tragic tones break upon the midnight's solemn hour, in soliloquies that betray an acquaintance with—ah, well, that is another story.

We have had several expositions of what the lachrymal glands can do (some of us have shared, to the fullest extent, in the advantages of



the process), and we find by consulting the Physiology and other scientific works, that most things grow better by frequent watering. Now, I have studied this whole question, with the calm scrutiny of a philosopher, without the least intention of writing half the alphabet in honorary capitals after my name, but with the fond hope (and a secret misgiving) that my profound and brilliant thoughts may not dim the lustre of the RAINBOW, but, on the contrary, be enshrined in, no—not in its—but in the memories of its readers; and lest the witty Frenchman's definition of speech, "a faculty whereby we conceal our thoughts," should, in the least, be applicable to my eminently suggestive words, I shall call on the poet to bear me out in asserting that:

"We must not hope to be reapers  
And to gather the ripe gold ears,  
Until we have first been sowers,  
And watered the furrows with tears.

"It is not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours;  
Life's field will yield, as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers!"

ELEANOR HOGAN.

### The Voice of a Violin.

I WAS inclined to feel rather amused at the self-complacency displayed by the distinguished members of our "Mandolin Quintette" in the last issue of the RAINBOW, and, indeed, I enjoyed as a capital joke, their asserting themselves so loudly, but when it came to a positive challenge, although so much my inferiors, I could not allow it to pass without some attempt at a castigation, or, at least, justification.

The famous "Quintette," then, actually deplores the fact that the violin, among other instruments, is put before the mandolin. Second obnoxious clause—"hence, its laudable desire to reform the world of stringed instruments." I fear it has not calculated the width of its shoulders. Well, I can afford to deal mercifully with so weak an antagonist, and since this is the age of self-assertion, or in other words, proclamation of one's mission, I shall acquaint the world of music with the facts bearing on mine.

Of my antiquity, I shall not speak; on Brescia and fair Cremona my ancestors have shed an unfading lustre, and their descendants have ex-

ercised a unique charm over the minds of men. Wreathed with the laurels of a Corelli, a Tartini, a Viotti and a Spohr, and immortalized by a Paganini, whose performance on a single string aroused the enthusiasm of an entire world, entranced with the weird magic of his skill, I will ever look down from my lofty pinnacle and smile at the feeble attempts of those lesser and pretentious instruments that try to imitate one that has survived, unchanged, throughout modern musical history, while they have been completely revolutionized.

The Church, ever anxious to avail herself of the elevating and refining power of the fine arts, and conscious of my artistic capabilities and power of expression, has introduced me into her services. I am the most important, in fact, the leading member in the orchestra; compared to my brilliant, flexible, mellow tones, those of the lute, guitar and arrogant mandolin are hollow and vexing. To me alone belongs the power of imitating the human voice. I plead, I beseech, I supplicate, till my impassioned tones wring the very hearts of my hearers. Mine is a voice without a human body, and yet, one which thrills as if it started from a human soul.

Not in derision, indeed, would I belittle my friendly companions, for each one has an appropriate place in the vast orchestra of musical tones, each has its history and its romance of thrilling interest, no doubt. The dulcet tones of the lute, the soft, low vibrations of the guitar, touched so gently, while the amorous strains of the serenade steal upon the evening air, may charm, but the "harmonious rushing" of my strings can consign to eternal oblivion the world of mandolins and efface them from the very earth.

I moved the great Rossini to tears in the hands of a wizard of tones, but, where were his fame, did he not find in me an instrument responsive to his touch? Ah, my friends, a mysterious immortality is mine—an immortality acknowledged by the world's great masters of music, and yet, forsooth, the puny bards of mandolin fame would reform the world of stringed instruments! Ha! ha! ha! methinks I hear the echo of a derisive peal of laughter, till even the shades of the mighty ones of art are stirred by this mockery of assumed greatness, on the part of the minions of a wandering minstrelsy.

L. KEENAN.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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## NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JANUARY, 1895.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Angels assume many forms to bring glad tidings to men. Our white-winged visitant announced a message of peace and joy and glad assurance which will reverberate in our hearts 'till the solemn knell proclaims that the happy infant year, that has been ushered in, has gone to join its predecessors. For those of our sympathetic and congenial friends who rejoice in our joys, we insert the glad message-words of deepest import to us, coming, as they do, from the highest ecclesiastical authority in the country—the representative of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.:

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1894. }

The Editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW:

Allow me to thank you very cordially for your kindness in sending me regularly your excellent magazine during the past year. I express here-with my sincere wishes that you may always prosper in your good work in the interests of religion, as well as of society, by spreading and defending the truth, and promoting morality.

With much gratification, I impart to you and your undertaking my blessing.

F. ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,  
*Delegate Apostolic.*

\*

THE following beautiful tribute, received from a former pupil, is worthy to find a place in our columns:

"A wanderer from the Old World who has

roamed in many lands, who loves the soft beauty of her own Emerald Isle with its heroic traditions of learning and faith; France with its brilliant intellectual life; Italy with its glory of art and all the indefinable fascination of the "Sweet South;" and Germany with its deep thought and exquisite allegories—such a wanderer and a pupil of Erin's Loretto would fain lay a wreath of homage at the feet of those ladies who, here, at Niagara, so faithfully and so devotedly sustain the high traditions brought from Ireland by that Institute, which was her childhood's guide in faith and intellectual life. What higher tribute can be offered to them than to say that they justify the proud claim made for Divine Faith by one of our age's greatest orators—that it is the developer of the highest qualities of mind and heart. And this proud claim they make good, indeed, while teaching woman to be the world's guardian angel, to rule it by the invisible, all-pervading influence of her cultivated intellect, her trained will and her devoted heart."

\*

FOR the benefit of weary, heavy-hearted little girls who may be suffering from the effects of a "rainy day," we insert the following comforting words, written by a former pupil to her little sister:

"It is needless to assure you, dear, that I heartily echo your wish regarding a nice long talk in contrast to an attempt to write. More than once I felt that it would be so nice to have you with me. But some day we shall make up for lost time. 'You are tired telling the girls things, and getting no sympathy?' My dear little girl, you should not tire yourself out looking for things which you can never hope to attain. You will find few who can sympathize with anyone excepting themselves; we all do that, you know. But, suppose you dot down 'these little things' in your diary; make that book your confidential friend, take good care of it, and it will not run to repeat that which you have just told it in strict confidence; it will not mind if you talk about nothing but your own joys and sorrows, and it will teach you a lesson in this way. On the 2d of January, or any date you like, you tell this little book that you are feeling much pained over something that has happened; things in general look very black, and you *know* you can never be happy again. In a few days, something else of a brighter character occurs; you are bubbling over with delight. Accidentally, you turn to January 2d, and wonder why you could have minded such a little thing. In a word, dear, a journal or diary will impress upon your mind the aged truism, 'Even this will pass away.' Say this to yourself, when you feel discontented; it is a real comforter."



A beautiful trait of sweet charity has been wafted across the ocean to us this Christmas-tide from dear St. Mary's, Mickle-gate-Bar, York:

"I promised," writes our correspondent, "the pupils that they should have a treat at Christmas, if they all returned promptly to school after the Summer vacation. All did so, except two, who were unavoidably detained. And now they have chosen as their treat to invite the children of the poor to a tea, to be allowed to wait on them, and to give each little waif six-pence before leaving; which will be quite a fortune to those poor little tots who can get neither food nor clothing, and scarcely shelter during this bitter weather."

Heartily do we hope and pray that the Rewarder of the cup of cold water, given in His name, may shower abundant blessings on our sister students in old historic York, and enable those among them who are competitors for Oxford honors to bear off the laurels to which they aspire.

\*

*FAITHFUL FRIENDS AND GENEROUS CRITICS.*

Mingled with our most cordial New Year's greetings to the loyal friends who stood with us at the launching of our little bark on the uncertain seas of literary Fortune, is our grateful acknowledgment of their sincere and generous patronage.

Although sailing under such an auspicious emblem as the RAINBOW, and cheered by its everlasting smile of peace and promise, we are not invulnerable to the darts of insidious enemies, but, to these we may bid defiance, when friends, brave, true, and able, have supported us, not alone with blessing, at the outset, but with every token of favor, appreciation, and approval. Notably among these shall we quote the revered representative of our Holy Father, Monsignor Satolli, whose benign condescension has been manifested on many occasions; and our beloved Archbishop, whose fatherly kindness has gone so far as, with his gifted pen and ever fertile brain, to become himself a contributor to our little magazine. Need we say how much enhanced we feel its worth by an article of such depth, wisdom and piety, as that which adorned the pages of our last issue.

We have many thanks to offer, also, to our former companions and to our well-wishers, hearty sympathizers with us in our literary enterprise, whose kind words have been like the gen-

tle rain and sunshine of vernal skies, bringing hope and promise unto fulfillment. RAINBOW friends, indeed, reflecting its bright beams in the hearts of those who might have yielded to the gloomy thoughts of leaden despair.

So, will our little work go on, we hope, borne along on the dancing waves of Fortune, but gathering force all the while for a mission of sterner import—to brave the billows of a tempest's fury, and still throw forth a beacon light—a beacon, perhaps, to those who once left the secure haven of Loretto's protecting care, and having launched into the great main of life, have drifted with its impetuous current, forgetful of the guiding star that should have directed their course. If, perchance, its light should reach them, in time to save from shipwreck, ere they have struck the fatal rock which threatens inevitable destruction, then, a part of our mission shall have been fulfilled.

To preserve the links of a precious chain, to find them if missing, to bind them still closer with bonds of love, so that Loretto's children, mustering under the dear familiar banner of their cherished *Alma Mater*, may find a cooling shade in which to rest a little from the heat and din of life's warfare, is, also, our aim. That echoes may sometimes reach them, like sweet forgotten strains of some loved melody—echoes from their childhood's home to remind them of their own bright days of guileless simplicity and happy girlhood—for this we fondly strive. What hand so fitted to enwreath the garland of laurels won, or the crown of blessed womanhood, as that which guided these early foot-steps in the path of duty and of right. Faithful to all their sacred trusts, what hearts should be gladder to hear the tale of their noble deeds, their heroic self-sacrifice to the demands of duty, or to recognize the light which they shed abroad, by their fidelity to the mission of their life calling, than those which once beat in unison with theirs.

Not without a reason, therefore, have we chosen the title, "RAINBOW," to be a token and sign between us and the loved ones who have left the sheltering haven of their early days.

THE EDITORS.

## A Legend of Killarney.



*(The Origin of the Present Lakes.)*

IN the golden days of long ago, the "good old times" of our ancestors, there dwelt on the beautiful Island of Innisfallen—in the Lower Lake of Killarney—(Lough Leane)—a powerful and vindictive fairy who, for some cause, real or imaginary, took umbrage at the actions of the then local prince, and, in revenge, laid certain spells on the well-fountain that supplied the entire valley and environs with a never-failing quantity of cool, clear, sparkling water; Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter, it was the same, but then came the fairy's warning: "Let yonder well be kept covered, and see that no careless mortal ever allow its waters to catch the sun's departing beams!" Raising her wand she traced upon the flag-stone of the well some magical signs which we shall translate as follows:

If maid or matron e'er forget  
This stone upon the well to set  
E'er sundown, then shall the fairy's spell  
Sound forth this vale's departing knell.

The traditional warning passed from sire to son, and wary mothers never sent forth a heedless maid to the perilous well, without countless cautions and injunctions to replace the mystic flag-stone before sunset, and the villagers had lived on in peace and security for many years. Such was the legend; now for the sequel, which is my tale.

In the time when the McCarthy Mor was King of Munster, and the brave and chivalrous Doinnall O'Donoghue was Knight of Glens and Lord of Killarney and all its environs for many a mile, before the alien's foot trod the green hills of our lovely Emerald Isle, there dwelt in the midst of the beautiful vale of Killarney, in a pretty cottage, embowered in trees, an aged grandame and her youthful granddaughter, the peerless and faultlessly beautiful Kathleen O'More, the fairest maid in the length and breadth of Erin. Time passed on and Kathleen grew from childhood to maidenhood, happy and free as the birds that sang in her native glades, beloved by all who knew her, but, to the old grandame she was as the very apple of her eye: her young life had been a Summer dream of sunshine and flowers until her

seventeenth year, when Lord Doinnall saw, loved, and asked her to be his bride. No cloud seemed to lower in the horizon of their anticipations; Doinnall was his own master and answerable to no one, so, though only a simple village maiden, Kathleen was to the eyes of Lord Doinnall more peerless than a queen, and he resolved, early in the Autumn, to transplant to his ancestral home a fair mistress, his beautiful "lily of the valley," as he playfully called her.

All this time the old grandame looked on, proud and happy in the evident happiness of her darling grandchild; and if a shadow sometimes dimmed the brightness of the future in her old eyes, it was only caused by the thought that she was soon to miss the sunny smile and warm caress which had been her morning joy and evening solace during the bright, brief young creature's residence with her; and she was "now too old," she said, "to leave the cot" in which she had spent so many years of her life, and which was endeared to her aged heart by so many memories of olden times. The young pair laughingly replied that she was not so old as she maintained; and by way of argument, Kathleen threw her arms caressingly around the neck of her aged relative, exclaiming, "Now granny dear, you know that would not suit at all, I could not do without you; I am only a simple, thoughtless village maiden, and it is you must teach me how to act as grand lady of the Castle;" making, at the same moment, a sweeping courtsey with infinite grace, but inimitable drollery. The old grandame shook her finger playfully at the sweet, young creature, "Ah! well, well," she cried, "we shall see;" and fondly stroking the golden curls, bade her grandchild run off to the fairy well and bring her the customary jar of water for their afternoon meal.

Away tripped the gladsome young girl, kissing back her hand, singing snatches of a song, in the fulness of her heart, till she reached the glade, in the centre of which stood the fairy well. What was it that made her shiver as if a breath of icy air passed over her sunny brow? She knew not; the day was warm, even sultry; the birds sang merrily in the copses near by; the sky was blue and cloudless; so, laughing away her fears, she laid down her jar, and raising the mys-



tic stone, filled the vessel with the clear, sparkling water to its brim; then sat down and was soon lost in a pleasant day-dream. How long the reverie lasted she never heeded; till, suddenly starting, she remembered that all this time her dear old grandame might have missed her; she quickly snatched up her jar, forgetting, in her haste, to replace the lid of the well.

That night she had a dreadful dream, vivid and real, in which she thought she saw herself on the top of a high hill watching a foaming torrent pouring down upon her home, and burying beneath its angry waves the beautiful valley of her childhood. She awoke with a loud scream; ran to her grandame, crying "The well! the well!" and fell senseless at the feet of the old lady who, only just awakened, hardly realized the true import of her words, till a loud knocking at the front door of the cottage caused her to throw some slight covering on her shoulders, then raising the window, she beheld beneath it young Lord Doinnall, with a face that looked ghastly with the pallor of anguish and despair. "Open! Open!" he cried, "where is Kathleen? Make haste! there is not a moment to be lost; the water is pouring madly from the well; soon the valley will be covered!"

The distracted girl who began to recover from the swoon, now fully realized the dreadful catastrophe, caused by her act of forgetfulness; and wringing her hands in despair, she confessed to her old grandame and Doinnall who, by this time, had come to them, that she sat down that afternoon for some time after drawing the jar of water, and having tarried rather longer than usual, she started hastily for the cottage, forgetting to replace the cover of the well. They tried to comfort her, but in vain. At last, Doinnall, with gentle persistence, roused her, and almost carried her down stairs, followed by the grandmother; he lifted both on his own stately charger, and hurried them quickly in an opposite direction to that from which the roaring flood of the fairy well was pouring down the doomed valley: they were joined by straggling groups of pale, terror-stricken villagers, all hastening from the destruction that now threatened them, to the shelter and safety of the nearest hills; and when they reached a point that was right above the

valley, they sat down to rest awhile and watch the now angry, surging waters, roaring like a foaming torrent all through the valley,—on, on, rising higher and yet higher, till very soon, not even a roof-top could be seen—only the stately towers of young Lord Doinnall's castle; and some wondered that he had not taken the sweet Kathleen and her aged grandame there, instead of to the bleak shelter of the mountain, but Lord Doinnall knew full well that it was only a question of a few hours, even for his magnificent home, and he would not risk a life so inexpressibly dear as was that of his fair Kathleen and her aged relative, whom he, even now, loved with all the filial respect and love of a son; so he placed them in what he deemed the safest refuge for the time being, hoping against hope that when the fury of the flood had spent itself, and the valley was sacrificed, the angry fairy would be, perchance, appeased, but he dreamt not to what lengths vindictiveness could be carried; soon, too soon, alas! he was to feel its bitter reality.

The smiling valley, with its fields of golden grain, its verdant groves and flowery glades, was swallowed up by the relentless flood. The hapless fugitives hastily ascended a loftier peak of the mountain-side, in order to secure a safer resting-place than that from which they looked on the buried valley, but they saw that they were doomed. Up rose the waters now to their feet, as though in pursuit of the terrified trio. Quickly they ascended the winding path till the summit was reached, there, finding there was no descent possible on the other side, and all chance of escaping the doom predicted by the evil fairy cut off, with the "courage born of despair," they sat down, pale and tearful, and awaited the end which was near at hand. A few moments more and nothing was to be seen but an unbroken sheet of water which, when it had covered its coveted victims, suddenly seemed to have spent its fury, became calm,—and thus formed the Lakes of Killarney, so celebrated in song and story.

I fear that many of my readers will grumble at this sad ending to a Christmas story, but, a much more profitable thing it will be, to moralize on the fact that, day-dreams are dangerous things to indulge, and that one act of carelessness may lead to very serious results in the unseen future. The

well-known and famous guides around the Lakes maintain that to this day, when the waters of the Lakes are clear, you can distinctly see village, castles and towers that are buried beneath. I shall not ask anyone to say *credo*, but leave it an open question for the credulous. M. J. B.

**Niagara and the Convent of Loretto.**

**I**HAD never seen Niagara. Accustomed to travel so far from home only in fulfilment of business engagements, none of which had carried me thither, I have often sighed, and, to some degree, felt ashamed that I had never looked upon this, the greatest wonder of its kind. Fortunately, during a brief sojourn in Buffalo, I found the opportunity I had long desired. I felt compensated for the long delay by the good luck of looking from the verandas and cupola of the Convent of Loretto, situate on the promontory immediately above the Falls on the Ontario side. I said to myself—late as I am among the millions who have gazed upon this majestic work of the Creator, comparatively few of those had the fortune of a view from the Convent of Loretto.

The recollection of one of these must be ever associated with the other in my mind. Impressive indeed was the contrast. Below, the ever-rushing, tumultuous, wrathful waters. Above, the peaceful cloister, whose indwellers, women separated from this world, some young, others middle-aged and old, are devoted, not only with resignation but with cheerful eagerness, now to instruction of the young, and now to meditations and prayers preparatory to the exalted estate reserved for such as they are. I thought, how fit is such a place for the purposes for which it was instituted. Herein young girls, in the midst of the very best discipline in the study of books, and the principles of innocent deportment, get the benefit of contemplating earthly forces in their mightiest, sublimest activity, and in this while, must be led more easily toward comprehension and adoration of the Almighty.

An hour spent at this Convent, so well appointed in every particular, conducted by women evidently well-born and well trained for the best of their vocation, whose pupils showed results of care discreet and judicious, was an hour

to be often recalled with pleasure and thankfulness.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON,  
Baltimore, Md.

**Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.**

What we call trouble is only God's key that draws our heart-strings truer, and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch. Do not mind the strain; believe in the note every time His finger touches and sounds it.

\* \*

The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world. Everyone shares them; for everyone suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock on which this lighthouse is built.

\* \*

It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time. People who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.

\* \*

Beauty is nobly useful. It illumines the mind, raises the imagination, and warms the heart. It is not an added quality, but grows from the inner nature of things; it is the thought of God working outward. Only from drunken eyes can you with paint and tinsel hide inward deformity. The beauty of hills and waves, of flowers and clouds, of children at play, of reapers at work, of heroes in battle, of poets inspired, of saints rapt in adoration,—rises from central depths of being, and is concealed from frivolous minds. Even in the presence of death the hallowing spirit of beauty is felt. The full-ripe fruit that gently falls in the quiet air of long Summer days, the yellow sheaves glistening in the rays of Autumn's sun, the leaf which the kiss of the hoar-frost has made blood—red and loosened from the parent stem—are images of death, but they suggest only calm and pleasant thoughts.

\* \*

There is something beautiful in loyal devotion



to duty, something royal and queen-like in the woman who goes through her commonplace life like a brook singing cheerily over its rocky bed, who bends over her needle, her desk, her stove, or the little cradle that she must rock, working for others and never thinking of herself, and learning, step by step and letter by letter, the lesson of womanly patience and forbearance and unselfishness.

\* \*

“Life hath its battles where no bugle calls,” and all alone, all unaided, unencouraged by the shouts of victory or the songs of the champion hosts, woman has marshalled her troops and fought and won a battle as bravely and as grandly as the mightiest conqueror ever boasted. You may say it is only the history of a woman’s life and a woman’s heart, and the world holds many such. But each time the angel closes the record, a painting has been finished glowing with the touch of the Great Artist’s hand, a statue has been carved by the Master Workman that will endure to all eternity.

\* \*

Oh, Father Time, lift with your kindly hands all bitter memories from off our over-burdened hearts, for griefs are ever coming to us with the coming years, and our little strength is only as the day!

Not that the past should be buried. The music of life would be mute if the chords of Memory were snapped asunder. It is but the poisonous weeds, not the flowers, that we should root out from the garden of Mnemosyne. Do you remember Dickens’ “Haunted Man,” how he prayed for forgetfulness, and how, when his prayer was answered, he prayed for memory once more? We do not want all the ghosts laid. It is only the haggard, cruel-eyed spectres that we flee from. Let the gentle, kindly phantoms haunt us as they will; we are not afraid of them.

Ah, me! the world grows very full of ghosts as we grow older. We need not seek in dismal churchyards nor sleep in moated granges, to see their shadowy faces and hear the rustling of their garments in the night. They haunt the empty chambers of our lives, they throng around us like dead leaves, whirled in the Autumn wind. Ghosts! They are always with us, and always will be, while the sad old world keeps echoing to the sob of long good-byes, while the cruel ships

sail away across the great seas, and the cold, green earth lies heavy on the hearts of those we loved.

Memory is a rare ghost raiser. Like a haunted house, its walls are ever echoing to unseen feet. Through the broken casements we watch the flitting shadows of the dead, and the saddest shadows of them all are the shadows of our own dead selves. But let us have done with vain regrets and longings for the days that never will be ours again. Our work lies in front, not behind us; and “Forward!” is our motto. Let us not sit with folded hands, gazing upon the past as if it were the building: it is but the foundation. Let us not waste heart and life thinking of what might have been, and forgetting the may-be that lies before us. Opportunities flit by while we sit regretting the chances we have lost, and the happiness that comes to us we heed not, because of the happiness that is gone.

There is no returning on the road of life. The frail bridge of Time, on which we tread, sinks back into eternity at every step we take. The past is gone from us forever. It is gathered in and garnered. It belongs to us no more. No single word can ever be unspoken; no single step retraced. Therefore, it beseems us to meet bravely the new life which begins for us with every second. Let us go forward joyously to meet it. We must press on, whether we will or not, and we shall walk better with our eyes before us than with them ever cast behind.

### A Chaplet of Song.

TO AN EGYPTIAN SINGING BIRD.



HOU gleaming gem, two thousand years  
have fled,

Since the gold gurgle of thy song was  
heard

Upon the Nile, that to its soul was stirred  
For love of thee, that loved the roses red  
Of some Sultana, long since dim and dead;  
Perchance to Cleopatra’s self, O bird!  
Thou sangest songs, and at her dulcet word  
Made in her bosom bright thy royal bed!

Time brings some strange surprises in his train,  
And she, who erst was Egypt’s queen and  
thine,

Is now dissolved in dust; the form divine,  
And matchless marvel of her brow and brain  
Are melted, but O bird! thy feathers fine,  
And beauty bright in all their bloom remain!

MARIE STUART'S FAREWELL.

(Translated from the French of Béranger.)

Adieu, fair France, adieu to thee,  
 Dear object of my sigh!  
 Spot of my happy infancy,  
 I quit thy shores to die!

France, by adoption mine, and whence  
 An exile now meseems to be,  
 List to Marie's farewell laments,  
 And O regard her memory!  
 The wind is up—I quit thy strand:  
 And little moved to see me weep,  
 To turn me back to thy fair land,  
 God does not rouse the slumbrous deep!

When to the eyes of those I love,  
 I first assumed the lilies white,  
 Ye cheered my rank, but far above  
 Ye placed my youthful beauty bright.  
 Majestic splendor waits in vain  
 My advent in dark Caledone,  
 For Oh! I have no wish to reign  
 On any but a Frankish throne!

Love, Glory, Genius, all beguiled—  
 Aye! dazzled my young days too much,  
 But in the barren Scotia, wild,  
 My lot no longer will be such.

Alas! a dread presentiment  
 Delivers my poor heart to gloom:  
 Methought in phantasies I dreamt  
 I saw a scaffold mark my doom.

France, in the midst of all my fears,  
 The noble child of Stuart's manse,  
 E'en as this day that sees her tears,  
 Toward thee shall ever turn her glance.  
 Ah, God! too soon this swiftest sail  
 Already skims 'neath other skies,  
 And darkness, in her misty veil,  
 Conceals thine outline from mine eyes!

Adieu, fair France, adieu to thee,  
 Dear object of my sigh!  
 Spot of my happy infancy,  
 I quit thy shore to die!

THE CHASTE CHARACTER OF LOVE.

The love that is distained with young desire  
 May be suspected, for the love that's born  
 Of truth and beauty, on the wings of morn  
 Soars to the sun,—for in the grosser fire  
 And fumes of earth, the sylphid doth expire.  
 Oh! love is like the lark that heavenward  
 springs,  
 With nothing earthly, but its earthly wings,  
 That e'en beyond the hyaline aspire.

It is a golden mist that melts away  
 At the warm wooing of the summer sun:  
 A harp, responsive to the winds that play  
 Upon its silver strings when day is done,

But fails to yield its witching melodies  
 To the loud bluster of the ruder breeze.

HYMN—

(Translated from the German.)

I.

Nought of beauty hath the skies,  
 Which unto mine eager eyes,  
 Doth not bring my lord and king,  
 Christ, of beauty, fount and spring.

II.

When the morning's vermeil dyes  
 And the sunbeams flush the skies,  
 Painted on my mind I see  
 An image of the Deity.

III.

Yes, I think upon His light,  
 When the day is warm and bright;  
 Ah! how glorious it will be,  
 Blazing through Eternity!

IV.

When I see the moonbeams bright  
 And the myriad eyes of night,  
 Then I think, Who made yon star  
 Has ten thousand fairer far.

V.

In the spring time when I view  
 Meadows flecked with every hue,  
 Then the thought occurs to me  
 Ah! what must the Maker be!

VI.

When I stand beside the spring,  
 Or the runlet murmuring,  
 Straight my thoughts to God remount,  
 As the sweetest, purest fount.

VII.

Sweet the song of nightingales,  
 Sweet the lute in flowery vales,  
 But the name, Maria's Son,  
 Sweetest is to dwell upon!

VIII.

Sweetness fills the welkin when  
 Echo answers back again,  
 But it makes me not rejoice  
 Like the Bridegroom's silv'ry voice.

IX.

O my Savior! come to me,  
 Come and let me gaze on Thee,  
 Let me view Thy glorious light,  
 And Thy beaming presence bright!

X.

Let Thy splendid Godhead fill,  
 Flood my joyous soul, and thrill:  
 And the glory of Thy Face  
 Wean my heart from all things base.

J. JOHNSTON.



## Special Correspondence

### Foreign.

**Memoranda of Travels in Spain, Italy, France and Germany, by J. F. Doerr, Architect, Chicago, Ill.**  
NAPLES.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The next morning, after leaving Algiers, we appear on deck of the steamer to behold a most imposing scene. To the northeast the giant Vesuvius rises in his full glory, sending a dense cloud of smoke skyward and in shrouding his summit for miles around, he reminds the observer that although at present not actively engaged in dealing out fire and destruction, he is only half asleep and may resume his deadly work at any time.

Nearer to Naples, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, close to the bay, lies Resina, built on the lava, which covers the once flourishing town of Herculaneum, destroyed in the year seventy-nine. Further east you see Pompeii or rather the ruins of it, and then Castellamare, Sorrento and the Island of Capri. At this moment the sun rises, to us for the first time, on the proverbial blue Italian sky, and our anxiety to go ashore has a hard struggle with the desire of spending more time in the contemplation of this truly wonderful Italian Panorama.

After another repetition of the trials and tribulations endured at our landing at Gibraltar, we manage to escape the custom house officials alive, only to fall into the hands of the land pirates, called hotel keepers.

Having finally made arrangements for a two weeks' sojourn, to our mutual satisfaction, and the luggage having arrived and being duly installed in our rooms, we set out to take a look at Naples.

As the city is built at the base and on the slope of a series of volcanic mountains, the streets are very steep and render traffic by teams very difficult. One of the principal streets and by far the handsomest is the Via di Roma, formerly called "The Toledo." The sidewalks are narrow and leave little room for the stranger to stand before the beautiful show windows to admire the elegantly carved Cameos and coral, in which line the

Neapolitan produces most excellent specimens, not equalled in any part of the world. The National Museum, where all the specimens of art, excavated at Herculaneum and Pompeii, are on exhibition, is a great attraction for the student of antiquity. A drive along the Riviera di Chiaja shows you a modern park lined with tropical plants and trees, and while you have the harbor of Naples on your right, you pass on your left beautiful modern villas, built in the pleasing style of Italian Renaissance,

The following day we engaged a carriage and drove to the excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We had bargained with our driver that he was to receive ten francs for the day, but expected to settle with him at night for not less than fifteen, for which sum he was to act both as driver and guide. He could speak French, had a good light carriage, a spirited horse, gorgeous with shining brass trimmings on the harness, and his reckless way of driving and abrupt turning of corners made us think the "Jehu" was trying to give us a sample of a Roman chariot race, rather than take us on an excursion of pleasure and recreation.

The excavations of Herculaneum are not so extensive as those of Pompeii, but if you consider that this town, which was almost on a level with the sea, was covered with lava to a depth of from sixty to eighty-five feet, the work to lay it bare was a great deal more difficult than to remove the ashes under which Pompeii lay buried for so many years. In digging for a well, we are told, the theatre of Herculaneum, the orchestra of which lies eighty-five feet below the present surface, was discovered, and through subsequent excavations not only the theatre but the biggest part of Herculaneum was given back to the outer world. We found well preserved mosaic floors, which would long ago have fallen a prey to the American tourist or English relic hunter if the quality of cement, used in laying them, had not been better than its modern brother.

Leaving Herculaneum we drive past a long line of magnificent villas, through whose open portals we get glimpses of beautiful grounds ornamented with date, palm, orange and lemon trees, bending their limbs under a heavy load of golden fruit. Very amusing on our way to

Pompeii was the passage through, as our driver with a broad grin on his face called it, "La cité de Macaroni." For half a mile everything seems to be given up to the manufacture of the National dish. Through open doors and windows, on public squares, along the streets, over sidewalks, on scaffolds and projections, even on the roofs of houses, hang on poles the white Macaroni for the rich, and his darker brother, the delight of the poor Lazzaroni.

Leaving the macaroni and a cloud of dust behind, we pass some beautiful vineyards, and finally land at the gates of Pompeii, where, contrary to our agreement, the driver remains outside and turns us over to the obliging guide, who very earnestly begins to pour his oft-repeated wisdom about the ruins, clothed in poor French and worse English, into our eager ears.

Pompeii was surrounded, in olden times, by a high wall, about two-thirds of which are still in existence. At intervals of from 300 to 500 and more feet, these walls had been fortified with towers. You can enter the city through gates of which not less than eight can be found in the still remaining wall. The streets are rather narrow, and the Forum, the principal place of assembly, around which are grouped most of the public buildings, covers an area of only about one hundred and five by five hundred feet.

Every few squares, where two streets intersect each other, you find in the centre of such intersecting streets, public fountains, where people had to go to get their supply of drinking water. Very easily detected are the wine houses, as you see in front, close to the sidewalk, large earthen vessels built into clay, and thus forming what we would call a counter or bar. Out of these vessels the wine was dipped to customers with long-handled dippers, made likewise of earthenware.

The sun was setting when we entered our carriage, and after a two hours' ride we arrived at our hotel, well satisfied that we had spent a most instructive and pleasant day.

LORETTO CONVENT, FERMOY.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

The well-worn and threadbare adage that "Wonders will never cease!" is, I should say, rather strikingly exemplified in the present in-

stance, viz., that such a steady, old, commonplace and entirely matter-of-fact individual as your humble servant and present correspondent should be called on to do a very unusual, and I must add, unprecedented thing, indeed; even in this deservedly styled "wonder-working age" I do not hesitate to state—a most extraordinary act, viz., that of inditing an epistle to the RAINBOW!!! No marvel that a chorus of juveniles should, on hearing the announcement a few days ago, start up on their benches with these and other queries which I found it rather difficult to parry: "How could you write to the RAINBOW?" "Who will carry your letter?" "How will it go?" and one, who was evidently revolving the thing in her mind, looking up at the sky, shook her head doubtfully—too polite to be incredulous, by asking how? when? or where? but still, giving my face and the sky an equal amount of attention for some seconds—and said, at last, with another very slow and very dubious shake of her wise little head: "that is very far for a letter to travel!" "When will it reach the RAINBOW?" "Will you know?" "Oh! yes," I replied, "I shall probably have an answer at Christmas." At last, they seemed rather satisfied, especially, as I promised to read it for them.

But, to return, my dear RAINBOW, to this epistle;—subject is, I presume, to be *ad libitum*, but even with that most satisfactory margin for imagination, I feel rather nervous, as I think it a fool-hardy adventure, but to borrow the words of an eminent Irish dignitary, referring to the hesitation of a person who felt anxious about trying to succeed in a new and untried position, "I must make the best of it, honors and all." "Minus the honors, of course,"—do I hear you say? Well, I suppose, I must, and throw myself and my billet-doux into the clement arms of the fair spirit that rules the Editorial regions of that highest Circle of every sphere (the Rainbow), merely venturing to hope that some of its bright rays may descend on my misty brain, meanwhile, and disperse the cobwebs incident to a somewhat lengthy rest from literary labors.

To resume,—the four visits of the RAINBOW to the Emerald Isle have left very bright and pleasant impressions on the minds of those who peeped within its magic circle (pages?) and one and all



expressed unqualified approbation; the sparkle and brightness in every line fully entitling it to a prominent place among such work. I congratulate the fair young Editor-in-Chief on its past success, and my best Christmas and New Year's wish shall be—may it proceed prosperously!

We are very quiet here just now, and though a reception will be given to the Bishop of Cloyne, on the occasion of his first visit after Consecration, by the pupils, still, it will be rather quiet and private, owing to the recent death of one of the dear nuns. His Lordship, the Right Reverend Dr. Brown, paid a short informal visit to the nuns, who all met him in the Reception room, and the following morning he celebrated the Community Mass at which the nuns sang a very fine "Kyrie" and "Gloria," by Fiske, at the Offertory an exquisite "Ave Maria," by Nicolao, and Mercadante's "Et Incarnatus," which is exceedingly beautiful and devotional. I could only clasp my hands and listen, a prayer book being a superfluity; at the end of mass, while the Bishop was investing, the organist, with an accompaniment of six violins and a violincello, gave a finale on the organ; this was on the feast of St. Cecilia. On the following Monday evening "the Juvenile Entertainment" took place, a description of which may prove interesting to the fair Niagarines.

The programme was select and varied; the opening piece—the "Boulanger March"—was written from memory by our violin professor; then came a beautiful address, poetical, of course, composed and exquisitely illuminated and printed by members of the Community—next followed a "Juvenile Welcome Song," from all the babies of the Establishment, ranging from six to nine years of age; the song, also, was written for the occasion by one of the nuns, and was rendered very sweetly, distinctly and gracefully by the wee band of choristers; then in quick succession came recitations, with music and singing alternately. During the interval, the "Loretto Band"—as we sportively name the players—struck up the Donau Wellen Waltzes (piano, violins and cello) with such spirit that one might fancy herself sailing down the "Blue Danube" while listening to the sweet sounds. A comic recitation, "How Uncle Podgers Hung a Picture," was capital and elicited great applause at its conclusion for the young de-

claimer, a Miss Lloyd, from the fair, historic city of the Shannon; then came an operetta for all the babies again, entitled "Rosebud and the Sleeping Beauty," which, with the "Wreath Dance of the Fairies," introduced between the first and second part of the operetta, was the prettiest thing imaginable; his Lordship seemed delighted with them.

"Robert of Sicily" was most decidedly *the* recitation of the evening and was faultlessly rendered by a young English girl, Miss Seaman, but any one listening to her "Fontenoy" could not fail to recognize Irish blood which she claims on the maternal side; she fairly brought down the house, and it was then that those lines I send you darted into my mind. I wrote them after her second appearance on the Battle Field. "On Furlough," another comic recitation, called for unexpectedly, by the young lady who pictured "Uncle Podgers" for us, brought the performance to a close, after a lovely "Ave Maria."

His Lordship delivered a short but most felicitous speech, and referring to the beautiful address, he said: "Blended as my *welcomé* is with music and song, I feel that the only thing out of harmony with the evening's proceedings, especially the musical portion, are the tones of my voice (he was husky from severe cold), but, even so, I cannot depart without expressing my unqualified admiration of the entertainment received this evening. I have assisted at many such in several Convents, but nothing I have ever witnessed outside Loretto, Fermoy, can be said to be an improvement on theirs, and this last, at which I have just had the pleasure of being present, may even be said to improve on all its predecessors." In thanking the nuns and pupils, he remarked that he trusted to the prayers of all the Communities in his diocese for the help he needed to discharge his new and responsible pastoral duties, but, especially, he relied on the prayers of Loretto, Fermoy, in which he always felt the warmest interest and to which he promised to give his truest and most devoted coöperation in every possible manner.

In conclusion he gave a *long sleep* and a full, unbroken recreation day; thus, amidst blessings and smiles, terminated one of the most delightful evenings possible.

Forgive me for appropriating so much of your

valuable time—and space, shall I add? Be that as it may, I am, dear RAINBOW, with best wishes,

THE IRISH CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Since I last wrote to you, the event which has had most importance in the eyes of France, has been the death of the Emperor Alexander III. One would have thought that it was the Ruler of France who was lying low, during the term which elapsed between the death and the burial of the Czar. Signs of general and universal mourning were to be seen everywhere: windows, in every street, displayed French and Russian flags mingled and tied with crape; trains, laden with flowers and wreaths, were despatched every day for St. Petersburg; and the wearing of black was quite the fashion for the time being.

The wreath sent by the President was truly magnificent. It was of chased silver, and represented two oak branches interlaced, tied with ribbons of the same metal, on which were inscribed the words, "*A Sa Majesté, L'Empereur Alexandre III. . . . . Le Président de la République française.*" An olive branch, also in silver, the leaves and fruit of which were exquisitely carved, was interwoven in the wreath and formed in the centre a little crown, held by a knot of ribbons, in which were mingled the French and Russian colors. This magnificent offering was enveloped in a mantle of purple velvet, fringed with silver, and headed by the Imperial crown, while two silver spears, tied with crape, held the sides drawn back. The late Emperor was very much attached to France and the French, and the people feel quite confident that the alliance and heritage of affection will continue unimpaired under the reign of Nicholas II.

Christmas, with its inseparable souvenirs, is drawing near to us again, but, as I remarked in a previous letter, one does not notice in France so many evidences of preparation for the great feast as in English speaking countries. I think no city in the world can successfully imitate London in this particular demonstration. I was there, two years ago, and I shall never forget the sights I witnessed in connection with the festival. All the stores were beautifully decorated, while,

for more than a week before the 25th, thousands of them were exquisitely illuminated at night, which gave an air of fairyland beauty to the great Babylon. Regent street, Bond street, Oxford street, etc., were sights to imprint themselves indelibly on the most imaginative minds. Millions of sight-seers and purchasers showed their evident appreciation of the inimitable windows which attracted one everywhere, and the traffic was so great that to cross a street was almost an impossibility. London's Christmas resources are certainly unlimited, and every one seems to enter, more or less, into the spirit of the surroundings.

A very precious relic has come into the possession of the Passionist Fathers, and is at present exposed in their church on Avenue Hoche. It is a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child, painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. The picture is painted with the encaustic colors, and in the old Greek style, on a copper plate, ten inches by eight inches. It has a very interesting history, as related by its late owner, Colonel N. C. Szerelmey, to whom it was given in the year 1829, by a Greek monk whom he had discovered ill and in great misery, in a Bedouin village. Col. Szerelmey induced his companions to assist him in taking charge of the invalid, whom they conveyed to Alexandria, and left in the house of a Greek resident there. After spending some days in the city, the Colonel, before embarking for Europe, went to pay a farewell visit to his protégé who, being now considerably improved in health, implored his kind rescuer to allow him to accompany him to Europe, to which request he acceded. During the voyage, the monk, who called himself Isaac, became much worse, and finally died, after having bequeathed to his benefactor a rather peculiar leathern pouch which contained all his worldly possessions; these, however, were thought to be of so little value that, after some rough bantering from the Captain, the Colonel ordered his servant to throw it into the sea. This command was either neglected or not obeyed, for, after his arrival in Rome, he was very much surprised to find it among his luggage. On examination, it was found to contain some articles of wearing apparel, an antique Monstrance, the picture of Jesus Maria Hodegendria, and a roll of old parchment which proved to be



the will of Azarias, in which mention is made of the picture, and of St. Luke as its painter. Space will not permit me to enter into minute details, but I will quote a few of the most interesting passages referring to it, from the book which contains its history:

"In the conception and treatment of this picture, the character of the Greek painters, during the first century before Christ, is discernible, expressing, with tolerable plainness, the later tendency of Greek art towards the representation of the Divine. The coloring is rich, and carefully studied, as though the artist deemed it essential to a faithful imitation of nature, and sought by a blending of hues, to manifest to posterity the divine beauty that had floated before him. The Virgin is represented in a dark red garment. About her head is twined a handkerchief of the same color, which hangs over the shoulder, leaving part of the right arm, with the hand and closely fitting garment, visible. On her left arm she bears the infant Christ, wrapped in a white garment with a gold-colored mantle over it."

The appearance of the Mother of God is thus described by Nicephorus: "She was of middle stature, though some place her above it, her complexion was like the color of corn, her hair was yellow, her eyes, which were of an olive brown, were bright and piercing; her eyebrows were arched, and inclining to black; her nose was rather long, her lips were full, overflowing with sweetness of language. Her face was not round, but oval; and her hands and fingers were somewhat long."

The picture is supposed to be the only true one of the Mother of Christ, and the most rare and antique specimen of the age. The Chaldaic inscriptions which it bears are of the greatest value. Some of them have been, undoubtedly, written by St. Luke and St. John, and some, later on, by Constantine and his mother, St. Helena.

Not many years ago it was placed by Col. Szerelmey in one of the London banks for safe keeping. Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales examined it, and found it supremely interesting. During this past week, most of the eminent artists, antiquarians and linguists of Paris have visited it, and the Superior of the Pas-

sionists says that they all declared it to be a rare gem of an almost forgotten age.

The Community in Paris has experienced a great loss by the death of Brother Seraphin, who had been a religious for fifty-five years, during twenty of which he had been attached to this mission. By birth he was an Italian, and his face will be missed by all English and American visitors who frequent the church on Avenue Hoche.

We have not yet had anything like Christmas weather; while you, dear RAINBOW, are, doubtless scintillating through icicles over your famous Cascade, we, in Paris, are complaining of the mildness of *le temps*. The unusually cool Summer has had the effect of retarding the Winter season.

Wishing you many bright new years, I am,  
always,

Your admirer,

J. O'DOWDA.

### English Cathedrals and Monasteries Seen from the Niagara Rainbow.

THE old Cathedrals and Monasteries will always form an interesting and instructive study. They attract our attention, because they contain many an old story of a past time, when men's minds and manners were so different from what they are now, when men were all of one faith, and joined together in one Church, when the Cathedral was the great home of the people, on the Church festivals, and the Monasteries were the homes of religion, and the asylums of the poor.

The Cathedral was the Bishop's church, so called because it contained his seat or throne. Hence, it was the principal church in his diocese. In the first ages of the Church, Cathedrals were sometimes formed in public halls or rooms, in some places they were very small and humble, but, as the world became Christian, men became anxious to do honor to Christ, by rendering the divine worship more solemn, and by raising beautiful edifices for the greater honor and the more solemn worship of Almighty God. The most abundant riches were offered for the purpose, the most precious materials were used, and the greatest skill and ingenuity were employed to raise these temples, of which every part had its meaning, and spoke some Christian truth to

the people. Inside and outside, there were lessons to be learned. The nave and the chancel told of the two worlds. The nave, of this, in which men abide, and the chancel, in which the altar stood, told of the throne of God in Heaven, and of the altar and sacrifice of the Lamb that was slain from the beginning. The Chancel arch and Rood screen signified that death by which men pass from the one world to the other, and the crucifix, high towering above the symbolic death, showed to the Christian, the love of Christ who, by His death, destroyed its power over us, and transformed its dreaded portals into Gates of Life.

The font, too, with its eight sides, had its meaning. Seven of these represented those Sacraments by which men are led on to eternal life, and the eighth contained the crucifix, the death of Christ, from which all derive their power. So with the other parts.

And the outside, bold and gigantic, rising far above all other buildings, proclaimed to all who could see it afar off—"The House of God," and the greatness of God over men. Its three towers or pointed spires, as they rose above the noise of the world, told of the holy and undivided Trinity, and pointed to that Heaven, where we hope one day to behold it. Its high and gabled roofs showed the desires of the Saints to gain that Heaven to which they pointed. And again, the very ground plan of the Cathedral—the form of a cross—taught men that it was by suffering here upon the cross that life and joy were purchased for us, and that it is by treading in the footsteps of Him who suffered for us, that we must come to Him who reigns where those spires and gables point to.

The first of the famous Cathedrals that loom in the distance is that of Canterbury, the scene of the saintly à Becket's tragic end, and for many years the resort of the Christian world, on pilgrimages to his shrine.

After the Britons had been Christianized, they had their Bishops and their Cathedrals, the latter, doubtless, small and humble. They had their great Saints Dyfrig and David, their Cathedrals of Landaff, of Caerleon and Menevia, but the invasions and wars of the Angles and Saxons overpowered those British people, and filled the land again with Paganism. Then, Pope Gregory sent

the great Augustine from Rome, to convert these pagans to the Christian faith, and made him Bishop in the country. His first church was at Glastonbury, but he fixed his See at Canterbury, in Kent. His first Cathedral was made of wood—the trunks of trees planted in the earth and fastened together with wattles—and on the spot on which the present magnificent building stands, there first stood some such lowly edifice as the one described.

Wondrous, indeed, is the history of this glorious church, five hundred and fourteen feet long, with its choir length of one hundred and eighty feet. As it grew from small to great, it was for nine hundred years the centre of England's religious life and glory. Its sacred walls have seen the solemn pomp of Catholic worship in its brightest days. Kings have come from afar to worship in it, as they did of old, when star-led to Bethlehem. Saints have ruled in it, have sat upon its throne, and even yet, notwithstanding the manner in which it was plundered and desecrated at the Reformation, within its walls and deep in the earth on which it stands, the bodies of many of God's saints still rest. The great Saint Wilfrid had been buried in his own Ripon in Yorkshire, and had lain there for nearly three hundred years, when the church of Ripon was burned. Saint Odo, at that time—the tenth century—Archbishop of Canterbury, loved the memory of Wilfrid, and had his sacred remains brought from the burned church, and placed, with honor, in his own church of Canterbury. There they remained in an altar, until the Cathedral was much enlarged, when they were buried near, or under the walls of the south side of the extreme eastern chapel, beneath the spot which still contains the monument of Cardinal Pole, the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. There they fittingly lodge together—Wilfrid and Reginald—two champions of the Church of God—two foes to schism, and friends to unity—separated from each other by centuries in time, but united in eternity—united on earth too, in Canterbury, as St. Patrick and St. Columbkille were united in Down.

These are the glories of Canterbury. She had her sorrows, too. She saw kings worship at her altars, and saw kings try to crush them, also. She saw one of her greatest Archbishops banish-



ed by the king from his Cathedral, and saw him murdered, martyred, on its floor. The Archbishop was faithful, he would not betray the Church in order to please the king, but, that they might please *him*, four knights entered the edifice, with drawn swords, as the Prelate was going to the High Altar for Vespers. They overtook him, and when they called out, "Where is the Archbishop?" "Where is the traitor?" he courageously turned round and answered, "Here is the Archbishop, but no traitor!" They clove his head with their swords, scattered his brains upon the floor, and the martyred Thomas of Canterbury passed from this vale of tears to his heavenly home.

There were formerly two Archbishops in England, he of Canterbury and he of York. One of the greatest glories of the world, as a building, is the Cathedral of York. The land here, as in all other places where men have lived in numbers for ages, has grown much higher than it was originally. The buildings which once stood upon the surface are now partially or wholly underground, so, here in the crypt, that is, in the part under the floor of the present church, is a building which was a portion of the still older Cathedral that stood here. This building is still called Saint Wilfrid's Chapel, for it was of this See, that he was Bishop, before it was made an Archbishopric.

There are no words to express the grandeur and beauty of this church which is five hundred and twenty-four feet long. The grand east window is upwards of ninety feet high, and its stained glass is still almost as perfect as it was before the Reformation. It has wonderfully, almost miraculously, escaped—a great contrast to that of Canterbury.

On the other side of the church is the wonderful Chapter House of York. It is eight-sided, and is, perhaps, the largest building of the kind in the world, which stands without a centre pillar. At one time this Chapter House was in a most wretched condition, the result of nearly three hundred years of neglect; since, it has been restored and expensively and beautifully decorated, and the old legend which adorned the jamb of the door in Catholic days, is repainted upon it. Its meaning is this: "As amongst flowers, the rose surpasses all others in beauty, so does this surpass all other Houses."

Here, too, a Saint lies beneath the pavement of the nave, undisturbed—the great Saint William, once Archbishop of York. The two towers, the grand doorway and the beautifully traceried west window are surpassingly fine. It was at the west end that the second fire took place, for the roofs of both ends of this Cathedral have been burned in our own time. Henry Martin, a fanatic, hid himself behind one of the monuments, was locked in the Cathedral, and then, during the night, piled up all the cushions, books, etc., that he could find, and set fire to them. By this means the choir or chancel end was burned. After it was restored, some years later, the plumbers at work upon the roof of the west end, by their carelessness, set fire to it again, as they did later on, to Canterbury. It is remarkable that in neither fire did the stained glass suffer much.

Further north than York we see the most beautifully situated Cathedral in England, Durham, five hundred and eleven feet long. It stands upon a high rock which overhangs the River Weir. The best view of it is from a bridge, called the Prebend's Bridge, which shows the west end and the curious projecting west Chapel which is called the "Galilee." There is no Cathedral in England which forms so great an ornament to the landscape as this does, and none, not even Canterbury, which affords a more fitting study for the lover of church architecture. A few matters connected with its history may be more interesting to our readers than any detail of its grandeur or architecture.

This Cathedral is dedicated to Saint Cuthbert, who was, some thirteen hundred years ago, a monk and the sixth Bishop of Lindisfarne or Holy Island, off the east coast of Northumberland. It is probable that he was a native of Ireland. The Bollandists say so—and, it would seem to be the old tradition about him, for, though, in his latter life, he had no connection with Ireland, yet, his festival is kept in that country on the same day on which it is kept in England—20th March. He died at Lindisfarne and was buried there. The repeated invasions of the Danes, and the plunderings and burnings which accompanied them, caused the monks to abandon their home. They took with them their church treasures, and that most valued by them,

the sacred body of their Patron, Saint Cuthbert. Eardulph, who was their Bishop, at that time, rested at Chester le Street, and established his See there, where it remained for one hundred and thirteen years, until his successor and the monks were obliged to flee again, to avoid further incursions of the Danes. For safety, the remains of the Saint were then removed to Ripon, and after the withdrawal of the invaders, the monks attempted to return to Chester le Street, but, on passing the site of the present city of Durham, we were told, by the Chronicles of the period, that the sacred shrine, containing the remains of the Saint, became immovable; this they considered a sign of the Divine will that they should remain there, and, after much prayer, and receiving further indications of that Will, settled, with their sacred burden, on the site of the present Durham. It is now eight hundred years since the foundations of the present Cathedral were laid. During the period between its foundation and the Reformation, it went on progressing in extent and beauty and splendor. It was the richest Cathedral in England; the mere catalogue of its vestments, its chalices, its banners and its shrines, is surprising. The hand of the spoiler was then laid on it. The wealth that had been offered for the glory God was seized for the profit, and to administer to the profligacy of man. Saint Cuthbert still lies there, no longer in the splendid Shrine—which was plundered—but in an obscure corner to which his remains were removed by the clergy, for safety, before the sacrilegious plunderers arrived.


Venerable Bede, the historian of the early Church in England, the learned Saint whose writings were read in the Office of the Church, even in his lifetime, is buried in the "Galilee" of this Cathedral.

Deep in the grave beneath these stones,  
Repose the sainted Bede's bones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH this issue begins Vol. II, and we hope to have the pleasure of renewing all present subscriptions and receiving many new ones. We trust that early mails will bring us substantial evidence that our hopes have been realized.

## Enemies.

NTIL the human heart with its bitter, sweet impulses, warm affections, and cold selfishness, undergoes a complete change, the majority of mankind will have enemies. But why majority, why not all? In answer, then, there are those who, owing to some physical or mental deformity, inspire pity rather than hatred; or there may be those who go through life exciting little, if any, ill-will. But these are the exceptions which serve to prove the general rule.

At this point, it may not be irrelevant, but rather to the purpose, to draw a line of difference, however slight, in the meaning of such words as adversary, opponent, antagonist and foe. The word adversary, then, comes from the Latin *adversarius*, meaning toward, fronting or opposite; hence, one who is turned against another or others with the intent to withstand or resist them. So, an adversary may be one who is merely placed against another for the time being. It may be for the purpose of sustaining an argument, winning a game of billiards or whatever you will. Again, an opponent is one who is ranged against another on the opposing side. Antagonist boasts a similar meaning, being defined as one who struggles against another, with active effort, either in a literal fight or a verbal debate. A foe is one who entertains personal enmity or hostility against another. Now the word enemy also implies a state of personal hostility, and, therefore, in accordance with the axiomatic truth that "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," foe and enemy is nearly synonymous. Nearly, because strictly speaking, there are no synonymes. By weighing these several definitions, it is to be noted that enemy and foe are the only ones which necessarily imply personal hostility; hence, an enemy is one whom we know and who cherishes private or individual animosity against us.

Every effect is traceable to a cause, but, owing to the complexity of human nature and the consequent difficulty involved in an attempt to harmonize actions with motives, it is no easy matter to name the chief source of enmity. Taking into consideration the fact, however, that the harm which we do to others does not excite so much



persecution and hatred as our good qualities, is it not fair to assume that jealousy is accountable for much of the bitterness or rancor existing in the world? For, planted in the breast of man, is a strong desire to reign, and whether his object be the attaining of supremacy in some field of human endeavor, or the gaining of precedence in matters of the heart, he can ill brook a rival. And it is this painful apprehension of rivalry in matters nearly or closely affecting his happiness that causes him to suspect others, and seldom fails to create enmity. Rather broad statements, you may assert, and open to opposition, since there are those who refuse to give credence to the fact that there is such a feeling as jealousy. One has but to trace the prelude to some of the saddest sequels in the annals of the world's history, to be convinced, not only of its existence, but of the mighty power it wields over the world at large. Go back to the dawn of creation and say why Cain slew Abel; travel on with time, and like Dante, reflect upon the sad story of the beautiful Francesca of Rimini; with Shakespeare, trace the tale of Othello, "the weakness of his so mighty love;" listen to the words of the noble Brutus, who, being a tool in the hands of the wily, envious Cassius, slew his friend, the mighty Caesar: "As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but *as he was ambitious, I slew him!*"

But, you may argue that there are those toward whom you feel an enmity because you have suffered an injury at their hand; you are not jealous of them, however. Yes; but why have they thus injured you; answer this. And apropos of this phase of the subject, a fact worthy of note is that the author of a great injustice always ascribes to the injured a lively resentment for the injury that has been inflicted; and though in the course of time there may be a semblance of reconciliation, it rarely, if ever, exists. In a word, the wrongdoer is jealous that the injured one, on account of his nobility of character, has or had a mind planted above injuries.

Moreover, it must be remembered that jealousy partakes of the character of the person in whose breast it has been engendered. With the high-minded, it becomes a generous rivalry which

gives energy to the soul, enabling it to profit by great examples, and often carrying it beyond what it, in the outset, admires. On the other hand, jealousy in a meaner nature is a passion which fills a man with a high idea of his own consequence, making him insensible to the nobility in others, astonished at seeing them possess qualities like his own, and even denying virtue in cases where it exists. But, whatever the cause, no man denies the existence of enmity any more than he contradicts the statement that the sun shines; so, lest this rather lengthy attempt to ferret out the motive of enmity remind one of Racine's tiresome advocate who, introducing a subject upon which he intended to discourse, by the words: "Before the Creation of the world—" was interrupted by the yawning Dandin: "Advocate! let us pass on to the deluge," it may be well to consider another division of the subject, which is, the treatment of our enemies.

Although the sentiment of the Emperor Sigismund who, being reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, replied: "What! do I not destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?" is worthy of being adopted by subjects as well as sovereigns, by nations as well as individuals; it is not always possible to do so. If our enemies be bitter and unrelenting, no kindness on our part will tend to conciliate them. It may not be the most noble feeling in the world, but it certainly is the most human to regard as offences, kindnesses coming from a hand we hate. And after all, open and avowed hatred far more becomes a man than the concealing of this sentiment by smooth words and an unruffled brow. In fact, an enemy would do well to despise the hypocrisy of him who dealt with him in this manner. So if we find it impossible to convert enmity into friendship, it is perhaps advisable to remember the words of a certain Frenchman who said, "He who has injured thee was either stronger or weaker; if weaker, spare him, if stronger, spare thyself." Poor Burns has, also, given us good advice on this point:

"Then gently scan your brother man,  
Though he may gang a' kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human."

Poor humanity, so quick to retaliate an injury, so tardy to forgive. Why not exercise a little

foresight, why not realize that there will come a day when the sun shall set, not only on our enemy's anger, but on his grave. Then must our hearts beat with a heavy thud that we warred with a poor handful of dust. But why wait until the dumb, cold lips of our enemy or enemies have made us realize the uselessness of resentment and the insignificance of the objects of our pursuit and passionate desire, until they have admonished us that "in the grand sweep of destiny" the pride of place and the "lust of power" are as little worth as the foam on the river? And when we look into the history of any human heart that has sinned and suffered, think of its long periods of pain and its brief pulsations of joy, and then consider the additional sorrow caused by enmities, are we not inclined to chorus in the sad refrain of the "Ayrshire bard": "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Let us, then, turn our thoughts to that ever-present past, and remember the words of Him who, amid the jeers of his enemies and the gathering gloom of death, cried: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." O, Suffering One upon Calvary's Heights! help us to take to our hearts the lesson taught by these words as they come sounding up like a rich strain from the melody of the past. Speak to these rebellious hearts of ours and "teach them to be still."

HARRIET KEAN.

### On the Threshold.

**A**NOTHER year has passed away and memory has made her voyage across the gulf of time, and brought back from the shores that are constantly receding further and further from us, the spoils and the treasures of the days that are gone. So noiselessly, so unheedingly, do these benefit-laden periods glide by, that now, one has slipped away, and another has taken its place, almost without our being conscious of it.

To us whose contact with life has been so limited, who have seen so little and felt so little, who stand as yet, not only on the threshold of the opening year, but on the threshold of life's battlefield, who have scarcely heard the ring of contending weapons, or the sounds of anger and strife that mar the peace and good will proclaimed of old by angel-voices, memory can

bring few ruined plans, disappointed hopes or shattered dreams, but, are there no lost opportunities, no unfulfilled ideals and aspirations now cold in the tomb of wasted days? No little acts lurking in the corners of memory's storehouse, the remembrance of which we would fain efface, and cannot, the commission of which we would carefully avoid, were it possible to live the past again? These may not be of such character, in the great majority of instances, as to haunt our sleeping hours, or overshadow our path in life, not of that deep dye which colors a whole existence, but little acts proceeding from want of thought, which, in their result, have produced consequences and feelings of regret that we would gladly prevent, whenever the recollection of them is called before our mental vision.

All our past acts, be they deeds of love and kindness, or of selfishness and pride, are beyond our control, but the privilege is ours of improving on the coming ones, even if their dimensions be of greater capacity than those already given to our fashioning. Every new year that comes to us is overflowing with rich gifts and grace to repair the faults of the year gone by. Ah, how many there are who, if they could but retrace their footsteps through life, if they could but begin these many new years over again, would make of them "that ladder on which bright hopes mount to make fellowship with things in heaven." May it be ours to do so, and may this new year, on whose threshold we stand, be to us and to our friends the happiest and most fruitful.

LORETTO BARRETT.



### Edinburgh Castle.

**E**Y first impressions of Scotland's metropolis were formed under most favorable circumstances. Having arrived at our destination, in the course of the afternoon, my travelling companions and myself directed our steps to the Windsor Hotel, which was to be our haven of rest, after a tedious journey from Inverness. Scarcely were we seated, when some very odd music, of a decidedly patriotic tone, was heard in the distance, and looking out of the window, we saw the Queen's Own picturesquely arrayed in the plaid of the Royal Stuart Clan, and playing on the bagpipes!

The "Windsor" is situated just below Edin-



burgh Castle which crown the summit of a precipitous rock, and the grounds, resembling a lovely park, are separated from the street by a high iron railing. This castle dates, as a place of defence, from the fifth century, but its present fortifications are modern. In 1004, Malcolm II. made it a royal residence, and here, in 1093, the pious and beautiful Queen, St. Margaret, died. Her chapel, eight hundred years old, still stands on the Mons Meg battery. It was the favorite residence of James III., and his famous black kist—probably the same which is now the Crown—room, was filled with rare and costly gems, specie and plate, also a coat of mail of the Bruce. James V., also, resided in this castle; in it his gentle consort, Mary of Guise, died, and within its grim, forbidding walls, the hapless Mary, whose beautiful countenance has peered through the day-dreams of so many of Europe's mightiest poets, dined, "at Twelf houris," on her first entry into Edinburgh. Among the curiosities, are the Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State and Wand, constituting the Regalia of Scotland, also Mons Meg, a huge piece of ordinance which claims the honor of being the most ancient in Europe, except one in Lisbon. This far-famed relic of the fifteenth century measures thirteen feet in length, seven in circumference, has a calibre of twenty inches, and weighs upwards of five tons. In 1489 it was employed at the siege of Dumbarton; and in 1497, when James IV. invaded England, some authors assert that he took the ponderous gun with him, mounted on a new stock. It was removed to the Tower of London in 1754, on the plea of being unserviceable, but when George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Sir Walter Scott pointed out to him the spot of Meg's former location on the king's bastion of the old fortress, and with all his powerful eloquence pleaded that she might be restored to her position again. The king gave his word that it should be so, and accordingly, in 1829 the leviathan was landed at Leith, whence it was escorted back to its old lair in the castle by three troops of cavalry, and the Seventy-third Regiment, with a band of pipers at the head.

To me the most interesting sight was Queen Mary's room, in which, on the 19th of June, 1566, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England first saw

the light of day. The room is singularly irregular in form and very small, and has undergone but little change. The original ceiling is still preserved, wrought in ornamental wooden panels, with the initials I. R. and M. R. surmounted with the royal crown in alternate compartments. Above the fire-place, and on the wall opposite, is the date of the birth of Mary's son, and an old oak chair is shown which was in this room when he was born. The view from the window is amazingly picturesque. Hundreds of feet below is the Grassmarket, while beyond, tower the grand old pinnacles of Heriot's Hospital and Arthur Seat, and rising far in the background, are the ruined towers of royal Craigmillar Castle—once the residence of beautiful Mary.

In the large outer room, I was attracted by several portraits of the Queen. The one representing her as Dauphiness of France, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, from the original of Furino, is really superb, and is said to be the only reliable likeness of her now extant. The historical escape of Queen Mary from her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, under Lady Douglas, is also striking, as well as the picture from the Bodlein Gallery, Oxford.

After leaving Queen Mary's Rooms and turning to the left I found myself in what used to be the Great Hall of the Palace, a magnificent apartment eighty feet by thirty-three, and twenty-seven in height. It was the Parliament House of the kingdom, and was often used for state feasts, one of the last of which was at the visit of Charles I. to Scotland in 1633.

From the Castle rock kings and princes have feasted their eyes on the wondrous landscape spread around; and though centuries have rolled away since the last of the crowned Stuarts slept in the old palace of his fathers, still, from every distant shore and clime, prince, peer and people pay their willing homage to the grand historic "Steep and iron-belted rock, where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems."

AUGUSTA WOODWARD.

No act of self-devotion, or self-sacrifice, or love can ever involve any waste. The act itself is greater than any cost incurred in the doing. A beautiful deed is worth more than a beautiful work of art.

The Pines.

† THE pines wave in the evening breeze,  
 And murmur tales of long ago,  
 They hold a feast of sweet converse,  
 And whisper to each maple, low,  
 Where stars rain down their golden fire,  
 The spirit of the pines ascends,  
 Calling aloud, through vaulted sky,  
 To nymphs, and elves, and fairy friends.

Beneath their arms the flowerets sleep,  
 Rocked by the nightwind's lullaby,  
 And dream of warmer, deeper hues,  
 Nursed by the tears of April sky.  
 Deep in each heart of brooding pine  
 Nestle bright beads of tearful care,  
 That, in the dreamful hours of morn,  
 Drop low and sweet in requiem prayer.!

