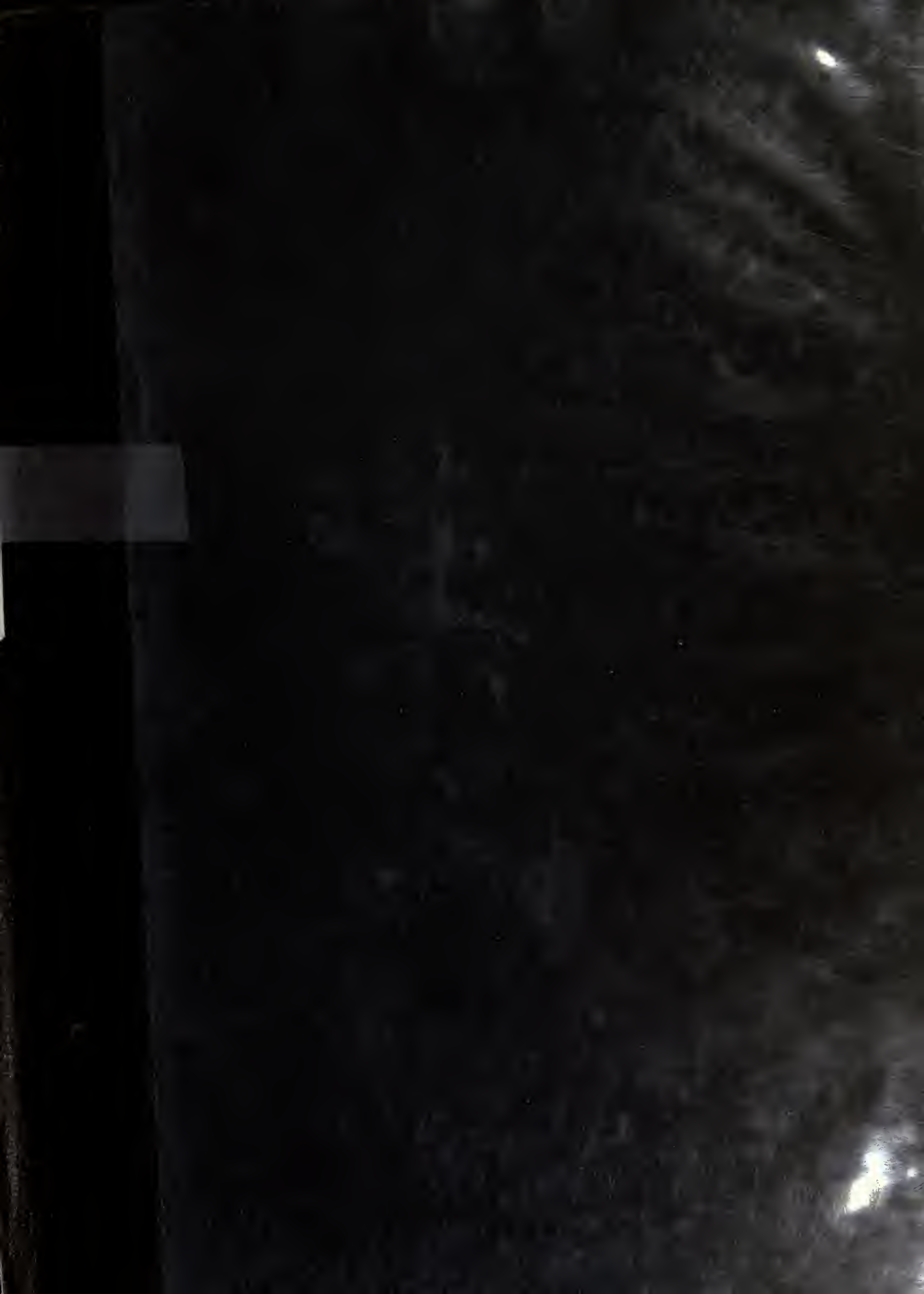

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