T. O'HAGAN.

however, that Sir Walter's works come under this head.

Well, Sir Walter Scott might never have written what he did, only for this Irish author.

Sir Walter Scott wrote as he did, avowedly, to do for Scotland something in imitation of what this Irish author had done for Ireland.

We do not mention this by way of any vaunt. Sir Walter's writings may have been thus suggested, but they are not imitations, and they are worthy of all honor. But, the people of Scotland who are proud of their great writer should feel a spark of kindly gratitude to the Irish hand and Irish land, without which, they might never have had him to rejoice over to such a degree.

"Have you any witnesses to the startling fact you state?" we may be asked.

We reply that we have but one witness. However, he is one who is perfectly acquainted with the facts in question; he was one who could have been instigated to the declaration by no vicious jealousy; he was one whose word cannot be questioned by the most intense Scotsman. He was Walter Scott himself! Thus he wrote, and his letter is at once an acknowledgment of the fact, and a cordial recognition of the genius of this Irish author. He says:

"Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favorable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles."

Related to Miss Edgeworth's family was the famous Abbé Edgeworth, whom Louis XVI. selected for his confessor when he was in prison, and who accompanied him afterwards to the scaffold, ministering to him and consoling him—his last and only comforter at that supreme moment. Miss Edgeworth's father was proud of the connection with the illustrious Abbé, and we find that, after the Restoration in France, he addressed the minister of the King, claiming "from the

Loosened Leaves from Literary Laurels  
 Twined by the Rainbow Circle.

"GREATER mass of trash and rubbish," writes the critic Jeffreys, "never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance. . . . The staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature of which it had usurped the name."

Maria Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, Longford, changed all that. Her writings infused a new life into literature, and her productions were the fruitful seed of the greatest of our day. At the pure "well of English undefiled" which she had evoked from the arid rock, many a weary passer stopped to drink, and went his way refreshed. Its overflowing waters spread over the country, and made the land green and fruitful. This is no exaggeration.

Scotland, in all probability, owes its greatest literary glory to this Irish writer. Here is something to rejoice in, if it can be proved; and the proof is not very difficult. We believe it will be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's works are the crown of Scottish literary productions. The songs of Burns are, we know, worthy of all praise, but they are rather the outgushing of a heart instinct with genius than what we mean by literary productions. It will not be denied,



justice of France, as the nearest relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, that his name should be inscribed on some public monument with those of the exalted personages who relied for consolation on his fidelity and courage, . . . to show that monarchs may have friends, and that princes may be grateful."

Miss Edgeworth's grandmother was of the opinion that a woman should know nothing more about reading than what would enable her to read her Bible and cast up her household accounts. This is an opinion which now-a-days is derided. But, really, there is something to be said for a view, of which it is an exaggeration. Women may run too much into the other extreme. "Of making many books there is no end," but a woman who governs her household well, and brings up her children faithfully, need not fear that she is inferior to what she would have been had she become an authoress.

Miss Edgeworth's father, on the contrary, encouraged her to write. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she says, "I began in 1791 or 1792 to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating." She wrote some of the education-lessons. All the general ideas, touching their system of education originated with him, the illustrating and manufacturing of them were hers. The "Practical Education," published in 1793, was, therefore, a joint stock production, "and so commenced that literary partnership which for so many years was the pride and joy of my life," she writes. The next book was that "Essay on Irish Bulls," filled with racy anecdotes they had picked up, and which an English gentleman-farmer mistook for a work on cattle-breeding!

Mrs. Hall thus graphically describes the general sitting-room in the Edgeworth home, which was also the library and Maria's study: "It is by no means a stately, solitary room; but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and furnished with suggestive engravings. If you look at the oblong table in the center you will see the rallying point of the family, who are usually around it reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth—only anxious that the inmates of the house shall do exactly as they please—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; a pen,

given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown (in 1825), is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. She had a singular power for abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and occasionally taking part in the conversation while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it."

In 1823 she visited Sir Walter Scott, and there is an amusing anecdote connected with her visit. In the celebrated lines of his about the ruined abbey—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight"—

he proceeds to particularize the glorious effects then delineated. Miss Edgeworth proposed that they should go to see it at such a time. "By all means let us go," said Scott, "for I myself have never yet seen Melrose by moonlight!" Two years afterwards he returned her visit at Edgeworthstown, seven miles from Longford. "It may well be imagined," writes Lockhart, his relative, "with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first traits and germs. Of the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. . . . In Maria he hailed a sister spirit; one who, *at the summit of literary fame*, took the same modest, just and, let me add, Christian view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers." "She writes," Scott himself remarks, "all the while she talks, laughs, eats and drinks," and again, "I am particularly pleased with the naïveté and good-humored ardor of mind, which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." Sidney Smith observed concerning her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit running through all her conversation that it makes it very brilliant."

In stature Miss Edgeworth was small and slight, active in movement, kind and considerate in action. She died at the good old age of eighty-

three, beloved by all who knew her. Light lie the sod above her, green be the grass over her Irish grave. She did good service to her country in dissipating the miserable prejudices against Irishmen, at a time when even Churchill was compelled to write:

“Long on a country, ever hardly used,  
At random censured, wantonly abused,  
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind  
view,  
And judged the many by the rascal few.”

### Spray.

They say that we are spoiling Annie's temper. She can afford it, she has plenty of it to spare.

“Where are the *shams*?” “They are all in the lower dormitory; everything here is real!”

An up-to-date version of “seeing Nellie (our somnambulist) home,” is our latest social fad. Where is the RAINBOW reporter?

Canadian history is still an unexplored region to poor Lillian, who exclaimed a few days ago, with startling effect—“Did you hear that Sir John Jackson, the King of Canada, is dead.”

Niagara has surpassed itself in its appetizing effect. Of this we had a remarkable and rather amusing proof, when, on her return after the Christmas holidays, the *Sage* of the school began the evening prayer with “Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts, etc.”

Would that the remnants of the broken chair could reveal the secret of its sudden destruction and the cause of the youthful Archer's swoon. “I must have a bow!” said Mattie. A listening friend, unconscious of her needs, but anxious to draw her attention to an interesting passer-by, exclaimed, “Jake has gone up the road.”

Lured by the white radiance of the moonlight, the black, the white, and the *red* sheep of our fold strayed, as was their wont, from the shepherd's (Shepherdess's?) protecting care. “When shall we three meet again?” was the joyful salutation. But ere the words had died away, the curtain fell, never to rise, we fear, on this scene again.

THE TALE (TAIL) OF A SOUSED MACKEREL.

Tidbits have always had a powerful fascination for our venerable Maltese. Accordingly,

regardless of every code of ethics, and before the household had assembled for breakfast, he proceeded to indulge his appetite, to the disgust and exasperation of the mistress, who, after administering a sound castigation and banishing, as she thought, the offender from the room, produced a fresh supply of mackerel. But the wily old wizard, profiting by the dusk, and evading the sharp glances that were darted into every nook, comfortably tucked himself under a chair, and awaited his opportunity. The door locked and the mistress gone to her devotions, he quietly resumed his place at table and finished his meal. When the door was unlocked, in the full light of day, stood the royal culprit, ready to depart on his usual rounds through the establishment. Justice was now tempered with—laughter, and the “Morning News” had an item of interest.

If you would know what true happiness means, you have not to look for it; put your heart and soul into the duties of life, and it will come to you in fuller measure than your most ardent desires could lead you to suspect. The greater part of life is wasted in vain longings that are attended only by disappointments and mortifications, when we have every thing around us to build up a life of comfort and lasting happiness.

The union of liberty and Christianity is the only possible safeguard of the future. Christianity alone can impart to liberty its true nature, and liberty alone can confer upon Christianity the means of influence which are essential to it.

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WINTER SCENERY AT NIAGARA FALLS.—FATHER TIME AND HIS ESCORT.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. II.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1895.

No. 2.

## The Blue Bird.

I am a little blue bird,  
The harbinger of Spring,  
Among the budding branches  
I love to hop and sing.

I flutter through the leaflets,  
Green growing on the bough,  
And listen to the whistle  
Of the robin near the plough.

While he's picking up the worms,  
I am feasting on the buds,  
And together we go singing  
A duet among the woods.

I bathe in crystal water  
That ripples on the lake,  
And hear the thin ice crackle  
On the border by the brake.

When the speckled trout is leaping  
At the flies upon the brook,  
Then flashing back to cover  
In his cool and sedgy nook,

I love to hear the thunder,  
Though I tremble in the trees  
As I feel the rain drops' patter,  
Sprinkled o'er me by the breeze.

For I know that joys are coming,  
They are bubbling in my throat,  
They are sunshine, love, and music—  
Don't you hear them in my note?

HENRY A. BRANN, D. D.

lift me up to where I may pierce their ultimates.

I find that as the outer and objective world has arts by which its technicalities are mastered, so the inner or subjective realm is subject to laws and conditions, a knowledge of which enables us to enter it and sense a store of riches never before dreamt of. We all know how long it takes to discover how to practise correctly, we appreciate, after a long time spent in trying to overcome difficult technical points, how much more easily they might have been mastered had we known how to practise. So, also, there is a great art in knowing how to become open to the intuitive side of life. Some never sense an emotion or sentiment other than this world and its five senses afford, others are from birth sensitive to the world of thought, to spheres of truth beyond, or as Emerson would say, "to the Over Soul." The first are imitators and take the object, seeking to find the thought by dissecting it, the second are geniuses who grasp the living thought from the font of all truths, and, with the spark still glowing bright, seek out a form with which to clothe it. The form does not make the thought, but the more beautiful and perfect the form, the more clearly do we see the thought. Men and women are the thoughts of God, and the more perfect, beautiful, and glorified they become, the more transparent is the form they bear, and the more clearly is the spirit and intent of their Creator seen in them.

But whether a person be born with the intuitive gift or not, I believe we are all joint heirs of God's gifts, and that by finding the laws of these faculties, as we do of others, we may command them as easily. We hear a great deal concerning the moods of geniuses, how they can conceive most glorious thoughts at one time, and



## The Religious in Music.

AM far away in the woods of Florida, and my temple of poesy and God-dreams rather invites me to the realm of ideal suggestion than to the working out of a paper on the history of art in the Church and worship of different people, as I had intended in this number. Here I sit waiting for thoughts to seize me and



feel utterly incapable of such conceptions at another. Whence come the thoughts that he draws to him who pens a "Paradise Lost," or paints a "Transfiguration," or weaves the strains and harmonies of a great symphony? We are apt to believe that we are capable of seeing all that really exists, but whence come these thoughts which are clothed by the genius of the world? Wagner used to say that he "walked up and down the avenues trying to catch the harmonies as they floated in the air." Handel, when writing the Hallelujah Chorus for the "Messiah," said: "The heavens opened, and I heard thousands of angels singing as I wrote." We catch these thoughts, jewels wondrously rare, and would call them our own. They are our own as much as anything may be, but we are possessors of nothing but ourselves. Every talent, every breath we draw, every thought we think, is only lent us, and we must pay it back. No artist may call his work his own, it never was his, and never will be. He is a laborer destined to carry out what was conceived by a higher mind than his. When his work is completed, it belongs to the age and its people, and if worthy, to the future ages and their people. Let us be careful what we call our own.

Every human being should cultivate this inner sight, for the outer world means nothing save through the inner.

When I go out into the beautiful forests of immense live oaks and pines, bristling palms and cactuses, sweet-scented orange, magnolia, and pomegranate trees, thickets of jasmine, arbutus, and honeysuckle, and miles of other fragrant shrubbery, I leave behind the intellectual world and its positivism and naked pessimism, and here I become a being negative to all around me, for nature has no evil with which to ensnare me. I strive not to think but wander about, imbued with the essence of beauty and the silence of sanctity. The woods are a grand cathedral "that came together without the sound of hands." Beautiful curtains embroidered with rare flowers screen many a sacred shrine, pregnant with truth, which alone the poet priest may divine and translate to the world. The birdcall is his sacring bell, his soul poises itself upon its tone, and sinister spirits depart to the dark nether world.

The moving winds are filled with sacred thoughts, and the tall oaks, draped in the grey southern moss that hangs from their boughs like the burial robe of the ages, reverently bow before their coming. The gentle beat of Nature's pulse echoes the throb of human hearts afar, and here I rest, away from the world, and akin to God. I force no thought, but wait for one to speak; one is sure to speak if we look Nature in the face and feel its silent love. When we wed ourselves to Nature she brings to us a love gift richer than the dowry of any princess. She holds nothing back, her heart lies bare to us, we stand spellbound before her shrine, and she says, "speak," then the poet, musician, painter, and art prophet, tell the marvels of God's treasure-house. The whole world worships God through the symbols wrought by her geniuses. Phidias was thought favored of the gods, he fell short of deity only in the power to give life to his creations. His was the gift to see into the prototype of perfectness, and create symbols of the perfect man and woman. From the gods of the Grecian sculptors the people derived new and more exalted ideas of that which they symbolized.

The ideas of art are not of man, they come to him, but he knows not whence, still they pour upon him, and a greater love is the debt of art. When a thought stirs in the waiting soul, it is surely of worth, and if we let it escape, it is apt to tire of coming. We should, in some way, give form to every thought that enters our atmosphere, in this way we grow and grow in power until we are in the realm of creative art, giving bodies to the ideas of God.

Here in the woods, far away from instrument or sound of voice, where the inventions and intellect of the outer world are unknown, I sit and wonder what my music means to me in such a place. That which does not benefit man permanently, or which he cannot call out of himself at any time and apply to any situation, I had always thought worthless to him. Browning's line, "Why live we on earth unless to grow?" has always lingered with me, and that which does not enrich the soul has always seemed the useless and a hindrance to our progress. Music is the most divine of all arts, yet, what does it mean to me here in a wilderness of beauty and







SCENERY AT NIAGARA FALLS.—THE GORGE AND WHIRLPOOL.

SUPPLEMENT TO "NIAGARA RAINBOW,"  
PUBLISHED BY LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

silence? If music does not give us something to take with us wherever we go, we have not studied it aright. Music is only one expression of art which is a unit. It is the lens through which we may dissect existence and draw near to God. After we have learned to build the form about the living thought, then we may at will dissolve forms and breathe the pure essence of higher being.

Art is feeling passed through the mind and fixed in form. Music is one of these forms given to art by the intellect. What are we doing when we take an outward expression as a representative of our feelings? We are taking the sensations of the flesh and raising them up into holy emotions.

Man has two sets of nerves, the Cranial nerves, situated in the head, and the Sympathetic system whose roots are in the body. Some writers say that the emotions are situated in the sympathetic nerves, but this is not so, the body may feel a sensation, but that is all, it must refer that sensation to the intellect before it is defined as an emotion. Do we feel love or hatred? It depends on what the mind has conceived from the sensation. A bodily sensation is not an emotion. This is the secret of the sensuous in art. It is claimed that art is not art without the sensuous. True, but this does not mean the sensual. The sensations of the flesh would lead downward, but if the mind takes them and lifts them into their sublime counterparts, they become the fire of genius. All form is given by the intellect, and interpreted by the same. Sound alone is a sensation, but tone implies form and must have a mind behind it. We can hear only sound until the intellect interprets it, and then it becomes a tune. The finest music to swine is only sound sensation, for they have no intellect to interpret it and recognize the form of tune.

Knowledge comes over the roads of sensations, up the rivers and streams of feeling, to the highlands and mountains of the intellect, where it burns as a beacon to the world. A great grief may bury a man beneath its weight, or the mind may interpret it to the world in a magnificent art monument. An artist is one who can elevate his feelings, turning selfishness into individuality, combativeness into self-protection, grief into a

cleansing fire, hatred into a defense of right and an enemy of evil, and then love;—let it remain as it first alights, a visitor from heaven, beautiful and innocent on the first wing of its flight, and it will fall. Let it remain on earth where all is mortal and subject to death, and it will die, yes, even love will die if left in the world. Leave love where it begins, and it cannot live for long. Lift it into the ideal world, and it will be immortal.

Architecture has been called frozen music, nature might be termed living music. There is that in each that suggests the other, both awakening the same emotions; certain composers have associated the two and given to music the atmosphere of moonlight or the sensations produced by certain scenes of landscape. In nature I learn that all things are one, that all expressions are voices of the one, and, as out of the forms of music I derive many a hidden meaning, so out of the symbols of nature I interpret the truths of existence, that which lieth behind expression, and is the cause and glory of all things. In music we are cultivating an inner sense of the mind that interprets the sensations arising from sound in nature, sound becomes form and color, and if we look deep enough we find the same pure language in her symbols.

I have not striven herein to give much of a practical turn to the thoughts that came to me, but if we look over the real education of this world we will find that the greater part of all knowledge has come through suggestion. The poets and prophets have all taught through figures of suggestion, and here I have dropped some ideas that are only the first germ of what may be enlarged and grown to mammoth proportions. It is by the law of correspondence that we find the alphabet of any or all expressions. Take your music into the woods and mountains, on the waters and in the valleys, find the dirges, madrigals, love-songs, symphonies, elegies, hymns and chants, the major and the minor. You will find nothing but the healthy and good. No eccentricities or monstrosities in nature's symbols, but only the language of truth.

*(To be continued.)*

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.



### Spring Rain.

#### I.

Murmur and moan in the pines sweet rain,  
 Murmur and moan in the pines;  
 Fall in a shower on the powdered plains  
 And shake out thy silver lines.  
 Fall from the sun-lighted fountains above,  
 But wet not, I pray, the feet of my love!

#### II.

Scatter thy silvery star-dew, rain,  
 Over the fields and the fells,  
 Wake all the buds till they bloom again,  
 The pinks and the purple bells.  
 Shake out thy threads, of the diamond spun,  
 But go not, I pray, near my lovely one!

#### III.

Tremble and wave in the southern wind  
 And drift down the river dark;  
 Dimple and rimple the pools you find,  
 But, O, gentle shower, hark!  
 Wet not the robes of my Elinor fair,  
 Nor the folds of her dusky, musky hair!

#### IV.

Drizzle and misle in grove and glen,  
 Sprinkle the new planted maize;  
 Gladden the hearts of the birds again  
 With promise of golden days;  
 Fall in a flood, or fall in a shower,  
 But go not near my true-lover's bower!

#### V.

Gather thy waters in pools of pearl,  
 Fashion fair fountains for birds;  
 Swell the runlets and rillets that swirl  
 Over the pebbles and sherds.  
 Fall down the rock in a slender cascade,  
 But touch not the brow of that sunbright maid!

J. JOHNSTONE.

### A Joyful Anniversary.



GAZING back through the bright vista of nearly a century and a half of peace and national prosperity, a period adorned by celebrated men and famous generals, we see standing in rigid outline one who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." George Washington, the illustrious Father of our glorious country, the first of that long line of able men who have controlled our national freedom, has never lost his place in heart or mind, and after years of progress, not al-

together unshadowed by gloom and strife, his natal day is remembered, and remains as an anniversary, joyous and sacred, to all true American patriots.

Although on Canadian soil and harbored by Canadians, the recurrence of this day never fails to elicit our most enthusiastic demonstrations, and though the morning broke icily upon us, the fire of patriotism glowed brightly in our hearts, as was quite apparent from the efforts made, at early dawn, to float the "stars and stripes" from the tower, and, indeed, from every possible and accessible place they proudly waved to the wintry breeze, quite at home on strange ground, knowing, like ourselves, that they were welcome.

Determined to celebrate the day in a style true to the noble ideals of the glorious past, the artistic talent of the school busied itself in devising novel decorations of every kind and in transforming the erstwhile silent study hall into a gaily adorned scene of festivity. Every window received its due share of floral ornamentation, and the pillars, festooned with Oriental drapery, produced a magnificent combination of pleasing effects. Not an arch, not a doorway, but had its coquettish flag waving a welcome and proclaiming the advent of the great gala day. Snatches of patriotic song echoed from every direction, and as evening approached and the long-wished-for event, the fancy ball, was about to begin, elaborate toilets were in requisition. Dresses, fans, head-gear, and ornaments of all kinds were made in such admirable imitation of real and costly fabrics, that but for the bustle they created when their wearers moved about, one might have been pardoned for believing that she had been transported to some fabulous realm, where were gathered the fairest dames and belles who had figured in fashionable society for centuries long past.

When the picturesque procession had wended its way through the spacious corridors and entered the brilliantly lighted hall, Columbia (Perle Taylor) and Martha Washington (Julia Mackay) graciously advanced, and after a cordial interchange of greetings with royalty, nobility and democracy, the barrier of embarrassment and reserve, which generally characterizes such entertainments, was quickly broken down, and mirth and gaiety lent their united forces to contribute

to this fête of honor in memory of him for whom mankind had no word but praise.

Among the striking costumes we noticed a court toilet designed to illustrate the mode at the French capitol, in 1695. The Princess of Wales, with various noble ladies in her train, attracted much attention, followed by a group of English dames, decked with the wonderful ruffs and immense hoops of 1590. Near these was a trio of Roman ladies (Marie Kyle, Anna Doerr, Lois Wright) with the gorgeous *coiffures* and flowing drapery in fashion during the time of Cæsar and Marc Antony. Shakesperian heroines, ladies of the Courts of Louis XII., XIII., XIV. and XV.; pretty Swiss girls, graceful Circassians, itinerant maidens laden with "scented spoil" and offering their wares with the most bewitching smiles, and the maid of Erin (Teresa Crowley) with voice as sweet as her face, and cheeks that rivalled the roses, mingled in the merry throng that sang and chatted and danced the bright hours away.

The charming nursery heroine, Cinderella, (Mabel Kean) was not sitting by the hearth and its cinders, looking at her sisters depart for the ball, but enjoying herself to her heart's content, even without the traditional prince. Dear little Dolly Varden (Nellie Hogan), at all other times a staid and dignified (?) young lady, was there in dainty costume and sunny smiles, and two members of Coxey's army (B. Ward and M. Kinally) knocked elbows with the Tyrolese girl (Augusta Woodward) and the pretty fairy (Maud McMahan) who flitted everywhere and seemed to use her magic wand to make the evening one of enchantment.

The French cotillon, led by Marie Antoinette (Lucy Wright) and the gavotte, danced in costume by Callie Bampfield, Cora Whitney, Gertrude O'Connor, Nan Craven, Mattie Bampfield, Agnes Moran, Juanita Miller, and Daisy Woodward, were particularly admired. Mary Stuart (Helen Talty) managed to keep aloof from her haughty rival, and all went well until the Black Prince (Lulu Keenan) was observed to pay very marked attention to a handsome dowager (G. Rauber), but he was quite up to date, for when the matter was commented on, he exclaimed very good naturedly: "Oh, they are the worst—the most irresistible!" Scarcely had he uttered this remark when the Girl of the Period claimed

his attention and made him regret that he had used the superlative in speaking of the widow. The Scotch lassie (A. Mapes) seemed to be quite at home with the Spanish Cavalier (Nan Craven), and a group of aged spinsters (Margaret Stokes, Katherine Broe, Rose Jordan, Sarah Kinally), in long black dresses, prim little caps and corkscrew curls, who had assembled to talk over "old times" at Loretto, was not the least conspicuous or attractive to the amused looker-on.

Too soon, alas! we are reminded by the unwelcome sound called *the bell* that, "all that's bright must fade" (except from memory), and we leave this scene of laughter and merriment to revel among phantoms no less real than those with whom we had just mingled. LORETTA BARRETT.



### Encouragement.

IF the various means employed to develop man's latent energy and to lead him on to those glorious achievements which the world admires and reveres, encouragement—that lever of human nature—is, perhaps, the most potent; for so long as human hearts strive and suffer and endure, so long will its magic power lift them above this earth to a higher level. The mind of man, governed by laws which no philosophy can change, instinctively craves for this heaven-sent gift—and oh, how dark and dreary is life's pathway to him who seeks it in vain! Emerson says: "Our chief want in life is some one who will make us do what we can: this is the work of a friend." Yes, make us do what we can, awaken and encourage those capabilities which have so long lain dormant—perhaps, been wasted, ill-directed, crushed, or turned into bitterness and sorrow. It sometimes happens that our most earnest efforts receive no recognition, and though the zealous worker does not, on that account, cease his labors, discouraged and mortified though he may be, still, how much more fruitful the results if matured by the warm rays of the sun of encouragement.

Some of us, perhaps, can remember how frequently, in early childhood, we resorted to maternal advice with the pathetic appeal, "Tell me yes, mamma!" We wanted encouragement, just as older children do. We often want to hear *yes*, when we know that the result will be *no*—and a



very decided negative, too. We love to carry our broken aspirations to somebody that will make them look not quite so black.

The youth who has passed many a severe, competitive examination, with a view to gain a position in life, has been shouldered aside by much less talented but more pushing and self-assertive mortals, he is depressed because his merits have failed to attract the consideration they deserved, but his mother rates the public roundly, and declares to her boy that she shall live to see him recognized yet—standing where it is his ambition to stand. The dear old lady may be partial, but how her words soothe the sore ache in his heart. He knows it may never be—failure after failure has occurred—but it is sweet to feel that one human being appreciates him, even if he have small faith in her assertion.

The author becomes weary of his toil and thinks of giving up, but a word of encouragement is uttered—kindly recognition is given—a knowledge of existing suffering is conveyed by a glance—and he takes up his task again, cheered by that inarticulate melody which has gladdened the hearts of unnumbered generations.

When the weary and disheartened spirit, whose portion it has been to “bear the burden and heat of the day,” is dazed with the prolonged and yet unprofitable effort, and seems about to faint on the way, a glimpse of divinity flits athwart the gloom in the music of encouraging words, and hopes revive and freshen like flowers after rain.

No life is so happy, no pathway so glorious and hopeful, but that some discouragement or disappointment enters, for our journey is not down a smooth and gentle declivity, but on a steep and rugged road, where every living soul has a work to do, for we are sent into this world to make it better and happier; and in proportion as we do so, we make ourselves both. It matters not in what condition of life we are placed, there are many occasions on which a gentle word, a kindly glance, a loving smile, may raise the drooping spirit, soothe the careworn breast, and lessen the load of suffering, pressing so unequally on the lives of those around us.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have

remained in obscurity only because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort. History tells of more than one important victory gained, or defeat prevented by the power of an encouraging voice. Unwritten history is full of achievements due to its blessed influence.

Encouragement cannot injure, unless it is injudiciously administered, or by an unfaithful hand, and it may invite to deeds of the highest ambition—nay, turn the entire prospects of an immortal career. O power for good in the world! Did but we know thy wondrous charm and all we might do by its use, could we, like the selfish miser, bury our treasure— withhold the slight pittance of a word of praise from the sinking heart? Away with the cynical critic who sits enthroned on his own self-sufficiency and sees everything through the magnifying lens of his own superiority, who fears to concede anything of good to others, lest it should detract from his merit as an appraiser, and thus fails to benefit mankind or help on the grand march of progress.

O encouragement, glad ray of heaven's own sunshine, be it ours to diffuse thee! Be it ours to wield the magic wand that transforms the darkest scene into a palace of light, and the most arid and desolate plain into a garden of blooming flowers.

TERESA CROWLEY.

### When Sunset Comes.

How beautiful, though sad,  
Are glimpses of the past  
To hearts still young and glad,  
Though years be flying fast!

For as they glance along  
The vistas of the years,  
Their lips break out in song,  
Though eyes should melt in tears.

Such hearts can always find  
The light in days gone by  
That glorifies the mind  
With gleams of tender joy.

The sun at eve grown old,  
In love would still remain,  
And throw his burnished gold  
Across the dreary plain.

Thus, even their darkest days  
Are touched with beams of light,  
That fill the soul and stay  
To make the present bright.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

### The Whirlpool.

" Ah terribly they rage,—  
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain  
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze  
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight  
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge  
Sweeps the wide torrent."



NIAGARA, "The Thunderer of the Waters," is a household word, by reason of its vast combination of natural beauties, its turbulent grandeur, and fair coronet of rainbows, but perhaps, many are unacquainted with a spot in the same historic river, about two miles below the Falls, which, on account of its dread fascination and associations, has also become more or less famous.

Beyond the Rapids of the lower River, where the water lashes itself to a white fury, as though in anger at the rocks which impede its course, is an expanse of water, smooth and unrippled, like the glassy surface of a lake. But, in this deceptive appearance lies all the treachery—how much is never known until its poor victim is carried round and round the ever narrowing circle, till at last he is swallowed up in the almost bottomless abyss of the Niagara Whirlpool, which seems loath to give up its dead. In this vast basin or amphitheatre, opening at right angles with the river above, and shut in on all sides, save the opening mentioned, by rocky cliffs, three hundred and fifty feet high, an almost inconceivable avalanche of water meets with an effectual stop in its mad career, and its course is violently turned aside at an angle of ninety degrees, thus forming a veritable maelstrom, such as can not be found in any other portion of the globe for strength of current and obstinacy of opposing forces.

When we consider that about 100,000,000 tons of water pass over the Falls every hour, and that this quantity is compelled to flow between steep cliffs to a point about two miles distant, where the course of the river turns abruptly, we can readily understand that such a terrific force must cause a fearful commotion in its rocky bed. The power of the Falls, confined within these narrow limits, raises the centre of the billowy flood to a height of from ten to forty feet, and the all but irresistible torrent, which a few moments before had rushed on its onward course from the Great Cataract, being suddenly checked by its rock-

bound barriers, makes a ceaseless passage around the pool, from which it can escape only after having made the entire circuit and passed over and under the ever-recurring accession of waters in the estuary of the channel. The depth of the whirlpool is enormous. Logs twenty feet long are drawn into eddies, and made to stand on end like a ship's masts; sometimes bodies float in the water for two or three months before they are drawn into just the right eddy whence to find the outlet, which is at right angles with the entrance.

Capt. Webb, the famous English swimmer, who had many times coped with the sea, made an attempt to swim through the Rapids and Whirlpool of Niagara River, on the 24th of July, 1883, but lost his life in the effort. Physicians were of opinion that death had not been caused by asphyxia, drowning, or local injury to the body from contact with hard substances, but was due to the pressure of the water in the Rapids, which comes with such force upon the respiratory organs that no living body can pass through them alive.

The wild beauty of this scene—the rocky cliffs with their overhanging green foliage reflected in the dark waters beneath, the wood-embowered river with its circlets of unsoothed foam, the concentrated force of the water at the Whirlpool Rapids, where it seems as though it would tear assunder the vast walls of rock that confine it, so startling is its terrific power, are indeed, worthy of the pen of a Scott or a Burns. And, perhaps, in its hidden meaning it would require greater genius still to do it justice, for it reflects, like many other great wonders of nature, so much of human life—"that turmoil of restless activity which boils beneath the calm surface of our every day."

We, like the unfortunate victim drawn gradually into the vortex, are carelessly unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and grasp our pleasures without a thought of the consequence, until the seething, angry waters, becoming stronger and stronger, carry us in spite of everything, except an almost superhuman effort, to inevitable destruction.

Happily, to the weakest of us is given the power to make the effort, assisted by the hand of God, stretched out between us and the yawning gulf of destruction.

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.



### Stray Thoughts in a Library.



LIBRARIES are the wardrobes of literature whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something of ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use."

Many and varied are the thoughts that glide through our minds when we walk through a spacious and well-equipped library, and gazing on the book-lined walls, contemplate the wealth therein contained,—a wealth destined to exert an influence long after its donors have passed into dust; for "a sublime truth, once uttered and made a part of standard literature, becomes thereafter a perpetual spur to noble deeds. The maxims of the wise form part of a nation's intellectual coin, and, like other coin, serve both as the measure and the prolific source of intellectual wealth. Alexander the Great, it is said, constantly slept with Homer under his pillow. The ideal hero of Iliad helped to make the real heroes of later Greece. Great ideas, in fact, usually precede and cause illustrious achievements. Hence, it is, that the literature of a people invariably contains within it that which has made the people what it is."

Since there is no study more interesting than that of the mind, and since thought, refined in the crucible of reflection, is of so great importance, it is necessary that considerable attention be given to its cultivation; that some heed be paid to the best means of widening its range. This is partly accomplished by comparing the thoughts of others with our own. To do this we must read, for it is in books we find the best thoughts of the wisest men. But, says Lubbock, "The choice of books is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. A good book, in the noble words of Milton, 'is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.'"

As different authors write upon different themes, we, by the perusal of their works, have new fields of study opened up to us. The philosopher points out to us truths of which we never dreamed; the poet takes us out of the world of reality into regions of romance and fancy, such as we never could conceive, and the lover of nature leads us to discover new beauties,

even in our most commonplace surroundings. However, "to get the greatest amount, I will not merely say of benefit, but even of enjoyment from books, we must read for improvement rather than for amusement." Thackeray said, when asked if he had read a certain novel: "I bake cakes, but I eat bread." "Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, but we cannot live upon it."

A feeling of sadness at times takes possession of us when, looking at the vast number of books stored on the shelves, we reflect that we can never master even a tithe of their contents, that many branches of study must ever remain closed to us, that the authors whose works elicit our admiration had their little day—emerged, perhaps, from obscurity—gained the fickle applause of the multitude—then pined in want. Genius is not exempt from sorrow and vicissitude. Homer was obliged to beg, Spencer died in want, Cervantes, of hunger. Dryden lived in poverty and distress, Butler led a life of penury, and died poor. Tasso was often at a loss for five shillings, Steele's existence was one of perfect warfare with bailiffs, and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen, and the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.

To avoid the dangers incurred by youthful readers, free to choose their own course in a well-stocked library, a literary appetite should be cultivated—the choicest dishes may be prepared in vain for persons devoid of taste. Secondly, ideas should be received with discrimination, and study pursued with an end in view. We may, indeed, flit as the butterfly from book to magazine, from history to travel, from poetry to prose, but with the bee, we must extract what is good and store it away for future use. Says Ruskin: "We usually fall into much error by considering the intellectual powers as having dignity in themselves and separate from the heart; whereas the truth is that the intellect becomes noble or ignoble, according to the food we give it."

LOUISA (LULU) KEENAN.

**English Cathedrals and Monasteries  
Seen from the Niagara Rainbow.**

(CONTINUED.)



HE next Cathedral to which we shall turn our attention is one that will have much interest for us all. It is Lichfield—the name signifies the “field of carcasses,” so called on account of the great number of martyrs slain and buried there under Maximianus Hercules. Hence, this city bears for its arms a landscape, covered with the bodies of martyrs.

The first Bishop of this See, founded about the year 656, was one who is generally called Diuma, a Scot. Those who were called Scots at that time were the people of Ireland, and the letters which go to make up the word Diuma, according to our present pronunciation, would, in the Irish language, be pronounced Duffy, so that what you read in history as Diuma a Scot, is really Duffy, an Irishman. The second Bishop was also of the same nation, as his name—Keolach—was that which is now pronounced Kelly; the third, Trumhere, the fourth, Jaruman, who was succeeded by the great St. Chad. The memory of the others has passed away from the people’s mind, but, notwithstanding all the changes which have taken place, the name of St. Chad is still spoken of, and it is identified with the place as that of St. Wilfrid is with York and Ripon and Hexham.

From many of the old Cathedrals, the long, tapering spires have been removed. Time and decay have made it necessary, but here we have them still pointing heavenward. The beautiful west front of this Cathedral was much injured by Cromwell’s soldiers, in the reign of Charles I.

The handsome monument of the “Sleeping Children,” which is one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture, is by Chantry, and was placed here, some years ago, by the Rev. Canon Robinson, in memory of his two daughters.

There is also in the interior of this edifice, a monument to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a native of Lichfield.

What is now called Peterborough Cathedral was a monastery for nine hundred years previous to 1541, when, at the dissolution of monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., it was made a Bishopric.

There is a story connected with the foundation of this monastery. In the seventh century, Peada VI., King of Mercia, had become a Christian, and in order to promote the instruction of his people in the Christian faith, he began to build this monastery as a house of religion and learning. He died long before it was completed, and the building remained unfinished because his brother, Wulfhere, who succeeded to the kingdom, was still a pagan, and a violent enemy to the Christian Faith. This Wulfhere had two sons, youths named Wulfhade and Rufine. Their mother, Ermenild, was a holy Christian woman, and her sons embraced the Christian religion when they grew up. It was some time before Wulfhere, their father, knew of it, but when he did, and found his sons in a Christian church at mass, he drew his sword and they fell murdered and martyrs at his feet. He afterwards repented, became a Christian, was baptized by St. Chad, as his sons had been, and under his advice, and as penance for his sin, completed the monastery which Peada had begun here. He dedicated it to St. Peter, whence the town has its name—Peterborough.

A few old verses of the old Catholic days, commemorating this event, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

“ Into the chappell entered the king,  
And found his sonnes Christ worshippinge.

“ Wulfhere, in wodenesse, his sword outdrew,  
And both his sonnes anon he slew.

“ Wulfhere was for sorrow sick,  
In bed he lay a dead man like.  
St. Ermenild, that blessed Queen,  
Counselled Wulfhere to shryve him clene.

“ Wulfhere contrite shrift him to Chad,  
As Ermenild, his wife, him counselled had.

“ Chad bade Wulfhere for his sinne,  
Abbies to found, his reaueme within.  
Wulfhere in haste performed then  
What Peada, his brother, had began.”

Three hundred years afterwards it was burned by the Danes, the monks were massacred, and the monastery lay a burned ruin for one hundred years. It was then rebuilt by St. Ethelwold, the Bishop of Winchester, and by King Edgar. During the six hundred years between that period and the reign of Henry VIII., it was repaired, en-



larged and beautified by its Abbots, but under the usurper Cromwell, it was desecrated, defaced, and plundered.

Catherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII., and Mary, Queen of Scots, were buried in this Cathedral; but the remains of the latter were removed by James I. to Westminster Abbey.

### A Will and a Way.



OF the oft-quoted maxims in our language, there is none finer or more replete with sterling truth than the threadbare adage: "Where there's a will, there's a way." The watchword of those who desire to attain to a definite object, how much have these few words accomplished, how much, perhaps, effected in the history of the world!

Although man is always more or less the victim of circumstances, it is generally true that he who intensely wills to do a thing, finds a way to attain his end, because the very intensity of the desire transforms what, to an indifferent observer, would seem but a bare possibility, into an earnest reality. The desires of a man of strong will are but prophecies of what he is capable of performing, while the timid, feeble-willed man finds all things impossible, because he believes them to be so, and fears to make the attempt that would bring him to the realization of his hopes.

The pages of history show that the predominant characteristic of the men who have wielded an influence over the fortunes of the world, has been an energetic will. Of Julius Cæsar, at whose triumphs and conquests the world marvelled, it is said, that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. It was the resolute will of Hannibal that led him to the fulfillment of the vow, made in his childhood, never to be in friendship with Rome, nor desist from opposition of her power till her downfall, or his death. It was his determined spirit, imparted to his men, that effected the perilous passage of the Alps, that gained for him the memorable battles of Ticinus, Thrasymenus, and Cannæ, and, when at last defeated and driven from Italy, the zeal with which he endeavored to raise up enemies against Rome, displayed a force of will unparalleled in the annals

of the world. Alexander's desire to possess the celebrated Bucephalus led him to perform one of the most daring feats of his life. The story runs that, when he was a mere lad, a Thessalian came to his father's court, bringing with him this beautiful horse, which he offered for sale. Not one of the courtiers, skilled in horsemanship though they were, would mount the fiery steed, so King Philip bade the owner lead it away. Alexander was determined to have this magnificent animal, and begged his father to buy it for him. The King answered that he would purchase the horse if he could only ride it. To the surprise of every one, Alexander mounted the spirited charger and proved himself his master.

A determined will enabled one of the most noted heroes of moral power, whom posterity distinguishes as Alfred the Great, to effect, notwithstanding the difficulties that he had to contend with, and amidst all the barriers which beset his path, gigantic improvements, morally and intellectually. Napoleon, the greatest conqueror and legislator of modern times, said: "Impossible is a word found only in the dictionaries of fools," and his efforts for supreme power testified to his conviction. Our own Washington lost more battles than he gained, but his heart was set upon the one dear object, the freedom of his country, and his strong and ardent will organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end.

Before such men mountains dwindle into molehills, and obstacles that seem insurmountable are not only overcome, but converted into helps and instruments of success. In the words of Emerson, "the world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, who must hammer out places for themselves by steady and rugged blows."

Ability, learning, opportunity, are all excellent, but they do not in themselves insure success. Enthusiasm, deep and ardent, is the quality required by those who would attain great ends. For it is an old proverb that, he who aims at the sun with an arrow may fail to reach it, but will certainly strike higher than if he had aimed at a lower mark. So with us, if we aim at the highest excellence, we shall accomplish more than if we merely strive to perform the task as well as our competitors.

Not less true in a spiritual sense is this principle of a fixed will. The object we most desire is the one always foremost in our thoughts, the one foremost in our thoughts is the one towards which all our efforts are directed. And what object can be of such paramount importance as the working out of our salvation, in which success is measured, not by days or years, but by life and eternity?

The influences operating without, and the principles germinating within, are shaping our characters and destinies for both worlds, and this should be in itself a sufficient motive for the exercising of a "will" and the finding of a "way."

MARIE KYLE.

### The Woman Perfected.



ARTH'S noblest thing—a woman perfected." This quotation is the watchword of the NIAGARA RAINBOW.

The spirit of the woman imbues every page of this magazine. Religious thoughts are given first place, and form the basis upon which rests the structure of this highly literary periodical. It is literary in the fullest sense, because letters or literature has for years been given first place, in study and in practice, by its editors, as has also the deep and wide-ranged thought which is the soul of its charming numbers. Everything good, bright, and beautiful in earth and sky may give quota to its contents. The genius of every clime speaks from its pages, and leads us into the interior life of the privileged pupils and teachers of cloister hall.

The woman instructed, the woman educated, the woman perfected, finds most favorable atmosphere in the shadow of the cloister, where the teachers belong to a religious community.

We know that example in teachers is more potent than precept. From what may example be taken? From every word and action, and indeed, from every thought; for does not thought leave its impress upon the soul, and upon the face?

Of externals we wish the young to copy neatness and propriety of dress, orderly and graceful carriage, cheerfulness and benignity of countenance, Christian dignity and uniformity of demeanor, and complete control of the senses. All this can be taught only by religious, for they, only, live that strict, regular, interior life of which these attainments are the natural exponents. These attainments or requirements are always present

when the corresponding interior life is a certainty.

To draw an inference: if we wish to be possessed of external proprieties, we must live that interior life which prompts them.

The young never lose sight of the ideal life; and almost cruel are the comparisons and exactions they make, when judging their everyday neighbor. They are supremely observant, extremely impressionable, extreme in sentiments of admiration, and alas! extreme in sentiments of antipathy and disgust. Dickens tells us of "Little Nell" that "of childhood, she knew only its weakness and its easily-wounded spirit." How tenderly nurtured should be this weakness until it merge into strength, and how carefully treated this easily-wounded spirit! Teachers of childhood and youth should be wondrously gifted and inspired: then, how fruitful the results!

What is more charming than sweet maidenhood, which, with a character all its own, combines the simplicity and sensitiveness of childhood with the courageous hope of the woman perfected. It stamps its charm upon the columns of the RAINBOW, and gives us reading to which we would naturally turn in that need of the soul, which, I shall term—homesickness.

I believe that in woman's heart of hearts, the tenderest regret is for the maiden self of years gone by, the convent graduate, the *self* that she would like to represent her at the judgment.

The ladies of the cloister, the teachers in convent halls, choose for their model, our Blessed Lady, *the* Woman Perfected, the Mother of our Lord. She is no myth; neither is her daily life unknown or forgotten by true Christians. Why should Julius Cæsar, or Cleopatra, who lived a few years before her time, be better known in profane history than our Blessed Lady is in sacred history? That were an insult to Christianity! Her spirit pervades the homes modelled upon that of Nazareth.

The reflex of the life at Nazareth brightens every Convent to-day, and blesses every member of the Community and every pupil.

The ideal life on earth promotes the communion of saints in its broadest sense, when every thought, word and action joins the happiness of this world with that of the world to come. The teachers who live and enjoy this ideal life are nowhere found except in a religious Community. The child, the maiden, who responds to the privileges offered in their school, evolves from that training "Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

IDRIS.



## Special Correspondence

### Foreign.

*Memoranda of Travels in Spain, Italy, France and Germany,*  
by J. F. Doerr, Architect, Chicago, Ill.

NAPLES.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Early Monday morning we made a tour to Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, and Cumæ. On this excursion we visited quite a number of caves and subterranean passages. One was filled with sulphureous air, arising out of the ground, another, called the "Dog Grotto," had the air so thoroughly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, that we could venture only a few steps into it. A dog, which our guide had provided for the occasion, remaining on the ground where the gas was very dense, was rendered insensible in less than ten seconds, and it was fully ten minutes after he was brought out to the fresh air, that he fully recovered from the effects of inhaling the poisonous air of the cave. West of Naples, along the Bay of Pozzuoli, we came through a town of the same name, celebrated on account of the Temple of Serapis, and the ruins of an amphitheatre of large proportions. This temple was built of solid masonry, but a large part of the arched roof has fallen in. The round temple stands in the centre of a rectangular court, enclosed by forty-eight massive columns, while the temple itself contains sixteen Corinthian columns of African marble. Of the portico, three columns, forty feet high, are yet mute, but eloquent witnesses of their former splendor. The amphitheatre, which has a seating capacity for thirty thousand people, and an arena of about 140x275 feet, was nearly 400 feet wide, and 500 feet long.

After a short walk through flourishing vineyards, we came to the so-called Solfatara, a crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded on three sides with hills of lava. Out of the ground arise vapors and gases, and we learn that not more than two hundred feet below, the earth is hollow, having been burned out hundreds of years ago. Further on we came to the "Lacus Avernus," designated by the ancients as the entrance to Hades, on the south end of which we find the grotto of the Sibyl. Through a long, narrow,

and very steep passage we come to the edge of a subterranean lake, through which we are carried by the guide, one at a time, to what seems a round chamber of about 75 feet in diameter, where he deposited us on a stone bench, running all around the room. From there we are taken, through another passage, to a still larger room, and the guide, who stands in the water, which is between three and four feet deep, tells us that, while the water in the first room is cold, it is lukewarm in the last one. The dim light of the torches we carry, the deep silence, and the smoke-blackened walls do not fail to make a peculiar impression on the visitor, and if Sibyl, as we are repeatedly assured by our guide, chose this underground lake for bathing, the old lady must have been very eccentric, to use a mild expression.

From here we return to Baja, where we take a boat ride along the coast, passing through several coral grottos, and then we return to the hotel, where the carriage is awaiting us. After a drive of about thirty minutes, we come to the "Thermae Neroninae," the baths of Nero, well known in olden times, and worth visiting. To the right of the main road, a narrow path alongside of a steep hill brings us to an opening not more than three feet wide, and six to seven feet high, through which we follow our guide into the mountain. The further we proceed the warmer the air becomes, and after we enter a large round room, where we sit down to take a rest, two young Italians approach us, showing a tin pail with a couple of fresh eggs in it. While we wonder what it all means, they disappear at the other end of the room, and although we try to follow them, we can only hear their shouts grow fainter and fainter in the distance. Presently, they return out of breath, and triumphantly they hand us the pail, half filled with steaming water, in which we find the two eggs boiled hard.

This, of course, is worth an extra tip, and having satisfied both boys and guide, we retrace our steps into daylight and sunshine, and, as the afternoon is far advanced, we return to Naples over the same road we had taken in the morning.

Next day, the weather being favorable, we concluded to visit Capri and the "Blue Grotto."

In a small coast steamer, with some thirty ex-

cursionists, we left the Bay of Naples at about ten o'clock, A. M., and arrived at Capri at one P. M. A step was let down alongside the steamer, and small boats, containing skilled oarsmen, were in readiness to convey two passengers in each boat to the Grotto. As the opening into the same is not more than four feet square, the oarsman had to time his boat so as to be carried right in with a coming wave, while we lay down flat at the bottom of the boat. Once inside you are surprised at the sudden change in the color of the water. Such a beautiful blue tint, and so clear, that when you throw a small coin into it, a boy jumps after it at once, and never fails to bring it up to the surface. There were about fifteen boats inside at a time, and we had ample room to row about.

Our exit was beset with the same difficulties as our entering, and only after two vain efforts we succeeded in gaining the outer waters, just as a wave was receding from the opening of the "Blue Grotto."

Back on board the steamer, we are carried to Anacapri, where we make a landing and stop until four P. M. This gives us a chance to ascend to the highest point, called Monte Solaro, only accessible by a stair of over 550 steps, cut in the rock. Here we are over 1,500 feet above the sea, and enjoy a truly wonderful panorama below us, when, in the midst of our reverie, the shrill whistle of the locomotive reminds us that it is high time to return, unless we wish to stay until the next day. From Capri we are taken to Sorrento, and from there we return, over Castellamare and Pompeii, by rail to Naples, to prepare for the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, which is to take place next day.

#### HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR RAINBOW:

When I entered this harbor of Honolulu, full forty years ago, a lad on a lumber ship, I had but one hero of all these nine beautiful green Islands in my mind; that one was Capt. James Cook, of the British Navy, who was killed by the natives on the largest one of the Islands, Hawaii, several hours' sail further on toward the tropics.

Now, I have two heroes, the last one is

Father Damien, who gave his life to help the poor lepers of Molokai. And he is, by far, the greater hero of the two.

As you steam down from San Francisco, at the end of your seventh day from the Golden Gate, you first see a long, long gray strip on the water to your left, which looks like a stranded thundercloud; then it banks up, grows bigger as you approach and pass by, on your way to the harbor of Honolulu, on quite another Island; all this strip of cloud-like land, the first sighted after seven days from San Francisco, is the Island of Molokai; more familiarly known here as "The Leper Settlement."

To begin with, you must divest your mind of the idea, that you see or hear anything of these unfortunates anywhere on these Islands, except at that one place. I have not seen a single beggar, street musician, blind man, peddler, or beggar of any sort, or in any guise, since I have been in Honolulu. The city is as empty of such as is Paris, and the streets are quite as clean and quiet as are those of Paris. True, you have music, and almost all the time, from one side of the street or the other, stealing out from pretty little houses, set away back under the banana and cocoa-nut trees, but this comes from the young natives, who are so passionately fond of music that they play incessantly; and they play well, too, being born musicians. They do not like organs or pianos nearly so well as stringed instruments.

I had to go to a government office to ask how and when I could go to Molokai, and was told that my name would have to be submitted to the directors, and if found to be the name of a prudent person, who had a right to visit the settlement, I could go on the next boat. These boats go about every three months, taking the directors, inspectors, medical attendants, and such visitors as may be allowed to go.

As the time for my going has not yet come, I cannot write of what I saw, but only of what I heard. But, as I could not see Father Damien, or hear anything more of him there than here, in Honolulu, I can as well set all down now as later, that can be learned of this lovely and most loved of all modern men.

He had a very dear friend here, in Honolulu, an Englishman of the Established English Church,



although native born; and it is from his lips that I have my facts. His name is Macfarlane. He was Chamberlain to the late king, and is entirely reliable and beloved by all. He told me that he and Father Damien were of the party of visitors together, and, that to his surprise and dismay, the priest, after having looked over the situation of Molokai, refused to come aboard when the boat was about to return. Macfarlane and all the rest, especially the officers and doctors, protested, but, in vain. "I have found my place; my duty is plain, and I am thankful that I am made to see it so distinctly. I shall remain with my poor children here the rest of my days;" answered the priest quietly.

So the ship had to come back to Honolulu without him; and he went up back of the leper Governor's house, so as to be out of the way, and with an old bit of sail and some stray bits of wood, built up a sort of shelter against the hot sun by day and the drenching dews by night. He had no bed, or house, or anything, but the garments in which he stood, and must have suffered greatly from hunger and the elements. But he at once began going about and doing good as best he could. At Honolulu people wondered, at first; some mocked. But Macfarlane and a few others, who knew and loved the quiet and humble-minded priest, set about arranging to have a bed and shelter ready to send by the next boat. By the time it got there, the priest had torn the most of his clothes to shreds, to bind up the sores of the lepers. "Send me all the old linen you can," said he to Macfarlane, "it seems to refresh them and cheer them wonderfully to have their sores bound up in clean white linen or cotton."

"The last time I went," says Macfarlane, "he was very comfortably situated in his little shanty, back of the leper Governor's house, and he was the idol of 1,100 poor lepers. In fact, he had now become such an object of interest to all the outside world, as well as to the lepers, that visitors were more eager to see him than anything else, and hastened on foot the 1,100 unfortunates, who had been lined up to be inspected by the doctors, to the hut of Father Damien."

Macfarlane tells me that he came out to meet his visitors as simply and humbly clad as any of

his unfortunate children; having, as usual, torn up the most of his clothing to bind their sores. The poor creatures had come to believe there was some sort of healing, not only in his hands, but in shreds of his clothes. And who could blame them? Aye, who can say but there were grounds for their faith? And so, how could he help tearing his clothes into shreds, when the least bit of them gave such comfort to the hopeless creatures?

Some one had sent the priest a little wine and a glass. He took a clean towel, wiped the glass over and over again, and filling it with wine, offered it to his guests. They touched it to their lips as a sort of sacrament. "I am sorry it is not best to offer you my hand," he said to each one on their coming and going, and he bowed before each one in turn and said something pleasant to each one.

It always did the lepers great good to see the priest so respected by all. These natives—and the most of the lepers, 1,200 now, are nearly all natives—are the most affectionate and tender-hearted people I ever saw; a very little thing moves them to tears. No wonder they wept aloud when they saw their visitors turn to go away. I am told, that when the boat which takes new lepers out of the harbor towards Molokai, sets sail, you may hear the wails of the poor creatures, till the boat is lost in the distance.

"Are you not lonesome, Father?" asked Macfarlane, the last time he saw the noble priest. "I will be, when you are gone, for now I feel that all is not well with me. I am not so strong now. I am not losing my faith in my work, but I am losing my strength to perform my work."

After the natives or lepers had dried their tears, they came down to the beach with the priest at their head, and there, not knowing what else to do, perhaps, gave three cheers for the departing visitors.

"And there truly was something wrong," said Macfarlane, with a sigh, and after a long pause, "for the next boat brought the news, that Father Damien had, at last, been stricken with the leprosy at Molokai, and was dying. A boat was sent to bring him to the city, and see if anything could be done. He did not refuse to come to Honolulu this time. He wanted to see the beau-

tiful groves and fountains once more. When he had seen them he said: 'Take me back to my children to die.' "

The world knows the rest by heart. I have only time to set down such things here as the dear friend had to tell of him, and such simple things of such an humble character as the world is, most likely, not so familiar with.

As for myself, I feel like thanking God, every time I think of Father Damien, that such a man has been. It gives us faith and hope and heart to think of him. His life and death teach us that the world has martyrs still, humble, good men, ready to die for their unfortunate fellowmen.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

### A Chat With the Muse of Lyric Poetry.



WAS sitting in my study room a few evenings ago, threshing out the merits and deficiencies of modern lyrical poetry, dissatisfied with my conclusions, when the thought occurred to me that, as this is an age marked by close and intimate correspondence and communication with well nigh everything on this side of the planet Mars, I might just ring the bell of the telephone and call up Erato, the Muse or Goddess of lyric poetry, and have a chat with her. For the benefit of those who may desire to enjoy a like pastime, I would say that the telephone number of the Goddess is 459,625—which is also the exact number of poets who have lived, and died natural deaths since our race began. This, of course, also includes all the Spring poets who have written of the daisy and the lilac, as well as those whose poems have been rejected by cruel-hearted, but discriminating editors. Now, as all know, a conversation by telephone is a delightful recreation—even to a society woman, whose theme of thought is gowns—and the weather.

The Muse of lyric poetry was at home when I rung her up—Erato never stays abroad. She has kept the fire upon her hearth, at the top of Parnassus, constantly burning for nearly six thousand years. So I touched the bell, and straightway our conversation opened up as follows:

T. O'H.—Hello! Erato!

Erato—Hello!

T. O'H.—Is that the Muse of lyric poetry?

Erato—Yes. What do you want?

T. O'H.—Will you give me your opinion as to the merits of the chief lyric writers of the world?

Erato—All right, get your note book ready, for I do not talk for nothing on so important a subject.

Having set all things in order around me, I proceeded:

T. O'H.—What do you consider the basis of a great lyric?

Erato—Soul.

I paused here to think of the great lyric writers of ancient and modern times, and I quickly recognized that the opinion of the Muse of lyric poetry was sustained by the verdict of posterity. The lyric is subjective, and without soul subjectively, is meaningless. Neither Greek nor Roman culture has given us the lyric flower that has blossomed in Christian hearts, for theirs was a wild passion, unrestrained, unchecked, and knew but little of the discipline of morals and virtue.

I returned to the telephone.

T. O'H.—Which of the quartette of lyric poets—Burns, Moore, Béranger and Heine—do you consider the greatest?

Erato—Burns had the strongest genius—the warmest flame; Moore, the evenest wedding of gifts and execution. Both are a glory to the races from which they sprang. Burns soared highest; Moore sipped the most nectar from the flowers of life.

T. O'H.—Why has England never produced a really great lyric poet?

Erato—Because the Saxon soul is cold and insensible to the finer touch of life around. Tennyson has, in three or four lyrics, such as "Tears, Idle Tears," "Break, Break, Break," "Ask Me no More," and "Blow Bugle, Blow," reached the altitude of a great lyrist, but his lyrics, in general, are rather artistic than soul-stirring.

I here thought of the various subjects that thrill the lyric heart. Sorrow, Love, Patriotism, Conviviality, and the sublime gift of Faith. It was this latter which inspired the saintly John Henry Newman to write one of the most beautiful lyrics ever penned in any language—"Lead Kindly Light," or, as it was known when it was just



published, "The Pillar of the Cloud." In the author's collected poems it bears date, "At sea, June 16th, 1833." In that year he visited Sicily. There, at Leonforte, he was very ill with malarial fever. "My servant," he says, "thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished, but I said, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." Later on, in the course of the disease, he became much depressed, and sobbed bitterly. His servant, asking what ailed him, could only obtain the reply: "Have work to do in England." At last he was able to "get off in an orange boat," but was becalmed a full week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia. Here it was that "Lead Kindly Light" was written. The circumstances can be read in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," pp. 35-119.

I turned again to the telephone and inquired:

T. O'H.—What is your opinion of the gifts of the Celtic race for writing lyric poetry?

Erato—They are transcendently fine—a warm and sympathetic heart, great fire, and an ear for melody, unsurpassed. An Irishman in love is a sight for the gods. When he falls into the trap he wakes up the whole hill of Parnassus. That he writes well is because he feels deeply. His heart is all aflame, and it cannot be quenched save by a waterspout.

'Tis closed, my conversation with the Goddess of lyric poetry. She is amiable and kindly, and the sceptre which she wields is an infinite delight to the millions of souls, who worship at her shrine.

T. O'HAGAN.

### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful will it be. If you neglect to think for yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving them utterance only—you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write. The

more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

\* \*

Words—untarnished jewels from the inmost depths, rich treasures from the storehouse of a deathless faith, diamonds of truth, rubies of passion, pearls of devotion, studding the golden links of the chain of life.

\* \*

The real source of influence is sympathy, the only means of exercising it is through sympathy. "Man does not live by bread alone" is a sentence which has a meaning even short of its highest spiritual sense, there is a germ of feeling in the human breast which springs into existence in the sunshine of another's sympathy, though for years, perhaps, it may have lain cold and apparently dead, till some have even doubted its existence. But it is worth seeking for in the most promising soils, it is a flower which God has planted, and we may find it blossoming in the midst of apparent barrenness, like the Alpine rose in the depths of the glaciers.

O, Woman! when will you sever the fetters which fashion, wealth, and worldliness have bound about you, and prove yourself worthy the noble mission for which you were created? True womanly instincts, in the dawn of our republic, made "home" the Eden, the acme of all human hopes and joys. Gilded salons, with their accompanying allurements of French latitude in dress and sans-souci manners and style of conversation (which in less degenerate times, would have branded with disgrace and infamy all who indulged in it) tend to the depths of social evil, and lead us away from the hearthstone, that holy post, which too many, alas, have deserted!

How dainty is spring—Nature at sweet eighteen! When the little hopeful leaves peep out so fresh and green, so pure and bright, like young lives pushing shyly out into the bustling world; when the fruit tree blossoms pink and white, like village maidens in their Sunday frocks, hide each white-washed cottage in a cloud of fragile splendor; and the cuckoo's note upon the breeze is wafted through the woods!

HUMAN experience, like the storm-lights of a ship at sea, too often illuminates only the path we have passed over.

“Bonnie Prince Charlie.”



CHARLES EDWARD STUART, or the “Bonnie Prince Charlie” of our Jacobite songs, has commanded more hero-worship, of the pathetic sort, than any other personage on the page of history. Devotion unto death is the spirit that pervades those stirring and pathetic songs. The mention of his name yet sends a thrill through the heart of Highland Scotland, and indeed, through the length and breadth of the land, for, as son of James III., and grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice of Modena, he was the rightful king of Great Britain.

When, in 1745, Prince Charles Edward landed at Borrodale, in Invernesshire, determined to wrest his crown from George II., or perish in the attempt, every one who took up arms in his cause did so against fearful odds, and knew that to fail meant death, and worse than death, to themselves and their loved ones. The massacre of Glencoe was still remembered by bleeding hearts, if not vengeful spirits. To quote from Evan McColl, our Canadian-Scottish poet:

“Let no man say that to restore a creed proscribed they arm;  
 They think but of his loving trust, his Highland heart so warm,  
 His royal rights usurped—and they upon his princely brow  
 Would place his father’s crown, or die: Too well they kept their vow!  
 Let men who prate of loyalty, in this, our day, derive  
 Instruction in that virtue from the Clans of Forty-five.  
 Ay! Let them think of brave Lochiel, and Borrodale the bold—  
 Of Keppoch and Glengarry, too, those chiefs of iron mould,  
 The Chisholm, Cluny, Athol’s lord, the Macintosh so keen,  
 The Appin Stuarts and MacColls, thy lion-hearts, McLean.  
 How well they fought let Falkirk-field and Prestonpans declare:  
 Well might all Europe, as it marked, applaud their valor rare.  
 Woe’s me for dark Culloden moor, where all too rashly brave,  
 They to a force, their own thrice told, unequal battle gave!  
 What mortal might *could* do, they did,—but who ‘gainst fate can strive?

To destiny alone succumbed the Clans of Forty-five.”

The Stuart Kings had claims upon the loyalty of their subjects such as few dynasties can boast.

The first traceable progenitor of this gallant and royal race, which, for five centuries, drew from the Scottish people instances of love, fealty, and devotion—instances of which no other royal house in Europe can boast—was a Norman, Alan, Lord of Oswestry, in Shropshire, whose family, almost immediately after their settlement in Scotland, became completely identified with the nationality of their new country, and were associated with all its brightest achievements and deepest calamities; and no Scotsman should ever forget the title to honor and respect, which the family of Stuart acquired before they began to reign, and their undeviating and zealous defense of their country against the wanton aggressions of the English. Wherever the banner of freedom was unfurled, it was sure to be defended by the Lord High Steward and all the nobles of his race. Their name, Stuart, Stewart, or Steward, is taken from the office of Lord High Steward, which they held for nearly two centuries before they came to the throne.

Malcolm IV., by charter, made the office of Lord High Steward hereditary in the family. In 1263, the Lord High Steward, Alexander, led the left wing of the Scottish army at Bannockburn, and was knighted on the field by King Robert Bruce. In 1315, he married Marjory, the only daughter of Robert Bruce. On the death of David II., the High Steward ascended the throne as Robert II., the first of the house of Stuart.

Numerous are the descendants and nobles of this house. Some of them are:—Earls of Buchan, Dukes of Albany, Earls of Athol, Knights of Lorn, the Marquis of Bute, the Earls of Galloway, Earls of Angus, Dukes of Lennox, Lords of Aubigny, and the families or houses of Boukil, Dreghorn, Dalwinston, and Traquair.

When the Stewart Sovereigns moved their court from Edinburgh to London, they immediately identified themselves quite as much with the English as with the Scots. When his faithful subjects were aiding him in battle with his faithless ones, it was James II. who cried out, “Spare! Oh, spare my English subjects!” Like a loving



father, he could not bear to battle with his children, unfilial though they were.

Prince Charles Edward was twenty-five, at the time of his landing, handsome in person, and of captivating address. In the Royal Stuart kilts and tartans, he looked every inch a Highlander.

The memorable ceremony of "Raising the Standard," accompanied by the gathering of the clans, took place on the 19th of August, 1745, in the vale of Glenfinnan, situated about forty miles southwest of Fort Augustus. The spot was a romantic and desolate one, being a narrow and sequestered valley, overhung on each side by high and craggy mountains, between which the River Finnan pursued its quiet course towards the sea. To this spot, Charles, having disembarked at the extremity of Loch Shiel, proceeded under the escort of two companies of the Macdonalds. Here they were reinforced by a body of Highlanders. As the latter caught a glimpse of the Prince and his followers, the air resounded with enthusiastic shouts, and louder and more joyous rose the heart-stirring notes of their national music.

Again, with McColl, we can exclaim:

"Who loves not to think of Glenfinnan,  
That glen of the gathering grand,  
Where came bonnie Charlie to welcome  
The bravest and best in the land.  
So worthy the throne of his fathers  
He looked, in his bonnet so blue,  
Small wonder the clans all should gather  
Around him, to die or to do!  
What knave could well grudge to such true hearts  
Their still-swelling meed of renown?  
Alas! that the sun of the Stuarts,  
At such a dread cost, should go down!

Charles was now in the very centre of those clans which, ever since they were trained by Montrose to the active asserting of their rights,—such is the stamp which great spirits can imprint upon posterity!—had continued firm and devoted adherents to the house of Stuart.

The immediate site fixed upon for the raising of the standard was a small mound in the center of the valley, where, a monument, bearing a Latin inscription, still points out the memorable spot. The banner, which was of red silk, with a white space in the centre, on which was inscribed the famous motto, "Tandem Triumphans," was un-

furled with great ceremony by the Marquis of Tullibardine, — "High-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!" who was at this period laboring under the tortures of disease, and the infirmities of age, but whose heart continued to beat as warmly as ever in the cause which had been the passion of his youth, and for which he had already lost a dukedom, with all its accompanying advantages of station and of wealth. As the banner unfolded itself to the mountain breeze, the air resounded with the shouts of the elated Highlanders, and their bonnets, which were thrown joyously aloft, almost overclouded the sky.

When the enthusiasm of the clans had somewhat subsided, Tullibardine, supported, on account of his infirmities, by a Highlander on each side of him, read aloud the manifesto of Charles Edward's father, the Cavalier James, in which he denounced the claims of the German usurper; exhorted his loyal subjects to join the standard of their legitimate sovereign; set forth the grievances which had befallen Great Britain, under the new dynasty; expressed his determination to redress them by every means in his power; and at the same time, to respect all existing institutions, rights, and privileges whatever. This document was dated at Rome, December 23rd, 1743, and was signed—"James the Eighth." Another paper was then read aloud, in which James granted a commission of regency to his son. As soon as the reading of this paper was concluded, Charles presented himself to the admiring Highlanders, and in a brief, but animated speech, spoke of the satisfaction which he felt on finding himself among the loyal gentlemen who now surrounded him. He had come among them, he said, because he was satisfied they were prepared to live or die with him; and, for his part, he added, he was resolved to conquer or to perish, at their head. Having concluded this brief oration, the Standard, guarded by a body of fifty Camerons, was formally carried back to the Prince's quarters.

To quote from Walter Scott's description of this scene:—

"But the dark hours of night and of slumber  
are past,  
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;

Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the  
blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—  
In the blush of the dawning the Standard uprear!  
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,  
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is  
nigh!

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept  
state,  
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary and  
Sleat!

Combine like three streams from one mountain  
of snow,

And resistless in union rush down on the foe.  
True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,  
Place thy target on thy shoulder and burnish thy  
steel!

Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold  
swell,

Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!  
Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kin-  
tail,

Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the  
gale!

May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and  
free,

Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!  
Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring  
has given

Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,  
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,  
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.  
How Mac-Shimeì will joy when their chief shall  
display

The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!  
How the race of wrong'd Alpine, and murder'd  
Glencoe,

Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the  
foe!

Ye sons of Brown Dermid, who slew the wild  
boar,

Resume the pure faith of the great Callam-More!  
MacNiel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,  
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance, awake!

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his  
ire!

May the blood through his veins flow like  
currents of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of  
yore!

Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!"

On Culloden Moor all was lost. This never-to-be-forgotten battle was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. After many gallant charges, the Highlanders were overpowered by the superior numbers of the king's troops, under the com-

mand of the Duke of Cumberland. Not content with the blood which was profusely shed in the heat of action, Cumberland's soldiers traversed the field, after the battle, massacred all who lay maimed and bleeding, hunted down fugitives, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Macdonald of Glengarry, and of Cameron of Lochiel, were plundered and burned; in fact, every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate, without distinction.

It was a second massacre of Glencoe, but on a much larger scale. All the cattle and provisions were carried off; the men were either shot on the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form or trial; the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violence, and turned out with their children to starve on the barren heaths. In a few days there was neither house, cottage, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles; all was ruin, silence, and desolation.

After the battle of Culloden, the Prince rode off the field, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho and a few horsemen; he crossed the water of Nairn, and retired to the house of a gentleman, in Anatharic, where he conferred with old Lord Lovat; then he dismissed his followers, and wandered about, a wretched and solitary fugitive, among the isles and mountains, where, in the words of the song, very often—

“ He rolled him in a Highland plaid,  
Which covered him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush of broom,  
Oh! woe's me for Prince Charlie!

Exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness, and in continual danger of being apprehended, for five months, he trusted his life to the fidelity of fifty individuals, many of whom were in the lowest paths of life. They knew that a price of thirty thousand pounds was set upon his head, and that, by betraying him, they should enjoy wealth and affluence; but, they detested the thought of obtaining riches on such infamous terms, and administered to his necessities with the utmost fidelity, even at hazard of their own destruction. It was, indeed, as they mournfully sang:



“ You trusted in your Highlandmen,  
We trusted you, dear Charlie!  
We kenned your hiding in the glen,  
Death and exile braving!

English bribes were all in vain,  
Tho’ puir and puirer we maun be,  
Siller canna buy the hearts  
That beat aye for thine and thee!

We watched ye in the gloamin’ hour,  
We watched ye in the morning grey,  
Tho’ thirty thousand pounds they gie  
There is nane that wad betray!

Will ye no’ come back again?  
Will ye no’ come back again?  
Better loved ye canna be,  
Will ye no’ come back again?”

In the course of these peregrinations, Prince Charles Edward was more than once hemmed in by his pursuers, in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of escaping; yet, he was never abandoned by hope and recollection, he still found some expedient that saved him from captivity and death; and through the whole course of his distresses, maintained the greatest equanimity and good humor. At length, a privateer of St. Malo, hired by the younger Sheridan, and some of his Irish adherents, arrived in Lochnonach; and, on the 20th of September, 1746, he embarked from the very spot on which he had landed but fourteen months before, so full of aspiring hopes. He now bade his last adieu to Scotland, his cause forever lost, and himself a broken man. He went, but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years, did his name continue enshrined in their hearts, and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive songs resound with his exploits, and invite his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest of all human feelings—yields to the passionate, the dutiful devotion to Prince Charlie:—

“ I ance had sons, but noo hae nane,  
I bred them toiling sairly;  
And I wad bear them a’ again,  
And lose them a’ for Charlie!”

Their devotion rings through the martial numbers of a song of which the chorus is:

“ Charlie! Charlie! wha wad na follow thee?  
Lang hast thou loved, and trusted us rarely!  
Charlie! Charlie! wha wad na follow thee!  
King of the Highland heart, bonnie Prince  
Charlie!”

At convivial meetings, the Highlandmen passed their glasses over the water decanter, and silently drank to their king, over the water! The mention of his name would have been treason.

Among all those noble hearts, the leal and true, we must always regard as first, the brave Flora Macdonald. The pursuers of the Prince having tracked him to the Island of South Uist, where he was hiding in a miserable hut, almost without food, and his clothes in rags, further concealment or escape seemed impossible, and so must have proved, only for Miss Flora Macdonald. This young lady was then on a visit to Clanranald’s family, and was step-daughter of a captain in the hostile militia, which occupied the Island. Being appealed to in Charles Edward’s behalf, she nobly undertook to save him, at all hazards to herself. She obtained from her step-father a passport to proceed to Skye, for herself, a man-servant, and a maid, who was termed Betty Burke, the part of Betty to be played by the Prince. When Lady Clanranald and Flora sought him out, bringing with them his disguise, they found him alone in a little hut by the sea shore, employed in roasting the heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit. They could not forbear shedding tears at his desolate situation, but Charles observed, with a smile, that it would be well, perhaps, for all kings if they had to pass through such an ordeal as he was now enduring. On the same evening he took advantage of the passport, embarking in his new attire, with Flora and a faithful Highlander, Neil MacEachan, who acted as their servant. The dawn of the next day found them far at sea in their open boat, without any land in view. Soon, however, the dark mountains of Skye rose on the horizon. Approaching the coast of Waternish, they were received by a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed there, but none of the balls took effect, and the rowers, vigorously applying their oars, bore them away from that scene of danger, and enabled them to disembark at another point.

The Prince was now in the territory of Sir Alexander Macdonald, at first a waverer in the contest, but, of late, a decided foe. When this Chief saw the Jacobite cause decline, he was induced to levy his clan against it, and was now on the mainland, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland. Yet, it was of his wife, Lady Margaret, a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, that Flora determined to implore assistance, having no other resource, and knowing by herself the courageous pity of a woman's heart. Lady Margaret received the news with pain and surprise, but did not disappoint Flora's firm reliance; her own house was filled with militia officers, but she entrusted Charles, with earnest injunctions for his safety, to the care of Macdonald of Kingsbury, the kinsman and factor of her husband. As they walked to Kingsbury's house, the Prince still in woman's apparel, they had several streams to pass, and he held up his petticoats so high as to excite the laughter of some country people on the road. Being admonished by his attendants, he promised to take better care for the future, and accordingly, in crossing the next stream, he allowed the skirts to float upon the water. "Your enemies," said Kingsbury to the Prince, "call you a pretender; but if you are, I can tell you, you are the worst of your trade I ever saw!"

Next day, at Portree, Charles Edward took leave of the noble-minded Flora, with warm expressions of his gratitude, and passed over to the Isle of Rasay, under the less inconvenient disguise of a male-servant, and the name of Lewis Caw.

His preservers soon afterwards paid the penalty of their compassion, both Kingsbury and Flora Macdonald being arrested and conveyed in custody, the former to Edinburgh, the latter to London. The conduct of Lady Margaret was severely censured. Flora Macdonald was released from prison, after a twelvemonth's confinement. A collection was made for her among the Jacobite ladies in London, to the amount of nearly fifteen hundred pounds. She then married Kingsbury's son, and, many years afterwards, went with him to Canada; but they returned to Scotland, and died in their native Isle of Skye. Flora Macdonald died on the 4th of March, 1790, in the seven-

tieth year of her age, and at her particular request, her body was wrapped in one of the sheets which had been used by the Prince, when he slept at Kingsbury's. Kingsbury's wife kept the other sheet for herself, and it, also, served for her winding-sheet. Flora Macdonald was the mother of five sons and two daughters. All of her sons held commissions either in the militia, or the naval service of the reigning sovereign. She is described as being of low stature, well-shaped, and of a fair complexion. Her manners were easy and pleasing, and she spoke with the broad Scotch accent.

Prince Charles Edward's devotion to his loyal subjects was not exceeded by their devotion to him. To the last, his heart was with Scotland, and with those who suffered in the lost cause. On the 30th of January, 1788, he died in the arms of the Master of Nairn. The reader will remember that Nairn, in Scotland, is only a short distance from the fateful Culloden. The Prince's obsequies were celebrated on the 3d of February, 1789, in the Cathedral of Frescati, of which See, his brother, the Cardinal Duke of York, was bishop. The church was draped in black, with gold lace and silver tissue, which, with the many wax lights, gave it a very solemn aspect. On the walls many texts of Scripture were emblazoned. A large catafalque was erected on steps in the nave of the edifice, on which lay the Prince's coffin, covered by a superb pall, whereon lay the Garter, George, and St. Andrew, which are now in the Castle of Edinburgh. It was embroidered with the arms of Britain. On each side stood gentlemen servants of the deceased, in mourning cloaks, with wax tapers, and within a square, formed by the troops in Frescati.

At ten a. m. the Cardinal, Henry Stuart, came to the church in a sedan, and, seating himself at the altar, began, in a broken voice, to sing the office for the dead. The first verse was scarcely finished, when it was observed that his voice faltered, and tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, so that it was feared he would not be able to proceed; however, he soon recollected himself, and went through the function in a most affecting manner, in which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity, were



happily blended. And he who stood there before the altar, as God's priest, weeping over his brother's bier, was really Henry the IX. of England and Henry I. of Scotland. A true grandson of Mary Beatrice of Modena, he desired a heavenly crown rather than an earthly one. But how dearly he loved his brother, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of the country that now wept with him!

With this solemn scene, ended many a century of stirring Scottish history. As the Cardinal wished his claim to the throne to be forgotten, thenceforward, the reigning family were prayed for in the Scottish Episcopal churches.

When the monument, the work of Canova, was, by order of George IV., erected in St. Peter's, to the memory of Prince Charles Edward, his father, and his brother, the Cardinal; their bodies were removed and reinterred in Rome. This monument bears the names of "James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England." Requiescant in pace!

IDRIS.

### Florence.

**F**LORENCE well deserves the name of Florentia, "the flourishing," and its surname "la bella." It is one of the largest and fairest cities of Italy, and the capital of the Province of the same name. It is built on both sides of the Arno, about fifty miles from the sea, and is connected by rail with Bologna and Rome; its environs are singularly beautiful. The town of Florence lies in the leafy valley of the Arno, in a gently undulating country, amid low hills, covered with vineyards and terraced gardens, with white villas and old towers, embosomed in groves of olives, cypresses and mulberries, while, to the north, the Apennines rise to a height of three thousand feet. The beautiful River Arno is spanned by four bridges, crowned with ancient towers. The central and oldest part of Florence is a maze of narrow, gloomy streets, where the massive castellated palaces of the nobles, used as fortresses during the Middle Ages, may still be seen. The Borghi or outer quarters, which intervene between this part and the old walls, are more spacious and regular; beyond

these walls lie more modern suburbs, consisting almost wholly of villas, surrounded by gardens. Lately, Florence has been changed, a new suburb has been built on the east side of the city, with handsome squares and magnificent boulevards, and the old quarters have been pierced by wide streets. Florence is rich in graceful and imposing buildings, in picturesque and historic piles. The Duomo, or Cathedral, which stands near the centre of the city, was begun by Arnolfo di Lapo, in 1294, continued by Giotto, and finished by Brunelleschi, in 1436. The dome is three hundred feet high, and is the largest in the world, and the walls are cased with marble.

By the side of the Duomo, stands Giotto's campanile or bell tower, which rises to a height of two hundred and ninety-two feet, it is covered with delicately-tinted marbles and fine Gothic traceries. Ruskin says it is "the one building which unites, in the highest degree, the characteristics of beauty and power." In front of this fine edifice is the Baptistery of San Giovanni, octagonal in form, adorned by three bronze gates, two of which were executed by Ghiberti, and were called by Michael Angelo the "Gates of Paradise." The subject of one is the "Sacrifice of Isaac," in basso-relievo.

Now, we come to the Church of Santa Croce, called the "Westminster of Italy," it possesses eleven chapels, and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri and Macchiavelli. The Church of San Lorenzo next claims our attention; it contains the tomb of the Medici family and the famous statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, by Michael Angelo. Annexed to this large building, is the Laurentian Library, founded by Giulio de' Medici, containing a store of rare manuscripts. Another famous library is that of the Palazzo degli Uffizi, containing 150,000 volumes, 12,000 manuscripts, and an unsurpassed collection of sculpture, paintings, coins, jewels, etc., amongst the statues being the Venus de' Medici and the group of Niobe and her children. Of other buildings we need only name the Pitti Palace, the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova and the ancient palace of Il Bargello, which is now used as a prison.

Little is known of the early history of Florence except that it was founded by the Romans, in the first century, passed through various hands,

and became one of the most important of the Italian republics. In the twelfth century it became the resort of bankers, jewelers and goldsmiths, amongst whom we may number the wealthy bankers, the Medici family, of whom the most famous members were Cosimo, Lorenzo and Pope Leo X. In the thirteenth century, the remarkable strife between the Guelphs, who represented the mercantile class, and strove for municipal independence, and the Ghibellines, who comprised most of the noble families, and supported the imperial authority, took place. In the year 1300, the Guelphs became divided into two parties, the Blacks and the Whites. Party feeling rose to a high pitch, and encounters took place in the streets; finally, the Whites, including Dante, were banished.

In 1434, Cosimo de' Medici became the reigning merchant-prince, and after the fall of the Florentine Republic, one or other member of the Medici family ruled, as Dukes, till 1737, when Florence became part of Tuscany, eventually to be merged into the kingdom of Italy. From 1865 till 1871, it was the capital of the new kingdom. Florence was the center of the Renaissance and the focus of Italian culture, both with regard to Art and Literature, and it numbers amongst its sons several of the greatest names in the history of Painting, Sculpture, Literature, and Architecture, such as Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Fra Angelico, Michel Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Savonarola, and Lorenzo the Magnificent.

-It will not be out of place here to say a few words of these well-known men, of world-wide celebrity.

GIUNTA. Although the name of Giunta is not mentioned above, still he may be considered to have had a great influence on Florentine Art, as he was the first real Italian Artist, and the first who broke through the Byzantine traditions. A still further advance was made by his favorite pupil, Cimabue, whose Madonna came upon the Florentines almost as a revelation of the power of the painter's brush.

GIOTTO OR AMBROGIOTTO BORDONE is most worthy of mention. He was born in 1276, and was the famous pupil of Cimabue. He became the great friend of Dante, and was the restorer of portraiture. His pencil has trans-

mitted to our day the features and personality of his cherished Dante, of Brunetto Latini, of Corso Donati and other celebrities. The works of this illustrious man are too numerous to be recorded here; the chief are,—“The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin,” in the Church of Santa Croce, and his famous “Last Supper.”

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in 1265. In his knowledge of literature and science, he was unsurpassed by any contemporary. He was banished in 1301, and wrote all his works in exile. Of these, the principal is “La Divina Commedia,” undoubtedly, the finest epic in the Italian language. Dante drew his theology from St. Thomas, the Dominican, and from his poem, the leading artists of the time have drawn their subjects, amongst whom were the brothers Orcagna, to whom the word “dantegiarono” is applied.

BOCCACCIO did for prose what Dante and Petrarch did for poetry, by his most renowned work, “The Decamerone.”

PETRARCH gave sweetness and flexibility to style, and it is through his honied verses, the name of Laura has been handed down to us. Our literature is indebted to him for the sonnet, introduced by Surrey and Wyatt, who, during their travels in Italy became familiar with Petrarch's writings.

Santa Croce, as already mentioned, contains the ashes of many of the illustrious sons of Florence, but strange to say, those of her greatest are absent. Byron, in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* makes a touching allusion to this fact:—

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;  
 Yet, for this want more noted as of yore!  
 The Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:  
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire! honoured sleeps  
 The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banished dead,  
 and weeps.

SAVONAROLA. No description of Florence would be complete without mention of the name of Savonarola. His story is one of the most tragic in history, and in studying it, we get many a glimpse of the manners and minds of the men of Florence of his day. The subject has been



made familiar to English readers by George Eliot's powerful novel of *Romola*.

Florence was not only remarkable for its artists and literati, but also for its scientific men, of whom Galileo is the most famous. He was of a Florentine family, although born in Pisa, and it was from its leaning Tower he made many of his experiments.

In the Cathedral, close by, hangs the ponderous bronze lamp, the work of the sculptor Cellini, which he watched as it swung slowly to and fro, and from whose motion, discovered the vibration of the pendulum. His closing years were, however, spent at Arutri, a country seat near Florence, and his name will ever be connected with the city.

In conclusion, it may be said that Florence still exercises a mission. She is a treasury of art in her galleries and palaces, and will continue as long as she stands, the resort of the artist and the poet, who seek within her walls for the inspiration which may enable them to emulate the glory of her sons.

EDITH DE COSTA.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LORETO,  
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

### The Influence of Belief in the Doctrine of the Real Presence on Christian Art.



IN studying the origin and development of the Fine Arts, one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that they owe both their inspiration and progress to the Church. Her sublime doctrines have called forth the supreme efforts of man's genius to embody them, and her revelation of God's dealings with His creatures to lay at His feet, as a tribute of their gratitude, all that our earthly home can boast of rare and beautiful. But it is my purpose to limit myself to the observation of the effect exercised on Art by that mystery, which, while it transcends by its dignity the highest flight of the human mind, touches with inexpressible sympathy the well-springs of the human heart, I mean the doctrine of the Real Presence. Even in the midst of the stormy days of persecution, we find the altar where the Divine Victim was to be offered, the object of adornment. The Catacombs bear witness to this spirit. Crude in form and care-

fully veiled under symbolic emblems, are the decorations, but clearly evincing the desire to honour the dwelling place of Our Lord. Moreover, these very paintings are a striking illustration of my subject. In the Catacombs of San Callisto, we see Our Lord represented under the symbol of the Fish, bearing a basket of bread and a vessel of wine; again, a priest stands in the act of sacrifice, and on the altar, lie some loaves of bread, and beside them, the Fish. Thus, in the very dawn of Christianity, the artist's brush revealed to the children of the Church, and hid from the scoffer, the great doctrine of transubstantiation.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

When the Church emerged from the Catacombs, in the fourth century, she began to build churches, and adopted the form of the Pagan Basilicas, modifying it to suit her own purposes. In these Churches, the altar was so placed, that the priest said Mass facing the people, but the Blessed Sacrament was not kept in the Tabernacle, as it is at present. It was suspended in a golden dove, like a sanctuary lamp, from the Ciborium. This was a structure placed over the high altar, very beautifully adorned with either painting or carving. When, at a later period, the use of the golden dove was discontinued, the Blessed Sacrament was retained in a pyx or shrine, at some distance from the altar, on which was lavished all the skill of the sculptor and designer. Longfellow beautifully describes that of the Church of St. Lawrence, in Nuremberg:

“ Like the foamy sheaf of fountains  
Rising through the painted air.”

As centuries rolled on, Gothic became the prevailing style of architecture in Western Europe, and the use of the ciborium was abandoned, but, we still find the artist concentrating his efforts on the immediate neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. Behind, arose the gorgeous reredos, rich with delicate tracery, and in front, enclosing the hallowed precincts, stood the Rood Screen, a marvel of elaborate workmanship. It is beyond the scope of my subject to dwell upon the different styles of architecture which prevailed in succeeding centuries, suffice it to say, that all reveal the fixed purpose of their authors to honour the

Divine Guest, dwelling within earthly walls.

But, as the Church of Cluny became the mother of so many others and may be considered as typical, a short description of its Sanctuary may be admitted: "At the upper end was a beautiful apse, supported by eight marble columns, each of which could hardly be embraced by two men. All the precious things of the world were consecrated to the adornment of this splendid Basilica. One beautiful corona of lights, the gift of Matilda, Queen of England, made after the pattern mentioned in Exodus, especially caught the eye of beholders as it hung before the high altar; it was made of gold and silver, and its delicate branches blazed with crystals and beryls, interspersed among its beautifully wrought lilies."

#### PAINTING.

It will now be interesting to note how the sister art of painting was, in like manner, influenced by the dogma in question. Painting, the offspring of architecture, was used at first, only to adorn and beautify the triumphs of the builder's skill. Some feeble efforts have been noticed in the Catacombs; and the early basilicas owed much to the brilliant colour of the Byzantine painters and Mosaic workers, for it was from them the early Christian artists drew their inspiration. Slowly and feebly, no doubt, at first, for they had to discard the ideal representations of the Greeks, as being connected with Paganism, and to create for themselves a new ideal that would not recall it. They had nothing material before them, but were obliged to form in their own imaginations conceptions of the external appearance of sacred persons. By degrees these ideals were weakly expressed by means of their imperfect art, and they finally adopted the national features of the Jews, in their representations of Our Lord and the Apostles. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that since Our Lord was described as one "in whom there should be no comeliness nor sightliness," that His Sacred Humanity was, doubtless, without beauty or attractiveness; and accordingly in ancient figures, we find Him represented as indeed, "despised and the most abject of men," and in some pictures of the Passion, this amounts to repulsiveness. A dispute arising, in which the

Fathers of the Western Church maintained the opposite opinion, Pope Adrain I. settled it by a bull, in which he declared that painters should represent Our Lord as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of expressing. Since then, the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair, and calm, deep, far-seeing eyes have been familiar to us. Another peculiarity of the Byzantine Art is the representation of the Divine Child, as in size and attitude a child, but with the face and expression of maturer years. In the copy of the eastern picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, we see this exemplified. The position of the Child in the Blessed Virgin's arms is that of infancy, but, in the face and figure there is nothing of childhood. The golden back-ground, the want of middle tones, the brilliancy of colouring, the abrupt lines of the drapery, and above all, the spare and meagre forms, are all characteristics of Byzantine Art. The first to break through the old traditions, and free himself from their trammels, was Giunta, a native of Pisa. He was summoned to Assisi to decorate the shrine of Saint Francis, and again we find art laying her tribute at the foot of the altar. Giunta's successor was Cimabue, who may be considered as the connecting link between the ancient and modern schools. He consulted nature, gave expression to his heads, and managed his drapery and grouping with more skill than the Greeks. His great picture of the Madonna was such a surprise to the Florentines that they carried it in procession through their streets, the people dancing and shouting for joy when it was unveiled before them. And no wonder; for compared with the ghost-like rigidity and hard monotony of the Byzantines, the more animated eyes, the little touch of sweetness in the still mild face must have been like a smile from heaven. Giunta and Cimabue were followed by a line of artists of whom we can mention little beyond their names: Giotto, Gaddi, Orcagna, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo and Raffaele, excelling each other in colouring, drawing and technique, placed before the eyes of the faithful, ennobling and spiritualising representations of every mystery of the Faith and every incident of the Gospel. Few subjects were more popular than those connected with the



Blessed Sacrament. The Feeding of Five Thousand, the Last Supper, the Communion of Dying Saints, were over and over again repeated. To single out one or two pictures, what more sublime tribute could artist pay than Rafaele has done in the magnificent composition known as "La Disputa," or in the well known "Mass of Bolsena."

Besides the treatment of subjects in immediate connection with the Blessed Sacrament, it is worthy of notice that the greatest pictures were executed as altar pieces, thus evincing the desire to concentrate the attention of the worshippers on the spot which renders the Sanctuary most sacred.

#### ILLUMINATION.

But, it was not only the altar itself, but all the furniture connected with it, that the faithful delighted to render as fitting as was possible for the honour of the adorable Sacrament. The early Celtic Scribes of the sixth and seventh centuries, have bequeathed us exquisite examples of their skill in penmanship, and the Missals of the Middle Ages, such as the famous "Stowe Missal," attest that the book used in the Holy Sacrifice was also made the vehicle of expressing man's homage to the Sacred Victim.

#### EMBROIDERY.

Again, the Vestments worn from early times tell the same tale. Too perishable themselves to have come down to us, we gather from the illuminations in many an Anglo-Saxon MS. to what a height of excellence the art of Embroidery was brought. Queens esteemed it an honour to work for the sanctuary, and we read that Matilda of Flanders devoted much of her time to this labour of Faith and Love. King Ina gave vestments, embroidered with gold and precious stones, to Glastonbury Abbey. Henry III. ordered £24, 1s. 6d. (£361 2s. 6d. in present value) to be given for a cope of red silk, and £82 (£1230) for a mitre, which he presented to the Bishop of Hereford. The Abbey of Croyland was enriched with many beautiful and costly vestments; and Old St. Paul's possessed, amongst other treasures, nine mitres set with precious stones, 100 copes of costly silk, embroidered with gold. Lincoln Abbey boasted a red velvet cope, embroidered

with angels and flowers of gold, besides many other treasures.

#### SACRED VESSELS.

As to the Sacred Vessels, not only were the costliest metals and rarest gems devoted to their construction, but the most delicate workmanship enhanced these rich materials. We read of the Chalice of Ardagh, that forty different patterns appear in the tracery, and this profusion of ornament can only be accounted for, by the high esteem entertained for the use to which the vessel was destined. This art of orfèvrerie advanced in excellence from the seventh to the thirteenth century, when a period of decadence set in, but the mediæval masterpieces still remained to show the skill of the artist, and the munificence of the children of the Church, until the disastrous epoch of the Reformation. Then, with a barbarism worthy of the Vandals, the so-called reformers, having lost faith in the mystery of the Real Presence, ruthlessly destroyed invaluable works of art. Dom Gasquet, in his history of those times, mentions the significant fact, that in many of the monasteries, whose sacristies were rich in costly plate, the furniture of the cells, refectory, and parlours was poor and mean. Hence, it was faith, not luxury or ostentation, that caused the Religious to amass these treasures. To prove that the spirit of the Church is the same "yesterday, to-day, and forever," I will mention the revival of the art of ecclesiastical metal-work in our own time by M. Armand Calliat of Lyons. He recently executed a monstrance for the Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York, which recalls the palmy days of the goldsmith's art. The monstrance was presented by the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the theme proposed by the artist, is the glorification of the Sacred Heart, with especial reference to the Blessed Sacrament. The two motives are admirably suggested in the base of the Ostensorium, in which the decorations are the Marguerite, the flower of Blessed Margaret Mary, and grapevines, representing the Sacrifice of the Eucharist. The richly decorated base rests upon four lions, beautifully modeled, which represent the lions of the tribe of Juda, the tribe from which sprang the Messiah, on whom rests the New Dispensation. The "glory" of the Ostensorium is com-

posed of vines and daisies, and springing from the centre, is a group of the Crucifixion. A choice selection and admirable arrangement of precious stones increase the brilliancy of the work. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, rose-topazes, and emeralds have been employed with consummate skill. Twelve magnificent diamonds blaze from the top and transverse ends, while the rich hues of eight rubies mingle with the dazzling light. This peculiar combination has, doubtless, been suggested by the piety of the designer, for, Our Lord, in the Scripture, is "candidus et rubicundus," the white lustre of the diamonds here typifying the burning love of God and the divinity of Christ, the red of the rubies, the rich red of the Precious Blood, shed on the Cross.

LITERATURE.

But, it is not only the material treasures of the earth that man has dedicated to this holy Mystery, the higher tribute of the intellectual faculties are among its trophies. In 1225 was born near Naples one of the most gifted of men,—the great Saint Thomas Aquinas. His theological work, The Summa, which occupied the last nine years of his life, has been called "the supreme monument of the thirteenth century." His exposition of the doctrine of Transubstantiation is one of the highest flights of human genius, and the Church has ever since found no nobler expression of her joy than his "Lauda Sion," which rises every Corpus Christi from the hearts of millions of her children, as the Sacred Host is borne along. St. Thomas' writings moulded, to a great extent, the genius of Dante, and *his* immortal poem influenced, in its turn, the Florentine school of artists, whose work has been already referred to.

MUSIC.

Again, that subtlest and most spiritual of all arts—Music—has owed much of its inspirations to the desire to exalt and beautify man's worship of his Creator. Since the days when Asaph led the choir of David, to our own, music has been mingled with prayer, and in Christian times, the greatest composers have devoted their energies to the writing of Masses. It was Palestrina who may be said to have saved Music as a sacred art, and Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Gounod have given of their best to increase the devotion of the

faithful, as they cluster round the central act of Worship of the Eucharist. The Protestant composers of Germany, such as Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, had not this glorious belief as the incentive of their genius, yet Oratorio, the very kind of composition in which they excelled, owed its origin to St. Philip Neri's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. To attract the Romans to the Tabernacle, he instituted services into which hymns and psalms were introduced. The musical setting was entrusted to his Maestro di Capella, Giovanni Animuccia, and a collection of these *Laudi Spirituali* was published in 1571. Afterwards, Scripture incidents were arranged in dramatic poems, and sung before and after the sermon; and, at length, the first Oratorio, called "Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo," was produced with scenery and costumes in Santa Maria della Vallicella, in 1600.

With this I close my argument, having, I trust, made it evident that the dogma of the Real Presence has been, since the dawn of the Christian era, among the most powerful and inspiriting causes affecting the development of the fine arts.

M. MURPHY.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LORETO,  
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Life and Death.

The swallow skims through the air  
In fields of blinding blue,  
While the heart of nature calls in joy  
To each billow of infinite hue.

Below, in a cottage, a mother sits,  
With the tears of grief her dower,  
As she gazes into the cradle dark,  
Where slumber'd her sweet, sweet flower.

O Swallow, that skims in the air!  
Do you share in each sorrow and woe?  
Do you hear the sob of a mother's heart,  
Under the cold, cold snow?

Joying athwart the dreamful heavens,  
Have you thought of the nest 'neath the eaves  
And the fledglings of care that left your side,  
In the greening and glory of leaves?

T. O'HAGAN.





### Rubenstein.

GREAT men are never born alone, though there may be one of greater magnitude than others, who shines like a meteor over his hour. Poets, painters, musicians, teachers, are all born into this world in groups. So there are times when it seems we may behold death seizing its victims, not singly, but by a similar law. Several at a time, or within a few months of each other, pass away from the front ranks of the world's geniuses, and we wonder who will be chosen to take their place. The memory of many great men, so recently among us, is still fresh—Browning, Tennyson, Holmes, Brooks; and in music, Wagner, Liszt, Von Bulow, Tchaikovsky, Gounod, and last of all the great Rubinstein—all gone from this world's arena, within a few years. There could scarcely have been a death in the ranks of music that would have occasioned more world-wide comment, or a greater feeling of loss than that of Anton Rubinstein. Verdi alone, the greatest of living opera writers, and, with the exception of Wagner, perhaps, the greatest the world has ever known, would have been so deeply mourned.

The life of Rubinstein was not exempt from the hardships which have accompanied most of our great artists. He was born November 30, 1829, of Jewish parents. His first musical education was from his mother, and this was followed by instruction from a pianoforte teacher in Moscow, named Villoing. At the age of thirteen he had completed his musical education, and he used to say that he never had any other teacher. When he was ten years old he commenced his recitals in Moscow, and, during the next three years, travelled with his master all over Europe; 1841 was spent in Paris, where he came in contact with a great many celebrities, such as Liszt, Chopin, Leopold Meyer and Vieuxtemps. Infant virtuosi were quite the rage at this time. Liszt stood at the head of this great school of transcendental *technique* in which brilliancy and a grand bravura style were the chief requisites. Rubinstein was greatly impressed with the wonderful voice of Rubini and strove to imitate it in his playing.

When the "Russian boy, whose fingers were as light as feathers and yet as strong as a man's,"

visited Vienna, he tried to get help from Liszt, but although he had brought many letters of introduction, the king of pianists received him in a most distant manner. This first winter in Vienna was full of tribulations. He gave lessons at low rates to procure a livelihood, and often went two or three days without food because he had not the necessary pence. He lived in an attic, and carpeted the floor with his compositions, writing not only music, but articles on philosophy, criticism, and literature. He says: "In my attic I even wrote a paper for the benefit of one reader—myself."

He returned to St. Petersburg, in 1849, and fell into an ugly dilemma over his passport, which he had forgotten. The government officials took possession of his immense pile of manuscripts, and the delay in procuring the passport almost sent him to Siberia. He escaped the law, but the music was supposed to be the cipher of anarchists, and he was not allowed to have it, thus, all his compositions of those early years were lost. The following year he was on the point of being arrested for associating with certain conspirators against the government; finally, after having spent eight years in St. Petersburg, he was prepared to meet the world as an accomplished artist with a great catalogue of original works. He traveled in every direction, visiting even America, and giving recitals wherever he went. In 1870 he intended to retire from public life; the same resolve was made year after year, without effect; the public would have him, so the gifted genius yielded to their entreaties and his own desire to provide for his wife and three children. Of the former we hear but little; she never accompanied him on his journeys, and held no position with him in his art.

Rubenstein wrote in every form of musical composition, but his chamber music, his songs, and the great "Ocean Symphony" are the most popular of his works, and the "Persian Songs," of his vocal compositions. "*Du bist wie eine Blume,*" and "Azra" are world-famous. His instrumental work is brilliant and popular and of a much higher standard than most of that class of composition. In the Operatic field he has fallen, for his efforts there are uninteresting from the fact that they are lacking in dramatic movement.

This, to a certain extent, seems rather strange, for he personified the dramatic in all he did, and his playing was not only remarkable for the absolute perfection of technique, but for his dramatic ability in interpreting any author or mood. He claimed that if one were to play a piece always in the same way, he could not be considered an artist. This eminent Russian virtuoso—and only rival of Liszt—could play the simplest piece in a way to make it wonderful to his hearers. At one time, tenderness and beauty would characterize his execution, and then, as if a prey to some excitement, he would play in the wildest fashion.

Of his pianoforte compositions the most familiar are: Melody in F major, Barcarolles in A minor and G major, Polonaise from "Le Bal," Waltz from "Le Bal," Valse Caprice E flat, and his Concertos in D minor and G minor.

His ideas concerning the masters are often strikingly original, and are based largely on his poor opinion of vocal music. "The human voice," he says, "sets a limit to melody which the instrument does not, and of which the emotion of the human soul, be it joy or sorrow, does not admit." Again, "The tragic in no opera sounds or can sound as it is heard in the second movement of Beethoven's D minor trio. To me instrumental music alone is the standard, and I hold that music is a language—to be sure, of a hieroglyphic tone—image, character; one must first have deciphered the hieroglyphics, then, he may read all that the composer intends to say, and there remains only the more particular indication of the meaning—the latter is the task of the interpreter."

Rubenstein had an unbounded admiration for Bach, and distinguished between him and Handel as follows: "Bach, a cathedral, Handel, a royal castle; those in the cathedral speaking low and timidly, impressed by the power of the structure and the exalted magnitude of its fundamental idea. In the royal castle the loud exclamations of wondering admiration and the feeling of humility awakened by the splendor, brilliancy and grandeur." He tempered his praise for Mozart with this remark: "Mankind thirsts for a storm, it feels that it may become dry and parched in the eternal Haydn-Mozart sunshine; it wishes to express itself earnestly, it longs for action, it be-

comes dramatic, the French Revolution breaks forth—Beethoven appears!" Later on when asked if Beethoven has expressed the alpha and omega in music, "Not quite" was the answer. "He has taken us with him in his flight to the stars, but from below a song is resounding: 'Oh, come hither, the earth, too, is so beautiful!' This song Schubert sings to us."

Mendelssohn, he declared to be wanting in depth, earnestness and greatness. Chopin, he believed to be the "pianoforte *soul*,—tragic, romantic, lyric, heroic, dramatic, fantastic, soulful, sweet, dreamy, brilliant, grand, simple;—all possible expressions are found in his compositions, and all are sung by him upon his instrument." Of Liszt he said: "Demon of music, I would call him. Inflaming, intoxicating by his fantastic style, bewitching by his grace, raising one with him in his flight to the highest height, and dragging one with him to the deepest deep, taking on and off all forms, ideal and real at once, knowing all and able to do all."

Rubenstein's appearance has been likened to that of the ideal Beethoven—firm, grand, and impressive. Beloved by all his associates, he was a stern though loving master, given to using but few words, and gathering much from the silence of his friends. Having spent an evening with a gentleman at a music garden, and exchanged about half a dozen words, he did not wish his new acquaintance to leave him and begged him to remain a little longer. Nothing more was said on either side until the place was about to be closed, when Rubenstein rose and said: "I enjoy your conversation very much, I trust we shall meet soon again." Thus he was always the quiet man, living within himself and marking not what was transpiring around him. He was well read, a student of current events, and his simple, genial manner, was stamped with the modesty of true genius.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

TASTE is nothing else than good sense delicately put in force, and genius is reason in its most sublime form.

IN the huge mass of evil, as it rolls and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned; working toward deliverance and triumph.



**A Rule of Life.**

Oh! in our maddest moments of delight,  
 Still, Lucian, let us to ourselves be true,  
 Nor in the cup infuse the bitter rue,  
 That, after, worketh men such cruel spite;  
 But ever leal to duty and to right,  
 When charms enchant us and when pleasures  
 woo,  
 And love lies soft on flowers of rosy hue,  
 Still let us keep our spirits lily white!

Yea! Let us clearly keep before our mind  
 Our heavenly heritage, our primacy,  
 By force of intellect and destiny,  
 In this brute world, nor be by passion blind,  
 Led like the beast that, in his gluttony,  
 The sum of earthly happiness doth find!

J. JOHNSTON.

**An Historic Spot.**

EAR by the Falls of Niagara, and at a short distance from our Academy, is an historic old spot, to which we often wend our way, the scene of the battle of Lundy's Lane—one of the many fought during the war which was begun in 1812.

That summer night, eighty years ago, seems to have been the dedication of the old spot, for it is still the resting-place of the dead, among whom are many heroes of that memorable battle. It is situated on rising ground, and the hillside is white with the marble homes of the silent sleepers. Two old cannons are there, commanding the brow of the hill, as innocent relics of the war, but as guilty warders over the lifeless bodies of those whom in life they had failed to protect.

And now as the setting sun gilds the old monuments, and as it were, pictures to my imagination the story of each pulseless heart beneath, I feel that I could do what is so often and popularly done now-a-days: make romance of history—but the sun is low in the west and warns me that time is flying. I am inclined to depart, but insensibly I hear the din of battle around me, and visions of far away homes take shape,—made desolate by that night's deadly work—expectant friends both in England and the States, who wait in vain for the return of the troops, loom up in the distance, and oh! the agony at the tidings of

the death scene, and the burial in a grave unknown and far away—only those who have experienced it can tell.

Here, too, lies the body of Laura Secord, the brave heroine of 1813, who walked from early dawn till night through a mountainous wilderness, in the possession of the enemy, to carry the news of an intended attack to the general. Beside her lies her husband, waiting with the other noble and true for the last trumpet call.

After many hard fought battles along the frontier, the most important of which was Queenston Heights, and, in the interior, Chateauguay and Chrysler's Farm, the contending forces met here at about five o'clock in the evening, on the 25th of July, 1814. Fierce encounters followed, the deadliest of which took place on the spot where the old cemetery now stands. The British forces were commanded by General Drummond, Colonel Scott, and Captain Glen. The American army, by Generals Brown, Scott, Ripley, and Colonel Miller. The battle continued to rage through the darkness, in which friend or foe was hardly distinguishable, until long after midnight, when the American forces were withdrawn to Chippewa, and then to Fort Erie, leaving the British in possession of the field, where, the next day, they buried in long trenches, scattered here and there on the battle ground, the bodies of both fallen friends and enemies.

This battle was virtually the close of the war, but it was not the end. A great deed is not without its results, its effect on human hearts; it lives long after the silent sleeper has returned to mother earth, and is a noble example, an incentive to courage and patriotism, which must influence posterity.

And here, in this quiet spot, one feels this so much, at the thought of the noble self-sacrifice of the sleepers, and in many cases, it was not self-sacrifice alone, but sacrifice of the hearts at home, centered in their particular idol.

And now, lest my imagination should picture more ghostly shapes than the phantoms of the battle, I must depart, and while casting a backward glance on those lonely graves with their simple inscriptions, the scene seems worthy to be our ideal of what the poet Gray immortalized.

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| ELIZABETH MATTHEWS, | LORETTO BARRETT, |
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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1895.

TO-DAY, as we listened to the well-known voice of our learned and beloved pastor, Rev. A. Kreidt, Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, who, with his usual earnest and impressive eloquence, addressed us on the Gospel of the day, we could not help thinking how favored we are in having one who, by his lucid exposition of the truths contained in the holy Scriptures, prepares us for the combat we shall have to withstand amid skepticism, agnosticism, and all the other isms which now prevail among the learned and the unlearned in the world upon which we are so soon to enter. Yes, truly, a spiritual armor is necessary, that the random shots of the many seditious enemies of our holy religion may not enter and injure, or destroy that life of faith within us, a hundredfold more precious than our mortal existence.

It is impossible to say how deeply interested we all are in these Sunday morning discourses, so replete with instruction in the art of sanctifying and harmonizing the ordinary occupations of daily life with the divine maxims of the Gospel. Additional zest is given to the words of our learned preacher, and a new force to the moral doctrines he inculcates, from the fact that he is so well versed in all the leading questions of the day, as regards social and religious life, so eminently in touch with the times, keeping pace with

the varied phases of thought of this fast-going age, viewing it with a philosophical interest from the vantage ground on which truth and moral strength have placed him. Like a skillful physician who diagnoses the case of a patient, and seeks to find a remedy, he probes the causes of social evil and religious doubt and wandering, and if a cure cannot be effected for the many already contaminated, he would, at least, supply a preventative to the deadly contagion of false maxims and erroneous teaching, which he labors to correct and purify by the application of the rules of Christian ethics and morality, based on the Gospel.

\*

THAT no comparison can ever be instituted between any musical instrument—not even the almost divine violin—and the human voice, we were forcibly compelled to admit when listening to the magnificent, flexible baritone of our late cordial visitor, Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Bay City, Mich., who, in his inimitable style, rendered some of Moore's immortal Melodies for our delightful entertainment, with that captivating good nature of his, and a few self-depreciatory remarks, a preliminary, by the way, which only made the storming more irresistible when the sweet words of Erin's bard, wedded to their exquisite music, flowed from his lips with a grace and charm, which added to their sweetness and significance.

We thought as he whispered the words "like fairy gifts fading away," from that charming ballad, "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," what a glorious gift a beautiful voice is,—reflecting by its delicate shading and inflections, the varied emotions of the soul. We were also favored with that pathetic number from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," "The Heart Bow'd Down," but, fearing, perhaps, that he had taxed our youthful spirits with too serious a song, Mr. Murphy broke forth into the humerous strains of "Peggy in the Low-Back'd Car," eliciting thereby hearty applause.

Messrs. King and Murray, of the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, to whom we are indebted



for many kind courtesies, accompanied Mr. Murphy, and at their solicitation a chorus was rendered by the young ladies, under the leadership of Miss Hubbard, our efficient vocal teacher. A Quartette was also sung, in which Miss Mackay took the first soprano part, Miss Barrett and Miss Moran, the second, Miss Crowley and Miss Braughal, the alto. Miss Juanita Miller recited one of her gifted father's poems, at the conclusion of which, Mr. Murphy made a few remarks with the facetiousness and grace of the true Irish gentleman, who is never at a loss for a well turned compliment.

Before leaving, and, indeed, by special request, Mr. Murphy sang again, this time, "Sleep Well, Sweet Angel," (Franz Abt) and thus ended a red letter day, marked by the most enjoyable event of the season.

\*

ON St. Walburga's day a most delightful surprise was given by the little ones in honor of their Mistress' feast day.

During the forenoon there was a spirit of expectation in the very air, a feeling that something unusual was about to happen, but little did we dream of such an elaborate programme as was presented,—a production, in fact, bearing the impress of such high art, that the RAINBOW reporter hesitates as she takes up her quill, knowing her utter inability to do justice to the occasion.

Up to the last moment no invitation had been issued to the *young ladies*, owing to the painful fact that they had *laughed* during a former performance; however, at the request of some interested friends, who kindly guaranteed that the offense would not be repeated, admission was secured; but scarcely were they seated when their gravity was put to a serious test at sight of the curtain (a map) which juvenile ingenuity had so cleverly improvised, and behind which there was such a buzzing and bustling and rustling, that nothing short of a bee-hive disturbed could convey even a slight idea of what the scene was like.

After a pause the curtain rose (with difficulty),

and a bevy of bright little maidens, in dainty gowns of various colors, advanced and delivered in a most charming manner an address, full of appreciation of their Mistress' efforts in their behalf. Then followed piano solos, vocal duets, choruses, recitations—all gone through with admirable precision. When the adventures of "Wynken and Blynken and Nod" had been tunelessly portrayed, we were introduced into Fairyland and entertained by the Queen (Miss Katie Maccarron) and her loyal subjects, who broke through the trammels of conventionality by displaying to our astonished gaze a fancy dress revel! As if to atone for such levity, two of the tiniest tots then discoursed on "Lenten Sacrifice," and concluded by asserting that they would deny themselves *the pleasure of going to school*. The generous round of applause which greeted their decision would appear to indicate that the majority of those in the audience were willing to follow their example.

The most novel feature of the performance was the objection of one "little girl in blue" to respond to an encore." "The idea," she said, "of being called back to say my part over again like a missed lesson"—and there she stood, and the other "little girl in blue" had to appear alone, which she did quite bravely. Miss Hattie Crysler described very graphically the woes of a little quaker maid, whose longing for things worldly led her into the shocking excess of sewing a tuck in her gown. Miss Katie Maccarron related with much pathos an incident in the life of Christ, when He, wearied by travel over the rough roads, rested by the wayside. A simple fisher-lad passing by, attracted by His beauty, stayed to converse with Him, and finding Him as lovely in spirit as in face and form, expressed the desire: "I would Thou wert my God!" Jesus having revealed Himself to him, they parted; but on the day of His passion, when others mocked, this simple lad adored his Saviour crucified.

The piano solos were rendered by Ethel Kean, Grace Elliot, Edna Duffy and Hattie Crysler, and the highly original ballad, "Daisy Bell," by Christine Barrett, Elsie Day and Lucille McGuire.

During the finale the violins appeared—not the naughty one that has a *voice*, but the good little violins—Cyrena Kean and Josephine McNulty—and what music they did make! And now as the sweet strains of the “Ave Sanctissima” rose from the happy hearts that had given us such delightful amusement, we retired to rehearse in dream-land the events of song and story, so quaintly told by the juvenile performers of the evening.

\*

FRESH, as with the breath of shamrocks and springtime, came the feast of old Erin’s Apostle, and never did light-hearted laughter and joyous merry-making echo more cheerily through Loretto’s halls than on that day, so dear to every Irish heart. At an early hour the house was astir, and few, if any, of the inmates appeared without the addition of a bow or rosette of green to their toilette. Those who had not secured the ornament were promptly decorated by their more provident companions, before entering the chapel.

Precisely at seven o’clock mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kreidt, who paid a most touching tribute to the virtues of the great Saint who planted the seed and the doctrine of the Christian faith in Ireland; to Erin, great in days when nearly the rest of Europe was plunged in barbarian darkness; to the Irish and their descendants who have borne the banner and message of St. Patrick and his Lord to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Foeppl’s mass, with orchestral accompaniment, was admirably rendered by the choir, and a glorious outburst of praise to “Hibernia’s Champion Saint” concluded the morning ceremonies.

“An Evening with Moore,” a delightful Soirée, which Rev. Mother honored with her presence, began at seven o’clock P. M., during which the golden memories of the storied past were rehearsed in the pathetic sentiments and soul-stirring songs of Erin’s immortal bard, till we were forced to exclaim: well may the bright land of song exult in the possession of such strains!—the language of enthusiasm alone can describe them!

Great and heroic servant of the Crucified! long may thy memory live in the hearts of those for whom thou did’st labor. May it preserve them still through ages to come from the blight of heresy, and bring them safe through persecution and injustice to the bright land, where their sorrows shall be turned into endless joy.

\*

JUBILEE bells are chiming! Exultant strains, which not even the solemnity of Lententide can check, resound through our beautiful home; for our good, kind little Sister Infirmarian (Sr. Imelda) of whose gentle ministrations in hours of suffering and illness many of us could eloquently speak, to-day celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of her entrance into religious life. Admirable life of unostentatious self-sacrifice, gentle deeds of virtue and charity—what a beautiful wreath of exquisite flowers to lay at the feet of the heavenly Spouse, who deigned to call her in early youth to follow Him in the narrow path which gives “only the repose of sacrifice.” May the festive joys and greetings of to-day be but a faint foreshadowing of the bliss which awaits her, when her life’s labors are completed and the eternal jubilee begins.

\*

WE beg to tender our deep and most sincere sympathy to Mrs. J. D. O’Connor, Mount Vernon, N. Y., and our dear companion, Gertrude, in their recent bereavement. Grief at the loss of so devoted a husband and loving a father, must, however, find some assuagement in the sweet memory of a life so pure, noble and good, and the bright hope of an eternal reunion.

\*

SINCE our last issue our ranks have been reinforced by Miss Marie Kyle, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Lucille McGuire, New Brunswick, N. J.; Miss Mabel Powell, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cora Whitney, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Edith Fletcher, Welland, Ont.; Miss Frances Gilhooley, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Concetta Rosso, Calabria, Italy; Miss Caroline Engelking, Tonawanda, N. Y.

\*

It is a fact worthy of mention that the craze



for the simplest and sweetest of the products of nature, the violet, is constantly assuming greater proportions, and daily increasing the number of its devotees. At those functions characterized by taste and refinement, we read not of the gaudy multi-colored exotics, those which attract attention by their splendor of coloring and strength of perfume, but rather of the modest little blossoms, whose charm lies in their daintiness, their unobtrusiveness, and the virtue which they symbolize. It is not impossible that the outburst of popular homage now being rendered to Napoleon, may in some measure account for the general admiration for violets, and, indeed, the love of the great Commander for these graceful little Spring flowers may have been an indication of an admiration (of which he himself was, perhaps, unconscious) for the virtue of which they are emblematic.

The sweetest and most exquisite of English poets, during a midnight walk on the moor, dropped on his knees, we are told, to search in the grass amid the darkness and the dew for the first Spring violet. The genius that re-cut and re-set a thousand ancient gems of Greece and Rome, saw more beauty in this meek-eyed harbinger of Spring. The stately rose demands our homage, the cold, chaste lily elicits our admiration, but the modest, fragrant violet, hiding its lowly head in sunless corners, is the flower that wins love from the hearts of all.

May we not hope that there is something deeper than the mere aesthetic sense underlying this craze for violets, may we not believe that the world is advancing to a state of culture where it can admire the virtue of humility and the gentleness and modesty of which they have always been regarded as emblems? Surely, the world is old enough to appreciate the saying that, "all is not gold that glitters," and to look below the surface for the qualities to which it shall pay homage.

\*

THE famous "Mandolin Quintette" is no more! It has not, however, gone into history, but is merged into a more important organization—

"The Mandolin Nonet"—of which some of our most highly talented young ladies are members. We are no longer taken as a capital joke, but have become a reality in the musical circles of Loretto, and will take a principal part in the coming festivities. As we have condescended to allow the violins the privilege of accompanying us in one of our selections, we sincerely hope they will appreciate the great honor that has been conferred upon them, and remain content in their proper sphere.

The violins took up our article on the "Quintette" as a challenge, but made a very poor defense, in fact, hardly any, eluding it by saying: "We can afford to deal mercifully with such weak antagonists." Ah, my friends, the next time you take up the gauntlet, be prepared to use your weapons, and best of all, *have* them to use, as your antagonists will not furnish them for you in this duel.

We, too, can take the leading part in an orchestra, and our antiquity cannot be disputed. We have long been celebrated as the instruments by which lovers, of the past, and even of the present age, have sung of their devotion to the objects of their adoration, and, on a recent occasion, when there was question of honoring old Erin's Apostle—the glorious St. Patrick—our dulcet tones rivalled those of the harp that echoed through the halls of beautiful Tara and "shed the soul of music there." The most celebrated composers have furnished music for our rendition, even the immortal Beethoven and Mozart have added to our repertoire. We might state here that several members of the "Nonet" are making a study of Italian, with a view to being our interpreters when we cross "pond" to perform in the Vatican before the Holy Father, who, we hear, is hoping that he may be spared to enjoy this eminently artistic and musical treat.

Dear Violins, we do not wish to be unfriendly or aggressive in our manner or speech, our only desire is that you should remain in your own place, and not feel the pangs of jealousy when we soar higher than you in the musical firmament,

So now, the harmonious duel is over, we shall no longer parry swords, but, true to our beautiful motto (*Emulation sans Envie*) and with that generosity and magnanimity so characteristic (?) of all true musicians, shall forget the past.



**Eastertide.**

ASTER with its in-flowing tide of sweet recollections has again dawned, and, the Church, laying aside her Lenten garb and penitential purple, invites her children to arise with the awakening year and enter upon a new life of grace and fervor. Let us then sing our songs of joy to our risen King, and rising from our sadness and imperfections to the delights of His love, enjoy a foretaste of what He has gone before us to prepare.

Many of the social customs formerly associated with Easter, and not inappropriate to the time which gave them birth, are fast disappearing. No longer, in "Merrie England," are royal gifts, on "Maundy-Thursday," dispensed by royal hands, as in the days of Edward III., who established the custom in 1363; even the coloring of the Easter-Egg has now only an artistic meaning; formerly it was a sacred sign.

In the Eastern Church, this Queen of Christian festivals, the birthday of Christ's glory, has always been known as "Bright Sunday," as though expressive of the feeling in almost every heart on this day of joy. Glad, indeed, seemed its dawn after forty days of silent sadness, and sweet the fragrance of the lovely blossoms that shed their perfume at the feet of Jesus, with us now as truly as in the days of old.

What tender significance in the services of this day, and what exquisite beauty in the glittering altar-throne, arrayed in splendor and crowned with flowers—first fruits of the vernal sunshine, typical of Christ, who "became the first fruits of them that slept," who blossomed forth again, fairest of human flowers, because the sterile grave could not destroy or check the manifestation of His immortal life.

O joyful Eastertide! True foretaste of the eternal bliss of the heavenly Jerusalem! Commingling of joy with the citizens of that celestial abode, whose golden streets resound to the perpetual refrain of glad Alleluias! Where shall our hearts

find vent for the joy with which they are overflowing, if not at the feet of our glorious Victor—King who, radiant with unearthly beauty, the realization of the ideal of all religious imagination, and the solution and fulfilment of all the aspirations of faith, stands upon a spiritual eminence, which no other feet can climb. Bowing down before Him we can but worship in speechless joy and love—joy not unmingled with sorrow as we linger over each detail of the doleful path we have so lately been treading. But whence this marvelous light that is flooding the earth on this glorious Easter morning? Whence, but from the darkness of the night of that sorrowful Passiontide. Oh! never had night so bright a dawn, for the Sun of Justice, rejoicing as a giant to run His course, has reached the meridian splendor of His noontide glory. O benign Prince of Peace, avert not Thy face from us in this sin-darkened valley of tears! Let it shine on us evermore and dispel by its gentle rays of mercy, the gloom by which we are so often surrounded.

And for ourselves, what shall we say? The blessed hope of the resurrection which is laid up in our bosom, reanimates us to renewed courage along the path of trial and adversity, for suffering with Christ, we, too, shall come out victorious, bearing the palms of our triumphs, and, safe under the banner of our King, shall pass into the Eastertide splendor of the City of Sion, where tears shall never more bedim our eyes.

ANNA DOERR.

**What Might Have Been.**

How sad is the thought of the day that is dead,  
With the good that we might have done,  
With the fond, kind words we might have said  
In the past forever gone.

Many an hour has passed away,  
That we might have spent so well;  
I fear we've often seen the day  
Pass by with naught of good to tell.

Much aid we might have given to one,  
Whom we may never see again,  
Whose life we might have filled with sun,  
Alas! we filled with more of rain.

How sweet is the thought of a life well spent,  
A life that is full of good deeds,  
One which is on a mission sent  
To lighten Humanity's needs.

GERTRUDE O'CONNOR.



### Paris, France.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Your last welcome ray, flashed across to me, some weeks ago, brightened many moments with its usual gleams of lovely hues; reflecting thoughts and scenes from so many different quarters of the world. Since I last wrote you, we have had in Paris a prolonged visit from old King Frost, and Canadian sports and customs became, for a while, the order of the day. The oldest resident fails to remember so severe a winter in France, the Seine slumbered beneath its parquet of ice, while innumerable skaters glided over its unconscious bosom. The Bois de Boulogne presented a truly Canadian aspect, and lovely it looked in its foreign dress, and fully were the privileges it offered enjoyed by both Canadian visitors and Parisians, the former, enchanted to behold la belle France decked with their own loved snow wreaths and icicles, the latter, thoroughly delighted with the excellent skating and numerous novelties produced by "le temps glacial."

Notwithstanding its charms, the severity of the weather has had the effect of carrying off many old residents of this city, among whom, perhaps, the most remarkable was Marshal Canrobert—"Le dernier Maréchal de France." His funeral was a very impressive one, the same hearse being used as in the case of the late Marshal McMahan; and the wreaths, which were equally as magnificent as those tributes of any former occasion, were carried by four hearses, preceding that on which the corpse was placed. Military honors were paid to the deceased, and the funeral did not take place from La Madeleine, as did that of Marshal McMahan, but from his private residence, whence it proceeded to the church in its vicinity, which he was in the habit of attending, and thence aux Invalides, where he is interred beside his confère, McMahan.

There is, as is usual in the case of illustrious men, a diversity of opinion as to the true character of Marshal Canrobert; many have accused him of cruelty, but, by the best authorities the accusation is refuted, and he is represented as having been a man of iron will, but, withal, kindly considerate and thoughtful for his soldiers in the dangers they had necessarily to encounter in their numerous campaigns, and, as was his duty,

never recognizing the need of personal comforts where the interests of his country either forbade or could not afford their indulgence. They say of him in France: "*On cherche en vain dans les châtements le non de Canrobert.*" He served his country under the diverse régimes of Kingdom, Empire and Republic.

Perhaps, dear RAINBOW, as I have, in the course of my letters to you, twice visited des Invalides, a description of the Dome (or tomb of Napoleon) which is built in front of the church of St. Louis, in which the two Marshals above mentioned, together with numerous other soldier heroes of France, are interred, may prove interesting to some of your readers.

In 1841, the body of Napoleon was removed from St. Helena to the magnificent Dome des Invalides, where France truly showed herself capable of preparing a fitting receptacle for the ashes of her greatest hero. No idea of mine can so perfectly describe the beauty of Napoleon's tomb as this: "If he were to behold it himself, it could not fail to satisfy him."

As you enter the door, your glance falls on the altar of beautifully wrought marble of diverse hues, on which a reflector casts perpetual gleams of golden sunshine. The roof of the Dome is a marvel of artistic beauty, which is only equalled by the bas-reliefs, and the perfect harmony which prevails everywhere, from the highest point of the Dome to the pavements, which in themselves are *chef d'oeuvres*.

The crypt, in which the Sarcophagus is placed, is circular in form, six metres in depth, and surrounded in the interior by twelve colossal statues, representing the principal victories of the Emperor, interspersed between these statues are fifty-four flags, which are all trophies of Austerlitz. The Sarcophagus is of a peculiar red granite, which was cut from the quarries of Finland, and was a gift of the Emperor Nicholas I. A marble stairs leads to the great bronze door at the back of the altar, which is the entrance to the crypt, and where is inscribed the dying wish of Napoleon, thus expressed: "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.*"

The resignation of M. Casimir Périer caused a great sensation. He was a man considered very

suitable for the high office he filled, therefore, great consternation followed the announcement of his decision, even floating rumors were abroad to the effect that the Duc d'Orléans was on his way to Paris, but things quieted down very quickly, and M. Felix Faure satisfies even the most exacting or fastidious. He is said to be a thoroughly practical business man, as well as a polished gentleman.

The visit of Queen Victoria to Nice is said to have drawn many English families to that lovely retreat, for the winter months. The ex-Empress Eugénie is also spending some time in the South, and I think even a greater number of Parisians than usual have spent part of this winter at Nice or Cannes; but as soon as the Spring opens, they all rush back, like swallows returning from winter's exile.

The marriage of the Marquis de Castellane to Miss Anna Gould, of New York, is at present another topic discussed in Parisian society. The de Castellanes are a very old and highly considered family, and Miss Gould's reputation for charity and amiability make it probable that she will be a worthy member of so distinguished a race. An amusing story is told of the grandmother of the Marquis, who, it appears, was a woman of exceptional qualities, both of heart and head. One day, at her house, a lady visitor was introduced to la Comtesse de L., who rose to take leave shortly after the introduction. Scarcely, however, had the Comtesse quitted the apartment, when the other lady commenced to speak unfavorably of her to Madame de Castellane, and to repeat some rumors to her disadvantage. Madame de Castellane rose, immediately summoned back la Comtesse de L., and said: *Restez encore; Madame allait dire du mal de vous.*

Mr. Worth, "the Prince of Fashion," passed away last week, obedient to the Great Call which never forgets prince, soldier, or peasant. His funeral, also, was a remarkable one, the flowers, as is usual in Paris, were exquisite; many of his customers attended the obsequies, and the cortège was composed largely of representative coronets. In Paris, Worth was very generally supposed to be an American, but I believe such was not the case, he was really of English birth and origin.

Before the commencement of Lent, a very delightful concert and artistic entertainment was given by the friends of the English and American Catholic Home for Governesses, which is situated at 13 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe, and is under the patronage of the Passionist Fathers, at 50 Ave. Hoche. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and the programme reflected great credit on those who so kindly originated the idea.

Before concluding, I may mention a rather curious discovery which has recently had much attention from Parisians. It is the manufacture of fabrics almost as fine as silk or satin from glass. Most lovely lamp shades, serviettes, sachets, curtains, neckties, hats, and dresses are made of this material. An exquisite banner is exhibited on Ave. de l'Opéra, made of this tissue, the fringe, etc., looks as fine as the usual silk fringe used for such purposes, and the fabrique has the advantage of being washable and incombustible.

Now, dear RAINBOW, I shall say adieu until your next appearance mirrors from over the broad Atlantic glimpses of dear Canada, and souvenirs of your well remembered Cascade.

J. O'DOWDA.

#### The Afterglow.

The winds are hushed,  
And the dying day  
Is shrouded in evening's sable grey.  
Life lies wrapt in its memories,  
Shut in itself all silently,  
Thinking upon the day that is gone,  
As the quick look on the dead  
And say good-bye;  
For the soul and the present are always one,  
And the past has forever fled.

But the inner eye  
Looks to the promise of the soul,  
And sees not blights, but a glorious whole,  
In the running back of memory.  
As in the afterglow of dreams  
The lights of other dreams reflect  
A rainbow arching o'er the streams  
Of life, of love, that is to be  
Our pathway through eternity.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.



### Remembrance.

" Remembrance doth to nought belong—  
It is itself an endless song,  
A constant flowing river;  
A fragrant flower of every clime,  
A note in the eternal chime,  
And far above the things of Time  
It reigns a star for ever."



ON the gilded walls of Memory hangs many a picture that rivals, nay, far exceeds in value those rare old gems of art that have shed such undying lustre on their authors. How diverse in coloring are those little canvases, according as the lives of those they represent have been dowered with happiness, that great requisite of the human heart, or shaded with sorrowful thoughts and sad hours.

Shall we look at some of them to-night? Here is one that seems to have imprisoned the very sunshine—Childhood—is it not beautiful? And yet, on silent wings has it flown, but its memories, like the soft fragrance of dying flowers, are wafted back to our hearts from the dim valley of the shadowy past. Visions of young enchantment that brooded over our fresh imaginations ere yet harsh contact with the world of reality had dulled their hues or dissipated their glory, come to us like faint but welcome glimpses of an Eden for ever closed, enchaining to themselves our hearts' best feelings, and gaining in the tender gentleness with which we invest them an interest so graceful and touching, that it perhaps more than counterbalances what is lost of their original radiance.

And there are the faces of the dear ones who have wound themselves round our very hearts, whose words and looks of kindness are amongst the richest treasures of our recollection.

" Every one has some sweet face  
Prisoned in a picture case,  
Or by Memory's magic art  
Photographed upon the heart;  
And we all, in gloomy days,  
Steal apart and on them gaze."

Amidst the turmoil and confusion of the world, its vanities, its griefs, its duties, its cares, these precious memories remain the secret springs of joy, of thought, of action, setting the music of our inmost souls agoing and reviving the emo-

tions of days now past and gone. How vividly they recall the visions of former days, how tenderly, yet forcibly, they speak to the sorrowing heart, stirring up the slumbering power of its depths, and putting again in motion the self-same thoughts that governed it in days of old, when the eye saw the forms or the ear heard the voices of those whom we have admired, esteemed and loved.

This picture hanging beside the first is the face of one long dead. The blessed dead! The heroes and heroines of our dreams—how our hearts are sanctified by their remembrance! How earnestly they entreat us, and how touchingly they rebuke the evil of our lives! The memory of the dead is always a sentiment and an inspiration—we cannot think of them without tenderness and without emulation—affection idealizes their character and gives susceptibility to their example. Our dead are more than a memory, their vision abides with us still—a light to illumine our pathway—as fixed stars in the firmament of our life, they cannot pass away.

What a precious boon remembrance is!—a garden of parenial bloom—a sweet compensation for the transient nature of all earthly happiness. The restless pulse of care is soothed by her song, for the voice whose gentle cadence fell like balm upon our hearts re-echoes and vibrates in its tones. Even Death—dark, cold, stern Death—cannot wholly rob us—Remembrance cheats him of his prey. Though the fallen leaves of disappointment, chilled by the wintry winds of sorrow and affliction, may thickly strew our pathway, yet, there is one bright spot—one oasis in the desert of ruined hopes, where Memory, like a mourning angel, guards the treasures that have been saved from the wreck.

O sweet Remembrance, preserver of our joys, how faithfully dost thou guard the jewels we have committed to thy care!

LUCY WRIGHT.

SUCH help as we can give each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

My Mother.

Her soul's a soft and silken nest,  
 In which her thoughts like ring-doves lie,  
 So white they are, so sweet and shy,  
 Ere yet they spread their wings in quest  
 Of all the roses in the west,  
 Of all the music in the sky.

Her mind's a diamonded globe,  
 Through which the sunbeams, as they shine,  
 Refracted by the crystalline,  
 Show now like to the ruby robe  
 Of poppies, then, the lilac love  
 Of violescent jessamine.

Her heart's a vale of roses, where  
 The souls of all the nightingales  
 That ever sung in dells or dales,  
 Make music 'mid the flowers fair,  
 Make melting, murmurous music there,  
 Like lyrics in Valverde's vales.

And, oh! her smile! the beauteous blush  
 Of sunset on the virgin snow,  
 The tender tint and rosy glow,  
 Were scarce so subtle as the flush  
 And flash of light that, with a rush,  
 Runs o'er the cheek where roses blow.

With these poor pallid colors, I  
 In vain essay her portraiture,  
 As men attempt to paint the pure,  
 Pellucid pool and opal sky,  
 With tints and tones that, ere they dry,  
 Make what was bright before, obscure.

J. JOHNSTON.

St. Valentine's Day and How We Spent It.



TO-DAY the post-office, as the fountain of our chief daily event, the arrival of the mail becomes invested with no little interest, and the postman is an unusually interesting personage—no ordinary letter carrier, going his rounds with the unromantic-looking bundle of missives which the battered mail bag disgorges—but the bearer of rose-colored burdens as dainty and charming as the hearts of the most fastidious and expectant maidens could wish them.

The hours pass by on "leaden wings," yet, with the openness to pleasure that belongs to youth, the small excitement over the incoming mail is thoroughly enjoyed as a part of one of those little crises in every-day life, which are the pivotal pins on which turn both the happiness of

individuals and the involved fortunes of many. No matter how piously inclined school girls may be, the saint to whom they evince most devotion to-day is the time-honored, dear St. Valentine, for reasons so widely known as to need no explanation; therefore, after first paying a tribute to his memory, in compliance with a custom in practice among us, viz., the drawing of a slip of paper on which are inscribed the names and characteristic virtues of two saints, which the recipients, with a view to their moral and spiritual improvement, are to practise for the coming year, we prepare to greet *the* guest of the hour, and it is doubtful whether the advent of royalty would have elicited more enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. What novel and picturesque conceptions might adorn the canvas of some artist, could he only have caught a glimpse of the gathering groups of maidens, radiant with the flush of expectation, that appeared and vanished to give place to other combinations, in the vicinity of Mother Superior's room; in fact, so inspiring was the sight that some of our enterprising playwrights might have evolved a new and original melodrama from it.

As the day wore on no disappointment was visible. The stenographers—who, by the way, are a very mischief-loving class, notwithstanding the heavy business responsibilities that weigh upon them—were favored with a valentine, to which only a reproduction could do justice; still, the wondrous bounty of the good old saint was not exhausted, for just as we were about to retire a whispered announcement went rapidly around, "A valentine for the RAINBOW!" "For the RAINBOW?" every one exclaimed, and with electric speed the dormitory curtains parted—revealing a picture that baffles my descriptive powers—then a flutter of snowy robes, followed by innumerable exclamations of delight, as the contents of the box were produced. The sender was Miss Leonard of Detroit, to whose generosity and kindness we owe so large a debt, and whose flattering words of commendation, at all times, but more particularly, when our little bark was first launched on the perilous waters of journalism, were as the propitious gale which sped her on her course.

For the benefit of the "old girls" we record



that this valentine consisted of a quill, wafted from a veritable "Eagle", a pencil, giant-like in its proportions, (alas for our puny intellects! what shall we do with it?) a daintily-bound calendar resting on an exquisite stand and bearing the inscription—"The RAINBOW full of life and color continues."

HELEN TALTY.

### SPRAY.

("You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.")

"Really, some of the pictures of the present day would make one imagine that the world is going back to barbarism."

Sadie—why, yes, there are two lady *barbers* in Chicago.

Gracie—Say, Teresa, would you catch leprosy if you went near these animals called leopards?

"Come to the rehearsal."

Loretto—Oh, dear! we can't even eat our supper without Greig dancing in the middle of it.

Miss Violin—Surely, the preference must be given to me among stringed instruments. I have a *bow*.

Miss Mandolin—Yes, but I have the *pick*.

"Don't stand with your back to the radiator, you will be ill again one of these days and have to take some medicine."

Ethel—Oh, dear! I wish we could stand where we please. She's always talking *physics* to us, anyway.

Lillian is again to the front in history.

Teacher—Continue the events of Washington's Administration.

Lillian—The Restoration of the Public Finances. The United States now had no credit, the treasury was empty, *and all men went and became pirates*.

Sadie—Elizabeth, please play that piece with all the *abbreviations* in it.

"Put on your black dresses and spreads."

Mabel—Ah! how sweetly pretty we will look in our spreads—veritable symphonies in black and white.

Picture the feelings of a distinguished member of the "Mandolin Quintette" on being addressed during her practice hour in the following terms: "You are big enough to make a better noise than that. Shure 'tis like scraping a tin pan with a pin."

No wonder that the harsh, discordant sounds grated on this daughter of Erin, whose musical ear had, in youth, been attuned to the melody of her native harp.

Lulu has been tempted to say adieu to the luxury of hot baths, for which she contended so valiantly during the days of the interregnum. Armed with a pitcher of precious liquid, she wended her toilsome way to the third flat, poured her treasure into the bath, with the air of an expert water-carrier, but forgetting to secure the stopper, it disappeared almost before she became conscious of her loss, and like the fabled Danaides, she was doomed to mourn her labor lost. Her dishevelled tresses, tragic mien and—spoke more eloquently than words of ours could portray.

From Alexine comes the distressing news—Leo, the second smallest of my little brothers, is very ill with *New Monio*.

Katie—I really believe, Edna, that you have owl blood in you.

Edna (indignantly)—The very idea!

Katie—Yes, because you can thread a needle in the dark.

A jar in the music of the sleigh bells. Julia—Nothing puts the fear of the Lord into my heart like these pitch-holes.

Nellie—It is a pity it does not remain there.

Woes of the juvenile victims of the Grippe epidemic. Jennie says she has *ulsters* in her throat, Josephine wants to have her *tussles* cut, Katie had not a *knapsack* in her ear, after all, and did not see the doctor.

### The Wisdom of Humility.

O, say not so, my soul! say not that thou  
Too high a flight dost hold to fear a fall,  
For souls that took the proudest flight of all,  
At last fell headlong from the mountain's brow,  
They deemed not heaven their stubborn necks  
could bow.

O, wise, my soul! in thy humility,  
Learn thou distrust of self and faith in prayer;  
For moral forces too impotent be  
To grapple with the lion in his lair;  
Learn thou to lean upon the Deity,  
And thou wilt never know that word—despair.

J. JOHNSTON.

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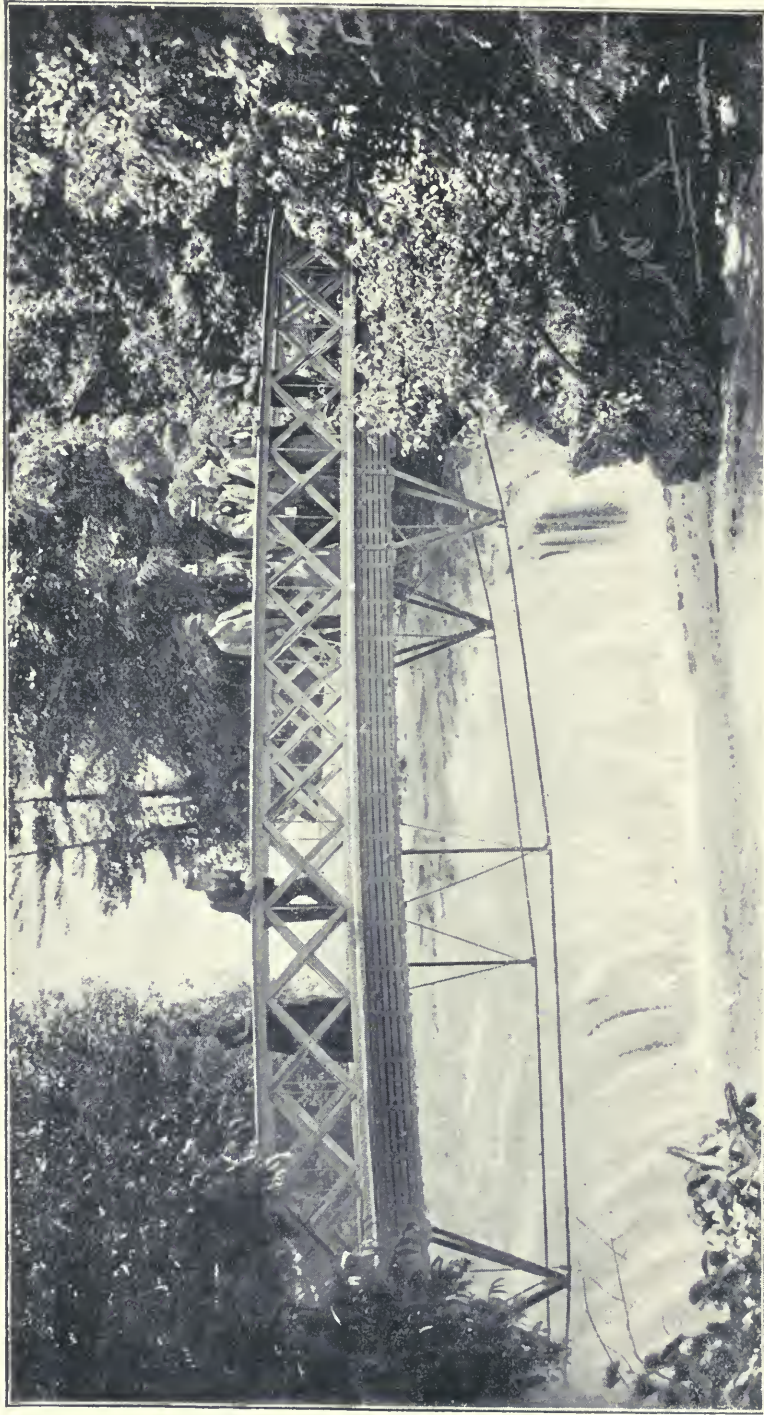
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VOL. II.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1895.

No. 3.

## A May Song.

**H**EARKEN to the hollow drumming  
Of the wood-bird, and the humming  
Of the brilliant little amethyst on wings!  
Oh! the blue-birds are a-chumming,  
And the orioles are coming,  
And the rimpled, dimpled rillet rings,  
And sings and springs  
O'er the rocks, by the wall, where the grapevine  
clings!

### II.

Oh! the blossoms are a-glinting,  
And the yellow-golds are printing  
All the meadows with their pretty starlets' light,  
And the banks and braes are hinting  
Of the future brilliant tinting  
Of the lilacs and the snow-balls bright,  
And white and slight  
As the lilies that the dunes and dells bedight.

### III.

And the brambles and the tangles,  
Covered o'er with silver spangles,  
Breathe the balm, and show the beauty of the May,  
And the chirruping and wrangles,  
And the bickerings and brangles  
Of the phebe-bird, the robin and the jay,  
Tell of May, so gay,  
So delightful that we fain would bid it stay.

### IV.

Then heigh! the summer's coming,  
And ho! the bees are humming,  
And the gay bipupillated butterflies  
In the golden light are chumming,  
And the yellow-hammer's drumming,  
And the summershine is floating in the skies;  
And cries arise  
From the birds in the grass 'mid the golden-eyes.

J. JOHNSTONE.

## Irish Women in Literature.

**U**N**T**IL within a very few years, woman possessed but a subordinate place in the literature of the world. A literary woman was gazed upon with a feeling akin to horror by society and was a thing to be shunned by her own sex. When women high in society began to take up the pen and make literary work fashionable, this state of things happily disappeared and the old prejudice entertained against seeing the name of one's sister, wife or daughter in print and contesting the right of public favor with her brother, has given way to an admiration for her talents, a keen appreciation of the gifts bestowed on her by Nature and an ambition to see her honored and her genius applauded by men and women of culture.

The Old World was a little later in awakening to the new state of things than the New; but the wave of thought soon reached there, and the consequence is that some of the most fashionable ladies in Europe are proud to-day to see their names appended to a story or a historical sketch.

Ireland has produced her quota of writers. She has always held her own in this respect. In the past she has given a Maria Edgeworth, a Charlotte Bronte, a Mrs. Alexander, a Lady Dufferin, a Lady Morgan and many others to literature; to-day her writers may be counted by the scores and her women of note are world-famous. The Irish literary woman may be proud of one fact: she has never descended to lend her name or her pen to the erotic trash so often produced by her American sister. The sensuous school of Rives and Ouida is strictly tabooed by her, and future generations will honor her as a historian, an antiquary and a scientist.



In the warming influence of the recent Irish Literary movement, the young people of both sexes throughout England, Ireland and Scotland, caught the spirit of the revival and at once began to test their powers. Let it be said, to the credit of the Old Land, that Ireland's youth, at home or in exile, has shown a genius unequalled in any other land, clime or age. At no period of the world's history have so many writers of one race sprung into celebrity within so short a space of time.

The foremost among the women of Ireland, who write, is, without a doubt, Katherine Tynan, or, as is now her title, Mrs. Hinkson. Mrs. Hinkson first became known through her poems, which appeared in the *Irish Monthly*. A little later on we find her contributing to the Irish and English weeklies, and finally to the leading British magazines. Her writings, in prose and poetry, then crossed the ocean and made her an established favorite here. She is an exceedingly versatile writer. Her subjects, in the main, deal with the Irish people, from peasantry to nobility, and she seems at home on any literary subject.

It is usual with young women, after their marriage, to utterly neglect all the accomplishments and gifts which they so assiduously cultivated in their girlhood days, but Mrs. Hinkson is not of this type. In fact, since her marriage she has been more busy than ever turning out manuscript. She has published a volume of prose sketches, entitled: "A Cluster of Nuts," and now has a novel, "The Way of a Maid," in press. Although she is a young woman, Mrs. Hinkson has given a wonderful amount of literature to the world, and bids fair to be one of the most prolific of Irish writers.

Miss Jane Barlow is another of the literary celebrities of the day. A couple of years ago her first book, "Bogland Studies," made its appearance. It was unanimously abused by the English reviewers, because the dialect was strange to them. It was pronounced "unnatural," when, in fact, it is the only natural dialect that has appeared in print in many years. Its prime fault lies in the fact that it is too natural, and therefore foreign to the English critics, who could not read it. They had been used to the conventional "stage Irishman," and the book which laid the

real character before them was not understood. Miss Barlow was not daunted by the abuse showered on her first book, but went on writing and soon another volume, this time a collection of prose sketches, appeared. The book, "Irish Idylls," luckily fell into the hands of more competent critics and won the warmest kind of eulogiums from the press. It became talked about and praised until everybody had to read it. Then "Bogland Studies" took a start, began to sell well, and finally became even more of a favorite than "Irish Idylls." One of the leading publishers, seeing the success of the two books, made an arrangement with her to write a continued story; a contract was signed and "Kerrigan's Quality" was the outcome of it. Since then another of her works has been published and now a new book of hers is announced for the near future. Miss Barlow is a constant worker, and the quality of her writing improves constantly.

Another young lady of talent is Miss Dora Sigerson, of Dublin. She has written a number of poems, many of which were of a high order of merit. "The Old Violin," one of her poems, attracted a great deal of attention a few years ago. It was copied into an incredible number of papers on this side of the ocean and made the fame of the writer. The poetic gift is a natural inheritance with Miss Sigerson. Her father, Dr. George Sigerson, is considered by many to be the leading man of letters in Ireland, and is the translator of a number of the old Gaelic songs into English. His version in many cases exceeds the original in beauty. His wife is also a writer of note. Miss Sigerson published a collection of her poems in a volume, entitled "Verses," which has had a wonderful success.

Miss Nora Hopper, a young Irish lady living in London, has won fame by a single effort. She was comparatively unknown, having contributed but a few articles to some of the English magazines, until her "Ballads in Prose" appeared. This was a set of beautiful sketches, in imitation of the ancient Irish folk-legends, each sketch being preceded by a poem. There was a strangeness about the whole that captivated the public fancy, and Miss Hopper's way is now an easy one. She is also very young and may yet score a high mark.

Archæology has its advocates in Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D. Sc., in Miss Margaret Stokes and in Miss Alice Milligan. Mrs. Bryant has published a splendid work on "Celtic Ireland," Miss Stokes is the author of "Early Christian Art in Ireland," and Miss Milligan has written considerably on Irish antiquities.

When the Irish Literary Society of London established a quarterly magazine, Miss Eleanor Hull was appointed associate-editor with Lionel Johnson. Among the members of this latter society are such clever writers as Emily Hickey, the poetess; Elsa D'Esterre Keeling, the novelist; Maud Gonne, agitator and journalist; Lady Wilde, better known as "Speranza," the famous patriotic writer of the "Young Ireland" movement of almost half a century ago; and many others whose pens are bringing them fame. Rosa Mulholland's children's stories are world-famous, as are the novels and other works of the Hon. Emily Lawless. Mrs. Alexander, whose celebrated hymn, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," is as popular as ever, still wields a busy pen, while Mrs. Claremont, better known by her masculine *nom de plume*, George Egerton, recently followed up her successful "Keynotes," with a similar book, "Discords," and is now engaged on another. Marie A. Belloc must not be forgotten, as she is one of the most gifted among the women journalists of England.

The scope of the Irish woman in literature seems illimitable. From the breezy path of journalism she descends into the most profound depths of analytical science and archæology. Could there be a more sunny prospect for the intellectual future of a race? What a change in a century. Scarcely a hundred years ago it was a crime to disseminate the seeds of knowledge; the penal laws made it impossible to get an education in Ireland, unless the student conformed to the state religion, and the light of learning was completely hidden from the masses of the people. To-day, not only the Irish men are coming forward and claiming the first honors among the learned of the British Empire, but their sisters are at their side, with the genius of the race and all the learning of the century. Verily it is an age of progress.

M. J. MURPHY.

### Little Things.

"Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated  
are moments,  
Whereupon turn as on hinges the gates of  
the walls adamantine."

**H**EARKEN to the voice of the hoary-headed past, listen with abated breath to the words of the present, and learn, O man, that in the scale of human destiny the little things weigh against the great. Not a day, scarcely an hour passes that this truth does not declare itself.

Now and then it is set forth in a way to furnish material for the pen of humor; for certainly there is food for amusement in the fact that the man who piques himself upon his ability to preserve an unruffled temper, in the harsh rebuff of fortune, can not resist the inclination to send an ill-fitting collar the length of the room; that the person who cherishes fine theories relative to the best manner in which to withstand the affronts of fate often discovers that a tiny mosquito, bent upon manslaughter, may prove too much for the philosophy of a Zeno. "It is easy for an honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the number and size of the trout he caught."

At other times the weight of little things is emphasized with a terrible earnestness. Viewing life from the business standpoint, it will be found that success or failure often hinges upon tiniest details. As a matter of fact, one of the essential elements of prosperity is watchfulness in small matters; it is a principle of achievement which no grasp of project, no loftiness of plan, no earnestness of design can set aside. If a man scorn the small advances by which riches are commonly amassed, his wealth is soon told; if the lawyer despise the seemingly unimportant facts relative to his case, nine chances to ten he will lose it. To what did the great Napoleon attribute his success other than economy of time and attention to little things. "No miserly merchant ever showed more exact attention to the pence and farthings than did the hero of Austerlitz concerning his men, horses, equipments and the minute details as well as the totality of his force."

In the wide field of knowledge this principle holds good. In order to accomplish anything there are a million drudgeries to be borne, difficult



problems to solve, obscure passages to analyse, and flavorless dates to digest. But is there not a rich reward in the end? Aside from solid information, there is not a fact within the whole range of human observation, not even a tramp anecdote that strolls into some newspaper, that will not come into play at some time or other, perhaps dressed in the garb of an *Apropos*.

And who is there that will deny that in matters touching happiness or sorrow the little things do not perform the greater part. It is only once in a while that a great joy or grief creeps into our lives, but every moment proffers to our acceptance tiny morsels of pleasure, or forces upon us odds and ends of grief: it is only once in a while that some mighty happiness causes the heart to give a joyful bound, scarcely a day passes that it does not throb in grateful remembrance of some little gladness: it is only once in a while that we stand at the grave of some dear one, hardly a night comes that we do not shroud some dead hope for burial while from the depths of our soul's anguish sounds the mournful refrain "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Truthfully has it been said that the little trials are the hardest, the little temptations the strongest. Is it that we are not prepared for little things, that they come upon us in careless moments and tantalize us by their petty, ceaseless strife? Is it that we brace ourselves to overcome weighty obstacles, whereas we only grow impatient at finding ourselves "hampered by straws and entangled in cobwebs?" The person who carries off the "booby" in a game does not, if he care at all, experience one hundredth part of the annoyance that torments the breast of him who loses by a single hole or ace. A little ace, such a tiny thing! but someone else bears away the first prize. And how often do we forgive a great injury whilst treasuring up and remembering petty neglects and slight incivilities, or forget great favors though storing in our heart's memory a cheery look or an encouraging word.

In forming an estimate of a person's character is it not the straw that tells us which way the wind sets? Again and again has an action of apparently small account, an unguarded word or a sudden play of features, pointed out a man's true character more surely than a deed of great promi-

nence, an eloquent speech or an habitual expression. The frowning brow, the uncontrolled twitching of the mouth, or the restless movement of the hands never escapes the close observer of human nature.

And what is the conclusion to be drawn from all this, other than that it is the little things which, in the aggregate, make up whatever is great. The penny a day, the spare moments amount to an enormous sum in a lifetime. And since the great sea is composed of glistening drops of water, the forest of "whispering pines and hemlocks," the mountains of successive layers of rocks, and eternity itself of seconds and minutes, should not man give heed to the little things, and in stretching out his hand to catch the stars forget not the flowers at his feet, so beautiful, so fragrant, so multitudinous, and so various.

HARRIET KEAN.

### Sufficient to Make an Angel Weep.



FEW months ago it was my privilege to enjoy a brief holiday at Niagara Falls, as a guest of Mr. George Colburn, the proprietor of the Clifton House. One morning, accompanied by my brother, John H. Boyd of London, England, I drove up to the Convent of Our Lady of Loretto, and by the kindness of the Superior we were admitted to the Academy that I had so often read about and heard of, and long desired to be acquainted with on the inside. The pleasures I derived from viewing the famous Cataract from many points of view was supplemented by that brief stay at Loretto, for I was delighted with glimpses at pictures and other objects of beauty, as I was conducted by the Sisters from one verandah to another.

One picture specially arrested my attention, and I lingered for some moments before it, and have frequently recalled my feelings on that occasion.

The composition was very simple—the upper part of a cross, attached to it at the junction of the transverse section was the *tabellum* or inscription plate, and around that a crown of thorns; and an angel gazing intently on the letters I. N. R. I., and upon the cheek of the heavenly visitant a tear.

Scantier material there could scarcely be, and yet that drawing did more than many scores of elaborately designed pictures of the Crucifixion in enabling me to grasp the meaning of the Passion; and, be it said, this testimony is from one who has devoted not a little time to the examination of representations of that scene upon Calvary.

In the first place, it will be noted that the artist has selected the material with great care, and rigorously shut out all distracting features. One does not see the base of the cross, and thus no scruples are raised as to the correct height of it, and other merely archæological details. There is no person on the cross, and thus all objections as to ghastliness are out of place; there is no perpetuation of shame, no imperfect rendering of the Sacred Visage. No! He is gone. The darkness is now approaching for the second time on that ever memorable day. The tumult has ceased, the priests have returned to the temple, the soldiers to the castle of Antonia, or more likely to the beautiful palace and barrack near the western gate of Jerusalem, where Pilate and his wife were staying during the Passover.

The bodies of the thieves have been removed to a nameless grave; and Joseph's garden is now deserted, save by the Roman watch, for the friends have returned to the city to prepare spices and ointments, and to rest on the Sabbath. Suddenly there is a movement in the air, and an angel pauses on his errand and glides down before the cross, as though to learn if anything remains to reveal the identity of the victim, who has died whilst he has winged his flight to minister in some far-off clime. He hovers before the inscription, and looks intently on the three lines of writing (sufficiently suggested by the Latin initials in the drawing), and then utters the words aloud—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Yes! that is true, indeed. The Aramaic legend does but contain the good news announced at Bethlehem yonder, to the shepherds, some thirty years ago. Again he reads, in Greek, the same tidings, words which were sung a few days before as the multitude joyously descended the slope of Olivet, and entered the eastern gate of the city, when He rode upon an ass. And once again, this time in Latin, the official language, "*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæ-*

*orum.*" "But what meaneth this? This is no place for nailing proclamations, nor the cross a fit pedestal, and the place is it not shunned by all, especially at such a season? What meaneth that wreath of thorns and why those stains on the sharp points? And those holes in the beam, as though nails had been there? Surely this is no mockery, as when an effigy is publicly displayed and burned. It cannot be that *He* was but lately hanging thereon. It is but yesterday at this time that I beheld Him descending Olivet, preceded by two of His disciples who were hastening to the city to prepare for the feast. It cannot be that He is dead, and this is His tombstone, His epitaph? Surely not *He*, when twelve legions of my fellows would have flown to His relief. It cannot be that He whose descent from Heaven we heralded, whom we watched over in the inn at the village close by, whom we followed to Egypt and back, whom we saw in the adjoining road, at the age of twelve in the caravan, whom we tended in the wilderness, and who has been our unceasing and all-absorbing subject in the realms of light—it must not, dare not be! Who could dare touch Him, bind Him, nail Him? And His disciples, where were they? and why, O why was He passive; why did He suffer them to drag Him over as a lamb is led in yonder temple court, or thrust forth as the goat is driven on the great atoning day? Ho, ye High Priests! ye anointed ones, answer ye! Could ye not succor Him who taught in your hearing but a few days since? Could'st not thou, Herod Antipas, who camest from His own country, even Galilee, or thou; Pontius Pilate, the procurator, or even the captain of Antonia's stronghold, could'st not thou have hindered such ruffianly, such fiendish, such blasphemous proceedings? Nay, rather, could it not have been that they who during these three years past have received strength, and recovered sight, and hearing, and reason, who gained from Him the physical power to come to His Passover Feast—could it not be that they were sufficient to rescue their Healer, their Saviour.

"What meaneth that word *King*? that word *Jesus*? and that word *Jews*? Surely *they* would not crucify their Sovereign?—'Tis mystery all. Surely it cannot be that Satan and his hosts have



been let loose. Perish the thought that our leaders, Michael and Gabriel, with their legions, have been overcome!

“But wonder of wonders that *the Father* should suffer His well-beloved Son to be bruised thus, and slain. It cannot be that He was displeased with the Holy One, and suffered the prince of this lower world to triumph over the Lord’s anointed. And how can it be that He who saved others, and who escaped again and again from His few bitter antagonists who thought to stone Him, or to seize Him,—oh, how was it that he vanquished them not? Surely THE FATHER would spare His First-born, His only and well-beloved Son. Well we know throughout the angelic host that the people of this lower sphere are loved, else He would not have come from the bosom of His Father. He would not have laid His glory by, but that such unworthy and ungrateful creatures should be allowed to do to the Heir whatsoever they listed, who can fathom this? If sacrifices were needed, surely some lesser victim might have been found! That the Father should send, that the Son should come, for such an end as this!! Was ever such LOVE!!!”

And thus the angel, whose purpose it was to pause but for a moment, ere he returned from his errand of mercy, did what was not possible inside the heavenly portals, did what the Crucified One had done some months before at Bethany, and a week before at Olivet, he gazed, he wondered—and WEPT. Tears were unknown in his city, but so also were sin and death. The holy messenger had often witnessed marvels of Divine compassion, but that evening he learned the exceeding depth of Divine LOVE, and his heart overflowed with mingled sorrow and joy.

It appeared to me, as I studied the picture, that the artist had exercised much daring to depict an angel shedding tears, and yet, I am glad that he expressed the idea, new and wonderful as it is. The Person of Christ must have been the object of intense love to the heavenly host, and the Scriptures teach that they are capable of an increase of knowledge, and the period of the humiliation of the Son of God must have evoked wonder amongst them.

There was wonder as the purpose of the *emptying* was unfolded—wonder at their Lord

taking the form of a servant—a bond-servant—and laying down His life for those to whom He had to minister. When we hear of self-sacrificing deeds in the present day, if performed by those whom we know and love, we do not simply admire; deeper emotions are affected, for we are grieved at the thought of the sharp pain endured, and glad at the thought of the sympathy and enthusiasm displayed, and if the truth be presented to us as suddenly as it is supposed to have been to the angel in the picture, the fountains of the deep would be broken up. But, let us remember that the event with which we are so engrossed is not of the imagination only, it is not simply a tragic, yet beautiful story—

“My Lord, my Love *was* crucified,”

put to death in a shameful manner, yet not for the securing of benefits to angels, they were spectators only; He was crucified for us men and women, the ungodly; nailed to the tree for us sinners, and yet we can behold and our hearts remain callous! Nay, not if we truly see, for whenever a repentant and returning sinner looks with intensity of faith on that spectacle of redeeming love, he beholds what even the penetrating and adoring glance of an angel does not discover—

’Tis Jesus crucified for *me!*

Then shall there be on account of such, great joy in the presence of the angels, and if faithful he shall hereafter sing amid them a song, to the high notes of which those unfallen beings can never attain.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sang  
Their anthems round the Throne,  
When lo! a solitary tongue began a song  
unknown.

A song unknown to angels’ ears,  
A song that spoke of banished fears,  
Of *pardoned sins*, of dried up tears.

THOMAS HUNTER BOYD.

FORT QU’APPELLE, N. W. T.

THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.

The Queen of Summer.

I.

ON a windy April day, Elfin Elinor the gay  
 Walked abroad and with the light of her eyes,  
 Turned the morning breezes cold into aerated gold,  
 And with sunshine filled the fields and the skies;  
 Then the trilliums thinking it lilac-time,  
 And the trailing arbutus bloomed,  
 And the columbine bells swung to in the dells,  
 And the violets the vale perfumed.

II.

O, the amaryllis red lifted up her royal head,  
 And the mariet and primula pale,  
 And the foxglove glowed where the rivulet flowed,  
 And the orange-lily lit up the dale;  
 For they thought that the light of Elinor's smile  
 Was the warm sunny light of May,  
 And they thought that the girl of the dark-brown curl,  
 Was the Queen of the Florets gay.


III.

Now it happened that she sang, and the woods sweetly  
 rang  
 With the syllabled gold of her voice;  
 And the bobolink heard and the bright blue bird,  
 And the throstle, and they made rejoice;  
 For they thought her song was the song of Spring  
 That whistled for her birds and bees,  
 And the sweet lintwhite, and the greenlet light,  
 Filled the woods with their melodies.

J. JOHNSTONE.

A Symphony in Green.

“No whispering but of leaves, on which the  
 breath  
 Of heaven plays music to the birds that slumber.”

“ HERE is soothing and healing for me in  
 the green solitude of these simple  
 places,” wrote Carlyle from his restful retreat  
 at Scotsbrig—and is not ours a similar  
 realization, as day by day, strolling through the  
 gothic aisles and cool retreats of Nature's masterpiece,  
 or seated by the broad casement of our *sanctum*,  
 our eyes wander over hill and dale, crag and fairy  
 nook—over a broad field of seething waters,  
 and rest on fair visions of landscapes afar, and  
 green old forest shades, while over all there circles  
 the bright halo of a glorious spring-time.

Whether at early morn, noontide glare, or  
 dewy eve, the singular beauty of Niagara's  
 vernal garb appeals to the lover of the beautiful in

nature. For the artist it proves a never-ending  
 source of surprising pictures, but what most  
 impresses the casual observer is the tender effects  
 of foliage which adorn this garden spot of earth,  
 the myriad greens which appear at every turn,  
 from the softest and most delicate shades to the  
 deepest and strongest coloring.

Anxiously we awaited the bursting into leaf of  
 the shrubs and trees surrounding our picturesque  
 home, more as an indication that the fair spring  
 season was with us than for any expectation of  
 such variety of dress; therefore, what was the  
 surprise of those who are enjoying their first  
 glimpse of this distinctive charm of Niagara, on  
 discovering, through the soft morning mist of a  
 balmy April day, a hundred varied shades of  
 Nature's coolest and most refreshing color, drap-  
 ing what had been, scarce a day before, the  
 spectral, drooping limbs of our noble sentinels.

“There were thick leaves above me and around,  
 And low, sweet sighs, like those of child-  
 hood's sleep,  
 Amid their dimness, and a fitful sound  
 As of soft showers on water. Dark and deep  
 Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf; so still  
 They seemed but pictured glooms.”

As the sun continued his onward course and  
 stood high in the heavens, we again turned our  
 attention to the outdoor world. Seen more dis-  
 tinctly in the clearer light, the erstwhile deep  
 green gloom is changed to a witchery of mingled  
 shade and sheen, contrasting so exquisitely with  
 the fruit trees, whose blended fragrances make  
 the common air a luxury to breathe, and each of  
 which is a mass of creamy blossom—“a lovely  
 confusion of pink and white”—that, looking  
 around, we are tempted to believe that such a  
 prospect must prove at once the delight and de-  
 spair of the artist who would try to portray upon  
 canvas a truthful representation of so charming a  
 scene.

Surely, the great blessing of the leaves, the  
 most beautiful things with which our beneficent  
 Creator has adorned this world, has not been  
 adequately remembered by the poets. Each little  
 flower has received its meed of lays innumerable,  
 but even flowers would be bereft of half their  
 loveliness without these “green smiles.” Imagine  
 the queenly rose growing on a bare, bleak stem,



no longer surrounded by her leafy guardians; how bold and flaunting would she appear! Or contrast our gathering the lowly flowers, in our woodland rambles, from the barren ground with the delight of seeking them.

“ ‘Mid rocks of greening gloom,  
All rich with violets that bloom  
In the cool dark of dewy leaves.”

It has always seemed to me that there are two lines of Byron's which should redeem his name from the infidelity with which he is charged. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that any one could have written them without, in some measure, partaking of the sentiment:

“ And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seemed stir'ed with prayer.”

“Leaves would be counted flowers if earth had none,” and while bringing an ever-returning joy and delight to the eye, tempering the fierce rays of the noon-day sun, and affording a most grateful and refreshing shade, they seemingly bear an analogy to humanity—the tenderness of their early springtime, the glory and fullness of their rich summer, and the change and decay that, like theirs, is our own.

“Thank Providence for spring,” says Nathaniel Hawthorne, “the earth and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace, would be far other than we find them if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man ever be so dismally age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor who once dwelt here renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring! Alas for the worn and heavy soul if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil, no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf.”

The greatest minds that have ever shone before the world have looked upon Nature with the

most profound admiration, and given themselves up to her contemplation with the strongest enthusiasm. Worn with the trials and labors of life, how numerous are those who have sought among scenes of mountain grandeur or pastoral quiet the calm and rest which once more restored to them hope and ambition, and sent them back to the waiting world to give to it the thoughts which this contemplation had awakened in them.

One thing is to be feared, namely, that in the passion which natural beauty excites in its admirers, the thought of Nature's God should be forgotten. Yet for this no censure can be laid upon her, for all the powers of leaf and bud and flower and tree unite in praising Him who is their Maker and their Lord.

“ ‘Neath sheltered boughs each floral bell that  
swingeth,  
And rolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.”

MARIE KYLE.

### A Woodland Ramble.

“ There breathes for those who understand,  
A voice from every flower and tree ;  
And in the work of Nature's hand  
Lies Nature's best Philosophy.”

IT was a bright, May-like morning, the sun's rays were not too fierce in unprotected spots, nor in shaded nooks was the wind too piercing. It was on such a morning that, fully equipped with baskets, trowels, and microscopes (?), we set out on a botanizing expedition. Interesting as this study is to all, it is particularly so to “young people.” It appeals to their natural curiosity, to their lively desire of knowing about things, and is excellently adapted to sharpen and exercise the faculty of discrimination.

After having gone some paces towards the scenes of exploration, we approached the great Horse-shoe Fall, and for some moments gazed with awe upon this grand expanse of water, above which, in all its radiant colors, was seen “that child of the mist and sun”—the Rainbow. Thence we continued on our route, leaving the majestic picture for daintier, and more weird ones.

At last the Isles are reached! Why this sudden confusion? Has some slimy reptile, awaked from



WALK—GOAT ISLAND.





its long slumber by April's thunder, sprung up in our path? Ah, no—gaze ahead, above you, there lies the cause. Although Nature has scarcely donned her vernal vesture, there, high above us, covering the side of a steep embankment, were Violets! Violets! Violets!

“ I love all things the seasons bring,  
All buds that start, all birds that sing,  
All leaves, from white to jet;  
All the sweet words that summer sends  
When she recalls her flowery friends,  
But chief—the Violet.”

While we gaze at them they disappear as quickly as they appeared, for some few, eager for the sweet heralds of spring, have climbed the bank and are joyously plucking them. After devastating the spot, we discovered, in a sequestered nook, a tiny Japanese cottage, which we entered in order to analyze our specimens. First came the humble violet. Who does not know and love it? It was chosen in preference to all others because it was the first to greet us, as violets, in all our rambles, early or late in spring, invariably do.

There is a pretty fable relating to this plant. “Anciently it was told, that Io, daughter of Atlas, fleeing from Apollo, escaped to a beautiful wood, where, by the power of Diana, who compassionated her, she was transformed into a violet; which even now modestly avoids the gaze of Phœbus by hiding her quaint little face in her own leaves.”

After proving ourselves veritable Vandals and Visigoths, on we passed, leaving the hillock destitute of flowers and shrubs, even of certain specimens that we were reluctant to take, and would willingly have refrained from so doing, had it been in our power, but, alas! we were destined to be magnets this morning, for at our approach, up they would spring and immediately attach themselves to us. Oh! no, they were not carnivorous—*only* Burrs !!!

On, on, we sped, intent on discovery, one moment crossing a bridge spanning two Islands, rich in botanical treasures, then gazing into the wild seething Rapids, thence slowly passing over a tiny rustic bridge, watching the cool, clear, crystal water rippling along, which in a few moments, would rise and fall, and tear and dash

against gigantic rocks. Another second, and we find ourselves in a densely wooded, weird Island, now stooping for ferns, polypod, apple moss, etc., running beyond for *Stellaria media* (chickweed), now gathering *Sanguinaria* (blood-root), Dogtooth Violets, and such an array of wild flowers as only can be found at Niagara, where botanists from all parts come to gather new and strange specimens. After many deep researches we found the Dandelion—

“ Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the  
way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold;  
First pledge of blithesome May.”

So common is it that even the poet applies the term to it—but note, he also says “dear.” I do not think there is a child in all the land who knows it not, and who has not crowned herself queen with its bright golden flowers. It needs no description—it is every where; in the meadow, and even in the woodland shade.

‘We sought, but sought in vain, for that flower, which, though so small, has such a hold on humanity.

“ When to the flowers so beautiful  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came a little blue-eyed one  
(All timidly it came),  
And standing at its Father's feet  
And gazing in His face  
It said in low and trembling tone :  
‘ Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,  
Alas ! I have forgot,’  
Kindly the Father looked Him down,  
And said, ‘ Forget me not !’ ”


Thus it is a pledge and a reminder. It has no perfume, but has Heaven's own blue for color.

Alas! whatever we do, time goes on. With many regrets we retrace our steps, sorrowful—and yet the memory of that joyous ramble still remains, and the pleasure of hope, for we are anticipating another such day on Niagara's Wooded Isles.

PERLE TAYLOR.

God listens like a watchful parent to every cry that ascends from earth, and to his loving Heart it is not only the *voice* which cries, it is all sorrow, all suffering, all trial; and Jesus hears with a loving, tender compassion. He does not always heal—for sorrow has its mission—but He always consoles and encourages.





### An Afternoon at Loretto.

LORETTO Academy, Niagara Falls, was the centre of interest on Wednesday, May 22d. Hundreds of people from the vicinity, and many more from far and near in Canada and the United States, were attracted to this great institution to enjoy an afternoon in witnessing a most charming entertainment. The Academy, famous for its commanding view of nature's most stupendous cataract, was attired in festive costume. Like a beautiful monument, rising majestically towards heaven, this shrine of learning enhances the sublime scene. It acts as a cupola to the Niagara, soaring aloft, far above all other heights and glittering in the gorgeous light.

Yet, it is not external environments alone that satisfy for educational institutions in those days of criticism and research. Few are acquainted with the high standard attained in this Academy. But not one of those who were privileged to attend the young ladies' performance on Wednesday, who could not perceive the excellence of its curriculum. Grace and refinement are not inherited as our portion by birthright. They are the results of early and persistent training. As knowledge does not arise spontaneously within us, but is gradually developed by the use of our senses, neither does art become luxuriant without cultivation. It is only the product of a proportionate cause. The uncouth, untutored person neither possesses the inspiration of art or harmony, nor the skill to execute a momentary impulse with which he may be thrilled. Although Nature is very bounteous in her various gifts, yet in bestowing real genius she has been very sparing, as the world's history clearly attests. With most of us taste, science, art, have been acquired by laborious efforts and painful sacrifices, whilst the creative power of genius gleams so rarely that its flash has vanished before we begin to realize its worth. Thus the vast majority of mankind require the fostering care of the preceptor to awaken the dormant talents, to prepare them for a real conception of the beautiful, the good and the true.

The omnipotent Architect so blended our being that the corporeal part is entirely dependent on the spiritual for its existence, and the spiritual in return receives its impressions, its knowledge, by

means of the corporeal. So mutual is the relation between them that when one languishes, the other droops; when one lacks repose, the other undergoes a destructive influence.

The Catholic Church, recognizing these facts from its most remote history, has ever made the greatest efforts and sacrifices to propagate knowledge by public instruction. Education is no novelty with her. True, indeed, she has not and cannot admit that education is the universal panacea, the supply for every dearth, the resource in every strait, nor the climax of all human yearning. But it is a most powerful means for the extension and progress of civilization. Unless the schools develop gifted minds and virtuous hearts then neither can society have them at their service. We often hear men lauded for their sterling qualities and indomitable will in surmounting the difficulties in their path. Especially in this our country are there some who have attained eminence and are admired as self-made men. Ah! but how few in that category can be called really erudite? How few profound thinkers, or genuine artists. The bulk of so-called men have obtained their name merely on account of their commercial sagacity, their skill in converting everything into gold, like Midas in the fable. This is their greatest science, their highest distinction.

But the nobler and more arduous pathways of renown have only been trodden by cultured minds. We bury our youth in ancient lore, that they may extract grand ideas under the guidance of those who have already perceived their beauty. It is to the schools and academies we are indebted for the gems of intelligence which always charm us. To them we owe the great works of science and art which ever attract us. To them we must look for the engendering of those qualities and virtues which adorn the human heart and which have exercised such a benign influence on the world. From their bosoms has flowed the milk of knowledge, and in their nurseries have sprung the fairest flowers of our race. Thus, the Church, the custodian of truth, has protected learning, and sent forth her noblest sons and daughters, charged with the embassy of instructing our youth in all the mysteries of art and science. They are accomplishing a grand mission, and among these not the least who have contributed their share are the Ladies of Loretto.

It can scarcely be otherwise, for there is no place we have seen or heard of better fitted to maintain the equilibrium of mind and body than Niagara Falls. Where else does Nature so display herself? Where else does she inspire such ideas of sublimity and grandeur? Nobility of thought, majesty of diction, harmony of feelings, and virtuous impulses are awakened within us by the contemplation of the scene.

Any one of mediocre ability, not to mention ladies gifted by special advantages, receiving her own education from the highest sources, would be enabled to impart instruction of a high order, where Nature assists so much. The majesty of God is ever displayed before the eyes of the pupils, and they behold his covenant, like a divine light, shining athwart the wreaths of mists, divided into various tints, but yet possessing some of the brightness and glory of its author. Nature performs its highest function, when it elevates the mind of man from itself to its Creator. Art attains its greatest perfection when it portrays the lofty ideals to which nature points. And here, in an eminent degree, do we perceive the beautiful which "is the splendor of truth." Besides being adapted for art, Niagara is also a seat of science. Here, clearer than elsewhere, can the scientist consider the deductions and conclusions based on phenomena, whether of water, light or electricity, which are ever changing about us. At the present time this spot is absorbing the minds of the greatest experts in the field of electricity. This will be the cradle whence shall emanate that great power that shall change the pace of our present civilization.

Even the glorious science, which deals with the worlds which whirl about us, has been furnished with much interesting data in the brilliant meteoric showers that have so frequently occurred here.

A VISITOR TO NIAGARA.

### Woman in Literature.



HE nineteenth century is in a peculiar manner the cycle of woman, and not the least of her achievements is to be found in the domain of letters. That woman has added to the sum of literary wealth—and a valuable coefficient too—is beyond question. No woman, however, can ever become great as an artist, save through her womanly instincts. For it should be borne in

mind that personality is greater than *technique*, and the life within greater than the life without. We see this beautifully illustrated in the life of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, who would be first an artist, and then a woman. Those who have read *Aurora Leigh* know how completely she failed in her purpose, and failed because she started out wrong. Had she sought to be a great artist through the strength and cultivation of her womanly instincts, she would have succeeded, for then there would have been a union of the spiritual and the material, a union of the singer and the work. This is where misguided and blind enthusiasts of to-day hinder the real progress of woman, by maintaining that her greatness ought to be attained through the intellect divorced from her instincts as woman and mother. This is a mistake. No sane person holds that woman is less than man, or that she is "undeveloped man;" but quite the reverse. Woman's strength lies in her womanliness, and man's strength in his manliness. Reverse this and you do violence to nature. Clothe the tender heart of woman with a panoply of the iron responsibilities, the iron duties of man, and see what you will make of her. Woman has been a great scientist; woman has been a great novelist; woman has been a great poet, not in spite of her womanly instincts, but because of them. Take Mrs. Browning as an instance. The best lesson she has left the world through her life and work is, that the highest culture and devotion to art and literature need not conflict with the duties of a mother. In Mrs. Browning's marriage, she reached the rounded character of her life.

The very moment woman spurns the noble heritage of woman and makes light of the duties and graces of home, that very moment society has suffered a deep wound, and the virtue of true progress becomes, in a measure, blighted. Just now the pendulum is swinging greatly away, but it will right itself in a few years. Tennyson, whose heart and eye were ever open to every foreboding change and note of progress, and whose devotion to woman has not been surpassed by any other English poet, has dealt with the "*Woman Question*" in his poem "The Princess." He traces beautifully the gradual growth and asserting of womanly instincts in the Princess Ida



over the instincts of the artist, which culminates in that sweetest of English lyrics, "Ask Me No More," shadowing the triumph of love.

"Ask me no more: the moon may draw the Sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the  
shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But O, too fond, when have I answered thee?  
Ask me no more.

"Ask me no more: what answer shall I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more lest I should bid thee live;  
Ask me no more.

"Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed:  
I strove against the stream and all in vain;  
Let the great river take me to the main:  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
Ask me no more."

I have heard it objected to the "Princess" that the solution of what is called the "Woman's Question," which is offered at the close, is, after all, but a vague and cloudy one. But it should not be forgotten that it is the office of the poet, not so much to affirm principles as to inspire the sentiments which ought to preside over the solution. Here is the pith of Tennyson's solution of the "Woman Question":

"For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind."

T. O'HAGAN.



### Something New Under the Sun.

SHOULD like to meet the oracle who declared that "there is nothing new under the sun," and controverting this great authority, pull his declaration to shreds and scatter them to the winds by relating the story of "A Strike in a Convent!!!"

During the past week we were witnesses of the strangest occurrence that has ever passed before human vision. That it will electrify the world I have no doubt. Whole generations have come and gone without ever having dreamed of such a catastrophe.

The stern, inflexible spinster who has ruled over the household for innumerable years, with undeviating and inexorable rigor, forgetful of age,

dignity, and self-respect, has *struck* so frequently and at such inopportune moments as to astound even those who have enjoyed (?) the pleasure of a prolonged acquaintance with her.

She it was who used to order the little bells to execute her merciless commands, regardless of our feelings or inclinations which seldom, indeed, were in harmony with hers; and after all the subordination she has been enforcing, to think that she has *struck* without any apparent cause—sad commentary on feminine self-righteousness!

It may be that the eccentric old lady, having grown accustomed to her surroundings, was displeased at being left so severely alone at the head of the stairs—the only landmark in the vicinity—when everybody else had removed to more pleasant quarters, and that engrossed by no particularly felicitous reflections, she wandered mentally, revolving numerous schemes explanatory of the unexpected exodus. Now, although she still points, with the most terrible precision, to the Superior's door, the children do not think it necessary to mind such a frivolous, giddy old lady, and skip gleefully by, leaving her to think, as many a one before had thought, that a *strike*, even though it should be in a convent, is not the best thing in the world.

The vagaries of our antique timepiece brought both joy and sorrow to the hearts of those around—joy to the weary ones pouring over ponderous tomes or listlessly thrumming on ivory-keyed instruments, for whom the hours came to an end with extraordinary rapidity—sorrow to the merry-hearted revellers who, in the height of their gaiety, heard the awful sounds which ordinarily summoned them from scenes so dearly loved, but now, alas! are impotent to regulate their movements.

The scandal that Dame Clock has caused by striking the hours and half hours every few minutes and thereby revolutionizing the whole establishment and completely changing the order of things, is the subject of the most important consideration at present. But we are happy to relate that our dear old spinster, true to her conventual training, has made ample reparation, and is reigning as of old over the same subjects and the same territory, with undisputed sway.

ELEANOR HOGAN.

## Special Correspondence

### Foreign.

LORETTO CONVENT, }  
 RANDWICK, SYDNEY. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

New South Wales claims the youngest offshoot from Mary's Mount, Ballarat, the Alma Mater of so many young Australians, founded in 1875 from the Mother House, Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

Now let us pay a visit to this exquisite home of religion and education. Its situation is unequalled for healthfulness and beauty. Standing on a high elevation, surrounded by a well-planted lawn which slopes gently to the northward and westward, it commands a wide prospect. At our feet lies the Centennial Park, beyond it, as far as the eye can reach, are seen the city and suburbs of Sydney, and beyond them the dim outlines of the Blue Mountains. Distant not more than a mile and a half from the sea, it enjoys all the advantages of pure atmosphere without the humidity or relaxing effect which often accompanies a too close proximity to the ocean. The house is surrounded by eleven acres of land, part of which is devoted to garden purposes, part is bush, and the rest affords excellent grazing for the "milky herd" which supplies the convent with that most necessary aliment for growing girls, pure milk.

A more perfect position for a school could scarcely be imagined. Not shut in from light and air by surrounding houses, it lifts its head to catch the ozone-laden breezes from the wide Pacific, or the no less refreshing zephyrs which come from inland plains, tempered by the bracing atmosphere of the Blue Mountains. No walled-in enclosures form the playgrounds of the school. Lawn, meadow, and a bit of the "forest primæval" make up the recreation grounds. Whilst I write, a band of merry girls is crossing the sloping meadow in the foreground, accompanied by a Sister, who seems to enjoy the fun as much as any of them, as they romp and gambol in all the sweet freshness of youth and innocence. They look the very incarnation of health and happiness trotting off to the bush to gather wild flowers,

and speak volumes for the gentle training of the holy women who not only instruct but educate them.

The interest taken in the introduction of the Loretto nuns to the Diocese of Sydney was shown by the large and representative gathering drawn together by the ceremony of the opening and blessing of the convent, on which occasion His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop, presiding at a meeting held in the principal study hall, said, that twin sisters, Learning and Religion, had come there that day to make that beautiful place their home. He offered a cordial welcome to the devoted nuns, who, though poor in the possession of the goods of the world, had brought with them treasures of faith and riches of Christian enlightenment. The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, better known by the name of the Sisters of Loretto, was not new in Australia, for in Victoria the nuns had already labored with fruitfulness, and it was hardly necessary for him to say how he rejoiced in the fact that the extension of their apostolate had led them to this colony. To inquire into the establishment of the institute to which the Loretto nuns belong would be to go back to the days of persecution, when the penal laws were in force in England and Ireland. Exiles from their own land, and despoiled of their property in their native country, a number of the fair daughters of some of the noblest Catholic families of England met together in Munich and there formed the religious association named the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. These holy women embraced in their religious vows the dedication of their lives to the great cause of education.

As the result of their zeal, no fewer than ninety branches were opened in Austria and Germany. With the ever-increasing spread of the Order the Irish house at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, was established something more than fifty years ago by Mrs. Ball. The tiny seed planted in Ireland had grown into a stately tree, from which had sprung fifty branches. True to the aim of the founders, the Loretto nuns in Ireland had made the advancement of education their special mission, and he did not know of any country in Europe in which success had so completely crowned their efforts. That poor country had suffered as no other country had suffered during



the past fifty years, but throughout all the trials and amidst all the tempests the Loretto nuns had persevered in their work and had maintained the character of their schools as homes of learning and piety.

From humble beginnings the Loretto nuns in Ireland had attained the foremost rank, and the fame of their schools was acknowledged throughout the world. They had ever kept before them as their duty the necessity of laying the foundations of sound and solid education before taking their pupils into the higher accomplishments of arts and sciences. They took for their standard the highest programmes of the universities, and they succeeded in carrying out these programmes in the true practical sense as well as on paper. The nuns were not advocates of what was called hot-house education, recognizing as they did that the forced flower too soon decays. Once the solid foundations were secured the pupils had every attainment in scholarship and artistic distinction open to them in the schools of the Loretto nuns. It would seem that the nuns had the seal of heaven on their work, and the secret of the success of their labors was to be found in the heroism of their faith, and in the true missionary spirit which was one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Order.

From the parent house of the little band of exiles in Munich, and from the Irish house of the Order, branches had spread to every part of the globe—to Liberia, India, Mauritius, Gibraltar, Spain and Canada, among other places. In the Mauritius the even tenor of their way was not disturbed till the recent disastrous and lamentable tornado swept ruin and desolation over the scene. One of the most pathetic incidents of the tornado was the death of one of these holy nuns. She remained at her post guarding the poor children, and gained a martyr's crown by her devotion to duty. In India the first patron of the nuns was a Parsee prince, a fire-worshipper, and the first pupils received for instruction were the three children of this prince. The children, it is recorded, presented themselves arrayed in diamonds to the value of £40,000, and it was not easy to imagine how the modest nuns were startled by the spectacle. The schools in Gibraltar he had himself visited, and in connection with

the spread of the Order in Catholic Spain, it was interesting to note that the devoted nuns laboring there were from the old home in Erin. Canada afforded a striking illustration of their success. Beginning with a school of five children, the nuns had now thousands of children under their care. Of all disheartening beginnings Toronto claimed special attention. The Loretto nuns began their mission of religious education there at a time when intolerance was triumphant. At that period, too, the country was visited by a calamity, in which many of the poor people fell victims. The Grand Master of the Orangemen of Toronto was so struck by the heroism and devotion of the nuns that he became their patron, and his two daughters were the first pupils received by them in their school.

This should teach them a lesson, and it was this, that when they saw deluded men heaping abuse on the Church and its members, they would show no enmity, but rather console themselves with the hope that these men, like the worthy man in Toronto, might, when they saw things clearly, become the firmest friends of religious freedom and the warmest champions of the Christian cause, of which such orders as the Loretto nuns were the truest and most earnest representatives. When the new cathedral in Toronto was being built, the Grand Master to whom he had alluded asked as a privilege to be permitted to dig the trenches, and after death the honor fell to him of being interred in the cathedral.

With respect to the event which had brought so many friends of the Loretto nuns together that day he must express his delight that a site so beautiful in every respect had been secured. Fifty distinct branches now owed allegiance to the old house in Ireland—fifty branches radiant with fairest flowers and yielding in abundance the richest fruits. Of all the branches thus established he would venture to say none would in a few years be richer in blossoms or more abundant in fruit than the Loretto convent at Randwick.

The Mayor of Sidney said it was a great pleasure to him to attend that day, and he cheerfully availed himself of the opportunity of saying a few words of welcome, believing firmly and strongly as he did that it was to the advantage of the city and of the colony that these bodies of Christian

teachers should be set up in their midst. Any movement having for its aim and end the proper education of the people claimed his fullest sympathy and support. On the present occasion he spoke with some knowledge of the character of the work in which these nuns are engaged. When he last visited Ballarat he felt it his duty to make himself familiar with the working of a school of which he had heard so much. At Ballarat, the Sisters had secured a beautiful site—indeed, this seemed a sort of instinct among the Roman Catholic body—and he was delighted with the establishment and its management. He saw the splendid building there filled with bright, intelligent children, who were being trained in what he regarded as the proper manner. He regarded the spread of such institutions as a social blessing, carrying benefits in which the whole community participated. He took it that the special work of these institutions was the building up of men and women of the sterling stamp. At no time was it so necessary that there should be proper training of their youth, and especially of their girls. They all knew what forces were abroad amongst them—whether those forces were operating for good or evil God knew. But this he realized, as he was sure all present did, that in these times of unrest their best reliance was in the beautiful principles of Christianity. The reliance on the truths and teachings of Christianity, he held, should be encouraged in every possible way, and this belief he felt was shared by many not of their faith. These religious teachers were sentinels guarding all that was best and most precious in their social life, and the Christian schools were the fortresses of all that was worth having and possessing. It was only by such means that the growth of infidelity could be checked and the Christian character of the people in this fair land secured. As the Mayor of Sydney, he said, without reserve, that he believed it was absolutely necessary that they should encourage all schools in which Christianity was taught by precept and example; it was absolutely necessary, in the best interests of the country, that they should be alive to the duty before them. Elements of disorder and viciousness were at work in their midst, and without the aid of religion the statesman striving for the peace and well-being of the country could do but little. The re-

ligious teachers exercised a marvellous and unique influence in moulding the characters of their pupils, and the fact should not be overlooked that on the woman of the future would depend the elevation or degeneration of their character as a nation. That the girls trained in such an institution would be good women he had not the slightest doubt. In such schools their children were educated in every sense of the word, and it must be an immense satisfaction to parents to know that their children would go forth equipped morally and intellectually for the battle of life. The published report of the success of the Ballarat Convent at the University examinations placed beyond question the character of the secular instruction imparted by the Loretto nuns, and he might mention the interesting fact that the first pupil from all the schools of Victoria to secure the prize in connection with the newly established Chair of Music at the Melbourne University was Miss Madge Walsh, of the Loretto Convent school. Again he gave a welcome to the nuns who had established themselves at Randwick, and it was now only left to him to express the hope that they would be encouraged and assisted in their work, for it was the work of the Church and the work of God.

His Lordship, Dr. Higgins, said the occasion to him was one of peculiar personal pleasure. He had had experience of the work of the Loretto nuns, as shown in the mental and moral qualities of their pupils and in their artistic culture. That the nuns would be welcomed to Sydney he had satisfied himself long before their arrival in Sydney, and now that they were here he was confident that the great interests of Catholic education, as far as this particular school was concerned, would be in singularly able and experienced hands. The Loretto nuns came with the highest qualifications, and, if he might add, with the reputation of old and well-tried colonists. Nearly twenty years ago the Sisters started their work as teachers in Victoria, and, as was well known, they had established their reputation, and had won for their Ballarat High School a place in the first ranks of the educational establishments of Australia. Knowing the work they had done in the old country, he would have been greatly surprised if they had failed in Australia, or if they



proved false to their traditions. Some few years ago in Ireland it became necessary for the nuns under the intermediate system to enter into competition with the State-endowed establishments. The Sisters proved singularly successful, and established their own name and that of their pupils for high scholarship. No people in the world, in his opinion, set a higher value on education than the Australians, and he felt he could say with pride that no section of the community displayed more earnestness or more self-sacrifice in this regard than their own devoted fellow-Catholics. This being so, it should be a matter of gratification to them all that they had such a distinguished accession to the ranks of their teaching Sisters. As a concluding word he desired to express his belief that the prophecy of His Eminence would be fulfilled in a most complete and most gratifying way.

The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien remarked that when he arrived in Australia it struck him that the provision for Catholic education was ample. Now, he found, another teaching order, second to none in the colonies in learning and devotion, had been secured for this diocese. With a full appreciation of the great work so successfully carried on in years past by other devoted religious bodies, he was glad to see the Loretto nuns here, and for this reason the harvest was glowing each year, and in proportion as the harvest increased, so must the ranks of the laborers be strengthened and enlarged. Of the nuns now established at Randwick he thought he was justified in saying that they were one of the most distinguished teaching Orders in God's Church. For many years in the old country he had been intimately connected with one or two of the Loretto houses, and he could speak with some authority of the great success of their efforts, not merely as shown in the newspaper reports of the public examinations, but from his own personal knowledge of the admirable way in which their schools were conducted. In Ireland the record of the success of the Loretto schools in the intermediate examinations became monotonous reading. He did not judge the nuns, however, so much on these examination triumphs as on the great influence they exercised, and which revealed itself in the lives and characters of the pupils who had

been committed to their care. He knew that the secular instruction received by the pupils was sound and solid, but what he set even a higher value on was the modesty, meekness, and piety of the Sisters' pupils. These were some of the reasons which contributed to the keen and sensible pleasure he experienced in assisting in an humble way at a ceremony which secured to Sydney the presence, the influence, and the blessing of the nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Hon. Thos. Dalton, M. L. C., in moving a vote of thanks to the Cardinal Archbishop, asked to be permitted to add a few words of tribute to the Loretto nuns. He found that the credit of having the Order established in Ireland belonged to the distinguished prelate, Dr. Murray, of Dublin. The venerable foundress of the Irish house, Mrs. Ball, before her decease had the happiness of seeing twelve branches opened in Ireland, four in India, three in Canada, and one in Australia. There were now one hundred and fifty houses and one thousand five hundred nuns, and it was estimated that in their primary schools the Sisters had seven thousand children and three thousand in their high schools. Not only in the regular scholastic subjects, but in music and the other arts, the nuns had proved themselves teachers of the first order, and he might mention the interesting fact that at the recent competitive musical examination in England, the first and second prizes among four hundred students from all the schools were secured by two pupils trained by the Loretto nuns. At Ballarat the Order had now eighty-three nuns and three hundred pupils in the primary school and one hundred and fifty in the high school, in addition to forty ex-pupils in the teachers' training school conducted by the nuns. If results went for anything, there were no better teachers in the world.

Mr. F. B. Freehill, in supporting the vote of thanks, said it was only natural to expect that His Eminence would take an active part in the introduction of the Loretto nuns, as their presence would serve to strengthen the ranks of the devoted men and women of their religious orders who had been laboring so zealously and so successfully in the cause of Catholic education in the Diocese of Sydney. With respect to the new

comers from Ballarat, it might be of interest to their friends in Sydney to know that the Ballarat convent school was the first educational establishment in the whole of Victoria in which advantage was taken of the course of lectures established in connection with the Melbourne University extension scheme. At the lectures by the University professors delivered in the Loretto convent, a number of students not connected with the school attended.

At present the nuns are carrying on a High School, which includes three departments—the University, the Senior Department, and the Junior Department or Kindergarten. A primary school will be opened later on.

The great object of the Sisters is to train the girls in character, and to educate them without cramming. In point of fact, to bring them up naturally, moulding their lives into those of women of genuine piety and nobility of nature, developing their intellects so that they shall be thoroughly well-informed, highly-cultured members of society, and cultivating carefully whatever special talents Nature may have endowed them with. If parents should desire it, their children are prepared for the Senior, Junior, and Matriculation examinations.

I confess that it is quite refreshing in these days of cramming, "exam's," and cast-iron systems, to find a school where the pupils were not treated as machines, to be stuffed with

" All the ologies,  
And the knowledges  
Of the colleges,"

for the sole purpose of having "Mary Jones, silver medal in physiology," or "Arabella Brown, French A, Botany B," blazoned forth in advertisements to tell of the "progress" of the institution as a manufactory of "passes."

No, the system at the Loretto convent is one which will leave a higher and better mark on society. It will turn out pleasant, well-mannered, well-informed girls, who will be good wives and mothers, as well as religious, accomplished, and well-educated women.

I leave Randwick with the feeling that here, there is a noble work being done by the Church—quietly, steadily, unobtrusively—yet with solid and far-reaching results, in the mission field,

among the young, and in society. As it was a thousand years ago, so it is to-day. The Holy Church, "immortal and unchanged," works now as it did then, giving light to those in darkness, forming the character of her children, giving succor to the aged poor, and elevating the condition of humanity, by advancing, in piety, knowledge, and refinement, those who are to mould the destinies of the generations to come.

THE AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

LORETTO CONVENT, }  
PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

The Island of Mauritius is, as you are aware, situated in the Indian Ocean. In size, it is a little smaller than Bourbon; and about three hundred times smaller than Madagascar. Although small, Mauritius has been and is still the most important of all the islands on the eastern side of Africa. Its situation, safe harbor, and agricultural products are the chief causes of its importance.

Mauritius was discovered in 1528 by Don Pedro of Mascaregnas, a Portuguese, who called it *Ilha do Cirne*, meaning the Isle of Swans; in 1598 Vice Admiral Von Warwick, a Dutchman, called it Mauritius, after Count Maurice of Nassau; in 1715 Guillaume Dufresne, a Frenchman, took possession of the island and gave it the name Ile de France; and finally, the English took it from the French in 1810, and gave it its Dutch name Mauritius.

Port Louis, the capital and port of the island, is our most important bay, and the only one regularly frequented by large vessels, which has always been considered one of the safest and most commodious in the Indian Ocean. The town is not very picturesque, and with the exception of a few buildings, recently constructed, the houses are generally low; the streets, three or four excepted, are narrow, but well kept. Commercially, Port Louis possesses exceptional advantages, and its trade with foreign parts is considerable, chiefly with Continental India, the United Kingdom, France and the British possessions, to which not less than 128,000,000 kilos of sugar are annually exported.

The climate is very hot during the summer,



but at Curepipe, where we have another house, the climate is rather mild, though damp and even foggy in winter. The *Trou anx Cerfs* at Curepipe, at an elevation of about 1,900 feet above the level of the sea, is an object of interest to visitors. It is supposed to be an extinct volcano; if it ever was a volcano, it must have been extinct several hundred years ago, as one can judge from the stratum of vegetable mould and the old forest trees which cover the internal sloping surface of that immense funnel. It is very deep, and the diameter is about 1,000 feet at the top, and decreases to about 200 feet at the bottom, where there is a small spring.

Not far from Port Louis, in the Shaddock Grove, is the resting-place of "Paul and Virginia," immortalized in the well-known and affecting tale of Bernardin de St. Pierre. No marble marks the spot of their humble graves, no inscription records their virtues; the tombs are two commonplace brick and mortar structures, white-washed, and situated in what was once a fine garden, a little rivulet flowing between them, and shaded by beautiful palms and feathery banboos. "The voice of the people, which is so often silent with regard to the monuments raised to kings, has given to some parts of Mauritius names which will ever recall the loss of 'Virginia.' Near the Isle of Amber, in the midst of sandbanks, is a spot called the Pass of Saint G eran, from the name of the vessel which was there lost. Three leagues off, half covered with water, is the point called the Cape of Misfortune, which the Saint G eran could not double, the night before the hurricane; and at the end of the valley is the Bay of the Tomb, where 'Virginia' was found buried in the sand; as if the waves had sought to restore her corpse to her family, that they might render it the last sad duties on those shores where so many years of her innocent life had been passed."

Mauritius, which was once but a forest, has long since lost its former picturesque and wild aspect. Forest trees, natives of the Island, are the Bois de Natte, Puant, Tatamaka, Benjoin, Colophane, Fer, Ebony, Canelle and some others, besides Ferns and a variety of Palms, such as Rafia, Latanier, Vacoa and the Ravenalia or Traveller's tree. Some of these furnish a very

hard and beautiful wood which is much esteemed for cabinet work. Ebony, Bois de Natte and Tatamaka are among the best.

Few places on the globe are more remarkable than Mauritius for diversity of race and language. The prevailing language among the natives and aliens is *creole*, a patois of the French.

French is generally spoken among the educated portion of the population, although English is the official language. English and French are now taught in all our schools. As English is an obligatory subject in all boys' schools in association with the Royal College, in girls' schools which have adopted the schedule of studies laid down by the Council of Education for the Higher Education of Girls, and in the numerous government-aided schools throughout the Colony, the study of that language has made rapid strides of late years; and there is every reason to hope that English will very shortly be understood, if not spoken, by all the inhabitants.

Speaking of our coming to Mauritius, Father Coleridge says: "It seems to have been the reputation acquired by the nuns in Bengal that induced Dr. Collier, then Vicar-Apostolic of Mauritius, to apply to the Rev. Mother at Rathfarnham for a colony of religious for his own Island. The population of the Mauritius, though not absolutely large, was to a considerable extent composed of the descendants of the French colonists, from whom the Island had been wrested, and there were there, everywhere, the children of Irish Catholic soldiers and sailors in the British service. The emancipation of the negroes had made the importation of Hindu coolies necessary, and it was hoped that many of these poor pagans might be won from their superstition and sensuality to the pure religion of our Lord, by the exertions of the nuns. Six choir nuns and two lay sisters were sent from Rathfarnham in the Summer of 1845, and reached Port Louis, where a fine house in the best part of the town had been secured for them in the September of that year. Their work was of the usual character—a boarding-school for young ladies, a day-school, an orphanage, and large schools for the children of the poor. The mission has continued to flourish both materially and spiritually, though the extreme heat of the climate and the distance from

home have always tried the virtue of the religious severely."

The following tribute, paid to the memory of our late Mother Hyacinthe by a *Mauricienne*, may prove interesting to our readers:

MADAME HYACINTHE.

SUPÉRIEURE DU COUVENT DE LORETTE

à l'île Maurice

HOMMAGE D'UNE MAURICIENNE

Le paisible couvent de Lorette revêt, une fois encore, ses insignes de deuil; une foule attristée et silencieuse l'envahit; la chapelle trop petite ne peut contenir les amis éplorés, qui se pressent et prient autour d'un blanc cerçueil. Là, une religieuse au visage calme et empreint d'une sérénité toute céleste, repose, endormie dans le Seigneur .....

Mademoiselle Margaret Looney, en religion Madame Hyacinthe, naquit à Cashel, en Irlande et appartenait à une excellente famille. Elevée dans la crainte et l'amour de Dieu, elle se sentit, dès sa plus tendre enfance, attirée vers le Seigneur.

Margaret Looney, obéissant à la voix mystérieuse qui l'appelait, faisait abnégation de sa jeunesse, de sa vie entière et entra, le 31 mars 1843 au couvent de Rathfarnham (Dublin), une des communautés religieuses les plus importantes de la Catholique Irlande.

Lorsque, dans cette pieuse retraite, Mlle Looney prononça ses vœux, le 8 mai 1845, elle y avait été précédée par Mademoiselle Mary Hearne, en religion Madame Augustin. La haute réputation de Mme Augustin, sa piété, sa sagesse l'avait fait choisir, dès 1839, par la supérieure générale du couvent de Lorette comme supérieure du couvent de Dublin.

Là à Dublin, dans ce même couvent de Rathfarnham, s'établit entre Madame l'Abbesse et Madame Hyacinthe une touchante amitié. Une similitude de goûts, d'idées, de penchants, créa entre les deux nobles Irlandaises cette affection solide et vraie que la mort même ne put amoindrir. Un même courage, une même piété les animait; guidées par Dieu, les deux saintes religieuses ne formaient qu'un vœu; la glorification du Seigneur, et lorsque il y a environ un demi siècle, les Dames de Lorette résolurent de s'établir à l'île Maurice et

d'y fonder une maison d'éducation, ce fut la supérieure du couvent de Dublin, Mlle Mary Hearne, qui, comme une des plus capables, fut nommée abbesse du nouveau couvent qui allait s'élever sur des rives hospitalières, mais bien lointaines. L'île Maurice, à cette époque, manquait de tout ce qui conduit à Dieu, et, bien que le nouvel établissement religieux fut accueilli avec joie par la plupart des habitants de l'île, les deux dignes religieuses, lorsqu'elles débarquèrent à Port-Louis en 1845, accompagnées de six compatriotes, eurent de grandes difficultés à surmonter. Elles luttèrent courageusement et, grâce à leurs efforts, à leur persévérance toute chrétienne, Madame l'abbesse et Madame Hyacinthe, sa digne émule, toujours guidées par le Divin Maître virent bien vite prospérer leur brillant et pieux établissement scolaire.

La piété exemplaire des deux admirables religieuses fit fermenter la foi dans les cœurs, at Mademoiselle Deville, en religion Mère Philomène, fut la première Mauricienne qui se hâta de rejoindre les Dames de Lorette.

Le couvent de Lorette, à la mort de Madame l'abbesse, dirigé par Madame Hyacinthe, a depuis de longues années semé dans la société mauricienne une phalange de femmes d'élite qui béniront toujours la mémoire des saintes religieuses dont la vie entière fut consacrée à chanter les louanges du Seigneur et à inculquer à celles qui furent confiées à leurs soins maternels les principes les plus purs de vertu, de piété et de sagesse; et, malgré les temps, le couvent de Lorette restera l'édifice indestructible de l'abnégation et du dévouement de ces deux nobles filles d'Erin, aujourd'hui disparues, mais dont l'œuvre restera toujours comme la personnification de Celui qui leur inspira une si sublime pensée .....

Là-bas, dans le poétique cimetière attendant à l'Eglise "St. Jean," Plaines-Wilhems. tout au fond, dans un bosquet d'arbres touffus, est le lieu de sépulture des Dames de Lorette. Rien de ce que l'orgueil humain emploie pour attirer l'attention du passant ne désigne leur dernière demeure.

Sous un modeste tertre, l'une contre l'autre, reposent aujourd'hui, couchées dans le tombeau,



Madame l'abbesse et notre bien aimée Mère Hyacinthe; tout au haut rayonne la couronne céleste qui est leur partage.

L'amitié et la reconnaissance ne failliront pas à leur devoir, et plus d'une déposant à leurs pieds la fleur du souvenir, demandera à celles qui furent leurs amies, en ce monde, de continuer à les protéger du haut du ciel. M. M.

### English Cathedrals and Monasteries Seen from the "Niagara Rainbow."

(CONTINUED.)



HE mention of St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, whose zeal led him to rebuild the burned monastery at Peterborough, leads us on to the description of Winchester Cathedral. According to old tradition, the Christian Faith was first preached in Britain in the second century. As it is told, the story runs as follows: During the reign of Lucius, the British king, two priests, Fugatius and Damianus, were sent from Rome to preach the Christian doctrine. These are the names as they are given by the Latin writers, but, in the old British records, Lucius is called Lleirwy, Fugatius and Damianus are Ffagan and Dyvan. From this time Winchester was a Bishopric, and Dyvan or Damianus or Dinotus, as he is variously called, was its first bishop. King Lucius or Lleirwy built its first Cathedral and gave all rights and privileges to the clergy attached to it.

At that time the name of the place was, in the British language, "Caer Gwent," or "the bright city." So it remained until the tenth great persecution of the Christians, under Dioclesian, A. D. 302, when, by order of the Roman Emperor, the Cathedral was destroyed and the clergy murdered. It was during this persecution, which lasted for about two years, that St. Alban, the first martyr in England, suffered death. About the year 312, Constantine, whose mother, St. Helena, was a Christian, proclaimed peace and liberty to the Christians through the world. Immediately those at Caer Gwent began to rebuild their Cathedral church, but they had no longer a royal patron, and it was by the contributions of the people that this second church was raised upon the same spot on which the former one had stood. Then there was peace for nearly

three hundred years more, until the Saxons came. They, in their victorious course, driving the Britons before them to the west, besieged and almost destroyed the city; murdered the clergy and the people; desecrated the Cathedral by converting it into a pagan temple for the worship of their false gods, Thor and Woden, Frea and Tuisco; this was about the year 519.

It was from the names of these false gods of the pagan Saxons that we have the names of four of the days of the week—from Tuisco we have Tuesday, from Woden, Wednesday, from Thor, Thursday, and from Frea, Friday. So strangely do old names and memories hang round the things of every-day life, whilst their meaning has become forgotten. So, too, in the city itself, the old British name, Caer Gwent, became during the Roman occupation, Venta or Wenta, for they did not know the meaning of the word "Caer" a town or city, and now Wenta is changed by the Saxons into Wentanceostre, which we, in later time, have reduced to Winchester. Such was the fate of this city under the pagan Saxons. But then a new and a bright day followed. Rome again sent St. Birinus to convert these pagan children of the German forest. They received the faith; Kinegils, their king, became a Christian, rebuilt the Cathedral, about the year 548, and St. Birinus, who had brought him to the knowledge of Christian truth, was made its first bishop. From that period the Cathedral went on improving in extent and beauty, which causes it, like so many others, to show to this day, in the different styles of architecture of which it is composed, the dates at which the successive enlargements and adornments have been accomplished. Little of the old Saxon church of Kinegils and St. Birinus now remains.

At the Norman invasion, in the eleventh century, Walkelin, its Bishop, who was a relative of the Norman Conqueror, rebuilt almost the whole of it, in the Norman style. About one hundred years later, Bishop Godfrey de Lacy pulled down the Saxon church which remained, and rebuilt it in the Gothic or first pointed style of architecture. Some of the greatest men who have adorned the Catholic Church in England have been its bishops and its benefactors; the names of William of Wyckham, William of Wainflete, Richard Fox,

Cardinals Beaufort and Wolsey, have been among them. It grew in beauty, in splendor, and in the enrichment of art, until the Reformation when it had the old story to tell—it was plundered—and the Benedictine Abbey, adjoining it, was destroyed; and again in Cromwell's time that old story was rehearsed, when it was desecrated and defaced by his soldiers.

Those were strange old times, they have left such memories behind them. Those great Cathedrals and churches and monasteries were great works, they required great minds to conceive them and great men to accomplish them. Men were great, too, in their daring and in their sins as well as in their goodness. Among such as these and preëminent among them was Offa, one of the kings of the Mercian kingdom and the founder of the Cathedral of Hereford. The story runs thus: He was a brave soldier, an ambitious king, and an unscrupulous ruler. There was a neighboring king over the East Angles, Ethelbert, a man holy in life, gentle in manner, and loved by all for his goodness. This Ethelbert sought the daughter of Offa for a wife. Her father consented, but when Ethelbert went into Mercia, to obtain his wife, Offa had him murdered. Ethelbert was widely mourned and declared by the Church, from his holiness of life, to be a saint. In time Offa repented, and then sorrow and his efforts at reparation were in proportion to his past wrong. He built many religious houses and asylums for the poor, and enabled Wulfhard, the Bishop of Hereford at the time, to build his Cathedral out of the penitential offerings which he made for the purpose. He also made a pilgrimage to Rome and mainly assisted in founding and endowing that English school there, which, after a variety of fortunes, still exists under the name of the English College.

Nothing, however, of the old Cathedral remains. It fell into decay in about two hundred years, and lay in that condition for some time until it was rebuilt about 1012 or 1015; being afterwards burned, it was a ruin till 1079. Some years ago the west front gave away, and in rebuilding it the nave was shortened. Like the other Cathedrals, it, also, was plundered at the Reformation, and for a long time was in a wretchedly neglected condition, but of late has

been restored and cleaned. Even yet, it contains much that is of the deepest interest, and many fine monuments, some as old as the eleventh century; and has attached to it a chapter house, Lady chapel, cloisters, and a library containing valuable MSS., also a map of the world, supposed to be one of the oldest in existence.

A musical festival is given triennially, in the Cathedral, by the United choirs of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester.

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*Memoranda of Travels in Spain, Italy, France and Germany, by J. F. Doerr, Architect, Chicago, Ill.*

NAPLES.

DEAR RAINBOW:

It was our intention to join Cook's excursion to make the ascent of mount Vesuvius, as this is by far the easiest way of getting on top of the fire-dealing mountain. We had purchased our tickets early in the week, but the weather being unfavorable for the ascent, Monday and Tuesday went by, and Wednesday, we were told that the cable on the inclined road had broken and it would take a day or two to repair the same. As we were bound to be in Rome by Saturday, we had the money, 25 lire each, refunded, and concluded to make the ascent ourselves next morning. Unfortunately, the driver we used to have was engaged for this day, but he introduced us to a brother Jehu, who, according to his representation, could drive faster, talk better French and charge even less than he, in his modesty, had done. We concluded to take his word as far as the two first qualities were concerned, but, in regard to charges, we thought it would be best not to run any risk, and therefore bargained to be brought back alive to the starting point for the sum of 20 lire. The horse being fresh and the road level, we set out at quite a lively gait, passing a great variety of animals and vehicles: oxen and horses harnessed side by side, small donkeys to large carriages or nondescript vehicles, crowded with people satisfied with any position and content to endure any inconvenience as long as the whip cracked loud and the horse, mule, or donkey kicked up the customary amount of dust. After passing the town of Macaroni we turn to the left, and now we notice that the speed of the horse decreases in geometrical proportion as the



steepness of the road increases, until, finally, we come to a sudden stop. Our driver indulges in considerable talk, accompanied by, as it seemed to us, an over-abundance of gesticulating, until all at once, one of his listeners runs away, to return with a sorry-looking, ill-fed animal, that might have answered for an apology for a horse. Burdened with what might have been a harness at one time, this animal was attached to our carriage with a rope, but the rope coming in contact with one of the front wheels, it did not take long until it was cut in two. After two more attempts, with the same result, we concluded to walk up the steeper grades, and ride when the road was more on a level. Three Lazzaroni, who had followed us when the extra horse was engaged, took this opportunity to offer their services in helping to push the carriage from behind; had they, however, consulted the horses in front, they would undoubtedly have declined their kind offer, for as I could notice in looking behind, they let themselves be dragged along with the rest of us. Now we have reached that part of the mountain where Cook's inclined road starts to bring you up within a few hundred feet of the crater. A modern hotel with large diningroom, and prices especially adapted to the well-filled purse of the excursionist, gives you the opportunity to fortify your inner self before you risk such a hazardous undertaking as ascending mount Vesuvius. On the inclined road the thing may be all right, but we, being denied this privilege, found it rather hard work to climb the five thousand feet through ashes, and over rocks; but the most vexatious part of it all was the constant offers of help from the three Lazzaroni who had followed us soon after we had passed the town of Macaronies. One walking in front of each of us had a rope constantly dangling before our face, and when my brother, in making a misstep, tried to recover his balance by taking a hold of the rope, the countenance of the Lazzarone on the other end of it brightened up considerably, for from this moment he considered himself engaged for the balance of the entertainment. Friend P. soon fell into the same trap, and the Italian in front of me, being still out of an engagement, fell behind and assisted his companion who pulled Friend P.

In this way it took us about two hours to reach the top and get the reward of our struggle. A

strong wind was blowing from the west, and the smoke and shower of ashes and small stones were carried to the other side. This enabled us to step right to the edge of the crater and look down into the howling and thundering abyss of fire and smoke. As a means of precaution, there being eight of us, we took each other by the hand and in this way the one at the edge of the crater went back to the end of the chain until each one had looked three times into the horribly beautiful fire-dealing wonder of Naples.

Our descent was very easy: all we had to do was to pull our feet out of the ashes and step forward, and in fifteen minutes we came to the bottom of the incline, from where we had started four hours before. The carriage ride down the rest of the mountain was delightfully pleasant, every now and then, as we turned the corner of the winding road, we could see the towering giant illuminating the country for miles around.

PARIS, France.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The fine weather has brought its usual quota of visitors to Paris, and the city seems crowded with strangers, mostly English or English-speaking—as you know, Americans, Canadians, Australians, etc., all English-speaking people, are classed by the French as "*Les Anglais*." The Boulevards, Champs Elysées, Bois de Boulogne, etc., are looking lovely in their vernal garb, which is keeping fresh so much later this year, on account of the season having been *en retard*, and the rains more frequent than usual.

The *Salons* are attracting great numbers and are very good. Rosa Bonheur is said to be still working at the wonderful picture which she commenced more than twenty years ago. It represents a field in threshing time, with machine and men at work in the background, and in the foreground eight horses, one being ridden by a little peasant boy. She lives near Fontainebleau, and, I believe, is a wonderfully interesting little woman, very fond of animals, of which she has innumerable pets; and an indefatigable worker, notwithstanding her seventy-three years.

I think, dear RAINBOW, as the weather is warm, a trip to one of the many suburban resorts will be more pleasant than a promenade through the city, so, we will, for the moment, select St. Cloud, and to go there, will take one of the numerous little

steam boats which cross the Seine. En route, we pass the elegant Eifel Tower, then, farther down the river, the statue of Liberty which served as model for the colossal figure which graces Bedloe's Island; we also pass by the village of Sèvres, and from our steamer can see the famous factory where is manufactured the valuable porcelain which is distinguished by that name. In a short time we arrive at our destination, and, after landing, a few minutes' walk takes us to the entrance of the Château; here we see the lovely fountains which, once a month, during the summer season, are put in working order, and then, indeed, the sight is one to be remembered. They are formed in terraces, with a huge basin at the bottom, into which the many sculptured figures pour the sparkling waters, while the cascade flows from the terraced marble like a miniature Niagara. On entering the gates we are charmed with the park and the magnificent trees with which it abounds, under whose shade groups of merry children and tired Parisians enjoy the scene which formerly was reserved for Royalty, for St. Cloud, like all the other Royal residences of France, is public property, and, "whosoever will may come." As we advance nearer to where once stood the Château, we can quiet understand how lovely the building must have been; until last year enough of the ruin remained to prove that the architecture and design were extremely beautiful; it does not seem to have been very large, but was built entirely of white marble; the débris has now been cleared away, and I have heard that Ecole Polytechnique intends to build upon the site. The destruction of the Château de St. Cloud is one of the outrages for which the French will never forgive the Germans. The gardens next claim our attention, and here we are surprised to find everything in such good order; the statuary is particularly fine, many specimens were destroyed, but what remains is well worth visiting. At the back of where once stood the Palace, we ascend flights of steps, which take us to a suite of terraced gardens, called "Les jardins particuliers," and while here we may, in a small measure, realize what veritable types of Fairyland were the dwellings of the Kings and Emperors of France. From here we have a magnificent view, and there is a seat which is said to have been Napoleon's favorite

resting place. These gardens are extremely lovely, and altogether the traces of Imperial splendor lingering around St. Cloud, even though there are no walls remaining to show where it once lived, speak in unmistakable terms that "here once was the abode of kings," and we are not surprised to hear that from these heights it was, an Emperor loved to gaze out over unrivalled Paris, feeling that France was at his feet; and somewhat suggestive of the fall of that indomitably ambitious man is St. Cloud in its present state; power and glory evidently dwelt there, but naught remains save *les souvenirs*, and the ashes to which the enemy's hand has reduced it.

It was at St. Cloud that Napoleon was married to Marie Louise, March 30, 1810, and previous to that time it had been the favorite residence of Josephine, as, during the second Empire, it was also of the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon III.

The celebrations at Orleans a few weeks ago, to commemorate the deliverance of the city from the English, by Jeanne d'Arc, which was accomplished May 8, 1429, were on a very elaborate scale. The real banner which was borne by Jeanne, was carried in front of a representative procession. Cardinal Vaughan was one of the distinguished guests on the occasion, and probably, it was the first time that an English dignitary was invited by the French to participate in any memorial of Jeanne d'Arc, for the French people—the majority at least—still cherish the somewhat erroneous belief that the English were responsible for her martyrdom, while, in reality, it was they—Bourguignons—who sold her to the English for the sum of 10,000 francs, and it was a French bishop, "Pierre Cauchon," who condemned her to the stake. One of the questions which history records she was asked at her trial for sorcery, as a proof of her clairvoyant power, was rather typical of the popular feeling of that time—"Dieu sait—il les Anglais?"—and indeed, the sentiment which inspired it has taken a long time to die out.

Cardinal Vaughan's reception is one proof of the expansive and progressive character of the age. He was immensely admired, in every way, and the French papers paid him many compliments. By invitation of the Rector, Father Cooke, he preached at the English church in this city on Sunday last.

On May 17, a most successful concert was



given at the Hotel Continental, in aid of the charities connected with the above-mentioned mission. It was specially under the patronage of Lord and Lady Dufferin, together with numerous other distinguished residents and visitors, among whom were Sir Edward and Lady Blount, Lady Lamb, Baroness Ed. de Rothschild, Lady A. Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard, Duchess de Pomar, Lady Caithness, Mr. and Mrs. Nevarro, Miss Fanny Reed, Mrs. Louis Gould, Dr. and Mrs. Nevada Palmer, and many French aristocrats. The artists were of the very highest order, including some from the Comédie-Francaise and L'Opéra Comique. The Rector is a great favorite, and everything he takes in hands is sure to be a success.

Madame de Sartoris, who was Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Boulevard des Invalides, died on the 8th May, at the age of sixty-five. She had only been one year Superior, having succeeded, last year, Madame Lehon.

Almost every day during May, at one or other of the Parisian churches, one may witness the ceremony of First Communion. It is a great epoch in the life of a French boy or girl, and the preparations are made in a very *recherché* manner; the day is considered a *grande Fête* for the *Communiantes*, and is the commencement of a new era in her or his life; there is a certain age specified—twelve years, I think—but life is supposed to take a more serious turn and its first responsibilities to begin after *La première Communion*. Presents are made by relatives and friends, on the auspicious day; a great feast is organized, to which are bidden the most cherished friends, and souvenirs of the occasion are preserved throughout a lifetime.

Looking forward to your next reflection, dear RAINBOW, *que j'aime toujours*.

I am always devotedly, J. O'DOWDA.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,  
CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLA.

DEAR RAINBOW:

At your last appearance, a longing for a breath of your icy air (for you said you were surrounded by snow) took possession of us. The heat has set in after an exceptionally rainy, cool spring; still, our climate is lovely and as you rightly suppose we are in the midst of sunshine and flowers. The pupils study under the trees during this weather, and I could not express in any language that would not seem exaggerated my admiration

for the singing of the nightingales during the study hour, five o'clock P. M. I no longer think the poets have said too much. What is most surprising to me is the marvellous variety of notes and their exquisite melody—never a harsh note, no matter how many hundred they may warble. One night that I lay awake, a nightingale sang from midnight till four in the morning, on a tree close to the house. I never heard sweeter melody.

This year the children begged permission to hold a Fair in our own grounds; their parents also pleaded for two days' recreation for them, as a slight compensation for the sacrifice of remaining in the Colegio while the Fair was being held in Seville. The last two days of Easter week were selected, and with the assistance of the servantmen—all pressed into service—six booths were erected, covered in with every available curtain in the house and made gay with numerous Spanish flags. Here they had refreshment tables, dancing, marionettes, etc. The great feature of the Fair was the *bunnella* making, at which the children took turns all day long—eating them quite as fast as they made them. Those *bunnellas* are little rolls of flour and water, tossed into a pan of boiling oil and kept turned about till well browned, by means of two very long iron skewers; the pan rests on a tripod containing charcoal. You may imagine what pretty groups the children made in their gipsy dresses and national costumes. From time to time they danced; indeed, the castanets were clicking all day long and the scene was enjoyed as much by the lookers-on as by those who took part in it.

Last week nine of our little ones made their First Communion. They looked perfectly beautiful and so angelic when walking into and out of the chapel. Of the nine, six have very high titles: among the parents present were a Duke and Duchess, Condes and Condesas, Marquises and Marchionesses. You would be surprised to see how very simple all these great people are; they are exceedingly wealthy, too, so their titles are not empty ones; but better than either their wealth or titles is their holiness. I assure you, some of the Seville ladies lead most saintly lives. The last news we have had of our dear Queen Christina is that an immense sum of money has been bequeathed to her by a Spanish gentleman. No doubt she will make a charitable use of it.

Do not consider this little account of our proceedings a letter; we shall send you something about the Seville Fair or a bull fight, before long, it will be novel and of interest to your readers. M. E.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JULY, 1895.

WE have many pleasant records of the scholastic year which is so near its close—bright reminiscences which cannot easily be effaced. Distinguished visitors, noble guests, and travelers from afar have honored us with their presence. We have listened enrapt to the glowing eloquence of famous lecturers and orators, or been held entranced by the bewitching strains of music's votaries. Bright, brief and fleeting have been the hours thus interspersed with all that could relieve the monotony of serious study or elevate and improve our taste, while contributing to our intellectual enjoyment; but the climax had not yet been reached till suddenly we heard it announced that we were to have a visit from our beloved Archbishop. At once the joyful news was communicated through the house, even the Minims caught up the cry of exultation. Sweet and benign he had always been, his very condescension to our childish natures had endeared him to us all—so approachable and so easy to entertain—all this we knew His Grace to be. We had but to sing him some dear old strains of a far-off land, as green and fresh in his memory as the emerald sheen of its own imperishable verdure, and his patriot heart, so true and deep in its loyalty and faith, was stirred to its depths. But, to-day, his gracious approval of our efforts has been the crowning event of the year.

We love to look upon our venerable Archbishop, he makes us think of one of those noble trees in a forest, which has proudly withstood the blast and still points upward, with unerring fidelity, to the bright haven of rest.

It would require many pages to enter into the details of this recent visit so fraught to us with wisdom, instruction, and interesting knowledge, and during which, the RAINBOW and its editors, in whom His Grace has always evinced a very particular interest, were the recipients of many precious words of commendation and encouragement, his paternal heart following with unabated interest their onward march. It is over now, but we hope ere long to be again cheered by the bright and genial presence of our loved Archbishop, which never fails to bring sunshine to our home.

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ANY one glancing into our class room, on a certain beautiful afternoon, during the week of hot weather which came so suddenly upon us, would have noticed at once how *distract* we all were, and how impossible it seemed for us to concentrate our thoughts on lessons, but, had she gazed for a sufficient length of time, she would have seen our faces brighten and beam with intense joy; for just as we were yielding to despair, thinking that the hour for dismissal from that warm, still class room would never come, word was brought by a kindly spirit that we were all to repair to the assembly hall, where an old and agreeable friend awaited our presence. Soon all thought of work was put away on hearing that Father Younan, to whose interesting descriptions of the East Indian Loretos and of his native land we had a few years ago listened with such rapt attention, had arrived in company with Rev. Father Ryan, one of the celebrated Paulist missionaries from New York.

When we were all seated, the whispered comment "I never saw him before" came from one direction, and our visitor was evidently a mind-reader—the words could not have reached him—for he said: "Ah! do you not recognize me? I am the priest from India who visited you some



years ago. Why I remember you, and you," pointing out different young ladies. Thus reminded, the girls immediately recalled the occasion, and begged the Rev. Father to tell them "all about India." "All about India? I spent forty years of my life there, and it would require a year to tell all I could tell. But what would you like best to hear?" Appealed to so directly, each one was loath to mention any particular subject for the impromptu discourse, till one little daughter of Eve, bearing a stronger resemblance to her mother than the others, asked about the fashion in dress! "Oh! the way they dress? Well, one never sees two dressed alike, except in one respect, that the rich are all ablaze with precious stones, necklaces of emeralds, and large, spherical, pure white pearls, bracelets of rubies and diamonds, rings that cover their fingers—even their horses are adorned with the most brilliant gems and gold spangles."

It would appear from Father Younan's account that the contrast between the dwellings of the rich and those of the poor is a most striking feature of life in India. On the one hand, excess of luxury, on the other, the lowest possible depths of squalor. The poorer classes tie themselves to trees, and sleep in that position, exposed to the imminent peril of being devoured by the beasts which abound in the jungles. Next to these are the classes which live in small huts, the furniture of whose single apartment consists of a chest containing the scanty raiment of the family, the few coins they have hoarded up, and the sweetmeats of which this people is so fond and of which there are so many varieties. They are not, however, left in undisturbed enjoyment of their dainties, for the destructive white ant devours all that is left in its way—even clothing and furniture—nothing is safe from this rapacious insect. Where they are fortunate enough to have a bed—if a piece of sugar sacking can be called by that name—its condition may be imagined when the owner is frequently obliged to indulge in a rubbing of linseed oil. Near every little settlement or clump of huts is a pool into which the

Hindoo throws all the refuse of his miserable dwelling, in which he bathes, and then drinks the water. Strange to say, speaking of water, Father Younan remarked: "That of India is third best in the world, although coming from the tributaries of the Ganges, which is one of the dirtiest rivers on the globe, and receiving the refuse of many cities, as well as the dead bodies which are constantly floating down, covered with vultures."

The mode of living among the higher and wealthier classes is altogether different. Their homes surpass in magnificence those of more civilized countries, being furnished almost entirely in gold and crystal, for nothing is too splendid or too luxurious for Oriental taste. The fact that there is a servant for each little household occupation gives rise, at times, to a rather curious confusion, particularly, when the duster has finished before the sweeper comes.

One of the graduates expressed a wish to hear something about the snakes, so our reverend friend described not only the reptiles but also the fierce man-eating tigers and other beasts, the thought of whose strength and ferocity made us render thanks to heaven for being placed where a great ocean separates us from these terrors of the wilderness. He also illustrated the way the little Hindoo boys have of killing a cobra, should they chance upon one, snugly curled up in their shoe or bed.

Very charming descriptions were also given of the dress of the different castes, by which one may immediately distinguish them, also of the the peculiar forms of worship existing among the Brahmins and Mohammedans, of the gods and temples erected to them, especially the war god, in whose temples there is a constant flow of blood, which formerly was from human sacrifices.

It was now our turn to entertain, which we did with music and song, after which our genial guest was kind enough to remark that he found it difficult to tear himself away, being bound by such *strong chords*, and with the anticipation of a visit in the near future, we said a reluctant *au revoir*.

WHAT could have made us so observant of the weather that for the past month a strict account of its variations might have been daily obtained from us? Well, just this. We had been promised a great treat, in the shape of an expedition to the Niagara Falls Paper Mill, which, through the courtesy of Hon. T. V. Welch and Mr. W. B. Rankine, we were permitted to visit. At last, "the next fine day" had dawned—for us the very brightest—and when the excitement attendant on such occasions had subsided, and even the laggard of the party was in her place, we started off.

Niagara was, indeed, divested of its wealth of winter treasures, but, in strange contrast with the surrounding bloom was a huge snow mound glistening in the sunshine, and which claimed our attention for a considerable time as we strolled through the park. Turn where we would, exquisite glimpses of rushing waters, rustic bridges, and tiny rivulets bursting gleefully in the sun, met our gaze, and the rainbow, stretched softly athwart the rising and descending mist, like a strip of Paradise, completed the picture which the Divine Artist has traced to gladden and beautify our lives.

The wonders of the mill have been recounted in our pages by a sister editor; suffice it to say, that memory will often revert to the kind courtesy of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for one of the most enjoyable events of our school life.

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ONE of our friends who has fallen victim to the bicycle craze, writes as follows: "The latest here is the bicycle fever. Everybody has it, and there seems to be no remedy for it. Uncle J. A. and myself have a touch of it. Having heard of a place down town where every one may take lessons and learn bicycle riding scientifically, I thought I could steal a march on the rest of the bicycle-craze-afflicted community, and to this place I went. I was put on a wheel, pushed along (being a good thing I deserved pushing), and all went well.

"The hall is quite a large room. On two sides

are chairs for visitors and riders in need of rest, on one side are the entrances, and on the other, the whole hall being a drill room for military purposes, are drawn up cannon of all sizes and shapes. After having been pushed along for a few moments, my attendant took it into his head that I was doing remarkably well, and without asking my consent gave me a solid push, and left me to my fate. I pedalled along as best I could, but when I came to the end of the hall, the thing would not turn, and I ran right straight into one of the cannon. On my next attempt, colliding with an iron pillar, I landed on my left side, and the third accident was a smash-up between myself and a lady rider, on which occasion I came in such sudden contact with the hard wood floor that I have not quite got over the effect yet. Since then I have tried it in the park by moonlight, and succeeded so well that I can ride alone for some distance."

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THE most charming season of the year, the one most favorable to spiritual meditation—our Lady's own sweet month—was chosen for our annual retreat; and as we wandered about Loretto's shady walks and gazed upon the works of our Creator, as displayed by the gorgeous beauty of Niagara, we felt that this of all spots on earth was the one best calculated to draw our souls to Him.

From the prayer-embalmed atmosphere of the three days especially devoted to piety we emerged on the glorious feast of Pentecost, and bade farewell to the hours of silence. All day long busy tongues scarcely rested for a moment, so much had they to tell of thoughts, and feelings, and resolutions. During the afternoon, Rev. Father Kreidt, who conducted the retreat, paid us a visit, to ascertain, perhaps, how deep the spiritual delights of the preceding days had sunk into our souls; and as evening approached preparations were made for the floral procession to our Lady's shrine. Robed in white the young ladies proceeded through the corridors (the new extension lending itself admirably to processional purposes) chanting the Litany of Loretto, and as the strains of the "Ave Maris Stella" and other beautiful



hymns, in our Lady's praise, rose from exquisitely blending voices, the deep diapason of that vast organ of nature, Niagara's mighty Cataract, seemed a glorious and fitting accompaniment. Upon a silken cushion was carried the handsome crown which the Children of Mary presented to their beloved Mother, whose flower-bedecked shrine was a vision of beauty, glowing with the bright-hued blossoms so carefully tended by our good Sister Sacristan. Surely, to these she must have whispered that they were destined to repose at Mary's feet, for never did flowerets appear brighter or send forth sweeter fragrance. The Act of Consecration being read, with a tender farewell to our Lady and faithful promises to remember her dear retreat, we retraced our steps.

The ceremony was outwardly as beautiful and touching as affection for the Mother of God could make it, and brought its own reward, for, as is usual in all devotions in our Lady's honor, it was succeeded by a sweet peace and joy and a hope that our dear Patroness had accepted the expression of the love and devotion felt for her by Loretto's children.

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WE gratefully acknowledge the gift of a valuable piece of gold-bearing quartz from Rainy Lake District, Seine River Gold Fields, presented by Mr. John J. MacIntire, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"The discovery of gold in Rainy Lake and surrounding regions is not a new one as one might think. It has been spoken of for years, and the Indians often brought nuggets of gold into the trading posts to barter for the necessaries of life. In September of 1893, Thomas Weigand, a Canadian explorer, who had listened to the tales of the Indians, started from Port Arthur to look over the Rainy Lake Region with a view of ascertaining the amount of truth there might be in the report that gold was to be found there. At this time work had been done on some mines on the Minnesota side of the lake, and which had already given promise of being the paying vein that it is. Proceeding up the Seine with Alexander Lockhart, a Canadian surveyor, Weigand was driven ashore on Seine Lake. After looking

around the woods for a time Weigand ascended the slope which lies back from the lake and climbed a tree to gain a vantage point from which to take a look at the country. As he came down his eyes caught a curious gleam of a rock where the glancing blow of an axe had swept away the moss. With thoughts of the tales which brought him there, he dropped on his hands and knees and examined the rock. It was gold; and gold in quantities beyond his wildest dreams. With a little more investigation, which developed three large veins or ledges of gold-bearing quartz, he became satisfied that his search was ended and returned home to report his discovery, and early the following spring prospectors came pouring into the region."

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WE cannot refrain from acknowledging our indebtedness to Very Rev. Dean Harris for his valuable addition to our library, in the late work from his gifted pen, "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895." Both from a literary and historical standpoint the work is rich in merits and will prove most interesting and entertaining to our young students who desire to note the progress of religion and civilization in this fair district, so far-famed for its great natural advantages and so fraught with historic interest. There is an irresistible charm in the legends and strange manner of living of the now almost extinct races of aborigines, which loses nothing by being viewed through the medium of the Dean's fervid imagination and graphic delineating powers, but as we advance in our sketch and mark the progress of that divine leaven, the Catholic Faith, we are edified by many a touching trait of filial piety amid untold hardships and trials.

The pen sketch of well-remembered veteran pioneers will endure this history to generations.

ALL true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand work, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, can be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever be the flood of utterance that is descending.

### English Cathedrals in General.

**P**ROGRESS is undoubtedly the spirit of the nineteenth century. A desire for rapid advancement, in every department of life, seems to have bewitched the world; and men, breathless from one gigantic stride, await impatiently the opportunity for another. It is not surprising, then, that eyes, dazzled by the brilliancy of the future into which they look so eagerly, see in the past little but a dense, dark background, that will the better offset the splendid deeds of the present. And yet there is in the past, in those ages that saw the first beginnings of our civilization, so much of human achievement that must forever excite a wondering admiration, so much indeed which we moderns cannot surpass, that we must finally admit there are some places where the sceptre of progress casts no shadow. In every branch of science and in facilities for broader knowledge, we are far ahead of the ages that were before us—doubtless, also, in those material things that make life more luxurious; but in art, which is the expression of the best in man, and which unites him most closely to the author of the beautiful, earlier centuries lead us, and humble, honest admiration better becomes us than a vain striving to excel. This is the feeling that comes involuntarily to us when we consider the architecture of the Middle Ages, whose rich legacy to the world is now its best adornment. In Italy, France, Germany and England, the architectural genius of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, built for itself a reputation, which must be as everlasting as the chiseled stones that are its foundation. The study of mediæval architecture is an interesting one in any country, and in the Cathedrals of England, we have the promise, it seems to me, of an introduction to places and persons, that will grow more and more delightful.

The establishment of the English Sees takes us to a very early chapter of England's history, for during the reign of one of the first Anglo-Saxon kings, Ethelbert, the light of Christianity shone forth, and brightly, too; not with an uncertain glimmer as when the native Britons held undisputed sway. The altars of the latter had indeed been overturned by the pagan Saxons at their coming, but towards the end of the sixth century,

Christianity won a second, more glorious victory in England, and St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, was appointed first Bishop of Canterbury. The history of the Cathedral dates, therefore, from the seventh century, and within a few years after its foundation—so rapid was the progress of the Faith—bishops were appointed by the Pope to nearly all the Sees whose names are now familiar; lands were given them by the generous kings and lords of the realms, and churches were built for them through the devotion of a people whose religion was their greatest treasure. Is it any wonder then, that the names of Canterbury, York, Winchester, and others, sound like echoes from a far-off past, and inspire a feeling of reverence that is mysterious and involuntary? The churches that are actually seen to-day have not, of course, been standing in their completeness since the seventh century, they have not watched the march of civilization, and the rise and fall of power for thirteen hundred years! In view of their splendid preservation, even the pride and ambition of human skill would gasp at such a possibility. It is sufficiently awe-inspiring to have the great Cathedrals that are there to-day, proclaim to you by their style and appearance that their builders were the Normans, and that the sons of William the Conqueror undoubtedly saw the foundations of some of them. Up to the time of the Norman Conquest, the state of England was scarcely such as to favor the building of great churches; on the contrary, the petty civil strifes, the frequent invasions of the Danes and their final subjugation of the country, made it the tendency of the ninth and tenth centuries rather to destroy than to construct. It is true that some attention was given to architecture during the reign of Canute, and when Edward the Confessor became king of the island, architecture received an impulse that might have been the real beginning of its history in England, instead of a sort of preface merely, had it not been for the universal destruction that was the first effect of the Conquest. Parts even of some of the churches that were built before the Norman invasion, either in the style known as Saxon, or in the Primitive Romanesque introduced from the continent by Edward, still exist in the Cathedrals of a later period, as at Ely, Durham and Win-



chester. But the centuries that immediately followed the Norman Conquest, were so remarkable for the number and magnificence of their buildings that the coming of William of Normandy is universally acknowledged as the beginning of England's architectural development.

It is strange to find William the Conqueror protector and promoter of the arts, for his very name suggests but one idea: a great, fierce being, seated on a prancing steed, ready to do battle with whomsoever he found in his way. Perhaps the Conquest of England satisfied his craving for the glories of war. At any rate, when he had ravaged and destroyed until little was left to remind him of the conquered race, the scene was speedily changed. Norman architects commended their work, and wonderfully soon towers and turrets shone against the sky that had been so lately lit by the fires of burning towns. From 1070 to 1090 five great Cathedrals were commenced, and the records show that many others followed in close succession. The fact that scarcely a single example of Saxon architecture survived the Conquest proves how passionate was the love of the Norman for everything that was essentially his own. Everywhere he burned or tore down the English churches, whether they were new and admirably built, as those of Edward's time undoubtedly were, or whether they were of earlier date. And this, solely for the purpose of immediately rebuilding, but on a larger scale, in accordance with the Norman love for what was vast, massive and imposing; and the style that everywhere prevailed was that development of Romanesque which is essentially Norman. The principles of this style were those of the classic Roman, having as a distinguishing feature the round arch; but the form which was originated and perfected in Normandy was a distinctively new one, not a corruption of the architecture of Rome, but as Freeman says: "A more perfect carrying out of ideas which classical Rome attempted only imperfectly." Freeman also gives Norman architecture this eulogium: "If not for actual beauty, yet for awful grandeur and sublimity, for the feeling of eternity wrought in stone, no work of man can surpass the minsters and castles which were reared in the new style (the Norman) which King Edward brought into Eng-

land." The work of building cathedrals, thus nobly begun in the eleventh century, continued all through the twelfth and thirteenth; but in that time architecture underwent many changes, some of minor importance, and of gradual development; and one great and decisive, exemplified in York and Salisbury when the pointed arch was universally adopted, and the Gothic style appeared and perfected itself almost immediately. Later than the Gothic, and as its natural result, came the Lancet-Pointed and the Perpendicular styles, and finally in the last of the old Cathedrals—St. Paul's of London, finished in 1710—there is an example of the Renaissance that is great not only as being English but as being of the world.

It is noticeable of English Cathedrals, and it is a clue to the manner of building them, that in each one there are represented many styles of architecture, not exactly distinct but different, so that the choir of one may be quite unlike its western portal, and the chapel of another bear no resemblance to its transept. The harmony of the whole is scarcely destroyed, but it is thus clearly evident that no church as it now stands was the work of a single architect, and that succeeding generations tore down and rebuilt, or added to, older buildings as they wished. From this fact each Cathedral has become interesting to architects not only as the expression of one phase of the art's development, but as a study of the growth of different styles of their co-relation, and of their influence over one another. In this process of criticism the buildings are taken apart and analyzed by historians and architects, until there seems to be nothing left but the original stones and mortar. Truly we may exult in that blissfulness of ignorance which is ours, and which presents each Cathedral to us, a "thing of beauty" set firmly on the picturesque banks of a river or among the great old trees of England, to be "a joy forever." To us, the beauty is so ideal and the effect so harmoniously enchanting, that we are bewitched and begin to wonder if the heavenly music of an Angel's lyre charmed the stones into position, and built a beautiful minster in the space of one short melody. But alas! the prosy practicality of the nineteenth century encourages no such fanciful dream, and bids us look to historical records for the names of those real creatures

of flesh and blood to whom we owe so great a debt of gratitude. The result is not so disenchanting, however, as might be feared; for though we find no Angel's name among the architects, we do find that Religion was the builder of them all, for even Hallam admits that "it was the favorite and most honorable employment of ecclesiastical wealth, to erect, to enlarge, to repair, to decorate cathedral and conventual churches."

Wherever a cloister is found in connection with the Cathedral, the history of the building is told so clearly in that fact, that it scarcely needs authentication from the records, for the Abbot of the Monastery, generally either Benedictine or Dominican, was almost invariably the architect of the church, and the Monks themselves carried out his plans, putting the stones one upon another, rearing the lofty arches, chiseling the ornamentation that is everywhere so lavish, and working through successive generations until the whole was completed. The Monks thus built themselves a monument, and left an epitaph in stone which is emphatically different from the one that has been given them in modern romance and by modern artists, and it is fortunate for them and for us, that the testimony of the stones is eternal. The architects of the Cathedrals that had no attendant Monks, and were served simply by the secular clergy were the Bishops themselves; and it is wonderful to find how universal the knowledge of architecture was, and how great the genius of those men who were appointed to the high places in ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and whose time must have been taken up by much besides the building of their churches. The actual work in these Cathedrals was done by paid workmen, masons who were everywhere banded together for carrying out the great enterprises of these building ages. Thus the brotherhood of the masons gradually grew in importance, until finally they were recognized as one of the great guides by the King, and also by the Pope. In fact, the name of *Free Masons*, which was generally applied to them, came from their exemption by a Papal bull from certain duties ordinarily incumbent upon common laborers. Some fanciful resemblances between the signs used for mutual recognition by the mediæval masons, and the symbols of the modern speculative Free Ma-

sons have led some people to establish a theory of historical connection between the two. But in reality there is none, as the conscientious historians of the Modern Masons freely admit. The Guild of the Middle Ages was simply one of many such, formed by workmen during those ages for union and self-protection.

Besides their architectural history, the English Cathedrals possess for us another interest, and perhaps a greater one, in the memories which cling to them of the immortal ones who lived within the shadow of their walls. As we visit each great Minster the past comes nearer and nearer, and the names of its great men sound so familiar in our ears that we almost fancy ourselves a part of the ages that are gone. For will not St. Cuthbert at Durham, St. Dunstan, and the great Thomas á Becket, at Canterbury, coax us easily from the present, and place us in actual contact with the men and events that made their times so stirring? I think so, and there is consolation in the hope that we shall thus escape the shadow that now falls on England's great Cathedrals, in the thought that they belong no more to the faith that built them! Nearly four centuries separate them from the time when blessed candles lit their interiors with a holy light, when incense rose before their consecrated altars, and nave and transept reverberated with the mighty music of the old Gregorian chant. Yet, though the ages seem to make the past irrevocable, they cannot rob us of the hope that one day it will live again and all England shall sing a triumphant *Te Deum*, in the grand old churches that are rightfully the trophies of that "victory which overcometh the world, our Faith."

CORINNE L. MAHON.

### "Papa Haydn."

HERR FRANCK, of Hamburg, and Herr Reuter, Capellmeister at Vienna, were music masters of note in the year 1740, and it happened one day that Herr Reuter was the guest of Herr Franck, and over their good dinner they, of course, talked of music and musicians. "I have a prodigy, a wonder in my house," exclaimed Herr Franck at last. "A little boy of eight that can sing—well—well, you shall hear him," and he sent for the slender, dark-complexioned, dark-haired little Francis Joseph Haydn,



who entered the room shyly and stationed himself at a safe distance from the two grand old gentlemen, waiting with head bowed down till Herr Franck bade him sing, when up went his little chin, and a marvellous soprano voice filled the room with an irresistible burst of melody. "He shall come to my choir. He's just what I want," cried Herr Reuter, springing to his feet in delight, and the next day away went Francis Joseph to Vienna and the great cathedral of St. Stephen.

Born in 1732, the little fellow when quite young used to add his piping voice to the duetto which his father and mother were accustomed to sing on Sunday afternoons. The father appreciated his child's wonderful gifts, and when he was only six years old he confided him to the care of his cousin, Herr Franck, who promised to teach him Latin and music.

Herr Reuter proved a selfish and exacting master. Little Haydn longed to compose, and saw he could do nothing without a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint. Reuter refused to teach him, and compelled him to give all his time to choir practice. Despairing of finding a teacher, he hoarded his miserable pittance of pay and managed to buy a second-hand copy of a work on counterpoint by Fux, written in Latin. Haydn had not much knowledge of that tongue, but he toiled hard, lying in bed to keep warm on cold days, and at last mastered it. About that time Porpora, the great Italian master and singer, came to Vienna in the suite of the Venetian embassy, and from him Haydn got some sound advice, and a knowledge of the Italian method of singing.

He practised from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. Now it was his violin, now the organ, now his voice, now the harpsichord, for his genius followed the narrow path of hard work, the only one which leads to success. It would seem that youth must have a little fun, even if one is a genius, so one day for sport he cut off the tail of the wig of one of the singers in the choir. Reuter flew into a violent rage and expelled him not only from the choir but from his house. It was a bitter winter night, and after wandering about for some time, the lad took refuge with the one person who had encouraged him, a wig-maker, named Keller. Here he studied and composed, and at twenty he published six instrumental trios

which attracted general attention. He also became a member of a society of young men who strolled about the streets on moonlight nights, giving serenades, and one evening they stationed themselves under the window of Herr Kurtz, the leader of the opera. The composition to be played was Haydn's, and the violin of the young genius began it with a delicious solo. Suddenly the window was flung up, and the head of old Kurtz was thrust out.

"Who's playing!" he cried.

"Joseph Haydn."

"Who wrote the music?"

"Joseph Haydn."

In a moment Kurtz was at the door, and Haydn was compelled to follow him up stairs to a large room, bright with candles, where was a harpsichord, heaped with music.

"Now then," said Kurtz, "you must compose some music for a libretto I have written."

It was a trying moment, but Haydn seated himself before the instrument and made the attempt. Finally he struck something that seemed perfect. Kurtz arranged with him for the music, and promised him one hundred and thirty florins for it. From this day Haydn prospered. In 1758 he entered the service of Count Morzin, as leader of his orchestra, the next year he wrote his first symphony, and the year after, he became Capellmeister to old Prince Esterhazy. His duty was a curious one. Every morning he was to have a new piece of music ready to lay on his patron's table. The Prince died the following year; but Haydn continued for thirty years in the service of his son, Nicholas. This was the happiest period of his life, and was marred only by his marriage with Anna Keller, the wigmaker's daughter, from whom he, at last, separated. About two months of every year were spent in Vienna, and the remainder of the time at the Prince's Hungarian estate. Haydn produced an enormous list of pieces during this period, and many of them are of great beauty. They were of all sorts, and numbered symphonies, quartettes, trios, operas, masses, sonatas, and compositions for the barytone, Prince Esterhazy's favorite instrument.

Little or nothing is known of the history of his unique composition, the "Toy Symphony"; in fact, only fragmentary accounts of the tiny work

have ever appeared. To one, however, who has read the life of the great symphonist, and appreciates his character, there will be little need of a history. Haydn loved children, and to please them was perfectly in accordance with his gentle and childlike disposition. Mayhap he composed the piece to show what it was possible to do with toys, for he was a daring innovator, and, at times, actually drove some of the Viennese old fogies half out of their mind by his introduction into the then limited orchestra of new instruments. It is said, I believe, that he was the first who wrote a piece for eighteen different instruments. Probably, the Prince, his patron, pined for novelty, and the court musician took this means of gratifying the Royal desire. Or, it is possible that the "little Moor," as Prince Esterhazy dubbed him, dimly recalled the days of his childhood, when, in the seclusion of his home, he used to accompany the simple melodies of his mother with pieces of wood in his hands, one for a violin, and the other for a bow. Those days Haydn never forgot, and often in after life the musician, covered with glory, delighted to recall the family trios of which he was a member, in the bright hours of his youth. On the title page we learn that the children's symphony was written at Berchtolds-gaden, a small Bavarian town situated near Salzburg—Mozart's home—in a part of Germany where people make many toys and musical instruments for children. It requires no great stretch of imagination to see the good-natured composer in attendance at some neighboring fair, trudging about with a basket, collecting such playthings as would be of use in his symphony, or to picture him going from shop to shop examining the little toys, and selecting those available for his purpose. Having secured his mimic orchestra and studied the compass and character of the instruments he had bought, Haydn sat down and composed an amusing symphony. One peculiar feature of the composition is the absence of a slow movement; Papa Haydn knew well that the little performers for whom he wrote would be too restless for an *adagio*, and therefore omitted it.

Unconscious of the European reputation he had acquired, he was astonished when, after the Prince's death, Soloman of London appeared in

his parlor, and declared he must return with him to England.

"Oh, Papa Haydn!" cried the youthful Mozart (it was Mozart who gave him the title of "Papa Haydn"), you have no education for the wide, wide world, and you speak too few languages." "My language is understood the world over," replied the Papa; and so at sixty years of age he went to London, where he dined with William Pitt, had his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was introduced to the great Herschel, whom he was delighted to find an old oboe player.

In 1795 he began, and in 1798 finished his Oratorio of the "Creation," which is commonly called his greatest work. With its performance, nine years later, is associated one of the last scenes of his life. Vienna, wishing to pay the great composer a tribute of respect, had the Oratorio given with all possible effect. An old man and quite feeble, Haydn had to be carried to the theatre, where he sat beside his friend, Princess Esterhazy. When the part came containing the words, "And there was Light," Haydn rose, and pointing heavenward, said alone, "It comes from there!"

After that evening he never left his house. The political situation of his country had taken deep hold upon his sympathies. Napoleon, when he bombarded Vienna, caused a guard of honor to be placed about the great composer's house, but this was little solace to his patriotic heart. He had sunk into a stupor, from which it was supposed he would never waken, and the French shells were bursting not far away, when he suddenly rose from his couch, and reached the harpsichord. Then in a voice that still retained the sweetness that had charmed the worshippers at St. Stephen's, he sang the national hymn. His hands fell on the keys, he was carried to his bed, and to his death, which occurred in 1809, in his 78th year.

As a composer for the orchestra, he made some profound advances, and in the symphony and string quartette his originality was so great and his numerous compositions in these fields were so superior in style that they became the models for succeeding composers, and gained for him the name of "the father of instrumental music." In



Piano-forte music his influence was scarcely less marked, for taking the Sonata as Emanuel Bach had left it, he enlarged all its movements, and developed the sonata form, that is, a clear and definite order of periods and period groups, which made it strictly and in the fullest sense classical. For the piano-forte student, the Sonata in E flat, the minuet in C, and the lovely song, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," are, perhaps, the most interesting.

Haydn was sincerely pious. He would write "In the name of the Lord," at the top of his compositions, and at their close, "To the praise of God." And when his invention failed, he would tell his rosary and say his prayers. He never grew too old to learn, for in the "Creation" he shows that he felt and understood the power of Mozart. "He was of too happy a temperament to have touched the deep-toned harps of Händel, Glück, Mozart, and Beethoven. For more than half a century music flowed from his pen in a continuous stream, always new, always attractive, always cheerful, always beautiful, often grand, sometimes reaching the sublime, but never betraying any touches of really tragic sorrow or grief. He was the musical apostle of the beautiful and the happy." LOUISA (LULU) KEENAN.



### The Sensuous in Art.

SINCE we have begun the subject of the "Religious in Art," a thought should be given the "Sensuous in Art." This is the point where art is misunderstood, and it is this misunderstanding that has caused it to become, time after time, an outcast from association with the great source of its birth. But it mattered little how often it became divorced from religious worship, it speedily reunited with its ancient soul mate.

Because art is sensuous some claim it is closely allied to the sensual, and that of all its expressions music has the strongest tendency in this direction. First, I agree that art is sensuous, but must contend, it may never be sensual. Man is a sensuous being, but when he becomes sensual he descends to the animal and is no longer worthy the title of man. Man, the spirit, is never sensual, and it is this spirit that gives forth art. Has God endowed us with powers or senses of powers that are

not worthy of man? God could not give us what He had not in Himself, and we look upon Him as all goodness. Can one phase of art be more sensual than another when all are striving to speak the same truth and interpret the being of man? Let us look more closely and see whether it is art or man that contains the elements of sensuality.

Sound, color, form, poetry, have no power to affect man until he has developed a mind to become conscious of them. There is no sound or color, in reality, it is the ear and the eye that vibrate in response to the vibrations that approach them from without, and the ear and eye would be unable to perceive art were it not for the wonderful mind, the spirit of man, behind, that interprets it. The primitive man conceives but of little beyond the rhythm and strange intervals which make up his compositions. Brilliant colors and bright glasses are all that his eye is pleased with. There is a story of a Chinaman attending one of our symphonic concerts. The orchestra enters and goes through the usual prelusive tuning, then there is a pause, followed by the first work on the programme. At the close of this number a friend asked him how he enjoyed the concert. He replied: "Me no like dissa piece, first piecea more lika."

To those who have no eyes to see or ears to hear there is no low or high art. The pigs see not the stars, still these luminaries shine eternally for us.

"The swine see not the stars, these things  
that crawl  
See not the truth of those that walk erect."

Art is in man, not outside of him. Nothing can appeal to man except through his senses, and then it means to him just what he recognizes in it. Therefore, O man, art thou responsible for what thou hearest, for what thou seest in thy neighbor's work. Art is, indeed, sensuous, but it is also the highest portion of our being speaking. It is only through the senses that we may communicate one with another, and one sense will understand what another can not. Where words fail tone may suggest. I care not what may have been said, it is the highest and divinest portion of man, alone, that strives to explain itself in art, the low and base is never art. You have seen a sweet

smile light the face of a pure and virtuous woman and known it was the soul speaking, then have you not also seen the cunning woman of the world, with a deceptive mind playing for the world's favors and the world's esteem, use that smile to mask her own true features; recall again the man of honor, full of love and magnanimity, his soul beaming through his face, and then the wily schemer, working by strategy to undermine the success of his friend, and see his affected greeting, the quickly proffered hand, the nimble tongue and smiling courtesy, see him try to assume the atmosphere of the former, and thus mask his own meanness. One is art, the other is artifice. Thus there are those who take the form and features of true art and apply them to a low use, in this way debasing a beautiful symbol.

Let us take another beautiful analogy, for this universe and its varied contents are linked together by a strange law that makes the analysis of one thing apply to all. Let us look at woman and her love. What have we as the highest type of womanhood? Among the ancient Egyptians woman had her prototype in the virgin Isis, who was called the Celestial Woman. The Jews, in their Cabala, teach of the "Superior Mother," the "Queen of Heaven," the type after which the "bride of earth" strives. Go where you will, examine the mythology of any nation, and you will find that the need of a supreme woman in heaven was felt. The idea of the Virgin and the perfection of womanhood has been everywhere realized, and has everywhere received a name or title. In the Church we have the "Glorified Motherhood of Mary," the prototype of every perfect woman. Woman, on earth, bears an analogy to Mary in heaven. Have we on earth women like to Mary? Have we men like to Christ? Woman has always been held the masterpiece of all art, and though the gods often fell, nowhere in mythology do we find a goddess exalted that is not chaste and pure. But woman, who is only an unevolved goddess, has not yet the strength and grace to rise in all her height and often falls far beneath her proper plane. But (here lies my point), is woman any the less a divine creation as a whole because some debase themselves and allow the worldly and human nature to draw them down? No! Indeed, no!

Woman has always been and will continue to be the ideal type on earth of virtue, patience, goodness and beauty, and the fall of a few will not, cannot despoil the principle for which she stands.

"The sum of all beauty lies  
In the glow of a pure woman's love,  
And the love of such women on earth  
Is a blessing from Mary above."

Now to return to art. It, also, is but a form filled with the spirit of man. And the purity, nobleness and revelation of the work must depend upon two men, not upon art, these two are he who creates and he who beholds, for as it is true that a thoroughly bad man cannot create an elevating work of art, it is equally true that an absolutely bad man can not see beauty and truth in a production of a great mind. To me it is a proof that all men contain some grain of good within for they all feel some delight in art. To be convinced of this one has only to go into an Art Museum on a Sunday and see the class of people who apparently are moved by the sculpture and painting. It is a necessity of art to shake itself clear of the world's dust before it may speak. Emerson says: "all the weary miles and tons of space and bulk left out, and the spirit and moral of it concentrated into a musical word or the most cunning stroke of a pencil."

When we speak of a thing being sensuous, we immediately think of the low side of the senses. If we stop to think we will see that there is no other way for us to learn of God except through the senses. You will say here we have both low and high senses. Have we? Seeing and hearing are not low, the lowest sense of all is touch, and that may suggest the highest of things. Recall the blessing of the disciples who laid their hands upon the afflicted and raised them into health and holiness. We learn of the divinest truths through senses external speaking to those internal, but it is through their exalted side. Would we might learn of art thus wise!

Have we not felt at times the great birth of joy within, as some divine semblance without touches the divinity of our inner self? Thus should we receive art to ourselves.

"The eternal good is in man,  
The semblance, the form is without.  
Art is the being of man



Everywhere searching about  
For color and form and tone."

Now, as to this sensuous prominence of art leading into the sensual, there are many nations of ancient times, whose names we may easily recall, where religion had deteriorated into a sensual degradation. The Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans have left us accounts of the debauchery of their sacred feasts.

But does this make religion a dangerous thing to mix with? Does this prove it must lead to sensualism? Take the symbol of the serpent and read it as some wise men of long ago would. It is the only animal that makes a circle, and the nearer we approach the head, the nearer do we come to the tail where, in certain species, the sting is posited. In life we have the same truth. The nearer we draw to the highest and noblest, the easier it is to fall back, and the more difficult it is to learn to reign. Religion and art, the two highest expressions of God, on earth, are also the first to show the descent of man for they are ever a mirror of the times. Greece grew vain, sought for pleasure, no longer used the senses as the organs which brought pleasure to the intellect, but sense sought to gratify and please sense. Religion went down and lost its purity, art grew sensual in the extreme. Greece fell. Some claim that art has been the cause of many a nation's decadence by leading it out in lines of pleasure and beauty. This was never true. Art never caused the ruin of any state, but has graced the downfall of many. Art was the last to die, and was the tender nourisher and preserver of her symbols until man should again help them both to rise. The elements of religion dwell in the emotions. Faith, Hope and Charity are tenants of the inner chamber. We have too much pure intellect. Some one has said that glass is the echo of light, perhaps we forget that the intellect is but the reflection of the world's knowledge. We need to strengthen our emotions, not still them. It is disastrous for the intellect to exist without the Love that makes the divine Love wisdom.

Music acting directly upon the nerves, without first applying to the intellect as a transmitter, may be, in many cases, more of an excitant to the senses than color or poetry. But there is another side to this argument. Music, of all the express-

ions of art, has no power to portray definite ideas or thoughts, it is purely suggestive, and it is man's mind that interprets it to mean this or that. Sing as it will, music can never debase itself, it is the purest of all arts and the only one that uses no earthly form to explain its meaning. It is a language understood the world over, and by all manner of people. If music ever spoke to us in a sensual strain, it was we that listened to the siren's singing and luring us on to our own destruction, and not the sweet concord of sound itself, for music is ever the echo of celestial choruses of angel voices. The masters of art have always dwelt upon the heights and drawn the world up to them, they never degraded the divine language of art by bringing it down to the secular world. We who teach should strive to raise man to the ideals of his nature, and not seek to bring the ideals down to earth. Art is the "mount of transfiguration," where the human and earthly symbol resolves itself into the spiritual essence of its being. Here is where the artist reads the beauty of the world and beholds the meaning of what is here below. There is no power in the secular and novel side of life, the lower side of life that drifts without purpose is not true life, the low side of art, carrying symbols of divine origin into the mire of sensuality, is not true art. The true and real always exalt, if held up to man.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

#### On Cæsar's Bust.

FRONT to hurl defiance unto Jove,  
Albeit the blazing lightning in his hand,  
The Cloud compeller held to burn and brand  
The brow of him who soared as far above  
The common crowd as eagles o'er the dove!  
An iron eye to conquer and command,  
An eye to strike a wild barbaric band  
With terror ere they felt his steely glove!

And what a face! entrenched with lines and scars,  
Grim as the god of storms and battles loud,  
The mask of majesty that tells of wars,  
And thoughts that burned like lightning in the  
cloud;  
And soul so haughty that above the crowd  
'Twould soar and sit among the silent stars.

—J. JOHNSTONE.

### Friendship.

**F**RIENDSHIP is the most perfect of all human affections because it is the most unfettered, the purest, and the deepest." The founder of this affection, so essential to the human heart, being none other than Christ Himself—for it is of Christian friendship that we speak—it could not be otherwise than divine, perfect, the source of all law, both human and divine, for divine law is one of love alone, as human law was intended to be. There is scarcely a human heart which, in some way or measure, has not felt this God-given emotion. Parent and child have a natural love for each other, which deepens or diminishes as future circumstances or the dispositions of both determine. The love of husband and wife is deepest of all, but lasting according to what prompted it, for if passion alone is its mainspring, it is found to be but a dream. The love which belongs to nature and the senses is not what is known as real friendship—that exists in the soul, of which alone it is an attribute. Lacordaire says: "When once two souls have met, all else vanishes: faint image of the day when, seeing God, the very universe will be to us but as a forgotten scene."

Friendship has its origin in some subtle instinct which perceives the similarity of soul of one being to another, sometimes reflected in the ever varying expression of the face. As this likeness is greater or less, so are the depth and strength of the friendship, which, to be perfect, must be undying. Friendship belongs more to the heart than to the intellect, and it may exist between persons whose tastes and faculties are widely different. Often it is a growth the cause of which is not explicable, at other times the attachment may be sudden, but a sudden friendship, particularly in young persons, is likely to go down in the storms of life, leaving not a trace behind. Happily there is a friendship that grows stronger with age and is fortified by obstacles. Real, true friends cling closer to each other in time of trouble. They value one another for something which the possession of riches cannot add to, nor the loss of them destroy. After all, great as is the value of property, alluring as is the love of fame, it is true and tried friendship that constitutes our chief and enduring happiness on

earth. The rainbow loses more than half of its beauty to the eye that sees it alone, as music does of its sweetness to the ear that listens in solitude. The love of social intercourse is an emotion deeply implanted in the human heart, and an interchange of thoughts, feelings and opinions, upon subjects mutually interesting to us and our friends, must necessarily prove a source of high intellectual enjoyment and an important factor in the formation of character.

Many a beautiful instance of this is recorded in literature, and the poets, true to the noblest instincts of our nature, have crowned it with their praise.

There is a feeling of devotion akin to friendship that is even nobler still. Sir Walter Scott, whose noble nature could appreciate what was truly great in all sorts and conditions of men, gives two fine instances of it. One is in "Ivanhoe," where Gurth Cedric's jester offers his master the means of escape from prison at the risk of his own life, and the other is in "Waverly," where the poor Highlander, Evan MacIvor, who, with his chieftain Fergus, is about to be condemned to death, addresses the Judge as follows:—

"I was only ganging to say, my Lord, that if your excellent Honour and the honourable Court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France and no to trouble King George's Government again, that on'y six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi'me the very first man." A sort of laugh ran through the court at this proposal, upon which Evan, looking sternly, said:

"If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life or the life of six of my degree is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Highlandman nor the honour of a gentleman."

What comfort in the thought, that though, according to the stern decree of Fate, friends must be separated as they journey on—because so many roads diverge from the main one, that it necessitates a separation—there is still left that



communion of soul which time or distance can not touch.

“As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and  
hearkens.

“So walking here, in twilight, O my friends!  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assist-  
ance.

In perfect friendship we desire only the beloved one's greatest good, which, of course, is his eternal salvation, and what sacrifice are we not prepared to make in order to accomplish this end, beside which, life and death weigh as nothing in the balance.

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

### Our May Festival.

SPRING came again with its buds and blossoms, green leaves and sunny morns, and with it the music of our May concert. We were all gay with anticipation, and busy practising, when at last, in the course of time, the eventful day for our literary, musical and dramatic festival, arrived. The large hall of our Academy, beautiful in its floral decorations, all bursting forth, blooming and lending their scented charms to the air, contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the numerous guests who honored the occasion with their presence.

The brilliant “Charge of the Cavalry” opened the entertainment, and if we may judge by a good beginning, it was no wonder that other numbers were so excellent. Miss Hogan, B. Ward, M. Bampfield, C. Bampfield, M. Smyth, J. Mackay, and L. Barrett were the performers. Scarcely had the echo of horses' hoofs and tramping soldiery died away when the exquisite strains of Schubert's famous quartette, “The Lord is my Shepherd,” attracted attention. It was sung by Miss Mackay and A. Moran (sopranos), Miss Barrett (second soprano), Miss Braughal (first alto), Miss Crowley (second alto). During the hush that usually follows a sacred song, a shadowy white-robed band glided to the “Grave by the Sorrowful Sea,” and, in the mute, pathetic eloquence of the pantomime, related its touching

story. Miss Huntington was the elocutionist, assisted by the senior elocution class. Afterwards, the beautiful arrangement, in duet form, of the Irish Melody, “Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye,” as sung by Miss Mackay and T. Crowley, was very effective. Miss Halliday's 'cello solo was a lovely contrast. “Cujus Animam,” arranged by Liszt from Rossini's Oratorio, “Stabat Mater,” was faultlessly rendered by Miss Keenan, C. Bampfield, J. Mackay, and L. Barrett. Then, out tripped the little ones to recite their “Summer Idyll,” which they did excellently, being in perfect sympathy with the sweet type of childhood that drove home the sheep that had been neglected by the shepherd, sleeping under the haystack. Everybody was sorry to see the bright little tots disappear, but the next number was going to indemnify them. Our violinists and mandolinists, of late fame, were there, as well as performers on pianos, 'cello and flute. The overture, “Des Marionettes” began and took the audience by storm. But, hark! the silver chiming of “St. Hilda's Bells!” and the daintily attired maidens of the junior elocution class, after mourning the “missing songsters borne away beyond the sea,” rejoice that at the wish of “good St. Hilda, Saxon Whitby's patron Saint, Old Ocean bore on his crest the ravished songsters and stranded them on Whitby's shore.”

“Sweet belief and quaint old legend  
Wafting long-forgotten lore,  
From the pleasant vale of Whitby,  
By the German Ocean shore.”

The “Bird Song,” with soprano obligato, by Miss Talty, was most harmonious, and when the whole class burst into the chorus “Light as Air” from “Faust”, the effect was electrifying, indeed. The next number was one of the most pleasing on the programme, a piano solo, a sparkling composition intelligently and brilliantly rendered by Miss Mackay. Here come the “Busy, Buzzing Bees,” redolent of clover and teaching us some good lessons on industry. What poetry in the hum of these honey-laden wanderers, and how they bring back the memory of days when our hearts were alive to the happiness of childhood, when our hopes were in the blossoms of the orchard, our untiring rambles in the meadows, and our delight in the sunshine!

Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," played on four pianos by Miss Talty, L. Keenan, E. Rauber, C. Bampfield, T. Crowley, P. Taylor, L. Barrett and J. Mackay, broke upon the ear with magnificent effect. The "Hungarian Dance," by Miss Lanigan, was a violin solo which gained well merited applause, and was followed by the celebrated "Ode to St. Cecilia," with Miss Mackay as soloist. Her clear soprano voice soared above the chorus, quite at home in realms attained by few amateurs.

The heroic faith of the young Roman maiden has sung its own undying song through centuries, and the touching story of her martyrdom has been a rich storehouse from which music has freely drawn to enrich itself, but while the softly flowing waves of song flooded the spacious hall we were fain to confess that Châteaubriand was right when he said that the highest music is the child of prayer and the companion of religion.

His Grace the Archbishop made a most happy speech. He complimented the young ladies on their beautiful entertainment—talent, grace, simplicity, modesty in garb and mien. He told them to be grateful for the rare advantages afforded them by pursuing their studies in the most healthful spot on the earth—a fact to which their bright, happy faces bore testimony. He had ascertained from attendant physicians that not one case of illness could be reported, la Grippe was not even on the list of visitors to the Academy. He congratulated the parents on having the Ladies of Loretto as teachers for their children, and ended by exhorting the young ladies to maintain the high standard of manners and morals which they had attained, at home and before the world.

LORETTO BARRETT.

Woman.

DIPPED in the instincts of heaven,  
 Robed in the garments of earth,  
 Maiden and Mother and Queen,  
 Wearing each crown at thy birth.

Threefold thy gift to the world,  
 Pluck'd from God's ripening sky,  
 Tending the altar of life,  
 Kindred to angels on high.

T. O'HAGAN.

Wives of Great Men.

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warm, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of an angel light."



It is owing to the fact of having such a woman as the poet describes for companion and guide that many men may, and do attribute their brilliant success in life. Wives that are earnest workers in the home, ready at any moment to give their services or the benefit of their clear judgment, in case of need, that by a silent, magic influence shed light on those around them, are pre-eminently the strong tower to the family—the "power behind the throne" that governs nations with a firm, yet gentle sway. If their intellectual influence is great, their moral influence is greater, for, as a French writer so truly remarks, "Perhaps the physical charm of a woman is limited, whereas the moral charm of a woman of mediocre beauty is infinite."

What cannot such women accomplish? There is no suffering or misery they cannot relieve, for they only can feel the depths of pain, and apply its healing balm. They are the Christian advocates of woman's rights, and if the epoch of the renaissance of woman is approaching, let us hope that it is for an empire of such noble workers. Their personalities, though hidden, are none the less interesting, and a peep into their daily lives will convince us of their true worth.

Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter my own roof!" Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of every-



body, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but by sagacity. No person of so few years can know the world better, no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge. She has a true generosity of temper, the most extravagant can not be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on the subject. It is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed forever, and the first hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the lapse of years. As she never disgraces her good-nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praise, for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition and the evenness of her virtue."

Lord Beaconsfield described his wife as "the severest of critics, but a perfect wife." She was the widow of his friend, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and twenty years his senior. The great affection which Disraeli entertained for his wife, whom he always considered as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She traveled with him on almost all occasions. At a dinner party a friend of his had no better taste than to expostulate with him for always taking the viscountess with him. "I can not understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said: "I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

In 1872, Disraeli made a great speech in Manchester. In a box at the end of the hall, opposite the platform, sat several ladies, conspicuous among them being Lady Beaconsfield. We are

told by one who was on the platform that "next in interest to the great speech of the evening were the sympathetic face of the orator's wife and the way in which, from time to time, the orator lifted his head, as if to ask for her approval. When all was over, Mr. Disraeli waited in the retiring room for a short time, and was then driven rapidly to the house of his host, in Victoria Park. There Lady Beaconsfield was awaiting him, and no sooner were the carriage wheels heard on the gravel than she hurried from the drawing-room to the hall, to meet her husband, rapturously exclaiming, "Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy! this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!"

A perfectly authentic story is told, which relates secondarily to Mrs. Gladstone, and primarily to Lady Beaconsfield. A gentleman went to Hughenden to see Mr. Disraeli, during his first premiership, on important business. He was received by Mrs. Disraeli, who heard his errand, and then told him that she could not venture, on any account, to allow him to disturb her. "lord and master," who was very much engaged. "But," said the great man's wife, with a kindly smile, "since you are here, Mr. N., pray stop and look round the grounds with me, and then have luncheon before going back to town." Stout Radical though Mr. N. might be, he was naturally charmed with the invitation, all the more so as he was convinced that his persuasive eloquence would induce Mrs. Disraeli eventually to relent, and that he would, in consequence, be permitted to see the Premier. So he accompanied the old lady through the many leafy walks of Hughenden, and then went back to the house to luncheon, certain of finding the good man at the table. Alas! covers were laid for two only, and Mr. N. found himself seated opposite to his pleasant hostess. Towards the close of the meal he ventured, after giving many hints, to make a direct assault. "Pray, Mrs. Disraeli, let me see your husband for five minutes before I leave." "Now, now, Mr. N.," was the reply, "I thought you had given up all idea of that when I told you Mr. Disraeli could not be seen. By the way, have you observed how ill and careworn Mr. Gladstone is looking just now?" Mr. N. confessed that he had noticed that the Liberal leader did not seem to be very well just then. "Ah, you see, Mr. N.,

the reason is that Mrs. Gladstone always lets people see her husband when they want to do so." And with this parting shot the future Lady Beaconsfield smilingly dismissed her visitor.

Apropos of Mrs. Gladstone, all the world knows how she has contributed to her husband's success. It is no secret that although one of the most estimable and industrious of women, and taking an honest pride in the labors of this celebrated man, she neither shines in the small arts of the society-leader nor aspire to do so.

The daughter of a Welsh baronet, Sir Stephen Glynne, of Hawarden, to whose estates she became heiress on the death of her brother, wife of the British Premier (a position which she held four times), sister-in-law to Lord Lyttleton, and related to Lord Chesham, Lord Penryn, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, and other aristocratic families—a lady, according to the English meaning of the word, who shows in bearing and behavior a consciousness of her station that is not in the least offensive, who has been accustomed all her life to the highest society, she is not only simple, but absolutely plain, having many of the peculiarities that an American woman of recent fashion would consider indicative of inferior rank, still, no one familiar with the great world, in any country, could ever mistake her for a parvenue.

These little peculiarities were laughed at and talked of, but they detracted not one iota from the respect which Mrs. Gladstone's sterling qualities have always extorted from those who knew her. Devotion to her great husband has been the marked feature of her life. He was not a great man at the time of their marriage; the son of a manufacturer, although a young man of extraordinary promise, he was scarcely the social equal of the baronet's daughter, the cousin of dukes and the woman of ancient origin. Her fortune and her family have been of decided service to the statesman, who has no faculty of making or saving money, who, in fact, at one time, was so driven as to be obliged to sell his collection of porcelain, of which he was very proud, for he is a virtuoso.

Later on he had for his secretary the son of a duke, who had married Mrs. Gladstone's niece, and her brother-in-law, Lord Lyttleton, a brilliant

scholar as well as statesman, for his intimate friend.

The close attendance of the now white-haired lady upon her octogenarian husband has become almost an historical fact, of later years. We need not recount how she has followed him in all his political tours; how she has been present at his speeches in Parliament and at the hustings, has muffled his throat in the train or the open carriage. The tender care she has bestowed on the partner of her old age has aroused the interest and the affectionate admiration of the two continents. But this is not of recent date. It was as constant, if not as conspicuous, years ago. A guest at a dinner at Lord Halifax's in 1871, relates that all through the dinner Mrs. Gladstone could talk of nothing but her husband. "She watched his talk and his looks, his plate and his glass; she told us of his labors and his successes, his peculiarities, his studies and his trials; and I conceived not only a higher admiration for the statesman who could evoke such warmth of devotion in an elderly woman, but a sincere and touching respect for the lady who preserved in her exalted life, the homely simplicity of a wife, and in advancing years, the beautiful freshness of her youthful feeling." No marvel that the "Grand Old Man" should have declined to speak about the "New Woman"—"I am too old a man to give an opinion of the 'New Woman.' All I know is that fifty-six years ago I met my ideal woman, and I have not since changed my mind."

Mrs. Gladstone's admirable qualities as woman may be inferred from the character of her children, all of whom are well trained and highly educated, of agreeable, unaffected manners and quiet bearing, all fit to be children of their illustrious father; while the steadfast devotion, the touching tenderness, the anxious care, the beautiful pride and interest which she constantly manifests in her husband's career and success, make Mrs. Gladstone a worthy consort for the greatest of living Englishmen.

The poetic tribute of Lowell to the wife of his youth contains all that can be said of woman's first and most sacred duty—that of being the centre and elevation of the home:

" Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair,



No simplest duty is forgot;  
Life hath no dim or lonely spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

“She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone or despise,  
For naught that sets one’s heart at ease  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes.”  
TERESA CROWLEY.

### Our Visit to the Niagara Falls Paper Mill.

**W**ILD, wilful Niagara, so destructive in its course, washing away and carrying everything with it as it hastens onward, has at length been partially checked, and earth’s greatest natural water power is in the toils. The most stupendous modern achievement in hydraulic engineering has been completed, and the herculean task of harnessing the historic, rushing waters of the Niagara River and of transmitting their almost incomputable power, through the generation of electricity, to mills and machinery, has been accomplished; thus utilizing it to the honor of human genius as well as to the glory of God.

The Niagara River is a short stream twenty-two miles long, flowing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario; but its head waters are in the mineral belts and pine lands of the far northwest, and its waters are the outflow of 241,235 square miles of water-shed, a territory double the area of Great Britain and Ireland. Niagara receives water from the natural storage reservoirs of Lake Superior with 31,350 square miles, Lake Michigan with 22,450 square miles, Lake Huron and Georgian Bay with 23,825 square miles, and Lake Erie with 9,995 square miles—a total of 87,620 square miles of reservoir area.

The flow of the Niagara River at the Falls equals 12,785,455 cubic feet total flow per minute, or about 213,000 cubic feet per second, and although 120,000 horse power is developed, only four-tenths of one per cent. of the volume of passing water is drawn from the great stream, or in other words, the change of the condition of the Falls by the diversion of this microscopic volume of water does not differ materially from that produced by an ordinary change of wind from north-

east to southeast, or *vice versa*, by its pressure of water into or back from Niagara River at its lake inlet.

The utilizing of the mighty forces of the Niagara Cataract for business purposes was mooted as far back as 1847. In 1866 Mr. Evershed called attention to his plan for subjecting to industrial uses some part of the enormous power of the Falls. His proposition led to investigation, and new plans, prepared and adopted three years later, embodied his idea of a long tunnel. The magnitude of the undertaking was one of its greatest and most interesting features, and from the beginning of the work of constructing the great tunnel until the very moment of the turning of the first powerful turbine, the eyes of the world were directed Niagara-ward, watching an experiment in electrical engineering, in which the cleverest and brightest men had been consulted and employed.

It was no simple matter to plan and carry out the work of boring a hole twenty feet in diameter, and more than a mile and a quarter through solid rock, two hundred feet beneath the foundations of a bustling city. The means of utilizing water power are well understood by engineers, but in the magnitude of the quantities involved and the units of power to be used this was an unprecedented task, therefore, the services of such men as Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), Professor Unwin, of London, England; Colonel Theodore Turretini, Geneva, Switzerland; and Mr. Clemens Herschel, undoubtedly the world’s three most eminent specialists in hydraulics and turbine wheels; Professor E. Mascart, Paris, France; Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Professor George, electrical expert; ex-State Engineer John Bogart; and Major George B. Burbank, chief engineer of construction, were secured.

The work of construction was begun in the latter part of the year 1890, and prosecuted without intermission. Days and nights the din of the drills and the startling explosions of giant powder, employed in the rock-blasting operations, indicated the pressure under which the contractors were working, and the shattered nerves of the inmates of the “stone mansion on the heights,” bore convincing testimony to the fact. During

these exciting days of explosive panic the morning bells had lost their charm (?), nay, even their importance, for at grey dawn the most fervent devotees of Morpheus were suddenly disengaged from his enthrallment and startled into attitudes which might prove a new revelation to the apostles of physical culture and a lasting benefit to the disciples of Delsarte.

The plan of utilization consists of an inlet canal 180 feet wide, 17 feet deep and 1,500 feet long, from which, by means of short inlets, the waters of the upper Niagara River are conducted to an immense wheel-pit, in which the machinery necessary for the generation of power, including three turbine wheels of Swiss design, the most powerful ever constructed, although not the largest in diameter, is placed. The power is transmitted to the surface by means of steel shafts, on the top of which, and fastened directly to them, are the rotating parts of the monster dynamo, which are employed in generating electricity for transmission. These dynamos are the largest in the world, and are each of 5,000 horse power. The water, after passing the wheels, is carried from the bottom of the pit through a short tunnel to the main tunnel, which is horseshoe-shaped, 21 feet high, and 18 feet 10 inches wide, and 7,000 feet long, emptying into the Niagara River below the new Suspension Bridge. It has a downward slope of four to seven feet in the thousand, and a chip thrown into the water at the wheel-pit will pass out of the portal in three and a half minutes, showing the water to have a velocity of  $26\frac{1}{2}$  feet per second, or a little less than 20 miles an hour.

For the accommodation of the turbines an immense wheel-pit 140 feet long and 178 feet deep, was excavated through solid rock at the head of the great tunnel. Into this subterranean cavity the wheels were lowered and the water directed to them by means of huge iron pipes or penstocks, nine feet in diameter and 140 or 150 feet long. Unlike other wheels the water enters them from beneath, and relieves them of the enormous weight of water above. From the turbines the water is carried through a lateral tunnel, also horseshoe-shaped, to the great tunnel several hundred feet away. The smaller tunnel enters the greater at an angle of 60 degrees, and

the engineering difficulties surmounted in the junction were such as to win for the engineers the hearty congratulations of the most eminent specialists in the world.

The power from the turbines is transmitted to the surface by 10-inch forged iron shafts, 144 feet long and securely supported by seven sets of iron girders which are embedded in the solid masonry that forms the wheel-pit. It will afford some idea of the massiveness of construction to state that each set of gears, by means of which the shafting connections at the top are made, weighs 16,000 pounds and has a speed of 4,000 feet per minute. The revolutions of the water-wheels are 260 to the minute; and the gears are transmitting the most power and running at the highest speed of any ever designed or put into operation, and the turbines, which are connected to perpendicular shafts and encased in great iron coverings, are furnishing the most power and working under the greatest head of any water-wheels in the world. It was conceded that strong harness would be necessary to restrain Old Niagara, therefore, 49 carloads of iron were dumped into the wheel-pit; 1,400,000 pounds of material for the wheels, girders, and supports!

On entering the mill, which, through the courtesy of Mr. W. B. Rankine, we were privileged to inspect, our first sensation was one of absolute bewilderment—astounding power, breathless velocity, and a muffled rumbling as of an approaching earthquake—all intermixed. Many were the exclamations of surprise as our kindly guide explained the working of the various departments, and we followed with intense interest the process of manufacturing from the moment when the wood is ground into pulp to the unfolding of the snowy sheets.

In the "grinder" room we were shown ten of the wood pulp grinders, each of which consumes 275-horse power and produces 10,000 pounds of pulp per day, using daily in the operation between five and six cords of spruce. Each grinder contains a fine grindstone, against which the blocks of wood are held by hydraulic pressure. These stones are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter, and 26 inches wide. From the grinders the pulp passes through all the different processes, from room to room, by natural gravity, no pumping or handling be-



ing necessary. The supply of spruce which, when ground, forms the basis of newspaper, is brought in the company's vessels from a tract of 50,000 acres owned by it in Upper Michigan. Some conception of the quantity of wood used in this Mill may be formed from the statement that 20,000 cords are ground into pulp in a year. Corded up four feet high, the pile would be 32 miles long.

And now having added considerably to the store of information which it has been our good fortune to amass during our sojourn at Niagara Falls, and witnessed the marvellous operations and unprecedented speed of the world's most gigantic machinery, we turn our steps homeward to chronicle the events of an interesting and instructive afternoon. The kindness of Mr. Rankine, who so graciously explained the most minute details and particulars relative to the greatest water power development of modern times, will ever be gratefully remembered, and as we daily feast our eyes on the ever-changing panorama before us and our gaze is arrested by the vast proportions of this wondrous structure, our thoughts wander back to the day that was so heartily enjoyed by the editors of the NIAGARA RAINBOW.

ANNA DOERR.

#### Beside the Brook.

I SIT beside the little brook  
That murmurs thro' the livelong day,  
Fretting its soul in angry mood  
Like child that weeps its joy away.  
The sunbeams dance upon its face  
And flood with light its tearful heart,  
While on its shore of silvery white  
The flitting shadows creep and start.

T. O'HAGAN.

#### Sunshine.

THE glorious sunshine! How genial, generous, and beautiful it is! We are forcibly reminded, during this month especially dedicated to "Sunshine," of the immense benefit the Creator conferred on mankind and on nature when He commanded the sun to give forth the light that has since brightened the earth. What a wonderful body is this great luminary, and yet, we seldom consider the part it plays in the material world.

It is under the silent influence of the sunbeam that the delicate structure of the leaf laboratory is developed, and, by decomposing carbonic acid gas, applies the carbon to build up and strengthen the plant, while it returns the oxygen free for man to breathe. Thus the sunbeam completes a process to effect which, we, in our laboratories, are obliged to resort to powerful chemical agents, together with all the violent operations of heat.

Under the same caressing ray the chrysalis bursts its prison house and flashes upon the spring-time gale a painted butterfly. Beneath its vivifying influence the face of nature expands, the forests luxuriate in their leafy pride, the tiny leaf buds bravely venture forth, the flowers blush, and the leaping brooklets and swelling torrents shimmer and sparkle with untarnished lustre. How we pity those poor unfortunate ones in the deep, dark gorges of the earth where the direct sunshine never reaches, and where the masses revel in the horrors of idiocy, where the traveller is startled by the misshapen bodies of the melancholy beings who know not the depth of their privation, cut off from the blessings which we enjoy. And, oh, do you not pity that

"Captive in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath no leave to dwell?"

How his famished heart would welcome one stray beam peering through his iron window! It might lead his thoughts upward whence it comes, purify them, and with its genial warmth, soften and revive the crushed and weary soul.

Many a noble deed is indebted for its promptings to the stimulating and joyous influence of sunshine, and many a work of the imagination had its conception in the same beneficent source. The spirit of joy is akin to the spirit of aspiration. We all have felt and known the soothing aspect and restful beauty of nature, but, to what may it be attributed if not to the sunshine? In the physical as well as in the spiritual world, light is essential to life, and the more we have of it the better.

But, of another kind of sunshine, which plays as conspicuous a part in the destiny of man as material brightness—the sunshine of the heart—I would speak. This it is which may glimmer during those long and dreary days when "Old Sol" refuses to shine and hides his face behind a cloud, when the shadows of life deepen and the

heart craves for more than Nature—good mother though she be—is able to supply; this is the sunshine which each of us should diffuse, for it is before its brightness that the dark clouds of life vanish, its burdens are laid down, and their weight forgotten. God has made the sunshine as well as the shade, and if we but stop to look, we shall see how much more sunlight than shadow there is. So in life there is much to make us happy compared with that which makes us sad. Doubtless, we have sometimes failed to give of our tenderest love to those around us, forgetting, amid the rush and hurry of our present day, how eagerly the cheery word, the kindly smile, the thoughtful deed—that our busy hearts are too absorbed to see the need of—are grasped and treasured by those we love. Ah, more precious than gold is the spirit of joy to light up the darkened hearts and homes of those who are journeying with us to “the land that is fairer than day.”

.LUCY WRIGHT.

### Successful Competitors.

WITH a generosity worthy of the highest commendation the young ladies have nobly sacrificed the tangible evidences of their proficiency in the various branches, with a view to the extension of their already well-stocked library. We hope that the enjoyment and increase of information which will, doubtless, result from this generous deed may amply repay their sacrifice.

The following is a list of the successful competitors:

Christian Doctrine, Senior course—Miss Barrett, A. Doerr, T. Crowley, C. Bampffield. Honorable mention—Miss Ward, M. Smyth, Lois Wright, E. Rauber.

Christian Doctrine, Junior division—Miss Grace Elliott.

Ladylike Deportment and Fidelity to School Rules, Senior course—Miss Wright, A. Talbot, J. Miller, M. Kyle.

Junior division—Miss McCarron and C. Kean. Honorable mention—Irene Jones, E. Duffy.

Deportment—Miss Maccarron, H. Crysler, E. Kean.

Charity in Conversation, Junior division—Miss C. Kean.

First prize in Undergraduating class merited by Miss Crowley and L. Barrett. Hon. mention—Miss Lois Wright.

First prize in English Literature—Miss Barrett. Hon. mention—Miss Lucy Wright and T. Crowley.

First prize for Composition—Miss Barrett and A. Doerr.

First prize in Fifth class—Miss M. Kean. Hon. mention—Miss Craven, D. Woodward, A. Beck.

English Literature—Miss M. Kean. Hon. mention—Miss Braughal, D. Woodward, N. Craven.

Composition—Miss M. Kean. Hon. mention—Miss Braughal and A. Beck.

First prize, Fourth class—Miss Maccarron. Hon. mention—Ethel and Cyrena Kean.

First prize, Third class—Miss A. Conway. Hon. mention—Irene Jones and Grace Elliott.

First prize, Div. Third class—Miss Day.

First prize, Second class—Lucille McGuire.

First prize, Fifth French class—Miss Lois Wright. Hon. mention—Miss Barrett.

First prize, Fourth class—Miss Doerr. Hon. mention—Miss Crowley, C. Bampffield, M. Smyth.

First prize, Third class—Miss Miller. Hon. mention—Miss Craven.

First prize, First class—Miss Biden. Hon. mention—Miss Maccarron and E. Duffy.

### MATHEMATICS.

Arithmetic. First prize—Miss Crowley. Hon. mention—Miss Barrett, Lois Wright, A. Beck, M. Kinnally, N. Craven.

Algebra. First prize—Miss Barrett. Hon. mention—Miss Lois Wright, A. Beck, T. Crowley, N. Craven.

Euclid. First prize—Miss Crowley. Hon. mention—Miss L. Wright and A. Beck.

Fifth class. Arithmetic—Miss Braughal. Hon. mention—Miss M. Kean, D. Woodward, A. Doerr.

Fourth class. Miss C. Kean. Hon. mention—Miss Maccarron.

Third class. First prize—Miss A. Conway and E. Day. Hon. mention—Miss G. Elliott, L. Holnbeck, I. Jones.

Preparatory class. First prize—Miss M. MacNulty and L. McGuire.

First prize in Latin—Miss Crowley, L. Barrett, A. Woodward.

First prize in German—Miss Woodward.



First prize in Fourth class—Miss D. Woodward.  
Hon. mention—Miss Craven and M. Kean.

First prize in Third class—Miss Kinnally and N. Hogan.

First prize in Italian—Miss Mackay.

MUSIC—PIANO.

First prize in Senior Sixth class—Miss Mackay.

First prize in Junior Sixth class—Equally merited by Miss Crowley and E. Rauber.

First prize in Division Sixth class—Equally merited by Miss Keenan and H. Talty.

First prize in Fifth class—Equally merited by Miss Barrett and C. Bampfield. Hon. mention—Miss Hogan.

First prize in Fourth class—Miss Ward. Hon. mention—Miss Woodward.

First prize in Division Fourth class—Miss McNulty. Hon. mention—Miss M. Bampfield and M. Kean.

First prize in Third class—Miss Lois Wright. Hon. mention—Miss Holnbeck.

First prize in Second class—Miss Kean. Hon. mention—Miss Miller, E. Duffy.

Honorable mention in First class—Miss G. Elliott. In Preparatory—Miss M. McNulty.

First prize in First class—Miss Biden, H. Cryler.

VOCAL MUSIC. First prize—Miss Mackay. Hon. mention—Miss Talty, A. Moran, L. Barrett, R. Jordan, T. Crowley, K. Garvey, A. Doerr, N. Hogan, Lucy Wright.

VIOLIN. First prize—Miss McNulty. Hon. mention—Miss Keenan and C. Kean.

MANDOLIN. First prize—Miss Ward and D. Woodward. Hon. mention—Miss Hogan, S. Kinnally, L. Wright.

The final examination of the young ladies who are competing for diplomas in the Commercial Course, has not yet taken place, therefore, we cannot report results until our next issue.

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer, to have it dyed black. He was so well pleased with the result that, after a time, he went back to him with a piece of black cloth, and asked him to have it dyed white. But the dyer answered: "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation: it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again."



### Our Artists and Their Work.

STUDIO is always attractive to lovers of the beautiful in art—I am happy to say ours is not an exception. During the past week numerous visitors from all parts have been feasting their eyes on the wondrous array of beauties wrought by pencil, brush and needle—oil paintings, studies in water colors and pastel, drawings, painting on China and silk, elegantly embroidered draperies, in all shades, etc., etc.—all executed so exquisitely as to elicit exclamations of admiration and delight from even the most fastidious.

Among the oil paintings we noticed particularly "A Wayside Inn," by Miss Talty, showing correctness of design and fine skill of workmanship, bunches of chrysanthemums, roses, grapes, golden-rod, and a piece of tapestry, "June Roses," gracefully strung by a little maiden, who looks like embodied sunshine as she smiles from under her broad-brimmed hat at the passers-by. "Wellington's First Encounter with the French" is also a very effective piece, by the same young lady.

Miss Doerr exhibited several excellent pieces, one prettier than the other—chrysanthemums, apples, pansies, and a tempting piece of cake placed near a glass of lemonade, which we would fain partake of, even without an invitation.

Miss Kinnally's tapestry, pheasants, bluefish, chrysanthemums, apples, and trumpet vine trailing gracefully over a stone wall, show taste and steady application.

"A Winter Scene," by Miss High, is exceptionally good.

There was a variety of excellent painting in water colors, among which Miss Wright's "Musk Melons," "Morning Glories," "Road to the Village," and a view of the Horseshoe Fall, were the most noticeable, doing great credit to her splendid taste in coloring.

Miss Woodward's view of the Falls, bunches of pansies, roses, poppies, and some very beautiful landscapes, were representative of the high grade attained in this kind of work.

At the head of our artists, in water colors, stands Miss D. Woodward, whose sketches of fancy figures, angels, and violets, are quite characteristic and remarkable for that delicacy of

touch and airy loveliness, so peculiarly her own.

Miss Craven expended most of her energy on "Wine and Crackers," and had much difficulty in preserving them intact, until art scored a triumph and her fellow students ascertained that the supposed wine was a "delusion and a snare." Her pansies and "Children at Play" are remarkably good.

Miss Kyle, B. Ward, and M. Kean bid fair to become good painters and have some very nice landscapes.

In pastel Miss Talty exhibited "Eugene," a baby brother who has already joined the angelic band. "Pharaoh's Horses," by Miss Doerr, and "Bringing Home the Christmas Firewood," by Miss Kinnally, have been much admired.

The China painting done by Miss Taylor, of St. Paul, is especially fine, and her jardinières and vases are beautifully decorated. Miss Mapes merits special attention for her talent; she displays in crayon drawing. Miss Wright, D. Woodward, and Miss Mapes, have distinguished themselves in original as well as copied sketches.

This year we made a bold venture and entered the list of competitors at the Ontario School of Art. Our efforts have been crowned with success, and we are the recipients of thirty-seven certificates.

Miss Talty—Certificates in Advanced Art course, for painting—oil colors, for outline from the "round," shading from flat examples, shading from the round; and in Primary Art course, for model drawing and freehand drawing.

Miss Doerr—Certificates in Advanced Art course, for painting—oil colors, shading from flat examples; and in Primary Art course, for model drawing and freehand drawing.

Miss Kinnally—Certificates in Advanced Art course, for painting—oil colors; and in Primary Art course, for freehand drawing.

Miss Wright—Certificates in Advanced Art course, for outline from the "round", shading from the round; and in Primary Art course, for memory or blackboard drawing, freehand drawing, and model drawing.

Miss Woodward—Certificates in Primary Art course, for model drawing and freehand drawing.

Miss D. Woodward—Certificates in Primary Art

course, for memory or blackboard drawing, model drawing, freehand drawing.

Miss Mapes—Certificates in Primary Art course, for memory or blackboard drawing, freehand drawing, model drawing.

Miss Craven—Certificates in Primary Art course, for memory or blackboard drawing and freehand drawing.

Miss Whitney—Certificates in Primary Art course, for freehand drawing and model drawing.

Miss C. Bampfield—Certificate in Primary Art course, for freehand drawing.

Miss Miller, B. Ward, J. McNulty, A. Beck, H. Crysler and E. Kean obtained certificates, also, for freehand drawing.

Truly, we, Studio pupils have been busy workers, but our efforts have been invariably repaid by the bright smile and encouraging words of our dear teacher, under whose gentle supervision we have worked, and who has endeared herself to us by so many acts of kindness and sympathetic interest, while guiding us in the paths of knowledge. We have, indeed, learned to value the many facilities afforded us for intellectual development, and to recognize the noble efforts which have been made in our behalf to insure success in every department of study. Many of us shall probably never again meet, as of old, in this picturesque circle, around which cluster so many endearing associations; the joyous band of youthful artists will soon be scattered, but Memory shall oft revert, in her happiest moods, to the pleasant hours and sweet companionship that were the charm of our Studio. HELEN TALTY.

### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway

We are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune, we lose in fineness of quality, and when the Great Leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves His baton, we are found wanting: we make discord.

\* \*  
\* \*

Our natures are rich and varied; and many sides must be brought out before we can attain our fullest development. A narrow idea of success suffices for most of us. The attainment of political power, of literary fame, of wealth, of comforts, even in excellence in one direction, is only a part of a broader success, that success which in-



volves a continual exercise of those powers in which we excel and a continual awakening of those which have lain dormant within us. This is the goal best worth striving for, though too often we see only the close-lying objects and do not realize the breadth of the outlook from higher ground. But, if we will struggle, however blindly, we shall, little by little, attain more nearly the larger thoughts and broader desires which, making our individual success in life, tend also to make the grand success of the world.

\* \*

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers, like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They gave light without meaning to shine. Those bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

\* \*

Volney, the distinguished French philosopher, author and traveler, who died in the early part of the present century, was one of the most noted scoffers of the modern school of false philosophy. He wrote several works which are a compound of impiety and revolting cynicism. After the reign of terror in France, he went to the United States, where he lived for more than two years. During his residence there he was sailing one day with some friends along the coast of Chesapeake Bay. The wind rose suddenly, and the little yacht, which bore some of the most notorious unbelievers of the old world and the new, was twenty times at the point of going down. Every one began to pray, and Volney prayed like the rest; the famous philosopher was even seen with a rosary in his hands, and he recited "Hail Marys" as long as the danger lasted. One of his companions afterwards approached him, and said with a sneer: "Sir, to whom have you been addressing prayers, and what sort of a thing were you passing through your fingers?" As Volney remained dumb, one of his friends remarked in French: "A man may be a philosopher and unbeliever in his library, but not in a tempest."

\* \*

It is the unfortunate fashion of the hour to

adopt some theory, some hobby, some fashion or fancy, "and forsaking all others, keep only to it, so long as the hobby shall live." It may be physical culture is the modern woman's fetich, and she drapes herself fearfully and wonderfully, passes much of her time in weird and mystifying motions, and assures you that she will never grow old. Intellectuality is, perhaps, her shrine, and she soars in the empyrean of mind over matter: cares not for the adornment of her bonnet or the cut of her gown; pities you because you have not read Ibsen and Tolstoi; laments that you cannot rise to her higher plane, and frowns upon all trivial conversation as to dress, disease, or domestics. Again, sweet charity may engross her thoughts, and she founds a home for distressed cats and wandering dogs, or makes little pinafores for the chilly children of Greenland, and sometimes forgets that charity means loving-kindness, the womanly courtesy to the maidservant, and the gentle word to the manservant.

The perfect woman shall cherish all of these, hold fast that which is good in each, and remember that she owes an equal allegiance to every part of her being. She who neglects health, some rational means of physical culture, or the like, shall reap a whirlwind of weariness and wretchedness; she who aids not beauty by all reasonable means has lost one of the strongest levers whereby to move the world. She who fails to expand her intellectual faculties unto the highest cannot seek recognition or honor among men. The woman who slays love does ill, for, like the wounded lion, it shall turn and rend her, and leave her at last desolate, and stricken, and alone; while for her who knows the grace of a heavenly spirit, "her deeds shall drop as the rain, her speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."

All these things are lovely when rightly proportioned and nicely adjusted to the eternal balance. The ancient Greeks, that most perfect race, physically and mentally, the world has ever known, had engraved upon the arch of their academies, that he who ran might read, this motto: "Do nothing too much," and to us moderns this message comes to-day with timely warning.

June.

†  
**J**UNE! sweet month of hallow'd thought,  
 Binding our souls to Him whose Sacred Heart  
 Encompass'd in wide love life's chiefest part,  
 Nor deemed the guerdon of our souls too dearly  
 bought,  
 As with His blood He sealed the faith He taught,  
 Filling the garden of our lives with flowers so  
 rare  
 That breathe the fragrance of His holy care,  
 With toil inwoven and with prayer enwrought.  
 Now in each garden bleeds the sweet-lipp'd rose,  
 Type of the mystery of that Heart Divine  
 Whose gift of love gave life to man,  
 And water changed at Cana's feast to wine.  
 Sweet miracles of grace when our new year began  
 That planted in life's garden a flower for all our  
 woes. T. O'HAGAN.

**SPRAY.**

(“You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please  
 when you joke.”)

Were it not for our objection to being personal, we would recommend Mattie, Josie and Katie to remember the advice of the Great Duke of Wellington anent early rising: “Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out.”

Christine is not always complimentary. She says: “Elsie has freckles on her teeth!”

Since the *Mew-si-cal* Soirée of the 13th the leader has been completely broken up or down, we don't know which. Evidently poor Jumbo overrated his abilities, and as a consequence, is now suffering from a very fashionable malady, in fact, is altogether hors de combat.

Laura has confided her secret to us. “I am never going to marry. I'm going to be a widow.”

“Where is Lucy?”—“Gone to the dentist to have a tooth extracted.”—“He must have a large book of extracts by this time.”

Flora says that her predominant passion (sloth in rising) would disappear if the nuns would only allow her to indulge in a longer sleep every morning. She is rather logical in her treatment of the matter, and considers that the nuns should do a good thing when the opportunity presents itself. In this case they would be instrumental in overcoming her passion. We have been wondering whether all theologians would accept her decision.

Mabel finds L. B....t very *sourcastic*, and wishes to know if it is the grasshoppers that get at people who have *high-stare-ics*.

Laura's version of the Gospel narrative in reference to the profanation of the Temple: “And He made a whip of little cords and drove the *burglars* out of the Temple.”

Carrie—“Isn't it funny that no one can tell the cause of the green in the Horseshoe Fall?”

Edna—“Yes, they can; it is the reflection of the Canadians' faces!”

Giulia owes the frost a grudge. She says it killed everything but the *rhubarb*.

**Our Visitors.**

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Toronto; Most Rev. A. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface; Rev. J. McGuckin, O. M. I., Ottawa University; Very Rev. J. McCann, Toronto; Rev. J. Hand, Toronto; Rev. J. Flannery, St. Thomas; Rev. J. McGrath, Newfoundland; Rev. P. Mayer, O. C. C., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. I. Younan, O. P., Rev. P. Ryan, O. P., New York; Rev. B. Folizzi, O. S. F., New York; Rev. J. Biden, Albion, N. Y.; Rev. J. Proulx, S. J., Montreal; Rev. N. H. Baker, West Seneca, N. Y.; Rev. D. Walsh, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. J. Walsh, Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto; Rev. F. Rosa, C. M., Rev. J. Carey, C. M., Rev. J. Boland, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. J. J. Sheahan, Buffalo; Rev. J. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. P. Sullivan, Thorald, Ont.; Mr. F. Huhns, Riga, Russia; Mrs. J. O'Neill, Miss O'Neill, Miss Louise O'Neill, Port Huron, Mich.; Mrs. Hogan, Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. Elliott, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Engelking, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Gwendolyn Fletcher, Wellingford, Ont.; Mrs. Voisard, St. Catharines, Ont.; Mr. Marvin, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Kyle, Chicago; Mrs. J. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Master Robertson, Mrs. Whitback, St. Catharines; Miss Abbott, Old Niagara; Hon. T. V. Welch, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. J. O'Connor, *Post Express*, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss O'Connor, Rochester; Mr. Benham, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss McCoy, Smethport, Pa.; Mrs. J. McMahon, St. Catharines; Miss Giles, Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Mapes, Belmont, N. Y.; Mrs. O'Connor, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. O'Brien, Master J. O'Brien, Rochester; Mr. D. L. Barret, Englewood, N. J.; Mrs.



McPherson, Mrs. D. A. Sullivan, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Wöltzen, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. F. McGuire, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Chippewa; Mrs. W. Moran, Mrs. C. Cunningham, Rochester; Mother M. of Mercy, Good Shepherd Convent, Troy, N. Y.; Mother Odelia, Loretto Convent, Toronto, Ont.; Sr. M. Delphina, Sr. M. Clara, Miss J. McDonald, Miss Conner, (*Leaflet Staff*), Loretto Abbey, Toronto; Miss Fenner, East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Keenan, Miss Dora Keenan, Smethport, Pa.; Mrs. Barker, Buffalo; Mr. Hallowell, Buffalo; Miss Mahony, Halifax; Editorial Staff, *Niagara Index*, Niagara University, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Egan, Pullman, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Madden, Mendota, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. O'Grady, Boston, Mass.; Miss M. Ryan, Miss M. Gabriels, Miss Stephenson, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Maloney, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Boyd, Master Leo Cottringer, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Mr. Conway, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. McGregor, Detroit; Miss Mount, Montreal; Miss Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Breen, New York.

The Arabians have a pretty story concerning Nimrod, the founder of the city of Babylon, which is worth relating for its suggestiveness, as well as for its beauty. It is as follows: On one occasion Nimrod called his three sons together for the purpose of conveying some practical lesson in the manner which marks Oriental intercourse, with its symbolism and expressive imagery. To each he gave a vase. One was of gold, another of amber, and the third was earthen. On the gold vase was inscribed "Empire." On the vase of amber "Glory" was engraved. But on the third, or earthen vase, there was no inscription. When the son who held the golden vase looked into it, he found it filled with blood. He of the amber vase sought for the contents of his, and he saw in it nothing but the dust of the mighty; and lo! the vase upon which there was no inscription was empty—but looking further, the gazer saw at the bottom the name of God. Lo, said Nimrod, the thirst for *Empire* perisheth; so *Glory* wasteth; so *Humility* exalteth.

A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the "Great

Sahara," in company with the Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacle might arise, raised his eyes to heaven, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this; one evening, when he arose from his knees, the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile: "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on the scoffer a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so," said he, pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "that footprint is not of man."

W. COLE,  
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER  
ICE CREAM PARLOR,  
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## BUSINESS MEN

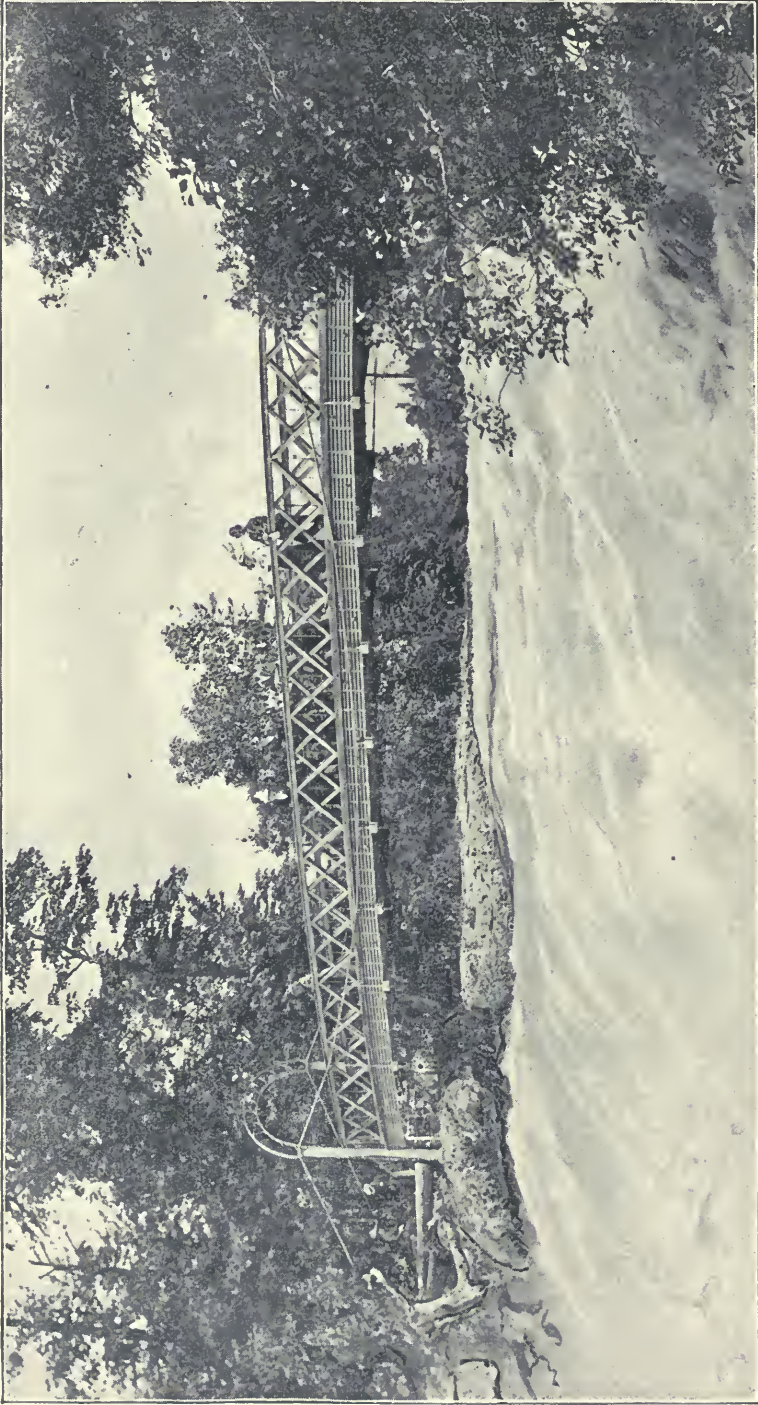
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VIEW—THREE SISTER ISLANDS.

SUPPLEMENT TO "NIAGARA RAINBOW,"  
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# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. II.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 4.

## Niagara's Voice.

Might we but hear the music of God's love!  
If, while the daily toil and narrow care  
Fretted our souls, there reached us from above  
One deep-toned, solemn note, killing despair  
And evil with its beauty and its might,  
And all its holy depth of tenderness!  
It may not be in this world. To our sight  
The white light of His truth is only darkness,  
And to our ears His glorious symphony  
Is utter silence.

Yet, methinks, a slight,  
Far-distant echo sounds eternally,  
Could we but understand! During the flight  
Of centuries on centuries it calls,  
Rising to Heaven like the misty spray!  
The sweet, immortal chanting of the Falls  
Awing our momentary griefs away.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

## In the Groves of Canadian Song.

GENTLE reader, come with me for a stroll through the classic groves of Canadian song. I promise you a strong, native melody, for in this dear Northland of ours there are no song-birds of merely imitative voice—every note being full-throated and indigenous.

It is, indeed, true that Shakespeare, Tennyson and Browning, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes have altars in our hearts and homes—claim our homage and admiration—cheer our firesides, and turn the dusty ways of life into avenues of joy and splendor. Yet the impulse of Canadian song has its root, not in old or foreign soil, but rather in three centuries of stirring and romantic adventure, chivalrous and daring exploit, noble and high emprise. Canada is no longer a colony—a mere appendage of Great Britain—either

politically or poetically. She is a nation within a nation—an organism complete as vital functions can make her, or the sovereignty of self-government can round out her freedom. And her voice in song is the voice of a self-governing people, strong, hopeful and self-reliant.

The early Canadian song issued from the heart of the pioneer as he battled with the forest and turned the primeval wilderness into smiling gardens. His note has in it the echo of the axe—the triumph of brawn and muscle, and heroic hearts, set in the twilight of Canadian civilization. It is the joint note of hero and heroine—faith and hope blossoming under skies of pledge and promise. What sweeter voice from the past of Canadian song than that of Mrs. Moodie, one of the gifted Strickland sisters (and personal friend of one of the RAINBOW editors), whose beautiful poem, "Indian Summer," glows with the very mystical and magical light of that "Summer of All Saints," so charmingly described by Longfellow, in "Evangeline." And our beloved veteran poet—worthy peer of the most gifted—Alexander MacLachlan, whose poetic heart was first nurtured in the land of Burns—what a fine democratic ring there is to his throbbing lyrics, voicing the dignity of labor as truly as ever did the songs of Charles Mackay. His "Acres of Your Own" could be written only by one possessed of that sturdy and manly independence which characterizes the genial and kindly-hearted poet of Amaranth.

But what is the transition from the old to the new order of things in the groves of Canadian song? Has the voice of our songsters changed? Do they set their tuneful hearts to new measures and themes? Is it not a transition from promise to a strong portent of fulfilment—the tree bour-



geoning—the harvest fast ripening 'neath the kindly eye of heaven?

The poet of to-day has national aspirations in his heart. He has more. With a prophet's eye he looks into the seeds of time and sings the future glory of our Northland. What skies! what lakes! what rivers! and what conspiring hopes are hers! Charles G. D. Roberts, down by the sea, Louis Frechette and Pamphile LeMay, in historic Quebec, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Campbell Scott, within the shadow of the Canadian capital, Miss Machar, hard by the Thousand Islands, Mrs. Curzon and Mrs. Harrison in Toronto, the intellectual centre of Ontario, and Mrs. Lefevre, out upon the Pacific Coast—all sing, with a truly Canadian note, the glory of our country—in epic, in lyric, in idyll, in drama.

One name there is which should be forever revered in Canadian song—the Canadian Wordsworth, Charles Sangster. His genius is lovingly associated with our school days. We studied his beautiful nature-poems in the old school readers, and, though their gifted author, in the plenitude of years, has passed away, his voice still speaketh to our eager and ardent souls—his gifts will have forever an abiding place in our hearts and homes.


No estimate of Canadian poetry by comparative method, can prove entirely satisfactory, for excellence shifts with the varying mood and mind of each individual reader. I have known capable critics place Byron above Wordsworth, Browning above Tennyson, and the late Poet Laureate above Milton. I will not, therefore, assign our Canadian poets niches in the temple of merit. It is enough that all are worthy of the divine gift of song—that all are generously contributing to the upbuilding of a distinct Canadian literature. The authors of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "Maryland, My Maryland," and the "Star-Spangled Banner," are not any less great poets, nor is their fame any way dimmed because their productions fail to reach the altitude of "Thanatopsis," "Evangeline," or "Hiawatha." The poet who writes out the full measure of his inspiration—though it be but a simple lyric—is deserving of our homage, our affection, our love.

The charm of Canadian song is its fresh, native, individual note. Take up Campbell's "Lake Lyrics," Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day," Lampman's "Among the Millet," Pauline Johnson's "White Wampum," and you cannot fail to recognize that Canadian poetry has a distinct flavor of its own—that it is anything but exotic.

Within the classic groves of Canadian song may be heard swelling the symphony with melting notes the sopranos of our land. In heroic numbers Mrs. Curzon tells of the daring deeds of Laura Secord, a heroine of the war of 1812. Miss Machar, in subjective mood, writes of love and loyalty to home and country. Miss Johnson, the Mohawk poetess, sings of the passions and dark tragedies of that aboriginal race, fast becoming extinct in the light of advancing civilization. Mrs. Harrison (*Seranus*) with her "Half French Heart," gives you beautiful "vignettes" of old French *régime* life and manners. Miss Merrill, with a subtle touch, strikes off in delicate shade a mood of mind or nature, while Miss McManus catches up in her song the very lilt of the robin as it sings in our orchards and maple groves. These sweet and tender notes from the hearts of Canadian women—gifted, patriotic, and true—fill the chorus of Canadian song with a melody that makes the land of the *Maple Leaf* dear to all lovers of poetry, and rich in the plenitude of minstrelsy and song.

T. O'HAGAN.

**"Folk-Lore of Garlands."**

 GARLANDS were worn of old on every possible occasion; Greeks and Romans, barbarians and slaves alike rejoiced in wreaths of flowers,—indeed, the fashion went to such lengths that the Roman Senate passed an edict that punished heavily the unwary citizen who dared to be-garland himself indiscriminately; in fact, one youthful noble spent sixteen years of his life in prison for wearing a garland of roses at high noon in the City of Romulus. In Athens the makers and sellers of garlands were a class apart; they had a quarter of the market set apart for them, called *ai uopplval*, the myrtle market, myrtle sprays being the foundation of nearly every chaplet. The most celebrated of the

Athenian flower-merchants was one Glycera, who was such an adept in her graceful art that she challenged Pausias, the painter, to surpass with his colors the beauty of her woven wreaths. Wreaths were awarded to the victors at the games; crowns of rushes were used at the Promethean festivals, pine and ivy wreaths at the Isthmian games, and parsley garlands at the Nemean. At the Pythian games were awarded garlands of laurel from Thessalian hedges, and at the Olympic feasts the prize was a crown of wild olive: "the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, only with soft snow of blossom and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem."—*Ruskin*. "The heathens knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it the crown of all contest: no jewelled circlet; only some leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow through a few years of peace."—*Ibid*. Lacedemonian soldiers went into battle crowned and garlanded, probably with braided leaves of grass, as such crowns were held to make their wearers invulnerable; and when the Roman heralds went forth to proclaim war they garlanded themselves with vervain. Vervain wreaths were used by the Persian magi in their sun-worship, and the worshippers of Venus Aphrodite bedecked themselves with the same herb o' grace, as also did the Druids of our own island ages ago when they made sacrifice to Irminsul.

A wreath of lilies was worn by the ancients to counteract the powers of evil, and with such a garland Judith went to meet Holofernes. From that meeting and parting she came out to be crowned with olive by the people she had saved, the only Hebrew woman who ever earned, or wore, such a garland. Egyptian man and Egyptian woman alike crowned themselves with wreaths of blue lotus, and strewed wreaths of garlic, and garlands of everlastings before the shrines of Isis and Osiris; and the Virgins of the Sun in Peru went crowned with gold sunflowers to their shrines and carried sunflowers of silver in their hands. Wreaths of poppies were heaped on the shrines of Ceres and her lost daughter, and garlands of white poppies were offered to Somnus by the Roman ladies, while in their high conclave on Olympus hill the goddesses sat

crowned with narcissus, and the scent of their garland flowers drifted down to middle earth, and brought marvellous dreams to the couch of a blind man called Homer.

A wreath of green oak (the civic crown) was given to any one who saved a life in battle, and an assembly of senators would rise to do honor to the wearer of such a wreath; and wreaths of myrtle were worn by magistrates and by soldiers. Masters of Arts are still wreathed with laurel on their promotion, in Sweden, just as they were in Germany, of old; and still in Switzerland wreaths of everlasting are worn by maid and man on Ascension Day, although the wearers do not still look to become invisible on assuming such garlands. Swiss mothers wreath their children with garlands of crocus, for luck's sake, and in some of the English counties rosemary is still laid on a dead man's breast and on a bride's path, just as they did in the time of gentle Robin Herick. German and Norse maidens alike have wreaths of ground-ivy over their cows' horns at milking-time, "for fear of the witches," while Greek brides garland themselves with whitethorn, with a lingering memory of the Idalian who loved the tree; and Styrian girls weave elder wreaths to hang up in the living room that Elder mother may be gracious to them and keep the hags away. The Weymouth fishermen to this day throw garlands on the water when their boats put out at the beginning of the fishing season; this, no doubt, is the survival of some ancient sacrifice to a forgotten water spirit, Nickar, Neptune or Eager.

NORA HOPPER,

36 Royal Cres., Notting Hill, London.

Author of "Ballads in Prose."

### "The Nearest Village to America."



TWO Irish villages, one in Galway and one in Kerry, dispute, in amicable rivalry, the privilege of being "the next parish to America," but a glance at the map convinces us that Sybil Head, at the extreme west of the Dingle Promontory, stretches out the longer arm into the Atlantic toward her sister-country. A curious curve in the rocks beneath is popularly supposed to be "St. Patrick sending his blessing



to America." Dreams of a distant land across the ocean have haunted the minds of men ever since the first settlers colonized Ireland. Out of those golden cloud-islands among which, night after night, the sun has gone down, they have constructed happy realms of light and enchantment, free from the pitiless touch of age, decay and sorrow. They have called them by many beautiful names, Hy-Breasail and Tir-na-n-Og, the Isles of Blessedness and the Land of Youth, and they tell stories of heroes and bards enticed away by maidens into the golden land. All who love the old stories are familiar with the legend of Oisín who followed Niamh of the Golden Hair across the ocean. We felt as we lay on the moonlit sward of Sybil Head one glorious evening, last July, watching the sun go down, that it was not hard to imagine how these tales had arisen, so solid are the cloud-continent built around the sinking sun. Indeed, one of our own party, an old inhabitant of Dingle, wondered what town lay out there that he had never seen before. On Sybil Head we are among some of the finest coast scenery in Europe; beneath us beats with unceasing, regular strokes the billow of the Atlantic; while facing it, the cliffs have made for themselves stout, substantial parapets, so that its land and headlands have all the appearance of turreted fortifications prepared for attack.

It seems as if by long contact with the ocean, the land had become shaped and built after the architecture of the sea; the soft, green, upward curve of the ground on which we were lying, and of the "Three Sisters" beyond, terminates ruggedly towards the west in successive points, reminding one curiously of the sweep of an ocean billow, rising in crest after crest as it breaks along the shore. Out to sea lie the desolate Blasket Islands, and farther off, like two miniature peaks of Tenerife, rise sheer out of the water the almost inaccessible islands of the Greater and Lesser Skellig, venerable for their relics of an early and primitive Christianity, the cells and oratories of the anchorite monks. Above us, inland, towers Mount Brandon, and beneath it is the historic point whence St. Brendan and his companions, in the sixth century, embarked in their skin-covered canoes to "sail the Northern Main," or it may be to discover America centuries before the voy-

ages of Cabot or Columbus. For an Irish-American, no spot in Ireland can have a greater interest than the rude oratory on the summit of Mt. Brandon where the saint "besought the Lord to show him that Pleasant Land," or the point below where he embarked on his perilous voyage. The marvellous story found its way wherever Irish monks and scholars, fleeing from the Danish invader, fled for refuge; tales and songs innumerable were founded upon it, and year after year navigators were stirred by them to seek "St. Brendan's Isle," and extend their discoveries into regions beyond the sea.

To ascend Mt. Brandon was no light task, and until my visit only one gentleman out of the scattered families living about its foot had ever attempted the climb. A lovely day, however, and a spirit of emulation brought together a party of fourteen, not one of whom had cause to regret the effort. The hill rises 3,127 feet above the sea-level, and the regions of mountain solitude, steep precipice, and lonely tarn that open out at each fresh point gained, filled us with increasing wonder and awe. To myself, however, the interest culminated in the weather-beaten, broken oratory that, in defiance of storm and fog, still humbly but fearlessly faces the wide ocean on the crown of the hill. Unlike the ancient structures below the hill, the stone-roofed oratories of Gallerus and Kilmalkedar, this is uncovered, and is simply a narrow passage, leading to a rude stone altar, all much broken down by age. An old story tells that in the early ages of Christianity saints were so plentiful in Dingle that on one occasion a procession having been formed to ascend the mountain to St. Brendan's oratory from Kilmalkedar, the leader discovered on his arrival that he had forgotten his book of prayers. Word was passed down the line to this effect, and it was found that the last of the procession was only just leaving the Church of Kilmalkedar. He returned to find the book, and it was passed from hand to hand right up the mountain.

St. Brendan, like so many of the early Irish saints, was of noble birth, of the race of the Hy Alta. His father was a Christian, and put himself under the spiritual direction of Bishop Erc, who lived at a place three miles north of Ardferit; but at the age of one year the child Brendan was

received as foster-child by St. Ita, who reared him with the devoted care of a mother until he was old enough to profit by the instructions of the good Bishop Erc, a man of high authority in the kingdom and called the "sweet-spoken judge of St. Patrick." Both these seem to have lavished the love of their hearts upon the youth, and to have guided him wisely and instructed him diligently, for Ita was "prudent in word and work, sweet and winning in her address, but constant of mind and firm of purpose." But a call was coming to St. Brendan. After travelling through Ireland to make a careful study of the rules of the various monastic settlements, and spending a lengthened period at Anainfois for the study of Latin and the Scriptures, he returned to Bishop Erc and received ordination from his hands. The Gospel read that day sank deep into his mind, and seemed to him to be a call from heaven. "Everyone that hath forsaken father or mother or sisters or lands, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess everlasting life." (St. Matthew xix. 29. verse.)

After that we read in an old life of the Saint, "The love of the Lord grew exceedingly in his heart and he desired to leave his land and his country, his parents and his fatherland, and he urgently besought the Lord to give him a land secret, hidden, secure, delightful, separated from men." Then he arose and went alone to a mountain beside "the mighty intolerable ocean," and there an angel met him and promised to teach him how to find the beautiful land that he desired to obtain. Thus was the impulse given to St. Brendan's two voyages, around which in the hands of mediæval writers, so many strange legends have grown, that we hardly can distinguish truth from falsehood; but the length of the second voyage and the fact that on St. Ita's advice he exchanged his skin-covered canoe for a large vessel of wood well manned and provided with guides and workmen as well as sailors, and with plants and seeds as well as provisions, together with mention of islands of fair birds and lands of great rivers, suggests that he may have reached America a thousand years before Columbus.

Thinking these thoughts we descended the hill and reached the little harbor at its foot just in time to witness a practical illustration of the use of

canoes on the broad Atlantic. The fishermen were preparing for their evening's work, and a quaint and picturesque scene it was. All along the ledges of the cliff lay the black canoes turned bottom upwards. The men were launching them by carrying them down upon their heads, two under each boat, to the edge of the "slip," and turning them over into the water. As we only saw the legs of these men rising from beneath the black boat, the whole place had the aspect of a swarm of immense moving beetles marching in procession to the brink of the sea. Some were busy running out their nets and lines, and others were getting into their well-used tarpaulins, without which they would many a time be wet in to the skin. They were a fine, manly race of fellows, and we could hear them chattering away in a subdued fashion in Irish, as men do who have hard toil before them, and see them crossing themselves before they took their narrow-bladed oars in hand, for is not the ocean treacherous while their barks are frail, and might there not be some who would come home no more in the morning unless it pleased God to give them a fair night and a good fishing?

Dingle is a place as yet almost unvisited by tourists, and perhaps more than any spot in Ireland, retaining its pristine simplicity and its old traditions. Yet it is one of those out-of-the-way corners that keep special treasures for the archæologist, the botanist and the geologist. Every spot, too, is fragrant with tradition and historic association; below us, in Smerwick Harbour, lie the Spanish graves that speak of a wind-devastated Armada; the "Fort de l'Ore" around which curious legends hang; the spot where the famous "Little Revenge" of Sir Richard Greville received her "baptism of fire" and made her first onslaught on the Spaniards.

More familiar still to the Irish-speaking peasant is the far older story of the "Battle of Ventry Harbour," coming down from Ireland's heroic age, where died the courageous son of the Northern King, a lad of thirteen years, who, after seeing all his faithful comrades dead about him, fought on on behalf of Finn against the powerful invader, until both were swept away by the encroaching tide. Next day two bodies were



washed on shore, still locked tightly together in last and fatal embrace.

ELEANOR HULL.

### The Two Ladies Who are One.

WRITTEN FOR A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

It was a lady of rare beauty,  
And a lady thereto most vain;  
And she looked in her glass one day, to see  
Her face, and her heart, instead, saw she,  
And she never looked again.

It is a lady of rare beauty,  
And a lady thereto most meek;  
And we look at her, her face to see,  
And we see her heart, and, on bended knee,  
Her praises we do speak.

ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

### The Daughter of Marie Antoinette.

—“All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players.”

**B**UT there are players *and* players in this company as in every other, and most of us act our part in life's drama unnoticed and unseen. Let us not imagine, however, that we are therefore to be pitied, nor that we should envy those whose names, in large letters on the programme, are set before the world; for in the drama that is ever being played, the villains are more numerous than the heroes, and they choose their victims from the best and noblest. Nor does the third act, as in ordinary plays, bring with it peace and reconciliation; more often he whose entrance on the stage was applauded to the echo, is finally hissed off, and the villain is rather conqueror than conquered. In such strange denouements does Time, the dramatist, delight.

Think, for instance, of the play witnessed by the people of France at the close of the last century! Here are the chief characters: Louis XVI, King of France,—doubtless the hero; Marie Antoinette, daughter of the great Maria Theresa, and Queen of the loyal French,—surely an attractive heroine. Then several names, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Camille Desmoulins; the villain must be somewhere among them. Revolution is the plot, and after frightful scenes of cruelty and bloodshed, we come to the third act.

Where is the hero, the heroine? where, in fact, the villains? who is the victor? Hard to tell, unless it be a strange, ugly-looking creature called La Guillotine!

The life of the daughter of Marie Antoinette, who played but a minor part in this drama of the Revolution, is one which cannot fail to enlist the sympathy of all who know it; sad beyond measure, and with the rarest streaks of sunshine, yet how joyful seems her coming into the world! Born in the great Palace of Versailles on the 19th of December, 1778, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, future Duchess of Angoulême, was welcomed, as the first child of Marie Antoinette, with the most extravagant rejoicings by the whole French people. Fêtes were celebrated throughout France, plays were given at the theatres in her honor, and poets were inspired by the occasion to write most graceful verses of welcome to the baby princess. It is a pity, alas, that fame should have preserved these poetic tributes, so ironical do they now seem! But if the French people were overjoyed at the event, what can be said of the delight of the Court and the Royal family? Louis XVI, who had only lately learned to love his wife, was now supremely happy as a father, and Marie Antoinette felt that at length Heaven had taken pity on her loving heart. Strongly affectionate, she had longed in vain for the devotion of the French people, and had found instead so many enemies that she looked now solely to her children for the love she craved, and was only too glad to give up the cares of a queen for the duties of a mother. Yet even this pure joy was tempered by disappointment at the thought that as yet France had no dauphin. Marie Antoinette felt this as a queen, but from her loving mother-heart came the touching words: “Poor little one, you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the State, you will be mine. You will have my undivided care, will share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles.” Poor Marie Antoinette, she was not to have much more happiness to share, but days were coming when she would often need consolation.

Very little is told us of the childhood of Marie Thérèse, except that all who saw her were charm-

ed with her grace and brightness. We know, too, that she was tenderly devoted to her mother; and that Marie Antoinette was most worthy of her children's love, is acknowledged even by those contemporary historians who had no great regard for the unfortunate queen. She took the greatest care in choosing for the governesses of her children, women worthy of so responsible a position; and even after her choice was made, she would not leave her little son and daughter solely to the guidance of a stranger, but watched over them herself, and tried to prepare them always for the duties of their lives. One bit of advice, addressed to her daughter, seems to me especially touching, as if it had been written out of her own sad experience: "If Providence should dispose of you, in marriage, to one of the kings of Europe, when you appear at his court withdraw yourself from the observation of the people: shun the applause of which they are prodigal; to a princess noisy praises are but the signals of indifference, censure succeeds and hatred always follows." There is much between the lines.

In the stories of the Little Trianon, the favorite palace of Marie Antoinette, we catch some glimpses of the sunshine that belongs—at least fairy-*tales* all say so—to the lives of queens and princesses. Here Marie Thérèse enjoyed the constant-companionship of her happy-hearted mother, and they, with the little dauphin, who was born in 1781, would take long walks through the beautiful park, making the acquaintance of their devoted pensioners who lived in pretty little cottages on its outskirts. Here, for a few years at least, these three, unconscious of the destiny awaiting each, tasted real happiness together and enjoyed the simple pleasures of a family of lesser rank. Some of the charming stories that are told us of the dauphin, not only show how preciously bright and attractive he must have been, but tell us also of the love that Marie Antoinette inspired in her children. Here is one with the dauphin in the double role of gardener and courier. He had a little bed of flowers which he helped to cultivate himself, and from which he plucked always the prettiest blossoms for his mother. One day as he was giving her a bunch, he noticed that a few marigolds of which the French name means "care," had been accidentally

caught in it. "Oh!" he said snatching them from the bouquet, "there must be no cares for mamma!" Not if he could help it, but unfortunately in a few years there were heavy cares and sorrows for all, even for the chivalrous baby-prince.

The trouble began during the year 1789, when after the taking of the Bastille, the king and the queen learned almost in one moment that the Revolution was upon them and that henceforth they were at the mercy of their people. For two years the various factions were supreme, and though the royal family was not yet in certain danger, they knew that an awful crisis was approaching. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were constantly sad, anxious and almost in despair, and the royal children, though ignorant of the cause, were terrified by the mobs that they heard and saw occasionally, and they guessed something of the truth from the anxiety of those about them. Finally, in June of 1791 the king decided on flight, and when the preparations were completed, the frightened children, dressed in disguise, were hurried into the waiting carriage to start on the mysterious journey. It was during their progress that Louis XVI committed one of those blunders that circumstances make equal to a crime, by constantly putting his head out of the carriage-window, until he was recognized, and the capture of the royal family was effected. Who knows but that if he had been less impatient and curious they would have escaped to liberty and happiness? It is not necessary to go over all the dreadful scenes of the Revolution prior to the imprisonment of the royal family; they are only too well known, and the part taken in them by Marie Therese is that of a child whom sorrow robs of her youth and changes suddenly into a woman. In 1792 she was imprisoned, with the others of her family, in the Temple, and it was fortunate for her that she could not foresee the indescribable sorrow and cruelty she would suffer during the next few years. One by one her family were taken from her: first, Louis XVI went forth to his trial and execution; then the dauphin was mercilessly taken from his mother and lodged in another cell. In October of 1793 Marie Antoinette herself bade good-bye to her daughter after confiding her to



the care of Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, who had been imprisoned with them. Fortunately for the young princess, the execution of the saintly Elizabeth was postponed for a time, so that this noble woman had an opportunity to train the mind and heart of Marie Thérèse for the life she was to lead. The day came, however, when the guards sent for Madame Elizabeth, and the princess, then only sixteen or seventeen, was left alone in her prison cell. Of the frightful solitude to which she was now condemned for over a year, she has left an account in her early memoirs. The style in which they are written shows the strength of character of the unfortunate princess. There is in them no indulgence of sentimentality, scarcely any comment; the facts are set before us, and indeed they would scarcely bear embroidering! It was only toward the end of her captivity that Marie Thérèse learned the real fate of her family, so that she had to bear the sorrow of three losses at once: her mother, her aunt and her little brother. If mercy was to be spoken of in connection with one who scarcely knew its meaning, perhaps her ignorance of the whereabouts of her little brother was merciful, for had she known of the dreadful and disgusting suffering he endured through the insensate and barbarous cruelty of his guardians, her heart must surely have broken.

In 1795 the Austrian Government finally remembered the daughter of Marie Antoinette, and arranged that she should be sent to Vienna in exchange for some French prisoners. Great, indeed, must have been her joy when she was at length liberated from her prison; but when she crossed the frontier of France we are surprised and almost angry to hear her say of the country that had put to death all her family but herself: "I leave France with regret, for I shall never cease to regard it as my country." Can nothing overcome the magic of that word, "patrie"? Although the French princess was warmly welcomed by the court and the people, upon her arrival at Vienna, the four years which she spent there were not happy ones. She felt very much the restraint of Austrian etiquette; and moreover, the Court itself, in fear of France, was a little uneasy about the prudence of thus sheltering the daughter of Louis XVI. Therefore, the emperor

thought to arrange matters by giving Marie Thérèse in marriage to the Archduke Charles; but the princess refused this offer, having resolved to marry no one but the Duke of Angoulême, the son of the future Charles X of France, who had been chosen for her by her father. The final preparations for this union were made in 1799 and the princess started, with great delight, for Mittau in the south of Russia, where Louis XVIII was in exile with his family and where the marriage was to take place. The wedding must have been a very pretty one. The two, who seemed to have been real lovers, were married in a bower of lilies and roses; and happily forgot for a moment, I imagine, that they were royalties at all. This event is almost the only bright, unclouded one of the later life of Marie Thérèse. Henceforth her fortunes were linked with those of Louis XVIII, and her life became a long succession of alternate exiles and triumphant entries into France,—the latter scarcely more fruitful of happiness than the former. When she first returned to Paris in 1814, the people were wild with enthusiasm over her goodness, and her more than filial devotion to Louis XVIII, who called her always his Antigone. Unfortunately, it did not last, for the French could not appreciate the real worth of her beautiful character. Gay, fickle Paris was displeased that she did not enjoy its fêtes; blamed her, indeed, for not forgetting that it was through the fault of Paris she was known as the Orphan of the Temple. During the year 1814, the Duke of Angoulême was made lieutenant-general and stationed at Bordeaux in order to strengthen the Royalist party in the south of France. Marie Thérèse was with him a great part of the time, encouraging him always, personally addressing the troops,—doing everything, in fact, that so brave and noble a woman could, for the success of the re-established kingdom. Napoleon said of her that she was the only man of her family.


During the Hundred Days Louis XVIII and his family were again in exile, but Waterloo opened the gates of Paris to them, and finally Louis put on the crown of France, to have it taken from him by death alone. Charles X became his successor in 1824, and the Duke of Angoulême was then dauphin of France. It is likely that the

duchess had learned too much from experience to expect, or indeed to hope, that she would ever be queen. She was probably less surprised when Charles X was forced to abdicate in 1830, and exile was once more her portion. After living a quiet life in England for two years, ill-health forced Marie Thérèse to change her home once more, and the family finally settled in Göritz. It is a relief to the heart of the historian certainly, and almost to his conscience, to record that here the political life of the Duchess of Angoulême was ended, and she was permitted to enjoy the domestic pleasures which suited her disposition better than the ceremony of court life. But sorrow found her even here; and in 1844 she drained her cup of sadness to the dregs, when she was left a widow. What can be said of the seven years of utter loneliness that followed? Her life had been one long succession of grief and heartbreak; and there is no more fitting comment upon it than is furnished by the epitaph on her tombstone at Göritz:

“O ye all that pass by, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto mine.”

CORINNE L. MAHON.

### The Idealist.

N the world, to-day, there exist two mighty clans. They are both powerful. Apparently, strength stands equally divided between them. For ages have they contended one with the other; but, from the creation of man the victor was foreordained, struggle as the other may for supremacy. It is a deadly conflict that is now raging between them.

No political party ever strove so long and tenaciously for the throne of a Republic; religious conflicts, those fierce controversies that have separated family from family, lover from beloved, friend from friend; turmoils whose dread course threw Art from her pedestal and trod upon and buried her dead in the phoenix-ashes of slain truth and beauty,—these, even these, were not so universal as the conflict going on to-day between the two parties of which I now make mention. Although it may not proceed with such outward show of enmity, still, within, the man and man wage the war of life and death. Life and death, indeed, for these two factions are those of the

Materialist and those of the Transcendentalist. The former attributes all that occurs to the law or necessity, and claims this the outcome of an unintelligent force. Man to him is a creature of circumstance and is to be governed by circumstances. The Transcendentalist looks to thought, will, individual culture and inspiration as the powers which make, guide and govern man. He gives to man the power to overcome all obstacles by virtue of his inner spirit and through the grace of God. Great truths spring to meet him from beauty, wherever he meets it in his daily way. He lives on the essence of created things. Everything has a lesson to impart to him: one which he is eager to learn. God, to him, is no speculation, but a knowledge.

The Materialist can never see the “signs in the heavens,” symbols are blanks. He has gone so far as to reduce color and sound to ratios of vibrations, and has discovered that painting and music are mere mathematical problems. Color and sound are vibrations, and travel through space as a message travels over the wires of the telegraph. The artist, who is ever a Transcendentalist, though he grieves to thus behold art brought under the scalpel-knife of the scientist, must acknowledge the truth of this statement, but he adds that Love is the force in the battery that has sent out those vibrations, and that there could have been no message had there not been a mind to think it at both ends of the line, and thought must first have been a Life.

Chemical action, on one hand, mind and soul, on the other, are brought forward to explain the phenomena of genius in man, as well as the beauties seen in nature. One would dissect man to find the spirit, the other would know the spirit by intuition and by its fruits which he had tasted.

The Materialist, when he creates, must needs invent, and when he would know what meaning lies concealed in an object, he must cut it up and analyze it. He seeks for the spirit of man under a microscope and thinks to find in the scalpel knife a fitting instrument to separate the body from the soul. Science may catch the soaring bird and, opening its heart, seek to find the source of its beautiful song, but truth and beauty and life fly before the coming of the cold winter of



intellectual observation—no sign of these remains in the dreary period during which no heart throbs.

Scientists would define God and analyze His being, but God is a respecter of Himself, and refuses to gratify the curiosity of those who, when the "what" was found, would demand "how." The Materialist cries out for a sign, but God says, "Read the signs I have given thee; understand thyself."

The Transcendentalist is very different. God will not conceal His presence from him who searches, and knows that "to seek is to find." His is the great and exceeding joy of "beholding the King in His glory."

Many are the veils that he cannot pierce to-day, but he is content to rest in faith. In his faith, through his resignation, he at times catches a glimpse as did the prophet who "beheld the land that was afar off."

All things to the poet are as symbols, and he interprets them in song. He knows that the spirit of man is akin to the spirit of God, he comprehends how "Form the symbol is and veil of man;" he finds no necessity for separating body from soul, for—

"A beauteous things enhances our conceptions  
Of what may dwell within."

No man has so much courage as the man of convictions, and he is more frequently a Transcendentalist than a Materialist. The convictions of the former stand in his stead at every turn of life and change of fortune; unchanging in trial, growing stronger with every test. The Materialist feels a security in his convictions, and as life moves well within, the outer world is kept at bay. But there comes a time when the retainers of his own stronghold uniting among themselves, he finds the security of his convictions wavering. They minister not to the inner man, for the spiritual was denied in them, and the wants and needs of the spirit were not questioned.

In the Scriptures we read of the two beasts that "came up out of the sea and out of the earth." These were Superstition and Materialism. The former tends toward ignorance and idolatry, the latter, to the denial of the spiritual and the raising of false gods. But between the beasts stands the Angel, "clothed with the sun."

Between the ignorant, on one hand, and the purely intellectual, on the other, stands the far-seeing prophet of things spiritual. In him is the equilibrium of all forces, and his is the intellect past belief and knowledge, just fixed in the fastnesses of understanding. But the world looks upon the Idealist as a man possessed of angel nerves, when man's were better. "From Joseph came down the dreamers of the world." Think well on this sentence. Joseph to whom the "eleven stars" bowed down. Every great man who ever lived for the benefit of this world was a dreamer, an Idealist. All inventions have come into the world through dreams. Such great men as Agassiz, Kepler, Gallileo, and orators such as Cicero, Demosthenes and Burke were great dreamers, but their greatness lay in three things: dreaming, understanding their dreams, and giving themselves to the acting of them for the benefit of others.

It is from the subjective world that all thought proceeds, and the priest who penetrates to that world must be the vision-gifted Idealist. We must not confound the Idealist with the Dreamer and the Visionary. They are all desirous of one goal, but of different constitutions. The Dreamer sees through the light, the Visionary through the dark. The former unravels the mysteries of nature, while the latter beholds them but can not pierce them. The Dreamer seeks at morn the mountain-top to catch the first rays of the rising sun that promises the glory of the incoming day. He is first kissed by the future, and the prophet of the glories that are to be. His bride is far away, far ahead, but he has his glance fixed on her love-lit eyes that light him through the vista of "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow."

The Dreamer builds castles in the air that may never materialize, but he is the god of faith; bright, trustful, clear-eyed, full of the promises of eternal youth, for he is ever young. The Visionary has no youth; he is retrospective, he looks far back in time, his childhood was of the earth's infancy. He views the past and paints what might have been, he never frees himself from old shackles, and the memories of the past haunt him as persistently as airy promises evade the grasp of the Dreamer. He opens every grave in

which some lost joy reposes, nothing in the world is good or beautiful to him, he must live in a higher sphere than this. He is a morbid, abnormal inhabitant of the night, seeking the borrowed light of the moon in preference to the healthy beams of the sun.

The Idealist alone is the happy and contented man, wherever he may be found. He is a natural Dreamer who is not alone gifted with sight, but also has an understanding of his seeing. One has faith and is happy: he enjoys the beautiful in nature and beholds the kingdom of to-morrow; but the other having these gifts, has also knowledge. To the Idealist is given dominion over the present. More wonderful than he who sees the past, and can raise the wraiths of dead joys, as the mediaeval sorcerer conjured familiar spirits; more mighty than he who views the future kingdoms of heaven, manifest on earth, is this marvellous Idealist who reads this world as a language of symbols, and finds the good, the beautiful, and the true spread throughout the Eternal Now.

He becomes one with all he beholds, imbuing it with his own being. Looking upon events he views them as he views man, possessed of a soul or directing cause. Object and event have for him a spirit. He alone knows happiness as the constant attendant of his soul. An Idealist is always an Idealist; commonplace, never; ordinary, never; he never stoops to the every-day turmoil and passing incommodities of life. The hideous and the monstrous, the diseased and the abnormal are not existent to him. They are not real things. He treats them as a doctor does a patient; he suffers for them as Christ suffered for a fallen people; like the Greek he will not allow art to contain any hideous or ugly thing, neither will he permit life to do so. Art is but sifted life, as legends are sifted history. One the phenomena, one the essence.

The bad is far removed from art, and from life; life the beautiful, the perfect; life noble, high, divine. No, these are malformations, uncut blocks of stone. As in art the ugly and commonplace do not, may not exist, so in life the mediocre and the inharmonious are not real. They have no place in life, but as the rugged mountain and rough block of stone trouble not the sculptor nor

cause him to become weary in his work of perfecting what he toils at, so, in life, the ignorant and discordant are the *uncut possibilities* which the patient teacher should not tire of modelling.

The Idealist reads slowly, he is patient and content, for with him is a true knowledge of man's hour and God's eternity.

The Visionary beholds in the past an age of innocence; the Dreamer sees in the future an age of purity; but the Idealist, wiser than either of the twain, finds the visions of the past and the prophecies of the future in the Eternal Now.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

After Reading Trollope's History of Florence.

MY books are on their shelves again  
 And clouds lie low with mist and rain.  
 Afar the Arno murmurs low  
 The tale of fields of melting snow.  
 List to the bells of times agone  
 The while I wait me for the dawn.

Beneath great Giotto's Campanile  
 The grey ghosts throng; their whispers steal  
 From poets' bosoms long since dust;  
 They ask me now to go. I trust  
 Their fleeter footsteps where again  
 They come at night and live as men.

The rain falls on Ghiberti's gates;  
 The big drops hang on purple dates;  
 And yet beneath the ilex-shades—  
 Dear trysting-place for boys and maids—  
 There comes a form from days of old,  
 With Beatrice's hair of gold.

The breath of lands of lillied streams  
 Floats through the fabric of my dreams;  
 And yonder from the hills of song,  
 Where psalmists brood and prophets throng,  
 The lone, majestic Dante leads  
 His love across the blooming meads.

Along the almond-walks I tread  
 And greet the figures of the dead.  
 Miranda walks here with him  
 Who lived with gods and seraphim;  
 Yet where Colonna's fair feet go  
 There passes Michael Angelo.

In Rome or Florence, still with her  
 Stands lone and grand her worshipper.  
 In Leonardo's brain there move  
 Christ and the children of his love;  
 And Raphael is touching now,  
 For the last time, an angel's brow.

Angelico is praying yet  
 Where lives no pang of man's regret,  
 And, mixing tears and prayers within  
 His palette's wealth, absolved from sin,  
 He dips his brush in hues divine;  
 San Marco's angel-faces shine.



Within Lorenzo's garden green,  
Where olives hide their boughs between  
The lovers as they read betimes  
Their love within Petrarcha's lines,  
Stand near the marbles found at Rome  
Lost shades that search in vain for home.

They pace the paths along the stream,  
Dark Vallombrosa in their dream.  
They sing amidst the rain-drenched pines  
Of Tuscan gold, that ruddier shines  
Behind a saint's auroral face  
That shows e'en yet the master's trace.

But lo, within the walls of gray,  
Ere yet there falls a glint of day,  
And far without, from hill to vale,  
Where honey-hearted nightingale,  
Or meads of pale anemones  
Make sweet the coming morning-breeze—


I hear a voice, of prophet-tone,  
A voice of doom, like his alone,  
That once in Gadara was heard;  
The old walls tremble; lo, the bird  
Has ceased to sing! and yonder waits  
Lorenzo at his palace-gates.

Some Romola is passing by,  
Turns toward the ruler; and his sigh  
Wanders amidst the myrtle-bowers,  
Or o'er the city's mantled towers.  
For she is Florence! "Wilt thou hear  
San Marco's prophet? Doom is near!"

"Her liberties," he cries, "restore!  
This much for Florence—yea, and more  
To men and God!" The days are gone;  
And in an hour of perfect dawn  
I stand beneath the cypress trees  
That shiver still with words like these.

KARALICE.

### Cardinal Allen.

 HE English College at Douai is the connecting link between Catholic England, and the English Catholicity of modern times. It has given to the English-speaking world, the translation of the Bible still in use. It has been the Alma Mater of one cardinal, of many archbishops and bishops, of doctors of theology, and writers without number, and of one hundred and sixty martyrs, without counting the far larger number who suffered and died for the Faith in prison or in exile. It numbers amongst its alumni, Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, and Blessed Edmund Campion, Bishop Challoner and Bishop Milner, Alban Butler and John Lingard, John Kemble, the tragedian, and Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. It may then be not without interest to relate briefly the life of Cardinal Allen, the founder of the English College at Douai, and its first president from 1568 to 1588.

William Allen was the son of John Allen, a man of gentle birth, and of Jane Lister, of Yorkshire, a woman of great virtue and very highly connected. He was born at Rossall, in Lancashire, in 1532, the momentous year in which Cranmer, under the authority of a Papal bull, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, and in which Henry VIII secretly married Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine being alive, and no sentence of divorce pronounced. Two years later, Henry completed the schism which he had been preparing, and, by an act of the Parliament, which now "assembled only to sanction acts of unscrupulous tyranny," severed England from the unity of Christendom. Then followed the suppression of the monasteries, and the martyrdom of those who would not acknowledge the king to be supreme spiritual head of the English Church. Allen's childhood and youth were thus cast in troubled times, but the external aspect of religion in England was still unchanged. Mass was said and sacraments were administered, fast and festival succeeded one another as of old, and even the pretended spiritual supremacy was not added to the creed, or universally enforced. So matters stood till in 1547, Henry died, and in that same year Allen went up to Oriel College, Oxford. He continued his studies there during the short reign of Edward VI, while Protestantism was making steady progress in the country, became bachelor of arts in 1550, and in the same year was elected fellow of his college. He took his M. A. degree in 1554, the same year in which England was solemnly absolved from heresy and schism by the Papal legate, Cardinal Pole. Two years later he became principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and a proctor of the University, and in 1558, though still only a layman, or at most a tonsured clerk, he was made a canon of York. In the same year, Elizabeth, on her accession, promptly undid her predecessor's work, and Allen resigned his office as principal, though he continued to reside at Oxford, where conformity with the new religion was at first sparingly enforced. However, the zeal which he showed for the Catholic faith, in winning back the fallen, and in encouraging the steadfast, gave such offense to the civil authorities, that he was soon forced to leave England. He retired to

Louvain, in the Low Countries, then under Spanish rule, and there, continuing his theological studies, he composed his treatise on Purgatory, published some years later. He also acted as tutor to a young English gentleman, Christopher Blount, who perished on the scaffold in 1600 for his share in the conspiracy of the Earl of Essex.

In 1562 Allen's health suffered considerably from attendance on his pupil during the latter's dangerous illness, and to restore it he revisited his native county, Lancashire, and, though not yet a priest, laboured much for the Faith, exhorting all Catholics to abstain from attending the Protestant services. He was soon compelled to leave Lancashire, and after a short stay near Oxford, and afterwards in the household of the Duke of Norfolk, who though himself a Protestant gave shelter to several learned Catholics, he was forced to leave England again, and this time forever.

He continued his apostolic work in Flanders, by writing and publishing various controversial works, wherein he dealt with the chief errors of Protestantism, the sacraments, the Mass, the powers of the priesthood, purgatory and predestination. In 1565 he was ordained priest at Malines, or Mechlin, as it is sometimes called.

In the autumn of 1567, Allen went on a pilgrimage to Rome, with Morgan Philips, formerly his tutor at Oxford, and Dr. Vendeville, professor of Canon Law in the newly-founded University of Douai, and afterwards Bishop of Tournai. It was during this journey that the idea of founding a college first occurred to him. His original scheme was simply to collect such English Catholic young men as were scattered over the Continent, seeking an education which was denied them at home. To these he wished to give the advantage of common life, and with them he hoped to form a body of learned priests to restore the Catholic Church in England whenever circumstances should permit. There was at first apparently no question of sending missionaries to England, but man proposes and God disposes, and makes of men His instruments for ends which he discloses to them little by little. Accordingly, when the college was founded, sending missionaries to England soon became its chief work, and for more than two hundred years the Faith in England was kept alive almost en-

tirely by the priests who came over continually from Douai. "Douai was chosen because it was already under Oxford influences. It was a new university founded in 1560. Its first chancellor was Richard Smith, Fellow of Mer-ton, and Regius Professor of Divinity, at Oxford. The principal of Marchiennes College was Richard White, Fellow of New College, and Regius Professor of Civil and Canon Law. The professor of Canon Law at Douai University was Owen Lewis, formerly Fellow of New College."

A start was made in a hired house on Michaelmas Day, 1568, with four English students and two Belgians, and Allen was placed at the head of the new foundation with the title of President, though he still continued his own studies, and took his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1571.

Four years later he made a second journey to Rome, where he prepared the way for the foundation of the English College, which still exists in the Eternal City, and obtained from Pope Gregory XIII, a monthly pension of a hundred golden crowns for his own College at Douai. This was then set upon a permanent basis, as a pontifical college, subject directly to the Holy See, and was thus the first seminary established in accordance with the decrees of the Council of Trent. In this same year, 1575, Gregory XIII, by a brief dated August 30, which is still extant, conferred very extensive faculties on Allen, empowering him to absolve all English persons who could not conveniently confess except in English, from all sins and censures however strictly reserved. The same brief also authorized him to communicate these faculties to such priests as he might judge fit, to be exercised by them within the realm of England.

In 1578, owing to political troubles caused, it is said, by the intrigues of Elizabeth of England, the College was transferred to Reims. Here, thanks to the protection of the Cardinal de Guise, Archbishop of the See, it was patronized by the king of France, and Allen was named a canon of the church of Reims. Here the well-known English version of the New Testament was published, the translation of the Old Testament appearing later after the return of the College to Douai in 1593.



Allen visited Rome for the third time in the winter of 1579-80, and perhaps then induced the Jesuits to take an active part in the English mission, for, in the following summer, Father Persons and Blessed Edmund Campion, himself a student of the English College, entered upon the harvest as the first representatives of the Society. Father Persons returned to France in 1581, and the following year Allen's political career seems to have begun, for we find him present with Father Persons, the Duke of Guise, and the Scotch Ambassador, at a meeting held at the house of the Papal Nuncio, to consider a plan to unite the English and Scotch Catholics against Elizabeth.

We find Allen, too, frequently corresponding with Mary, Queen of Scots, who was now a prisoner in the hands of her implacable enemy. The Duke of Guise, a near relation of Mary, continued to intrigue with Scotland against England until in 1584, the death of the Duke of Anjou left Henry of Navarre, a relapsed heretic, heir apparent to the French throne.

In April, 1585, began the war of the League, of which the Duke of Guise was the real head, against Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots, and the affairs of England and Scotland passed into the hands of Philip II, of Spain, who was already in alliance with Guise and the League.

In 1587, Philip, who was preparing his great expedition against England, where he hoped to restore the Catholic Church, besought the new Pope, Sixtus V, to bestow a cardinal's hat on Allen, who was to accompany the Armada as Papal Legate. Although the Pope disapproved of his accompanying the expedition against England, Allen was created Cardinal of the title of Sancta Maria in Montibus, and received from Philip a rich abbey in Spain, to enable him to support the expenses of his new dignity. After the failure of the Armada, he was in 1589 nominated by the King, Archbishop of Malines, in a letter in which he calls him "our dearest friend." Allen, however, never took possession of his See, and was never consecrated, Sixtus preferring perhaps to retain him at Rome for the work of the consistories, as among the names of the scholars chosen for the revision of the Vulgate

we find "William Allen, an Englishman." His health, too, had long been failing, and in October, 1594, he felt that his end was drawing near. So he told those around him, adding that the greatest pain he suffered was to see that, after God had given him the grace that by his persuasions so many had borne imprisonments, persecutions and martyrdom in England, he had deserved by his sins to end his life on that bed. "He died," says his biographer, "fortified with all the aids of religion, and with such alacrity of soul, constancy, and tranquillity, as to console all the bystanders, while he himself needed no consolation. His death took place in the morning after sunrise, on the sixteenth day of his illness, October 16th, 1594. Pope Clement VIII, who had loved and favoured him in life, wept for and honoured him in death. His own people bewailed him; while all good men, known or unknown to him, grieved at his departure, which was an untimely one for England. The proof of this is the sighs of the good, the sadness of his friends, the miserable events and dissensions which have followed upon his death in England, lastly, the concourse of mourners of every rank who attended him to the grave."

His body rested, as was fitting, in the midst of the students whom he loved, in the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, attached to the English College at Rome.

B. GWYDER, O. S. B.  
Douai College, France.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.

THERE are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description. Too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words, they should only be known through the sympathy of hearts.

THERE are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few; but austere and sustained perseverance can be practised by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

## A. M. D. G.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MOTHER MARY JOSEPH JULIANA MARTIN, SUPERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CONVENT, YORK, FROM 1862 TO 1883.

Obit 1892.

## CHAPTER I.

*Parents, Birth, Early Childhood.*



AMONG the earliest and zealous supporters of the Jesuit mission, established in Wakefield while the century was in its teens, were Mr. James Martin, a man of high repute in the business and social circles of the town, and his wife, by birth Mary Causer, a lady of a good old Worcestershire family, rich in traditions of sufferings borne for the faith which they loyally held fast through all the long, dark days of the persecuting era.

Husband and wife were emphatically Catholics of the "old school;" a term conveying to those familiar with it the notion of solid rather than emotional piety—"Garden of the soul piety" as it is sometimes called—meaning regular if not very frequent reception of the sacraments, daily meditation, vocal prayers of a length almost terrifying to such as follow the fashion of our own age in the matter of devotional exercises; singular reverence for the priesthood in word and act; and, in general, a very scrupulous exactness in the observance of the commandments of God and the precepts of His Church.

To give an idea of the family practice in regard to vocal prayer, it may be noted that Mr. Martin's programme for the assembled household's evening devotions embraced, in addition to the ordinary "Garden of the soul" formulary, the Litany of the Saints, the Litany of Loretto, or sometimes that of the Holy Name; and a few other shorter prayers, psalms or hymns for various intentions. These were all recited from memory by the head of the family, and it so happened that that capricious faculty often played him false and led him to repeat once, twice or thrice portions of the prescribed devotions, thus considerably extending their already rather formidable length. On these occasions Mrs. Martin would sometimes venture to interrupt him with the gentle admonition, "James, you have said that before." A member

of the family recalls how some visitors at the house, being invited to join in these prayers, found their piety and patience unequal to the emergency, and declared confidentially to one of the household that if they were expected to attend such lengthy devotions they really could not repeat their visit. Over and above the vocal prayers one of Challoner's long meditations was daily read aloud in the family. We shall have occasion to note, later on in our narrative, one of the fruits of this pious practice.

In Mrs. Martin this solid, practical spirit of faith was blended with an element of a tender, contemplative character, doubtless imbibed in a school whose piety wears a peculiarly gracious aspect, for she was educated at the Salford Convent in Worcestershire, some time the home of the English Benedictine nuns of Cambay, who, after a term of imprisonment, and a hair-breadth escape of the guillotine, during the Reign of Terror, sought refuge in this country and settled finally at Stanbrook, near Worcester, the present abode of their flourishing community.

By and by we shall find Mary Martin's devotional spirit powerfully impressing the infant mind of her daughter and determining its bent.

Of the numerous issue that blessed the marriage of James and Mary Martin, two sons and two daughters only, grew to maturity. The eldest of these, Mary Anne, the subject of our sketch, was born on May 15, 1828. Two days later she was taken to the freshly built chapel of St. Anne in Wakefield for baptism, being the first little candidate presented for the saving waters at the newly consecrated font.

When two years old, the love of her parents for this cherished only child became intensified by the imminent danger of losing her. Her life was pronounced hopeless; but she was rescued from the jaws of death by the application of a strong blister to her chest. It was possibly at this juncture that the seeds of that disease were sown, which brought her years of suffering in after life.

In looking back to the remotest period of our lives that memory's eye can reach, we find certain trifling incidents standing out prominently clear amidst the prevailing haziness of the scene. These, doubtless, have their significance in our



history. They may possibly furnish a clue to the influences that shaped our character and directed the current of our thoughts, at the age when wise men tell us the better part of our education is accomplished. No apology then should be needed when the teller of a life's story records the subject's reminiscences of infant-tide, trivial though they may in themselves appear.

Among the incidents of little Mary Anne Martin's early childhood that lived in memory to riper years, was a sensation of wonder and pleasure she experienced on once hearing her mother repeat those inspired words of longing for the everlasting Home: "Who will give me the wings of the dove that I may fly and take my rest?" She was wont to recall, too, how the *Angelus* when, for the first time, she heard it said by the same dear lips excited her childish admiration.

Impressions like these cannot have been isolated. Continuously, like the gentle dropping of dew upon a virgin soil, must the wisdom in the mother's heart have been distilled into the soul of her little one. For, when scarcely more than a babe, she began to show signs of that love of prayer that, growing with her growth, became in time the ruling spirit of her life. To foster her attraction towards holy things her mother put up a little oratory in her bedroom, and before it she was often seen to kneel for long spaces, hands devoutly clasped, and with evident zest, paying her baby homage to the Heavenly Court. For her guardian angel then and ever after she had a special veneration.

More striking, however, than these manifestations of affecting piety were her early efforts at self-conquest. When about the age of three the watchful mother's eye observed her trying to get the better of little sallies of temper to which she was inclined, and persisting in her endeavors until the fault was apparently conquered.

She is said to have cared but little for dolls, but to have taken delight in living playthings, a taste which survived her childhood's years. A favorite amusement with her—suggestive of the affectionateness of her nature—was to sit on the hearth-rug nursing her mother's foot, and, as we may be well assured, learning lessons of wisdom the while, whose influence upon her character was never to be lost.

Her love of music—the art which was to provide her with occupation and solace to her life's end—displayed itself early. She never forgot the delightful sensation felt on running her small fingers over the keys of the piano for the first time.

Another recollection of these happy days, fondly cherished, brings before us father and daughter mutually enjoying one another's society. Mr. Martin was in the habit of taking his little girl out for walks on summer afternoons, butterfly-catching being the ostensible object of their expeditions. To enhance the interest of the sport, Mary Anne was provided with a dainty silken bag of brilliant color in which to secure her game when caught; a feat which seemed always to afford as much satisfaction to her elder companion as to herself. A pleasant sight to look upon the pair must have been; he in the prime of manhood, of well-built, vigorous frame, benevolent mien and kindly manner; she a sprightly, rosy-colored, brown-eyed little maiden, glowing with animation—just such a bright little specimen of humanity as our painters love to put upon canvas for the delectation of a child-worshipping generation.

Proud and fond of their first-born as Mr. and Mrs. Martin were, their affection for her was restrained and undemonstrative like all else in their grave, earnest, well-ordered way of living. So sparing were they in words of endearment, petting and caressing, that in later years it was a revelation to her to find how much she was beloved.

When she reached the age of five she was considered old enough to enter upon a regular educational course. There was at the time in Wakefield an excellent girls' school kept by a lady who, though not a Catholic, was so highly esteemed for her good qualities of head and heart, that Mary Anne's parents felt they might safely intrust their little girl to her care for elementary instruction in profane knowledge. During the three years she attended this school her religious training was zealously carried on by her mother and a good old Jesuit, Father Morris by name, a priest of the old world type, whose rigid formality of carriage and deportment, to use an old world phrase, and unrelaxing gravity of discourse had

an awe-inspiring effect upon his small disciple, and imparted a tone of sombre solemnity to her young spiritual life. At the close of this first stage of school life her mistress declared that of all the pupils who had passed through her hands—and she was a teacher of many years' experience—she had never known one so perfectly obedient; she could not, she said, discover a fault in her.

Her parents' testimony fully bears out the good lady's verdict. They could see nothing blame-worthy in her conduct. On one occasion, and one only, did she remember having heard a word of dispraise from her father's lips. He had expressed a wish respecting some change in her dress, to which she showed a reluctance. Fault and reproof made a lasting impression on the little heart, for her father was the object of its deepest veneration.

Need we wonder to find Mary Anne such a child as she is represented? In an atmosphere hallowed as was that of the Martin home with the true Catholic spirit—the spirit of faith, of reverence, discipline, peaceful love and quiet gladness, was it other than matter of course that the young olive plant, inheriting from the parent-stock strong vital sap and upward tendence, should grow up straight and fair? When the time came for transplanting from the genial home garden to a hardier nurture-ground, the work of rearing was in the main accomplished. The character of the child, if not formed, was, at any rate, bent in its final direction. In following her history we shall observe no transformation or conversion, but only steady progress; and having traversed half a century, we shall recognize, without difficulty, in the calm, earnest, saint-like woman of prayer, the little Mary Anne of our first chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

If women knew their real power, and wished to exert it, they would always endeavor to show sweetness of temper, for there they are irresistible.

### At the Loom.

She stood at the clumsy loom,  
 And wove with a careless song,  
 For her task would soon be done,  
 And the day was bright and long:  
 So she worked at her pattern, roses red,  
 And trailing vines, but she thought instead  
 Where the sweetbriar grew in the distant  
 wood,  
 And of pleasant shade where the old oak  
 stood.

She stood at the stately loom,  
 And wove with a girlish grace;  
 And her eyes grew tender and sweet,  
 As she wrought in the web apace.  
 Strong men mounted, with lance and spear,  
 Then a chase with hounds and a frightened deer,  
 But she thought the while of her lover-knight,  
 And whispered softly, "He comes to-night."

She stood at the tireless loom,  
 And wove with a steady hand,  
 And a watchful eye on the twain  
 Without, at play on the sand.  
 Stripes of warm, dark colors she wrought,  
 And every thread with a hope was fraught;  
 Some day, she thought, my lad will be great,  
 And my bonnie girlie a nobleman's mate.

She stood at the dusty loom,  
 Bent, and wrinkled, and old,  
 But the shuttle she feebly plied  
 Dropped from her nerveless hold.  
 "Ah, well! whom have I to work for now?"  
 The old dame said, with shaded brow.  
 "But I've seen the time when I've worked  
 with the best,"  
 And she dropped her chin on her wrinkled  
 breast.

At a silent, invisible loom,  
 Always, morning and night,  
 With tender care wrought One  
 Who was hidden from human sight.  
 Tangled and broken threads wrought He,  
 And His finished web was fair to see,  
 For He gathered the hopes that were broken  
 in twain,  
 And wrought them into His web again.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.



## English Cathedrals and Monasteries Seen from the "Niagara Rainbow."

(CONTINUED.)

**T**HE Cathedral of Lincoln, the glory of the county which is the most celebrated for its beautiful churches, is itself one of the most beautiful. As a study to the architect and antiquary it stands unrivalled, not only as the earliest purely Gothic building in Europe, but as containing within its compass every variety of style from the simple massive Norman of the west front, to the Late Decorated of the east portion. The building material is the oolite and calcareous stone of Lincoln Heath and Haydor, which has the peculiarity of becoming hardened on the surface when tooled.

This Cathedral is 525 feet in length, and dates from the time of William Rufus, the second of the Norman kings of England. So conspicuously situated is it that it can be seen from many places twenty miles off. It formerly had spires upon its towers, but one of these was blown down about three hundred years ago, and the others were removed in 1807 through fear of accident. The bell called Great Tom of Lincoln, weighing nearly five tons, hangs in the principal tower.

The choir of this Cathedral is remarkable for its beauty and elegance, so much so, that it has obtained the name of the Angel Choir. This, too, was plundered at the Reformation. The sacred vessels for the altar and a portion only of the sacred shrines, are said, when melted down, to have produced for the king 2,621 ounces of pure gold and 4,285 ounces of pure silver.

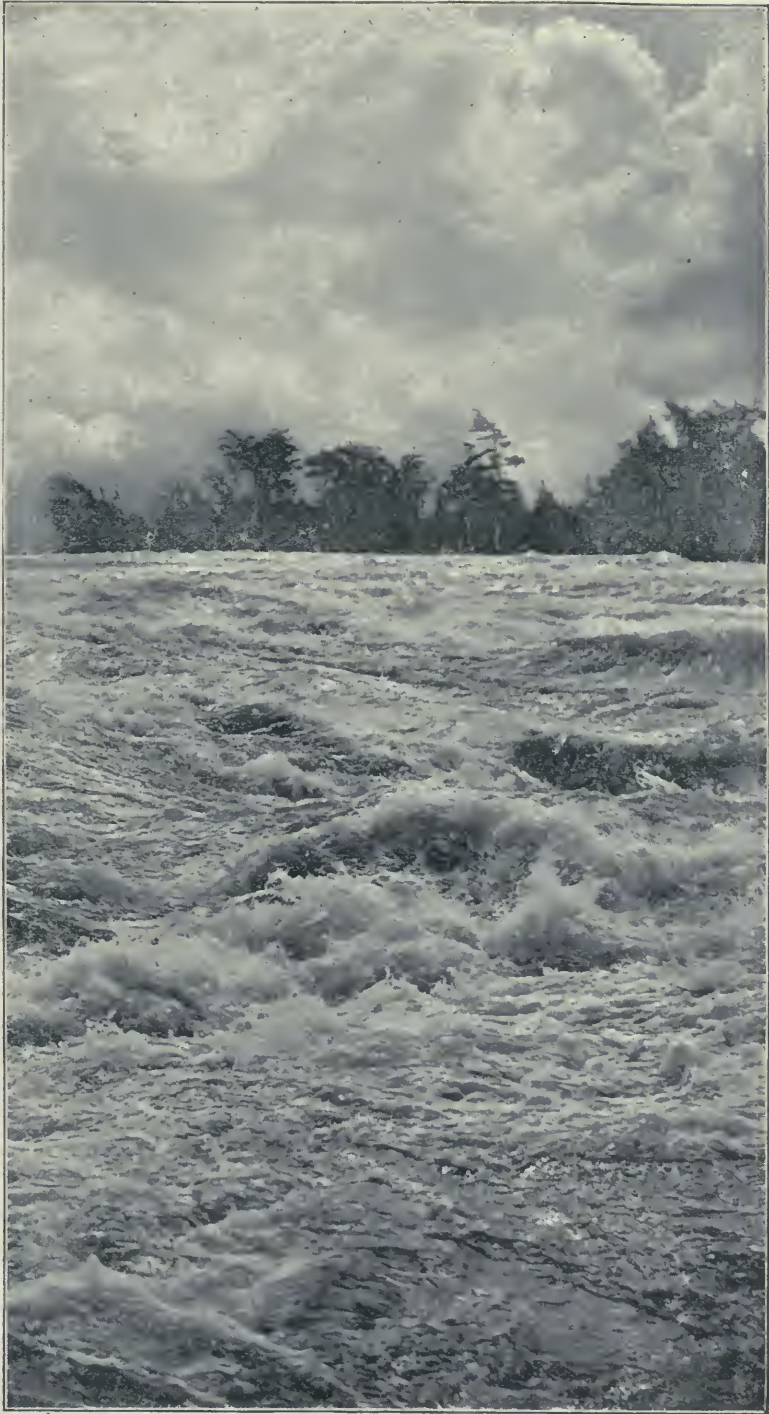
The Cathedral of Exeter, cruciform in shape, is situated amidst so many objects of interest, and connected with so much of the Church history of the past, that it is difficult to refer to it without, at the same time, noticing many of these at some length. The town is of great antiquity, and is the Caer-Isc of the Britons; yet, important as it always has been, there are few places of which the records are so scanty. The exact date of the building of the Cathedral is not known, but its massive towers of Norman architecture seem to give confirmation to the report that it must have been begun in the eleventh century. It is said

to have been five hundred years in the course of erection, therefore, must necessarily contain within specimens of the various styles of architecture which were introduced during that progressive period of the art; but, such is the correct taste and symmetry with which the whole has been projected and carried out, that it would almost seem to be the design of one mind and the execution of one set of hands.

The Lady Chapel, though plundered and despoiled of its ancient beauty, is much admired. It still bears the name, but the meaning of it has long passed away.

On the south side of the Cathedral is a richly decorated and gilt monument erected to Bishop Hugh Oldham, a native of Manchester; but there is another monument which he raised to himself in the city that gave him birth,—the Grammar School which exists to this day, with the rich revenues he bestowed upon it, for the promotion of religion and learning, and of which he was the founder and endower. During these three hundred years it has supplied, free of cost, the highest and best education to the non-Catholic people of the middle and higher ranks of life, in the neighborhood. We hear canting men say now that they cannot conscientiously allow Catholic schools to have any support from the taxes to which they contribute, but we never hear of their having any conscientious objections to take the Catholic funds, provided by a Catholic Bishop, and use them for the free education of their own children.

We have now spoken of a few of those grand old buildings which remain after the work of desolation perpetrated by Henry and by Oliver Cromwell. We look upon them with pride and with sorrow—with sorrow for their ruined and mutilated condition which scarce enables us to form a just idea of what was once the grandeur of their design, and the greatness of their use—with pride, because we know that it is the faith which we inherit and hold that prompted men to erect them. It is the same faith, the same hope, and the same love that raises up our modern churches and schools, in these days of our diminished numbers and diminished means, which, in the past, erected these glorious and time-triumphing temples to God. The men of to-day who



AMERICAN RAPIDS.

SUPPLEMENT TO "NIAGARA RAINBOW."  
PUBLISHED BY LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.





hold and own and use these buildings have naught in common with the men who built them. Catholic truth does not enlighten them, Catholic faith does not move them, Catholic unity does not nerve them. It was Catholic kings, bishops, abbots, and the faithful poor who raised nearly all those religious structures, and we may add, with strict historical accuracy, that the intention and dispositions which actuated them were those expressed by King David, as recorded in the Book of God, so thoroughly were they imbued with his spirit. Like Israel's king they rejoiced, on such occasions, with a great joy, and said: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, our Father, from eternity to eternity. All things are Thine, and we have given Thee what we have received at Thy hands."

"May rest

And place of pardon granted be to all  
That reared these glorious shrines and sacred  
towers;

And may their prayers be with us to inspire  
Like offices on earth, till we shall learn  
By communing oft with them, to share,  
Through kindred deeds, with them, the heav-  
enly realm."

### Convent of Our Lady of Loreto, Man- chester.

The following is a summary of the result of the public examinations during the last school year:

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL—H. Conery (Honours), F. Young.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS—M. de Ugarte, H. Conery, J. Austin, F. Young, H. McCulloch, K. Nolan, B. Donovan, A. Austin, F. Glover, A. McCulloch, M. McKenna.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS—H. McCulloch (Honours), H. Conery, C. Syndika, A. Kelly, M. de Ugarte, T. Murphy, T. Kelly.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT, SOUTH KENSINGTON. GEOMETRY—H. Conery, F. Young, J. O'Gorman, A. Howarth.

FREEHAND—H. Conery, M. Murphy, C. Syndika, H. McCulloch, M. Rigby, J. O'Gorman.

MODEL—F. Young, B. Macdonald, H. McCulloch, M. Forstmann, E. Sale, L. Macdonald, B. Donovan, E. Blackwell, M. Rigby.

LIGHT AND SHADE—H. McCulloch.

ADVANCED STAGE—E. Sale, E. Blackwell.

## Special Correspondence

### Foreign.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

As I find myself in the Emerald Isle, of course, I must write you, although you will, doubtless, receive more interesting epistles than mine, from the same locality. Well, you know, the "Green Sod" is thoroughly prolific and can produce shades for more than one reflection for the RAINBOW.

I find in Ireland, since my last visit, a very decided improvement in the Tourist Development System, and Mr. Crossley, who, I believe, originated the idea, deserves great praise. Previous to the last few years Ireland was certainly a neglected country, few foreigners realizing the fact that it is one of the most lovely spots upon earth. I often think of the words so very illustrative of its beauties, which were uttered by a lady friend of mine from Toronto, with whom I spent a few weeks, in the North of Ireland, after my return to this country. We were admiring some views on the Antrim coast as we sailed past, when she remarked: "In America we don't mind going miles to look at a fine view, but in this country, turn where we will, we can't miss seeing one."

It is certainly true that Ireland abounds in scenes of enchanting loveliness, but until recently very few tourists considered her shores worth a visit, simply because they were ignorant of the gems that lie hidden in the little island west of Europe's celebrated river, lake, and mountain scenery; and Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Italy and France were traversed in search of beauties whose rivals lay unsought and unheard of within the mountains of Connemara, the vales of Kerry, the groves of Wicklow, and on the banks of the rivers Barrow, Lee and Blackwater, whose peers are not to be found in Europe for weird, exquisite scenery, and whose banks even yet are almost unknown to the ordinary tourist.

I think, dear RAINBOW, I promised some time ago to give you an idea of my first impressions of Killarney, which is about the best known district in Ireland to foreigners, many of whom,



whilst expressing their most intense admiration of its beauties, leave the country quite ignorant of the fact that similar loveliness exists in almost any other part of the island to which one may turn. Perhaps I should hardly have said *similar*, as I think Killarney is unique, but relative charms exist everywhere. En route to the famous lakes I visited Cork, which is a very quaint and interesting old city. Its surroundings are particularly picturesque, including the renowned Blarney Castle, where the stone is still believed to possess the charm of imparting to those who are fortunate enough to reach it the gift of eloquence and persuasion, sufficient to surpass all competitors in the race for fame or affection.

The drive from Cork to Blarney is very pleasant, and other old castles, formerly owned by the McCarthys, may be seen by the way; the caves underneath the Castle are, I believe, well worthy of a visit, although patronized by very few, and teem with old histories and legends of their former owners, and of Ireland's ancient greatness; the groves are, also, delightfully interesting, and magnificent specimens are to be found among their fine old trees and shrubberies.

The train which takes passengers from Cork, by the route which I chose when about to visit Killarney, deposits them at Bantry, where splendid tourist coaches, or high cars, are in waiting to continue the journey as far as Glengariff. The drive by Bantry Bay and Bere Haven is full of exquisite bits of wild scenery. The remainder of the day was passed in traversing the most poverty-stricken district in Kerry—in fact, the only part of Ireland I had as yet seen which could, in any way, merit the term poverty-stricken. Being quite mountainous, the land, I presume, is not arable, and the miserable-looking little huts which, although few and far between, were the only habitations visible, and were such as one sometimes reads about, and, in foreign climes, indignantly refutes, as false representations of Irish peasant life. Many of them were without windows, or even chimneys; in some there was simply visible a hole in the roof whence a faint line of smoke ascended, but, poor as the dwellings seemed, they all looked tidy and clean, while smiling and happy-looking faces flocked

to each barricade or hedge, close to the hovel, to gaze at the "*furiners*" as we rode past.

Our driver being a typical Irish wit, kept us amused throughout the journey, by recounting anecdotes and legends connected with every mountain, vale, or habitation that we passed. A gentleman of our party, who seemed to thoroughly understand the art of "drawing him out," kept him in chat all the time, and some of the sparkling witticisms that he elicited may not be uninteresting to you. Once we passed by a very handsome domain, which, truly, seemed an oasis; a superb mansion was perceptible from where we sat, and, of course, the question was asked by the tourist, already referred to, "Who lives there?" "Oh, Misther —, sur," answered the driver. "Ah!" replied the tourist. "Now, Pat, he has a very nice place to live in, what may his occupation be?" "Occupation! oh, an shure, he's a landlord." "A landlord!" echoed the tourist, in apparent astonishment, "why, I thought you had shot all the landlords around here." "Oh," replied Pat, without a moment's hesitation, "shure, sur, we had to lave one for a pathern." Again, as we drew near to Glengariff, when a little hamlet presented itself to our view, Pat undertook to relate an historical sketch of its inhabitants; he pointed, rather proudly, to the most imposing of the residences, saying it belonged to Doctor —. "What!" answered the tourist interlocutor, "A Doctor! why, I thought nobody ever died in this district." "Ah, no more they did, sur," replied Pat, "until we got a Docthor."

Glengariff bursts upon the view as an unlooked-for surprise, in the midst of the most rugged mountain surroundings—a veritable fairy dell. It seems as if Nature had exhausted herself in wild display, and sunk to rest for a short space, in her most exquisitely refined mood. Beautifully wooded hills, wrapped in the purple veil of sunset's delicious haze, tower gracefully over its peaceful waters, upon which tiny islets lie, seemingly satisfied that they merely exist to add their varied charms to the perfection of the scene.

After a day spent at Glengariff we again started, by tourist coaches, for Killarney. The journey took one entire day, and the route once

more lay through scenes of the wildest grandeur; the latter part of the mountain district being by far the most lovely. A lady with whom I fraternized during the journey from Cork, and who sat beside me on the coach every day, declared that although she had been through the most rugged mountain scenery, both in India and Europe,—she had quite recently visited Switzerland,—yet she had never before witnessed such exquisite tints of heath and herbage, nor such magnificently wild beauty as we were traversing. For some hours before entering the town of Killarney, which, I may add, en passant, is not at all in keeping with what one might expect, we drove by the Lake shore, and had some fine views of the valley district, including a rather microscopic one of the Gap of Dunlo; but, I had almost omitted mentioning that we stopped for luncheon at Kenmare, where we were invited to inspect a splendid display of lace, the work of the poor children, pupils of the celebrated convent which we were told we might visit, did time permit of the short excursion. The reputation of the Nuns of Kenmare for goodness and charity is world-wide, therefore, it is needless for me to dilate further upon the subject of their merits; but the industry which they labor so hard to make profitable to Ireland is certainly unequalled for beauty of design and workmanship in any country in the world.

The morning after our arrival in Killarney I walked out very early, and, on the payment of the small sum of sixpence, was allowed to enter the estate of Lord Rosse "Kenmare." I walked around rather listlessly, for, dear RAINBOW, I must confess to my skepticism in imagining that Killarney had, doubtless, been vastly exaggerated in the numerous accounts I had read and heard about it, and that I had, probably, seen most of its attractions from the coach the previous evening. I had even begun to soliloquize somewhat in the strain of—"Pshaw! I have seen many places quite as pretty as this," or, "Dear me, was there ever a largely advertised scene that did not prove a disappointment! the best thing, surely, is not to expect too much, and escape the certainty of being disappointed;" when, suddenly, I came in view of the Lakes. Lovely lines of exquisite scenery followed, and my conceited

ideas of having seen superior beauties were fast disappearing as, on emerging from a magnificent shrubbery, on one side of Ross Castle, the most perfect scene of Nature's loveliness burst upon my view. I simply stood transfixed for a few moments, then my enthusiasm could no longer keep silence, and, being quite alone, I exclaimed to space, "Oh, how lovely! how lovely! how lovely!" Afterward I drove with a party of tourists through scenes of real enchantment, and saw Muckross Abbey, a magnificent old ruin, where is the tomb of McCarthy More. The rock from which the "Coleen Bawn" was supposed to have been thrown is another point of interest, and numerous anecdotes were related by the driver, in which "Hardress," "Cregan" and "Eily" played prominent parts. The "Coleen Bawn's" cottage is beautifully situated, and the drive to it, and leading in circular form to the high road, is superb.

Words of mine cannot describe Killarney; its mountains and lakes are Nature's chef d'œuvres; miles of exquisite scenery well repay the tourist for having "stopped off at Ireland," and he need not fear the danger of being mistaken for a landlord, for should there be such a contingency, the good-hearted, magnanimous Irish will be sure to "lave him for a pathern." Neither should he forget that Killarney is not the only lovely spot to be seen in Ireland. I rather think he will find the difficulty will be to "miss seeing one."

Au revoir, dear RAINBOW.

J. O'DOWDA.

LORETTO CONVENT,  
DARJEELING, BENGAL, INDIA. }

DEAR RAINBOW:

Your beautiful and extensive Bow, recently visible on the Himalayan slopes, affording, as it does, communication between Niagara and our lofty heights, was most welcome. In return we send you an account of our celebration of the Feast of Saint Aloysius, a day ever green in the memory of the pupils of Loretto, especially those whose advance in years and progress in knowledge have obliged them to bid a reluctant adieu to their dear convent home.

With what impatience did we look forward to that most eventful day of the school year, the



Feast of Saint Aloysius, the Patron of Youth; a day on which the pupils of the boarding establishment of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary are allowed greater freedom than usual, a day to which the children—numerous children from far-off homes—look eagerly forward during the first half of the year, for it is the one day on which the pupils are allowed to do exactly as they please. Consequently, the anticipation with which they look forward to it, the early waking to make it as long a day as possible, the delightful hours which pass all too quickly, and the memories of its pleasures make it an event in each year of school-girl life spent at the Darjeeling Convent.

Six weeks previous to the Feast we had commenced the devotion of the six Sundays of Saint Aloysius; a devotion commemorative of the six latter years of our young Saint's life, spent by him in seclusion from the world, in the Society of Jesus. On each of those Sundays in succession we approached the Holy Table and recited the Office of Saint Aloysius.

As the 21st June approached, the senior girls held more than one council as to what the amusements of the day should consist of. Finally, it was proposed, seconded and carried unanimously, that a departure from the programme of preceding years would be desirable and novel, and that a Fancy Ball would afford pleasure both to seniors and juniors. The excitement which always precedes Saint Aloysius' day seemed to surpass that of previous years. For days before the young ladies went about their various duties with very dreamy faces, and, I fear, schemes for obtaining a certain fancy costume supplanted, in their minds, more legitimate claims. Time did not hang heavy on hands whose active fingers plied the needle and manipulated the fold in putting finishing touches to chosen costumes. For those whose work of this kind was but little, or was early done, there was the pleasant duty of decorating the school room and refectory with the mosses and ferns which grew around our mountain home in wild luxuriance. The setting of the bright garden dahlia and other blooms amid the green was a matter of consideration, essay and final triumph, and every one retired to rest thoroughly tired out.

The tinkle of the little dormitory bell the following morning was scarcely needed, for few eyes were closed when the eventful day arrived. Six o'clock! The convent bell rings out the sweet Angelus, and every one arises with a feeling of pleasure, for that which she had so long looked forward to was about to be realized. What confusion! What excitement! Both reign throughout the house, as we flit here, there, and everywhere, happiness depicted on every face. At eight o'clock, High Mass, which was attended by all the pupils, who honored their dear Saint by discoursing a choice selection of sacred music.

Generally, the 21st of June, on the hills, is rainy, coming as it does in the middle of the Darjeeling wet season, but this 21st seemed by special favor, made for the enjoyment of the bright band of girls who had so long anticipated it. The morning dawned clear and unclouded, and, under an azure sky, not common in June, we sauntered out of doors in the happy enjoyment of full liberty, and indulged in our favorite open-air games, resting, as we grew weary, beneath the trees, until two o'clock, P. M., informed us that dinner was ready. The tables groaned under the weight of the good things they supported, and looked most inviting. I need not say they were soon relieved of a part of their burden by the hundred happy, hungry mortals who graced the board. Dinner over, we repaired to the dressing-room, where each young lady did her utmost to excel in her particular costume. Four P. M., found us in the well-lighted ball-room, passing through the effective figures of the Maze Drill. Again, we were whirling round in the dreamy evolutions of a delightful waltz. Dance succeeded dance. Then came the ever new and ever old dear "Sir Roger," which we kept up for three quarters of an hour. Fairies and gypsies, daughter of Louis XIV., Tippoo Sultan, Flowers, Seasons, Grace Darling, My Pretty Maid, Queen of Roses, Neapolitan Fish-wife, Girl Graduate, Fans, Evening Star, Nancy Lee, Erin, Moss, Highland Lassie, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Italian Peasant, Rainbow, Dawn, Folly, Poudré, Ivy, Powder Puff, Dolly Varden, Queen of Hearts, Mother's Little Shrew, Spanish Dancer, Cards and Japanese Lady,—all

came in close contact, the many-colored and various costumes producing a very pleasing effect.

But Time, ever intent on advancing, regardless of persons and of feelings, did not favor us. Too quickly had the hours sped. Now the clock strikes nine, the signal for night prayers. Before dispersing, our united voices rose in the evening hymn to our dear Lady, whose protection and blessing we implored, and St. Aloysius' day ended with expressions of heartfelt gratitude to the kind nuns who had contributed so much to the pleasures of the occasion. Night prayers followed, and tired and sleepy, we laid our weary heads on our pillows, and were soon in the land of dreams.

A PUPIL.

### Notes on the Writers and Literature of the Reign of Queen Anne.



It is a curious fact that of the four great periods of English literature, three should have been concurrent with the reigns of queens. The Elizabethan, the Augustan, the Victorian era—each term designates a span of years illuminated by a literature that bids fair to be immortal.

Two of these reigns were phenomenally long. Victoria's has already nearly reached three score and outnumbered by thirteen years the almost cycle of Elizabeth. But Anne's reign was of the briefest. She ascended the throne in 1702 only to quit it at the call of death when she had sat there but a poor twelve years. Limited as was the time, however, it has deserved to be known as the Augustan period of English literature. Pope, Parnell, Swift, Addison, Steel, DeFoe, Gay, Prior, Young, Thompson, poets, essayists, satirists, novelists, these are some of the men who shed lustre on the "Classic" age, and though amongst them there were no such transcendent geniuses as Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, no other period could boast such a large average of men of a high order of genius. They found the English language still burdened with rough idioms and uncouth phrases, unelastic and ponderous; they labored on it till it became the marvelous setting for human thought which we find it to-

day; as vigorous as it is elegant, at once terse and copious, clear as crystal and malleable as wax. It is because of this, rather than for the brilliancy or originality of the thought illuminating its pages, that the literature of Anne's reign merits the designation Classic. Of the writers of this time the very prince and master craftsman was Pope, whose verse had been pronounced by common consent the most terse, the most epigrammatic and the most musical in English. Taine, the great French critic, says of it that "The rapid, facile and melodious flow of his verse in the Iliad is virtually unsurpassable—has never been surpassed."

Other translators may give us the "Iliad" with more verbal accuracy, more Homeric simplicity, but it is much to be doubted if the tale of Troy will ever reach our consciousness so perfectly as through the crystalline medium of Pope's limpid and melodious verse. It is the fashion to speak of his essay on "Man" as a bundle of truisms. Perhaps it is, "What oft before was thought though ne'er so well expressed." But it was written for a public much cruder and more superficial than this introspective, psychologically inclined age, and should be judged accordingly. There are passages in it of rare beauty and elevation of thought, and of one couplet—

"Never elated while one man's oppressed,  
Never dejected while another's blessed"—

Ruskin says it "is the most complete, concise and lofty expression of moral temper in the English tongue."

But it was as the satirist of social vices and follies that Pope especially shone. Debarred by his extreme physical disabilities from partaking in either its passions or its plays, he was the onlooker who proverbially sees most of the game, and in "The Epistles," the "Dunciad" and the "Rape of the Lock" he lashed and laughed at the society of his day with such brilliant wit, such dainty grace as to receive the title of the English Horace. The "Rape of the Lock" is pronounced by critics his best poem, and De Quincy pronounces it "The most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature can show." Thrown off hastily to commemorate a trifling incident in high life, he elaborated it till it became a masterpiece and remains an illustration of his



genius and his methods. If his verse is marvelous in its perfection, it became so through the most unremitting labor and because of the most unrelenting self-criticism. He rewrote whole poems three and even four times, and never let anything go to the publisher under two years. We owe a great debt to the little poet (he was only four feet high), hunch-backed and contorted, so frail of body that even in his manhood he needed the assistance of a woman to dress, yet who labored so unflinchingly through all the years of his pain-fraught life.

If in his works an occasional thought or expression should shock us, let us look back on his age and to the literature that precedes it; see how loose were the morals, how coarse the manners; that religion was nearly a dead letter, and private purity as rare as public honesty, and wonder not that some pages should be stained, but that so very many should be clean.

There is another and scarcely known poet of this era, three of whose poems are held by critics to surpass any of Pope's in originality, while they equal them—some contend even excel them—in sonorous melody. But Parnell spent the years of his prosperous young manhood in writing insignificant, amateur verses, and the three poems which he wrote in the five years preceding his early death were not sufficient to give him popular prominence. Yet, like all truly original minds, he left the impress of his on that of others; and Blair and Young on the one hand and Collins on the other distinctly show the influence of the original thought, subtle insight and noble melody of Parnell's "Night Piece" and "Ode to Contentment." Of his "Hermit" Gosse says: "It may be considered the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England."

Gay—of whom Swift said, "In wit a man, in simplicity a child," and who wrote for his own epitaph, "Life's a jest and all things show it, I thought so once and now I know it,"—who, apparently the kindest and most indolent of men, wrote that bitterest and dirtiest of satires, the "Beggars' Opera," in a fit of revenge;

Prior, the courtly ambassador, whose odes and epigrams, songs and epistles, though most polished, witty and gracefully turned, are so grossly sensual in their depiction of the manners of the

day, that he might be termed the legitimate ancestor of the "realists" of to-day;

Sommerville, the rollicking giant, whose "Chase" is still charming reading for those who "live apart with horse and hound and hare;" and Young, who gave us his "Night Thoughts"—were some of the minor poets whose numbers rang musically through the days of Anne's brief reign.

Nor were its prose writers less brilliant or of less enduring fame.

Swift—that portentous genius, the tragedy of whose life is perhaps the saddest in the history of genius, where tragedy is so frequent. One day Delaney (his biographer) entered the room in the archiepiscopal palace and saw the Archbishop in tears, and Swift rushing out of the room. Afterwards the Archbishop said, "You have just seen the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never say a word." Born after his father's death he was as a child the orphan, the dependant of a miserly, ill-tempered uncle, and after a life of sorrow and disappointment he died mad and alone. His was undoubtedly the most original, vigorous and masculine mind of the age. As a satirist he has no equal in the English language. His works are all political, as he says himself:

"As with the moral view designed  
To cure the vices of mankind";

but, to quote him again,

"Yet malice never was his aim,  
He lashed the vice yet spared the name";

and woe to the man or measure lashed by that marvelous wit and humor in language that, for graphic power, accuracy of expression, and idiomatic strength, stands still unrivalled. Even his "Gulliver's Travels," that reads to-day with all the quaint fancy and limpid simplicity of a child's fairy book, was really a political pamphlet in disguise, and the dreadful "Yahoos," that seem to the little ones only monstrous ogres, are, for children of a larger growth, but too easily recognizable exemplars of human depravity.

Such a man as this could never be popular in the social world, but he was immensely powerful, and ruthlessly he made use of his power. He said of himself with perfect truth:

"He never thought an honor done him  
Because a Duke was proud to own him,"

but on the contrary, treated these high and mighty personages with a hauteur that must have been, to say the least, startling. But a greater and nobler instance of his power was that when with his *Drapier Letters* he compelled the English Government to abandon their scheme of debasing the coinage in Ireland, though they had already let the contract and had to pay a forfeit of \$20,000 to the disappointed contractor. How marvellous must have been the power of that single pen which could force a Government to recognize its own dishonor and annul its own act.

Another of the great Queen Anne men is Addison, whose life, whose character and whose genius are the very antithesis of those of the unhappy Swift. Well born and handsome, his happy youth was passed amidst the pleasantest surroundings and with every educational advantage. He was only thirty-eight when a powerful friend procured him a pension of \$1,500 a year; whereupon he went on the continent and obtained from his three years' stay there all the pleasure and polish that travel can give.

Thenceforward his career was one long course of successes, with constant advancement from one good office to a higher. His every literary attempt was equally successful, and from his first boyish poem on one of King William's Campaigns, to the last of his essays, each one won for him not only renown but substantial reward. His "Cato" was received with plaudits alike from friends and foes, and Voltaire pronounced him a greater dramatist than Shakespeare. But it is not on this frigid and stilted drama nor on that of his triumphal poem on the Battle of Blenheim that his fame now rests, but on those essays which appeared in the "Tatler," the "Guardian," but especially the "Spectator." In the latter, above all, where he first makes known to us the most delightful of moralists and country gentlemen, Sir Roger de Coverly, gentle Will Honey-Comb and Sir Andrew Freeport—he has given us such playful satire, such pure morality, such kindly criticism of men and manners, couched in language so gracefully phrased, yet so transparently simple, that there is no more charming reading in the English language, and the few characters he has drawn for us are so true to nature, so vividly portrayed, that there is no

doubt that, had the novel been born then, he might have been a famous novelist.

Addison, however, was only a contributor to the "Tatler" and "Spectator," which Sir Richard Steel, "Brilliant Dick Steel," as his friends loved to call him, had founded—thus originating the newspaper of to-day. The "Tatler" was the first of these and originated in the fertile brain of Steel, where necessity—as in the proverb—became "the mother of invention." He was always in embarrassed circumstances, due as much to his too generous helpfulness as to his own extravagance, and he started the "Tatler" as a tri-weekly record of the tattle or gossip of the court clubs and fashionable circles, with such bits of foreign news as came under his notice as gazetteer, an office which brought him a salary of \$1,500 a year. This publication only lasted two years, but it was soon followed by the "Spectator," which was of a more purely literary character and had a more lengthy career. Of the different essays, allegories and short tales, Steel furnished by perhaps three-fourths the larger share, and it is by these that he is known rather than by his dramas, though at least one of these is admirable. If his taste was less faultless, his humor less delicate than that of Addison, his wit was brighter, his insight more keen, his knowledge of human nature and power of dramatic portrayal greater, and the gay captain of Hussars, who, metaphorically speaking, shook his finger so playfully and told his quaint allegories with such gay simplicity, worked as staunchly for morality and all noble living as did his great contemporary.

Let us close the list with De Foe—the great first novelist, the wonderful story-teller whose "Robinson Crusoe" remains after nearly three hundred years still unsurpassed as a boy's story; so purely original, so perfect in detail, so faultless in style that the mature reader of cultivated taste yields spellbound to its fascination. This marvelous quality of genius which made him write of things unreal with the definiteness of things real is observable in all his works. His "Journal of the Great Plague" was frequently quoted as history, and a political pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" so completely imposed on the Government that it caused his arrest and im-



prisonment. The appearance of absolute truthfulness which distinguished his writings was no mere trick of matter of chance, but the outcome of the most persistent labor and research. He, too, fought for the right—for all these Queen Anne men were politicians as well as litterateurs—and after a life of struggle and enormous labor died penniless and in debt.

These were some of the greatest writers of the Augustan age; to give but a word to the many less distinguished would prolong this sketch beyond all limit of patience.

S. McDONNELL.



### What the Piano Told Me.

IMLESSLY wandering along the corridor, one afternoon, I came to a dimly-lighted apartment, and, feeling somewhat dreamy and a trifle sad, I entered, thinking, here I shall find solitude and time to dream to my heart's content. I had been meditating on, what I considered, "the trials and tribulations of this mortal life," for some time, when a little voice beside me seemed to say, "Improve the shining hours." I obeyed and arose, feeling still sadder and knowing not what to do, when I saw a piano in a corner of the room. I approached, seated myself at it, and tried to play; but my head dropped on the keys, and I remembered nothing more until I heard a low, musical sound, and on listening more intently, the words: "Come, my child, and listen to what I have to tell you," were quite audible. "I was once young and happy like you. I came from a great city, as grand and beautiful as any could be. But Time has robbed me of all my charms, and I am but a poor old creature, whom people use rather roughly and move about from place to place, regardless of my feebleness and declining years. I have spent most of my life in a convent, so have not seen much of the outside world. But many a young maiden has conversed with me and told me her tale of woe or gladness, as the case might be. You would have to spend many a day with me to hear of all my friends, so I shall only tell you of the three in whom I was most interested.

"Some time after I had dwelt in my present home, and my heart was feeling heavy with its

burden, I felt the touch of a soft hand, and looking up, saw the face of a born musician bending lovingly over me. She played a short introduction, and then the *music*—in the true sense of the word—began. Song followed song, and oh! how her voice rang out, beautiful and clear, thrilling the souls of all who heard it. She was accustomed to play and sing to me very often, and we became fast friends. All her sorrows, joys, hopes and aims were known to me; I was her confidant. Now she is one of the prima donnas of the nineteenth century, and has, no doubt, completely forgotten her old friend—the recreation-hall piano, that still loves to imagine she is near and once more filling the hall with her song.

"My next great friend was a beautiful and attractive young girl. She was everybody's friend—her musical talent did not amount to much, but that was because she could never sit still long enough to practise—her friends would say. She could play all the popular airs and dance-music, and this she considered enough. The years passed on—as they surely will—and I had not heard of her for some time, when one day a group of merry school-girls entered the room, accompanied by a religious. That face seemed strangely familiar, whose could it be? The group walked up towards me and stopped; the religious turning to them said, 'When I was a girl here, I recollect how fond I was of playing on this dear old piano. I wonder if it remembers me?' What memories of the past that voice brought back to me! And then as if by magic I recognized in this religious the beautiful, young attractive maiden who, years before, had played upon me, whilst her companions danced to her merry music. Truly, 'the times change and we change with them.'

"Although very fond of the other two, of whom I have told you, there was one who occupied the largest place in my heart. Her sad, pensive, brown eyes had seen the snow of sixteen winters, her golden locks had been tossed about by the light breezes of as many summers. We became acquainted in the following manner: One day, the girls had been thumping me and using me more roughly than usual and had taken all the gay music out of my heart. I felt an inexpressible longing for some one to come and relieve me of the sad melodies that filled my soul.

Some kind spirit must have whispered what I desired, for, about the twilight hour, I heard a light step and looking up saw the little maiden, of whom I have already spoken, coming towards me. Her face, although very sad, was not discontented. I had often noticed her among her companions, and she seemed to me a pure, snow-white lily among the gay and colored flowers. But she had never seemed to notice me, and I was delighted to see that she now did so. She sat down and then with those slender, white fingers of hers drew from my heart its deepest and most beautiful melody. One part that made me feel a little provoked, was, that instead of looking at me, her beautiful dark eyes wandered out over the grassy lawn that was now shadowed by the approach of evening. What was she dreaming about, I asked myself, but I was not to know, as just then the great bell rang out, calling all to evening prayer, and she left me. A month passed, and she came to me every day. Then for a long time I missed her, and at length, one rainy day, a group of girls was talking near me. Sadness reigned over all, and many of the usually bright and merry girls were weeping. I held my breath and listened to what they were saying. Presently I heard one say: 'Can it be true, our Violet dead?' My heart sank, for Violet was none other than my dearest little friend. Thus she passed out of my life as peacefully as she had come into it. Since she has gone, no one has had any particular affection for me, and now I am, as you see, but a poor, broken-down, old creature, who only sits here and dreams of 'the happy days gone by.' "

Here I aroused myself and found I had been dreaming, and then I arose and left, feeling peaceful and happy, and softly murmuring to myself:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

ROSA ROBERTSON.

PHILOSOPHY is to poetry what old age is to youth, and the stern truths of philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

THE flower which we do not pluck is the only one which never loses its beauty or its fragrance.

### Sister Marie.

Each day when the sun is setting  
 And lengthening shadows fall,  
 There passes in front of my window  
 A woman, stately and tall,  
 With straight, black, clinging garments  
 Hiding her maidenly grace,  
 And the square, white cap of the sisters  
 Shading her peaceful face.

Her step I would know 'mid a hundred,  
 The quiet, steady tread  
 Of one who has walked full often  
 Among the dying and dead.  
 And I've come to look and listen,  
 When the day is almost done,  
 And people are hurrying homeward,  
 For the quiet step of my nun.

Little she thinks as she passes  
 That one whom she never knew  
 Receives of her ministrations  
 Each day far more than her due;  
 For I see in the faces of others  
 Only my joys, or cares,  
 But, around her passing presence  
 Lingers a halo of prayers.

What is the charm of her presence?  
 Why does she cheer me more  
 Than those who, gayer and brighter,  
 Pause to chat at my door?  
 Oh! life for her has a meaning,  
 And this is her secret sweet:  
 Losing her life for others,  
 She finds it again complete.

If only my coming and going,  
 To those whom I meet, might be  
 A ministry of comfort,  
 Like Sister Marie's to me,  
 I could ask no higher honor  
 Than to know at life's setting sun  
 That others were blessed by my living,  
 As I by my silent nun.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

IN prosperity we are apt to feel too independent. It is when we stumble in dark and difficult ways, beneath starless skies, that we feel and acknowledge the blessings of light.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.



# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

THE poem of our sister editor, who so modestly seeks refuge in her nom de plume, *Karalice*, is, we feel, a most successful effort and a worthy addition to our magazine. We hope that her muse may continue to inspire her to new flights of genius, and that her literary recollections may often find place in the columns of our journal.

\*

OUR return to the *sanctum*, this term, was one of the most pleasurable features of the reopening of school. Letters and contributions from our esteemed correspondents and from the most noted writers of the day, as well as souvenirs of the distinguished guests who, during our absence, had visited the *sanctum*, graced the editors' table. We return sincere thanks for their kindness, and shall cherish their words of encouragement as the reward of our past humble efforts, and an incentive to better work in the future.

\*

A NEW departure has been inaugurated, this term, in placing the Science course under the direction of a master, Prof. Dixon. Chemistry and Physics, always interesting in themselves, possess a more than double attraction when the experiments are performed and explained by one who has devoted so much time to the acquirement of scientific knowledge.

The days previous to the first lecture were full of anxiety for the under-graduating class, the

members of which devoted most of their time to the perusal of a certain red-covered volume, which invaded even the precincts of the recreation hall. The slight flavor of danger attendant on experiments was a source of great amusement, particularly when, at the announcement, "There may be an explosion," the more nervous of the audience hastily sought safety at a greater distance. Now we feel more at home both with master and experiments.

\*

TO-DAY, the Silver Jubilee of our revered chaplain, Rev. Father Bernard, was celebrated. Arrayed in the snowy veils that betoken our approach to the Holy Table, and are, we trust, emblematic of the purity of our souls, at an early hour we received Holy Communion, well knowing that no other act would be so pleasing to him as the one which best proved our appreciation of his gentle ministrations.

The choir sang a "Kyrie" adapted from Mehul's "Joseph" at the Offertory, the beautiful "Tota Pulchra es," by Lambillotte, at the Communion, Anna Doerr, Marie Cunningham and Marie Murphy rendered most effectively "O Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come to me;" and after Mass our gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts found expression in the grand old German choral, "Holy God, we praise Thy name."

Well may we twine a chaplet of love and reverence and rejoice in the silvery radiance of this festive day, for under the fostering care and edifying example of this dear Father of our souls, who has labored so hard to eradicate the noxious weeds of sin, and sow in their stead the seeds of virtue and piety, we have been instructed in the many virtues of her whose name we honor and revere.

May his days be prolonged for a yet prouder anniversary, and the years of waiting filled with deeds as fair as those that throng the past.

\*

IT may not be generally known to our esteemed correspondents that within the palatial walls of Loretto is contained a spot termed by its frequenters, the "Hall of Shadows."

The curiosity seeker who would behold its phenomena, must pay for that privilege the price of climbing four flights of stairs—a rather laborious task to one unused to the more violent forms of exercise. When she has recovered her breath, she finds herself in a hall extending the length of the building, wondering if the witches and spectres so often referred to by the Father of English literature, have not found their way here.

It is 8.15 P. M., the hour when the extraordinary forms, that have given to the hall its present appellation, appear. Should the courage of the waiting one not have deserted her at this time, she will see them move through the corridor, in noiseless and solemn (?) procession, led by a very tall spirit who, it is supposed, is their chief. The others vary in size, the tiny elves ending the procession. These are sadly wanting in dignity, and contort themselves into the most grotesque shapes before they finally disappear from view, vanishing into the darkness. Now they form themselves into groups and stand about, engaged, apparently, in conversation regarding the latest events in Shadow-land. The groups increase, the gestures become more and more animated, they are nearing a high pitch of excitement, when, suddenly, another shade appears. The attire of this latest arrival is of a more sombre hue than that of the others, and her approach is accompanied by the silvery tinkle of a bell, which seems to electrify the Shadows, judging from their sudden disappearance. Once more the hall is deserted, but only for a short interval, for here comes a group of banqueters. One by one the forms emerge from the darkness and glide away down to where the feast is set. They are most peculiar looking beings,—clad like the former group, in long, flowing garments, and disfigured by protuberances on the head, of every conceivable shape and size, reminding one forcibly of horns. Surely, the inhabitants of Shadow-land have chosen strange ornaments for their adornment. Each holds a glass, and each, in turn, passes to the vase containing the nectar on which these

spirits feast, fills her glass and drinks to the health and welfare of Shadow-land.

The ninth hour approaches, a few belated ones still appear at intervals, but the inflexible old monitor on the landing below, has given the final signal, the last shade disappears, the hall is deserted, and we—substantial shadows—pass from the land of shadows to the land of dreams, and partake of “Nature’s sweet Restorer, Balmy Sleep.”

\*

It is owing, not only to the unique distinction conferred upon our “Loretto of the Falls” by its very location, but also to its eminence as a school for music, that we are visited by the leading pianists and musicians of all countries. We look forward to such visits with eagerness. We know that there can be no better means to cultivate artistic perception of music, and to understand the deep meaning of the works of the great masters, than in hearing their compositions rendered by those who have made them the study of their lives.

The public concert-room does not offer the great advantages, which are connected with such a recital “all for ourselves,” by gifted musicians.

One of the first musical evenings of the new scholastic year was provided for us by the kindness of that eminent teacher and interpreter of classical music, Mrs. Clara E. Thoms. Her playing is in itself a lesson which could not be conveyed in sentences. Her reposeful manner, her masterly use of the pedal, so similar to Paderewski’s faultless pedaling; the clear clean-cut rendering of intricate passages, in which every note is heard distinctly and in its full tone value; her original interpretation of pieces which we attempt to play ourselves, and above all, the refined taste displayed in her choice of a programme—all these features combine to form an object lesson indelibly imprinted on our memory. We foresee endless attempts during the next few months to imitate the charming performer. We cannot hope—not yet, at least—to furnish to our interested friends, such a programme as the one subjoined, but we have infinite aspirations.



The programme followed by Mrs. Thoms began with two selections from Schumann, the "Nachtstueck" and the "Bird as a Prophet," a trying bit of music built up on a seemingly impossible discord. The next three numbers were taken from Chopin. We believe, Mrs. Thoms has an unconscious preference for Chopin, to judge from the preponderance of his pieces on the programme, and the warm, inspired manner in which she interprets him. While she was playing, it began to rain outside, and she substituted for the etude selected, a prelude by Chopin, known as the Raindrop prelude, in which the monotonous repetition of one note, like an incessant dropping of the rain, is harmonized so admirably. At our request, she played Kammenoi Ostrow, by Rubenstein. The large and powerful interpretation of the stately chant, sung by the Greek monks, was a revelation to us. Then, after another nocturne by Chopin, she played a Fantasia, by Bach. The want of melody, according to our modern ideas, was more than compensated for by the depth of expression thrown into the harmonious sequences.

After another nocturne by Chopin, the gifted artist played her own arrangement of an Adagio, taken from a Concerto, by Chopin, a soulful, pathetic strain. The recital closed with a brilliant etude written by Liszt.

We were then severally introduced to her, and she quietly took possession of all our hearts by the kind and simple way, in which she promised us future visits.

We must not forget to mention, that she kindly listened to the unequal performances of our own coming musicians, whom she pronounced to be, each and every one of them, most promising—a high encomium from such a source. We are not going to disappoint her, either, when she comes again to her friends of "Loretto."

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WORK is a necessity, in one way or another, to all of us. Overwork is our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

### A Spot Made Famous by Longfellow.



NOT far from Concord town, of Revolutionary fame, is the village of Sudbury, in Middlesex county.

One afternoon, about seventy years ago, the rattling old stage-coach which ran on the high road, was making its usual stop, three miles from the village, when a young man, lately graduated from Old Bowdoin, alighted. The inn was a quaint, old-fashioned place, "as ancient as any in the land may be," with its busy servants, noisy gathering of teamsters, travellers, peddlers, strolling players, beggars, and smiling host, who stood at the doorway welcoming his guests, and when they were enjoying the refreshments for which the establishment was famous, enlivened the repast with an account of his father's hospitality, as keeper of the "Red Horse," in King George's time, when Massachusetts was a colony. As though to verify his statement, he showed the very sword that Col. Howe had used, hung up as a relic, and invited all who wished to come near and admire.

The young man already referred to, full of all the glad eagerness and aspirations of youth, was particularly interested in the trophy, and gazed with admiration at the gigantic oaks that stood like so many sentinels guarding the time-worn and weather-stained Inn, his resting-place for the night previous to his departure for foreign lands.

Supper over, the travellers were ushered into the presence of their host's daughter, Miss Jerusha Howe, (something very unusual, for this young lady always kept aloof from the ordinary guests of the Inn). The parlor was a low, wainscotted room whose appointments, as may be supposed, were of the most antique description; but its crowning glory was a new spinet, the first article of the kind in these parts, consequently, privileged and envied was she who could say, "I've seen Jerusha's pianny, and I heerd her play on it, tew!" Of course, the accomplishments of Miss Jerusha were speedily made known to the guests, and after a considerable amount of persuasion, she was prevailed upon to favor them with an exhibition of her skill. It is unnecessary to say she was loudly applauded.

Next morning when the travellers again took their seats in the coach, one among them looked with longing gaze at the wayside Inn, and carried away in his poet heart the memory of it—he was no other than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Time wrought the usual changes in Sudbury and its surroundings. Everything began to assume a more modern air, the Red Horse Inn was now Howe's Tavern, the prancing steed on the sign-board which marked its erstwhile glory, was but a shadow of his former self, and the only remnant of old-time splendor was the rusty sword, the Howe coat-of-arms, and the poor, forlorn spinet whose owner had long since gone.

Among the few wayfarers who still made the Inn a stopping place, it chanced that in the year 1848, about a quarter of a century after the visit of the author of its fame, one Professor Treadwell, of Harvard College, happened to spend a night there. Its ancient history, the old memories that clung around it, its rustic and secluded aspect, at once charmed the professor, who saw great prospects of a pleasant holiday there. So he decided to make it his abode during the summer months, when the musical murmur of the trout stream in the woods hard by, and the calm, bright moonlight nights would enhance the peaceful pleasures of the quiet old Inn. He made known his retreat to his friends, and had soon gathered around him a select group of congenial minds. In this way, he was relieved of the monotony of country life, by conversations and companionship which were in keeping with those he was wont to have. These were Dr. T. W. Parsons, a writer of classic verse, Luigi Monti, a native of Sicily, a youth of ardent temperament and versatile talent, who formed a striking contrast with Henry Washington, the last of the party, a man of grave, settled bearing, a great student and traveler, and an accomplished linguist.

Professor Treadwell was a man who, under a gruff exterior, carried a warm heart and whose kindness was directed even to the brute creation. He was a philanthropist, a theologian, a learned scientist, and somewhat of an inventor. The only member of the Howe family now in existence was Lyman, nominally the landlord of the Inn, though he made his home in a cottage in

the neighborhood, and generally whiled away the summer hours, an attentive listener at those evening gatherings of his intellectual acquaintances.

Such is the prose version of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." My readers will have already recognized the originals of the poet, theologian, student, young Sicilian and landlord who are so graphically described in the prelude of the poem. All these characters were personal friends of Mr. Longfellow, with the exception of the landlord, and from them he received the details of their visits to the Inn. The musician and the Jew were not creatures of the poet's brain, they were men well known to Mr. Longfellow, and were introduced to give variety to the tales. The Spaniard, Edrehi, whose

" . . . eyes seemed gazing far away,  
As if in vision or in trance,  
He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
And saw the Jewish maidens dance,"

lived and died in Boston. The golden-haired, blue-eyed musician of the North, who interluded weird Scandinavian legends with the inspired strains of his violin, was Ole Bull—

" His figure tall and straight  
And every feature of his face  
Revealing his Norwegian race."

The first seven tales were published in 1863. These comprised the inspiring account of Paul Revere's Ride, the sad story of Sir Federigo's Falcon, the triumph of Rabbi Ben Levi over the death-angel, the legend of King Robert of Sicily, the saga of the fierce, bold Norse King Olaf, the dreary, horrible Torquemada, and the musical Birds of Killingworth.

Nine years later appeared the seven tales supposed to have been told on the "Second Day." These were: The Bell of Atri, the Eastern tale of the Miser of Kambalu, the Cobbler of Hagenau, the ghostly Ballad of Carmihan, Lady Wentworth, the Baron of St. Castine, and the Legend Beautiful.

The "Aftermath" or Third Part, soon followed. This included Azrael, the story of Emma and Eginhard, the Quaker-Colonial sketch, Elizabeth, the Monk of Casal-Maggiore, the warlike Scanderberg, Charlemagne, the quaint little ballad of



Mother's Ghost, and the Ryhme of Sir Christopher.

The wayside Inn is still standing, and on payment of a small sum the tourist is shown a very unpicturesque parlor, and is assured that here Longfellow sat while writing the poem.

LORETTO BARRETT.



### The Rosary.

IN every century and every clime, since the beginning of the Christian era, the Mother of God has proven an inspiration to poets, artists and musicians, as well as an infallible resource to those who desire to acquire a greater perfection, and more intimate union with her Son. In the oldest literary productions allusions to the Queen of Heaven are very numerous; the ballads and chivalric poems of Mediaeval times abound in tributes of praise to her, and even the poets of our own day delight in saluting her with the many titles of affectionate veneration, bestowed upon her by her children. The gentle English poetess, Adelaide Proctor, enumerating her many titles, says:

“Our Lady of the Rosary,  
What title half so sweet  
As that we call thee when we lay  
Our chaplet at thy feet.”

“Our Lady of the Rosary!” Surely, this title must be one of the sweetest to Mary, associated as it is with that treasury of prayer, wherein every degree of intelligence finds its offering of homage, its meed of expiation, and its petition for new graces.

The poor unlearned laborer, unable to read even the prayers of the Mass, finds in the Rosary a source of strength and consolation; through devotion to the Mother, he knows that he reverences the Son. The learned theologian, meditating upon the wonderful mysteries of our Redemption, rises to the heights of the most sublime contemplation and spiritual perfection through the intercession of Mary. The child fearful of the darkness, the mother watching by the bedside of her dear ones, the traveller alone in the dreary wilderness, the soldier performing his weary sentry duty—all raise their hearts to the Mother of God, and invoke her aid, in their fears and perils.

The tender affection of the “Poet-Priest of the South” for his beads, found expression in one of the most touching of his poems:

“Sweet, Blessed Beads! I would not part  
With one of you, for richest gem  
That gleams in kingly diadem;—  
Ye know the history of my heart.

“Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,  
And joys have died;—but in my needs  
Ye were my friends! my Blessed Beads!  
And ye consoled me when I wailed.”

What a world of thought is contained in these lines! Mayhap, we, too, have found the “sweet relief” in some Hail Mary, that soothed the gentle heart of the grief-stricken poet.

Isabella, the Catholic Queen of Spain, recited the Rosary with unceasing fervor. When the design for her statue for the World's Fair was submitted to the Columbian Exposition Committee, it was at first rejected, on account of the prayer beads suspended from her girdle. Historical research proved that these adjuncts of piety carried out the conception of the character of Isabella, and after mature deliberation the design was adopted, and praised by the art critics.

The musician, Gluck, displayed a great love for this form of prayer, as did also the devout Haydn, and when hesitating over a musical thought or expression, would recite the Chaplet, and trust to Mary for inspiration, which, we may believe, seldom, if ever, failed them.

The devotion of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, to the Rosary, is clearly shown by his late Encyclical, wherein he expresses the hope that the reunion of the Greek with the Latin Church may be effected through the mediation of our Lady, who desires nothing more than the fulfilment of what is pleasing to the heart of her divine Son.

The salutation of the Angel was a message of love, not only to Mary, but to the whole world. To her who so loves mankind, the repetition of those words must be a constant delight, and the beautiful prayer, added by the Church, inspires one with unlimited confidence in the Mother of God and our own dear Mother. “Pray for us sinners,” thou who never for an instant wert under the dominion of sin, yet, dost comprehend our frailty, and art endowed with the power to raise us from our iniquities; intercede for us in

the moment of temptation, but particularly at the hour of our death. With so powerful an advocate near us the sentence will surely be one of loving mercy.

“Dear Mother, while my voice is strong,  
Oh, may I never fail to speak  
Thy Blessed name in word or song;  
And when, at last, it shall grow weak,  
I ask then for my latest breath  
The grace to speak thy name in death.”

MARIE KYLE.

## The “Parsifal” of Richard Wagner.

### PART I.

#### The Legend.

WHEN Campbell wrote “Distance lends enchantment to the view,” he wrote a truth of the inner and idealizing eye as well as that of the outer vision, and one as pertinent to time as to space. We might add to his line—

“The course of time resolves men into gods,  
And human acts into divine events,  
And earthly things into a heavenly source.”

When we trace the origin of any of the arts we come to a divine source. Mercury, Orpheus and Apollo are all named as inventors of music. In all lands there are traditions existing to the effect that their first inhabitants were either of supernatural origin, or were governed by beings higher than man. Witness this in Egypt, Peru, Mexico and India. Where history ends, there commence the works of the gods. The natural is forgotten, and everything is of divine creation; the gods walk and deal with man. In Greece, at the time of Homer, no act took place without the intervention of the gods. In all lands it has been the same. As time gives a hero a great perspective, it also enhances his surroundings. A great hero lives as the darling of his age. He leads, and all others follow. Not only does he draw the multitudes after him, but, like a mighty magnet, he picks up all the achievements and glories of lesser conquerors. He becomes the centre around which cluster the supernatural occurrences, heroic acts, and great sayings of his age. We know how this is true of our great men of later days, how to Burke, Webster,

Lincoln and Washington, have been accredited many anecdotes and sayings belonging to other sources. This only increases with time.

History paints the likeness of the times in detail as it views them on near inspection. A man cannot see the features of the time in which he lives. Like the “Old Man of the Mountain,” near, too, we see a mass of rough granite, without symmetry of form—nothing but a rocky, barren crag—but, go away from it, give it distance, and the meaning is explained, the features of the granite rock are perfect. Likewise, no man can view the form and outlines of the times in which he lives, save the poet-prophet who, in his “enormous flights, outruns two thousand years.” We stand on a mountain, and gaze over a mighty landscape, hills and woods and rolling mountains, and, in the valleys, lakes, like opals set in granite. The scene has its great lesson for us: what a preparation, transmutation, must matter undergo ere it becomes a fit subject for art. The dross and burden of those distances, concealed or eliminated by space, the political detail lost, the spirit of it alone remains, and all else is submerged.

Emerson most beautifully puts it: “What miles and tons of space left out, and the essence and spirit of it caught in the stroke of a brush or the cunning of a pencil!”

So it is with history. We may not see its truth unless we view it from afar, where the frivolous detail and private opinions of human life are left out, and the relations of all parts to the continuous purpose of God is shown. These truths of history become preserved to us in the form of the legend. Legends are always founded on some truths derived from history. It is the painting of history as in the landscape. No two landscapes are alike, but many contain the same truths. History varies in different lands and epochs. The Roman days differed from those of ancient Egypt, as we, to-day, differ from the Romans, but these epochs will all leave the same legends to future ages, for the hearts of mankind are ever the same, and, on the whole, man acts very much as he feels. In spite of all arguments to the contrary, man is a lover of truth. What has come into the world honestly from the heart, that man is eager to devour.



Taking "Erinyes," "King Œdipus," "Iphigenia," "Faust," "Hamlet," "The Cid," "King Lear" and "Prometheus," as examples, how many historical dramas can be matched against them? None have ever fastened themselves so tenaciously upon the memory of man. Art has depended entirely on the legend for its great inspirations. Even Christian art is not historical, nothing is copied, all form, features and coloring are derived from traditional information or from the artists' inspiration.

The legend is not written by any man of genius, it is the outcome of the people, among whom it circulates in oral speech. Some of the more gifted may have clothed it in more perfect language or in verse.

History is to doctrine what legends are to religious truth and its symbology. Sift history of its specialties and in its whole we have the legend. The genius of the age becomes the hero of the legend. In the same way strip sectarianism of its doctrines and dogmas, and of the private opinions with which it is encumbered, and we would have left its universal form, alone explainable by its universal Catholic symbols, of which Christ is the Master-Genius. Were all symbols and legends lost, history would re-create them, as the arts would again spring from the heart of the people if they were lost. God has concealed in all things some inner meaning; when man discovers this, they become symbols. Symbols are not the inventions of man, but man has discovered a hidden meaning in some form, and then one more letter of a divine alphabet is learned.

Art seeks for the essence of life, it separates the kernel from the chaff. Carlyle says: "There is music at the centre of everything if we can only go deep enough." It is the duty of art to cast out all but the necessary, to hold alone to the musical core of creation which it condenses into a song, the burden of which is always Love. Music, the universal language; Love, the universal genius. The drama is a form of art consecrated to the unifying of the music of human life, it seeks for the songs of the human heart. The legend is the song of history and the drama the song of life, thus we see how well the one is suited for the use of the other. The legend, like

the music of different countries, varies with the spirit of the people. The beauty and the symmetry of Greece, the morbid, dark, secretive, conventional Egyptian; the rugged, health-teeming, vital, war-loving heroism of the northern lands, and the chivalrous Christian knighthood of Gaul and England, all stand individualized, bearing a strong personality of their own. Running through all these groups is a similarity of incident and teaching, like one song played upon different instruments.

Two prominent ideas pervading these myths are, first, the self-sacrificing love of woman; this is the redeeming principle, as with Gœthe, in his "Faust." The second idea is of a teacher, often her son, who overcomes all temptations and obstacles, and sacrifices himself to teach man the doctrine of peace and love. She is the grand, perfected woman, type of patience, purity, beauty, and love; the hero is a messenger of her attributes. It is he who precedes the return of Astræa and the Golden Age. The truths are impersonal, but the characters who personify them are different, in different lands.

The legend which we are to consider is "The Quest of the Grail." It can be traced back to Aryan sources whence it migrated across Europe. The romances which have come down to us find their origin in the chants, war songs, ballads of the folk and temple mysteries of ancient Gælic and Celtic people. Gaul, pagan Armorica, Wales and Scotland were rich in their bards who perpetuated and spread these early tales and songs.

In connection with legends and myths are certain symbols traced to four original forms, viz., "The Sword of the Conqueror," "The Cup of Libations," "The Cross of Renunciation and Prophecy," and the "Crown." Animals, also, play an important part in symbology, and are all classified under two types, those of the Serpent and the Dove.

When the Christians landed in Brittany and Gaul they used every available means of securing converts. The monks were assimilative in the extreme, and made what they found in use in the religious customs of these people applicable to their own doctrine. As legends and symbols are universally the same, this was easily done. The Christmas festival, with its yule-log and mis-

tletoe, is a case in point. When the conquerors introduced this observance of the 25th of December, it fell into favor, for it occurred on the same day as the old Druidical festival. So it is with the Méxicans, Hindoos, Persians, and American Indians; on the day corresponding to the 24th day of the last month of the year, at midnight they look for the birth of their Savior. Christmas, to-day, in England, is more Druidical in its customs than Christian.

The "Bloody Spear," by which the Saxons swore vengeance on the intruders, became the spear with which Longinus pierced the side of the Savior, on Calvary; finally, the Basin, with which the Druidic priestess caught the blood of the victim sacrificed upon the altar of her faith, became analogous to the "Cup," with which our Lord drank at the Last Supper. In the legends of Parsifal there is a slight variety in the details of the quest, but the ultimates are essentially the same.

From the Middle Ages, we have three romances on the "Grail." The first and most valuable, by Chretien de Troyes, in 1175, was called "Percevale," or "The Story of the Grail." The second was by Wolfram von Eschenbach, the great Minnesinger, who named his work "Parzival." The third by Robert de Berron, was in prose. The writings of Chretien de Troyes are the most valuable, as they give the legend in its pure form before it became impregnated with the doctrinal element so marked in that of Berron. With the latter things are specialized, the truth of the original legend is lost in particular and detailed handling of its minor portions. In modern times only two men have been moved to make use of this subject of the "Grail," these are Tennyson and Richard Wagner. Mr. Abbey may, also, be mentioned since he has painted the legend, in life size, for the walls of the public library in Boston.

One great peculiarity, concerning the legends and tales of the Middle Ages, is the introduction of simple, guileless, and unsophisticated persons. There is a presence of an invincible fatality that makes man an actor in a foreordained drama of destiny.

"Percevale" was just such a character. Wagner accepts the meaning of the name as *Parsi* (simple) and *Fal* (fool) or "simple fool." He was

a guileless youth, pure and without a knowledge of evil.

Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic, in the year 1813. He had a good university education, but, in music showed no great talent. He never could learn to play the piano, and only six months were spent in the study of musical composition. It was in order to furnish music for a drama he had written that he began to write music. For years he struggled with poverty, met with defeat wherever he went, and was exiled from his own land for taking part in a revolutionary movement at Dresden. His whole life was spent in the reformation of the Opera. He terms his own great works "Music-Dramas." Thirteen large volumes of prose and poetry, on many different subjects, have been left by him. In 1840 he sketched "Jesus of Nazareth," and in 1856, "The Victors," the plot from a Hindoo legend. The former was based on a conception of Jesus as a human philosopher who taught the saving and redeeming grace of Love; the latter, upon the Hindoo tale of two lovers, Amanda and Prakriti, who had received the teachings of Buddha, and so renounced the union, toward which their love impelled them, and led an ascetic life.


Wagner, toward the latter part of his life, inclined very much to Christian mysticism, and when he came to write "Parsifal," he changed both of the former conceptions and at once accepted the doctrine of the atonement through the divinity of Christ, building his drama upon Christian dogmas, and using Christian symbols as they were interpreted during the Middle Ages. When we behold the "Parsifal" of Wagner, we do not see an opera, in the accepted meaning of the word, but a religious drama, into which is woven the whole Christian doctrine of the overcoming of sin, a life of righteousness, and redemption through love. Having thus obtained an introduction to the subject, it remains for me, in our next issue, to consider the great masterpiece of Richard Wagner, probably the greatest production which music has given to this world. Doubly great, inasmuch as the poem and music stand equally developed, the complement of each other, as woman is of man, intellect of love.

B. L. SHAPLEIGH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### Our First Outing.

“ HERE is a grand Horticultural Exhibition at Drummondville, young ladies, and those who wish to attend may do so this afternoon,” was the announcement made by our Mistress, on Tuesday, the 17th of September.

To the healthy, normal girl anything holding the promise of a pleasant outing is most eagerly welcomed. This case proved no exception to the general rule, and at two o'clock every young lady in the house was arrayed in fitting costume and ready to set out on the promised expedition. If fault could be found with so charming a day, we would be inclined to do so on the score of its being too warm. The sun poured his rays upon us with a fierceness that made us rejoice when the expanse of open country and the unprotected point, known as the “North Pole,” were passed, and the shaded streets of Drummondville stretched before us. Through them we solemnly marched, but soon halted before the gayly decorated Town Hall, the doors of which were thrown invitingly open. A glow of surprised delight illuminated the features of the genial manager; perhaps he had not thought of the botanical interest to be displayed by the scientific undergraduates of Loretto, but he rose nobly to the occasion, and with true Chesterfieldian grace, invited us to enter the Hall and gaze upon the treasures culled from Flora's realm.

The Exhibition was, indeed, deserving of praise. Geraniums, petunias, phlox, dahlias, begonias, and other sweet old-fashioned garden flowers were displayed, in a high state of culture. A thorn bush, said to be one of the species from which the crown of thorns of our Blessed Lord was made, was an object of especial interest to us, and was surrounded by an eager group, anxious to hear every fact connected with an object so dear to the Christian heart.

Those who were strangers to Niagara, wishing to see that historical spot, the field on which was fought the desperate battle of Lundy's Lane, we turned our faces westward, and a walk of five minutes brought us to the little church and cemetery that now mark the scene of the bloody warfare that cost Canada the life of many a noble son. An imposing monument of granite is

erected to the memory of the nation's defenders, who gave their lives in response to the call of the mother country, and within a few steps of it is a neglected grave in which reposes Laura Secord, the almost unknown Canadian heroine, who walked twenty miles through a densely wooded district to warn the British of the intended attack of the American forces. The heroes who fought for the cause have a lasting memorial, the brave General Brock, a structure one hundred and eighty-five feet high, but the woman, Laura Secord, whose short story contains a world of patriotic love, has only a poor wooden railing and a placard announcing her death at the age of ninety-three. However, steps are now being taken to repair this neglect, and soon a fitting tribute will be given to her memory by the people of Ontario, to prove that their previous neglect has been a matter, not of ingratitude, but of carelessness, and that they value her services, respect her memory, and pay to her name the affectionate regard it so truly deserves from every Canadian heart.

Directly north of the burial ground is Lundy's Lane observatory, at an elevation of 103 feet, from the summit of which we surveyed the battlefield, Niagara Falls, and the entire surrounding country. In the museum beneath the great tower are hundreds of relics of the wars of 1812-14 and 1837, and a most interesting collection of souvenirs of that period. To the kind courtesy of Mr. J. C. Hull, the genial and well-informed manager, we are indebted for many hours spent here with pleasure and profit, for not only is he thoroughly posted on the history of the museum's treasures, but he delights to impart all possible information to his visitors.

What particularly attracted our attention was the sword of Lieut. Col. McDonald, Gen. Brock's aide de camp, who fell with him at the battle of Queenston Heights; also Captain Yokom's sword, used in the battle of Lundy's Lane, a sash worn by Lieut. Lundy in the same battle, a kettledrum in good preservation, several flint lock muskets and numerous bayonets, cannon balls, grape and canister shot and lead bullets, breastplates, part of the tunic of an officer of the 89th Regiment, and some swords and pistols, recovered from the trenches.

In addition to relics of the war there is a collection of rare old articles on view, such as a home-made wooden plough used by the first U. E. Loyalist settlers in this country, now over a hundred years old; also a large collection of Indian pipes, arrow heads, wampum belts, etc. An old clock of two hundred years or more is quite a curiosity. "It is in good running order, but, like some aged person, its face is marked with lines, and its hands are thin and feeble. This valuable relic originally came from the old market town of Barnard Castle, of the County of Durham, England, and was made by Humphreys of that place, who, no doubt, was far-famed for skill in his profession. It has been a faithful monitor of days and moments quickly flying, and has marked the hours for labor, rest or pleasure. It has been a witness of the varied changes and chances of this mortal life for two centuries, in one locality or another, and if it had ears to hear and a tongue to speak, it could tell us of aged men and women fulfilling their days in wisdom and in the fear of God, also of youth and beauty, in their short periods, besides the strifes of nations, the anxieties of ruling powers, and the joys of peace and prosperity."

Glancing once more at the scene of battle, we are forcibly reminded that we, too, are in the midst of a fierce and constant warfare. Within our souls is waged a conflict between good and evil, the desire of the senses for that which is carnal, of the soul for that which is spiritual. To us, as to the patriots of Canada, comes a warning of the attack of the enemy's forces, the small, still voice of conscience crying out, beware! for the destroyers of virtue are near; utilize the forces at your command, range them on the side of goodness and truth, and go forth in invincible armor to the fray. Then, when the conflict shall be at an end, we shall have won a victory—the victory that will entitle us to the reward for which life and time have been given us by a tender, loving and merciful Father.

MARIE KYLE.

CHARITABLE buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better.

WISDOM is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

### Flowers Culled on our Literary Pathway.

This is an age of intellect, even in the battle of faith against error and unbelief. The principles of morality, endangered by the false theories of would-be moralists, are in direct union with the principles of an intelligent faith which is endangered by an intellectuality without God. An impious writer has said, "Man sanctifies what he writes, and embellishes everything he loves with the flowers of imagination." This is the deifying of man's thought independent of God and truth. This is the word that gives life to all that is debasing in literature, and offers the husks of swine instead of the green pastures for which intellect was given to man. Intellect is clamoring for superiority—in fact, it aims to be supreme; we are not the slaves of pure intellect, but intellect is the reflection of Divine mind, and only in obedience to God can it be truly great. God is master of intellect as well as heart, and He has given us both with which to serve Him. We must not only love Him with our whole heart, we must also know Him in order to love Him. Emerson has said that "Mind insists on intellect and sanctity." This is the truth. Emerson sounded intellect to its very depths, but his ideas of sanctity will differ from ours—but he asserted a great truth. The mind in its development should know truth, while the life by holiness should live the truth. We who are the children of God's holy Church, have the principles that make for holiness in life, and by uniting them with intellect, we should be not mere followers in the intellectual movement of the age, but the very leaders.

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It is sometimes thought that if a girl has been educated at a high-class school, she must be cultured; but some such girls are the most uncultured of persons. One need not be rich, or educated, or traveled, in order to be cultured; but only sure that all sides of her being grow in harmony. Culture does not mean music or French, but *womanhood*. Very few can be rich, a small number educated; but culture is for all.

Not extensive, but select reading gives culture. Read and think; read a little and think much; read when at leisure, think when at work. Be determined to know something, even a little, of



the best history, the best poetry, the best biography, the best of art, the facts in science, and the best thoughts of the best minds.

A thoughtless, selfish, snappish, cross, fretful, overbearing and dictatorial girl may take the prize at school, may excel in music, and travel around the world, but the more she knows, the less culture she has. The commonest country girl with good health, an open brain, and a warm, unselfish, patient, self-controlled disposition, is a hundred-fold more cultured than the boarding-school girl who is fractious with her mother, cross with her sisters, or knows too much to associate with those whom she deems beneath her. Disposition is culture. Health is the soil, intelligence the branches, and disposition the leaves, buds and blossoms, the robe of living beauty, fragrance and sweetness with which a young girl is to clothe her life; for without heart-culture the finest mental culture is like a tree with nothing but cold, leafless limbs.

The cultured young girl is *spiritual*. Loving what God loves, hating what God hates, reading His thoughts over after Him in nature, in His Word, and in her own soul, coming into sympathy with Him—this makes of art a living life, and lifts the passions, the thoughts, the affections, and the will into a region of purity and joy. This is the highest culture, without which no woman can have her greatest beauty, or power, or joy.

\* \*

Have you ever watched the icicle as it formed? Have you noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more? If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds to its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

\* \*

The wind is a musician! We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go

somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing on a single string! It tries almost everything upon earth, to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps, to the stars, that love music most, and sang it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening old doors, without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

“ O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows  
Which is not music; every weed of thine,  
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine,  
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills  
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.”



### The Australian Nightingale.

AMERICA has welcomed to her shores distinguished singers without number, but no one in the present generation has made so complete an artistic conquest as Madam Nellie Melba. This peerless cantatrice, who within the last five years has won the highest possible distinction in Paris, Brussels, London, Milan and New York, is of Scotch descent, and was born in Australia. Her family name is Mitchell.

At a very early age she commenced the study of the pianoforte with her mother, who was an amateur of ability.

Some years later it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of unusual beauty, and after having taken a few vocal lessons in Australia, she accepted the advice of friends and went to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of the famous Madame Marchesi. Notwithstanding the objections interposed by her father, a lyric career became irresistible, and upon

the completion of her studies, under Madame Marchesi, Madame Melba made her début October fifteenth, 1887, as "Gilda," in *Rigolette*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and left behind her forever the insignificant name of Mitchell for all the glory the word Melba contains—which, by the way, is a patriotic adaptation of Melbourne, her birthplace.

The short career of this young artist has been an uninterrupted succession of triumphs, on both sides of the Atlantic. She has made herself famous by such rôles as "Ophelia," in *Hamlet*, "Juliet," also "Marguerite," in *Faust*; but her greatest triumph has been in the rôle of "Lucia." She is the only living artist of the present day who can perfectly interpret the rôle, consequently, "Lucia" and Melba are synonymous.

Her enormous success in New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, during the last two seasons, is too well known to require more than a word of mention. Her triumphs on the concert stage have fully equalled those in opera.

During her career, Madam Melba's surpassing art has brought her a great number of tributes, in the shape of valuable presents, many of them being the gifts of the crowned heads of Europe.

Her voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with a very extensive range; the tone being crystalline in its sweetness and clearness. It is perfectly even throughout the register, and her vocalization, in the purest Italian style, is unrivalled in fluency, and may, with truth, be said to be absolutely perfect. In private life she is simple and unaffected as a child, free of access to all aspirants to fame, and ready and willing to encourage them. Probably no singer numbers so many young girls among her friends and admirers.

Her wondrous vocal gifts, absolute mastery of the art of song, and charming personality have made her a conspicuous figure, and placed her on a height inaccessible to all rivals. In the words of a celebrated musical critic: "Melba has only to open her mouth, nature does the rest!"

EVELYN H. STEWART.

THE pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.



### Santa Catalina.

ONE of those foggy mornings, which are so peculiar to the Pacific coast, we left Los Angeles by an early train, and were off for San Pedro, where we were to take a boat for Santa Catalina.

The train stopped at the little dingy brown station through which the passengers were obliged to make their way, in order to procure tickets for the journey, before going to the pier where the "Falcon" was waiting for us. It was then I beheld, for the first time, the calm, tranquil Pacific. As one gazes on the vast expanse, one cannot but think how inconceivable is the work of the mighty Creator. We boarded the ship, and were off. The fog soon cleared away, and the sun shone down upon us in all his marvellous glory. We had not been sailing long when we encountered a school of whales, flinging their fountain-like spray fifteen feet in the air. We could see them raising their huge bodies above the water, and then dipping down deep into the sea. One of the audacious monsters, sixty feet in length, came so near to us that the sailors were alarmed lest he should upset the boat. From a distance the island had a bluish appearance like a light cloud floating gracefully on the water, but, as we neared, we could see the great mountains, some a thousand feet high, sloping down on one side to the little vales where flowed diminutive streams of fresh, clear water, and on the other, sloping gently and sliding into the sea.

Here and there between the rude precipices are verdure-covered knolls, where the cactus and the great geranium trees grow so profusely. Along the shores can be heard the weird shriek of the eagle issuing from his nest on some lofty summit and swooping down on his prey. About a quarter of a mile from the island are the seal rocks, where lie the lazy old seals all day, basking their clumsy bodies in the sun, while the smaller ones play about in the water. In one of the valleys is situated the quaint little town of Avalon, whose inhabitants, though few, dwell together in love and peace, like those simple Acadians immortalized in Longfellow's idyllic poem.

LUTHERA COMBS.



### Convents up to Date.

**W**ILL you allow me space in your columns to express the satisfaction felt by myself, in common with many Catholic mothers interested in the higher education of girls, that the older English communities of nuns have at length fallen in with the system of presenting pupils at the public examinations? Many among us, owing the guiding principle of our lives to the excellent training received in the schools of these venerable communities, have regretted that their sphere of useful labour should be narrowed in latter days by the lack of such guarantees for the efficiency of their secular teaching as modern opinion demands. I hail, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure the evidence given of late of their ability to combine the kind of teaching considered "up to date" with the higher culture of a bygone age. On the list of successful candidates at the recent Oxford Locals it is gratifying to note the names of ten students sent up from the oldest Convent in England, *i. e.*, "The Bar," York, the name it was known by in the days long prior to Catholic emancipation, a home of Catholic education that has done over two centuries of service to the cause of religion in the United Kingdom. I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours, MATERFAMILIAS.

St. Bees, Cumberland, August 29, 1895.

### The Trials of a School Girl.

**W**HEN a young lady first decides on going to boarding school, she generally informs her friends and acquaintances of her intention, adding, what a beautiful place the home of her choice must be, what a splendid opportunity she will have of keeping regular hours, of bringing back to her cheeks the bloom of youth, which, probably, had faded during the dissipation of the summer months; but, when one of these experienced wisecracks brings to light the reality—the hardships to be endured, the homesickness, the hours of weary waiting for the clasp of a friendly hand—for the sound of a voice that to her, at all events, is stilled, a laugh of derision, perhaps, escapes her, little dreaming that she may be destined to recall the statement many and many a time—alas! to no avail.

There is, I believe, a universal opinion that our school days are the happiest of our lives—I wonder who originated it?—I should like to make their acquaintance. Surely, it is a theory long since exploded.

Early rising is quite healthy, I admit, so is early retiring.

"All that goes to bed so early, that's what makes their hair so curly,

All that goes to bed so late, that's what makes their hair so straight."

This quaint old nursery rhyme is brimful of meaning for the up-to-date school girl, one of whose principal fads is the *curling match*. Now, just imagine us about five o'clock A. M., cosily tucked in our downy couches, but moving restlessly about with the vague suspicion that some one is coming to tinkle that dreaded bell, and demand an immediate response. Whilst thus perplexed, a well-known step (*too well*, we sometimes feel inclined to think,) is heard, then a silvery (?) peal, the morning greeting is uttered, but lips are sealed and eyes are closed and ears are debating with pillows. At last consciousness asserts itself; in a half-dazed condition we discover the atmosphere to be rather frigid, and with a view to the circulation of the blood we proceed to adjust those wayward curls, in as rebellious a mood as ourselves.

The morning hours go by—would that I might add, unheeded in their flight—but no, the study hall impedes it. There the difficulties of language have to be encountered and mastered, previous to expressing and answering the oft-repeated queries, of Ahn-Henn and Co. What an endless succession of sounds and sighs! What a jumble of incomprehensible words! and all apparently invented to screw our mouths out of shape and tie our tongues and teeth in a bow knot.

Music, too, is considered a necessary accomplishment—do I hear you say evil? This is a vexed question which I shall not presume to decide, but will simply ask why was *technique* ever invented? Why can we not play a little waltz or two-step, but no—*étude* after *étude* must be learned until we are all classical students.

Now where is the one who can keep silence for any length of time? Yet we, poor girls, must

remain as speechless, for whole hours, as if a certain little organ, of ill repute in Apostolic times, were not at our disposal. Perhaps, on this account, everything we ever had intended to say comes to our mind; we are about to reveal the matter to our neighbor, when the Mistress in charge sends a loving (?) glance in our direction, and we all know what that means.

Daily exercise is beneficial to health—therefore, we take it. All goes well until a tempting apple tree looms up in the distance. As we near the spot an order is murmured along the line, “No young lady shall leave the ranks,” and, to our sorrow, the forbidden fruit, proverbially dear to the daughters of Eve, remains unmolested.

Happily, there is a law of compensation—consolatory, is it not, to the much-abused school girl?—a transmutation of the untoward events of to-day into the golden opportunities of the morrow.

MARIE MURPHY.

### Jubilee Bells.

**T**HROUGH the mellow beauty of these soft October days, sweet Jubilee bells are pealing forth their notes of joyous harmony, waking the echoes of the unforgotten years of labor, devotion, and self sacrifice offered at Religion's shrine.

To the ears of our Minims they have a merry greeting, for the welcome anniversary is that of their beloved Mistress, S. M. Walburga, who has been laboring with such untiring zeal to promote their happiness and welfare.

Rev. Father Bernard was the celebrant of the Mass, during which—a fitting tribute to the occasion—the Kyrie from the Mass of the Guardian Angels was sung. At the Offertory, “Veni Sponsa Christi,” in which Miss Cunningham sang the beautiful contralto solo, “Suscipe Me Domine;” at the Communion the sweet, pathetic rendering of “Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me,” by the juvenile choir alone, must have touched the heart of the venerable Jubilarian and recalled to her mind the happy realization of years long passed:

“Empty is all worldly joy,  
Ever mixed with some alloy,  
I my heart to Thee resign,  
O what rapture to be Thine.”

Miss Lanigan and Miss McNulty assisted most efficiently.

During the great gala day that followed, the ring of gleeful voices from the leafy bowers, erected in the grounds by the ingenious little merry-makers, echoed at intervals, until about three o'clock, when the preparations for the entertainment began. At five the doors were thrown open and the audience was ushered into a gayly-decorated concert hall. Nature's own Canadian banner, bright-tinted Autumn leaves, culled in our own fair groves, drooped from every available spot, enhancing the beauty of the tiny songsters, brilliant in the plumage they had donned for the occasion. After the tuneful greeting came an address delivered by Katie Maccarron, then the presentation of an emblematic floral offering by Bessie Chretien, a golden-haired little maiden of six summers. Instrumental solos by Ethel Kean, Hattie Crysler, Lillian Biden, and a violin solo by Josie McNulty, were much admired.

The “Sunbeams” opened the second part of the programme, declared their mission—a very beautiful one—and disappeared, much to our regret. Again we listened to our gifted little elocutionist, Katie Maccarron, who recited a sweet story of faith rewarded; but the lament of the three tiniest tots, Kathleen O'Brien, Bessie Chretien and Mary Gabriels for their dead pussy cat, whose decease had been caused by the cruelty and ill-treatment of his fellows, brought down the house.

All then joined in a hymn to the Holy Angels, to whose keeping the faithful spouse of Christ was committed, till crowned in their midst, she would spend

“In the heart-thrilling joys of God's kingdom  
A jubilee day without end.”

ANNA DOERR.

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties.

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them, and to bring hope to weary-hearted.



### My Visit to the American Capital.



T was the day before Christmas, a cold, bleak day; the streets of Washington were thronged with people hurrying to and fro.

About nine o'clock A. M. we ascended the steps of that awe-inspiring building, the Capitol. On entering the dome, which is eighty-four feet high, we were conducted by a guide to the old House of Representatives, now Statuary Hall. When the transformation took place all the States were called upon to donate statues of their greatest men. Rhode Island was the first to respond to the call, with a statue of Nathaniel Greene. Our guide related some very peculiar incidents about this room. If the speaker stood on a certain tile, and addressed the house, in an ordinary tone, he could scarcely be heard, but let him turn his back, and his voice became quite audible. Then I was requested to stand on a certain stone, and the guide stood on one thirty feet away, and whispered; the rest of the party was grouped around me, but I was the only one in the room who heard what was said.

With our minds full of the wanderers of this strange place—there is only one other like it in the world—we went into the President's room, where the predecessors of Grover Cleveland had signed all the bills. It is upholstered in red leather and gold, a large table stands in the center, all around are arm chairs, and on each side of the apartment, long mirrors. A representation of Religion adorns the ceiling, and turn where you will, the whole painting seems to follow you. We then passed to the Senate Chamber; here each Senator has his own desk with his name on it. Some time was spent in examining the mottoes of the States, above us, and at last, we were rewarded by finding our own, "Excelsior." The pleasure of seeing the Senate in session was denied us, owing to the fact that they had gone to their respective homes for Christmas. The old Senate Chamber is now the Supreme Court, where the Supreme Judge and his eight associates held their sessions.

The balcony was next inspected from which the President addresses the assembled multitude

at his inauguration. An immense wooden platform is erected; as far as one can see it is jammed with people who, for the moment, seem oblivious of all save that the Chief Ruler is speaking. Below, in the middle of a paved walk, was a small wooden house. My curiosity prompted me to ask to whom it belonged. In reply to my inquiries the guide said: "Inside is a statue of Washington, and as he is nude to the waist we always box him up in cold weather."

Two hours were spent in going through the Capitol, then taking a cable car, on Pennsylvania Avenue, we within less than a quarter of an hour were at the Treasury. It is very much like many of these old colonial buildings, with immense columns in front. We entered and joined a party that was about to inspect the interior of the building. Here we saw the seal put on the *greenbacks* and the money counted, a process which is performed sixty times by experts, who are almost all women.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the money is really made, next claimed our attention. Stepping into a small office, we waited until the guide, a young woman, came for us. Only five are allowed to go at a time. Upstairs, where everything is done behind an iron grating, we saw hundreds of men and women employed in making postage stamps and bills. The White House was also visited, or rather its East Room, the only one sight-seers are permitted to enter. I was particularly attracted by two life-size portraits at opposite ends of this room, one of Martha Washington, the other of handsome Dolly Madison.

It was now after twelve o'clock, so we decided to go to the National Museum for dinner; not exactly knowing the way, I turned to an old white-haired negro, saying: "Will you kindly tell me the way to the Museum?" "Wal," he drawled, "see that big buildin' over dar yonder?" pointing with his long black finger. "Yes," I answered. "Wal, dat's it." I thanked him and we proceeded on our way. At the door we were requested to give up all parcels, parasols, canes, or any other articles we might have. We did as required, had dinner, and then went through the building. A statue of Justice, nineteen feet high, the Indian village, and Egyptian

mummies and idols were what interested us most.

The Washington Monument being near the National Museum, we directed our steps toward it. Our patience was destined to be sadly tried by the elevator, which did not appear for fully half an hour after our arrival; and as only thirty are allowed to go in at a time, the fifty impatient tourists had a curious scramble. We formed part of the lucky party and the car slowly began its ascent. Slowly upward it went, 555 feet. At the top are little oblong windows on four sides. From one of these I looked at the Potomac, stretching like a silver thread between Maryland and Virginia. I turned to another—there was the White House, looking like a tiny doll house, from this immense height. If the ascent was slow, the descent was still slower; the utter darkness and crowd contributing not a little to the discomfiture of the trip, so I stepped from the elevator with a sigh of relief.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear; unlike the day before, it was exceedingly warm. We took the train in the Pennsylvania depot—in the waiting-room of which is a tablet marking the spot where Garfield was shot—for Alexandria. After a seven miles' ride in a trolley car, through Virginia, we reached Mount Vernon. The place is kept by a society of ladies, and only opened for a few hours each day. A long, narrow path leads to an unpretentious, rambling building of grey stone, whose porch extends across the whole front, laid in squares. The front hall runs through the house; on one side is the library, in which is the original Constitution and some very old newspapers, on the other the music room of Nellie Custis, the adopted daughter of Washington. Many of the pieces of furniture in the house were not there in Washington's time, but have mostly been purchased by these ladies. The furniture in Washington's own room, in which he died, has remained undisturbed; the black walnut bedstead with its old-fashioned curtains and quilt, and the valise which he always carried around with him, are still there. After his death his wife took the room below, because it looks out upon the vault, and it is said she used to sit for hours there, absorbed in thought.

After descending a rather steep hill we came to the old vault in which Washington was first buried, then to the one which now contains his body. An old colored man who claims to be the only living slave of the Washington family, requested us to buy a hatchet made from the cherry tree which Washington *did not cut down*. As though in return for the purchases we had made, he became quite loquacious, and told us how some one had climbed the iron grating, and broken off a piece of the eagle's claw which surmounts the coffin. Since then the grating has been made higher.

Retracing our steps, we reached the city about three P. M., and found a foot ball game going on between Georgetown and Columbia Colleges. A queer day for such sport, thought I, a northerner, who was accustomed to see the foot ball season pass away with Thanksgiving.

BEATRICE DISBROW.

## SPRAY.

*("You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.")*

—Strange, isn't it that so many of the newcomers have not only *Rainbows*—but—for further particulars visit Picture Gallery, No. 1.

Isabel—"What do you think, girls, the editors of the *RAINBOW* have all gone to the Devil's Hole."

Bessie—"They must have been homesick."

Rose betrays her nationality by an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences, which are thoroughly enjoyed by her dubious hearers.

Miss Culchaw—"Are you fond of Tennyson?"

Katie—"The fact is, I don't care for any of these fashionable games."

—No, Crissie, L. A. does not stand for lunatic asylum. Perish the thought!

Free time =x, unknown quantity to the class of '96.

Our little Southern sunbeam, Kathleen, displays an early interest in the natural sciences. "W'y fo' do dey burn water up dere?" was her query when passing the Burning Springs, a few days ago.


Seven-year-old art pupil taught on Conservatory method—"I s'pose I 'll learn somethin' by starin', in here, the teacher never comes near me, anyway."



**Our Visitors.**

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Toronto, Ont.; Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie, Ont.; Rev. F. X. Renaud, S. J., Montreal, Que.; Rev. J. Boland, C. M., Rev. J. O'Brien, C. M., Rev. E. Tracy, C. M., Niagara University; Rev. J. Walsh, Toronto, Ont.; Rev. G. O'Bryan, S. J., Montreal, Que.; Rev. E. Halpin, S. J., New York; Rev. F. Allain, St. Catherines, Ont.; Rev. J. Molyneux, Rev. E. Higgins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. C. Gigot, O. M. I., Buffalo, N. Y.; Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catherines, Ont.; Rev. F. Ryan, Toronto, Ont.; Rev. F. Hinchy, Hamilton, Ont.; Brother Theobald, St. Catherines, Ont.; Hon. I. A. Chapleau, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec; Madame Chapleau, the Misses Geraldine and Jeannine Chapleau, Montreal, Que.; the Misses Marguerite and Jeannine Dansereau, Ottawa; Mrs. Chretien, Miss Bessie Chretien, Master J. Chretien, Mr. Irlbacker, Mrs. Bapst, Miss Bapst, Mrs. Tobie, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Miguel Alfonso, Mr. Leopold Garcia, Mr. and Mrs. Braschi, Venezuela, South America; Mr. and Mrs. Watts, London, Eng.; Mrs. O'Keefe, Mr. O'Keefe, Mrs. B. Hughs, Mrs. Burns, Miss S. Burns, Mrs. W. Ryan, Dr. and Mrs. May, Miss May, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. C. Thoms, Dr. Park Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, St. John's, Mich.; the Misses Mahon, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Moran, Mr. Moran, Mrs. J. Cunningham, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Park, Miss Park, Miss O'Hara, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Garrison, Miss Ward, Miss Burress, Miss Smith, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. G. P. Lathrop, Miss Hawthorne, New London, Conn.; Mr. Ward, Miss Wagner, Mrs. Kleber, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Jordan, the Misses Coffey, Mr. J. Busch, Mr. F. Eberhart, Mr. C. Busch, Mrs. Kirby, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Hazelton, Guelph, Ont.; Miss Flynn, Mr. Disbrow, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Cook, Miss Maher, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. Boyd, Toledo, O.; the Misses Gilooly, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. McGee, Toledo, O.; Mr. Garvey, New York; Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Swayze, Miss Page, Mr. and Mrs. Ramey, the Misses Ramey, Mr. and Mrs. Gorman, Mr. G. Wells, Miss Woodworth, Welling, Ont.; Mrs. R. Keith, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Lymburner, Miss Kean, Miss Har-

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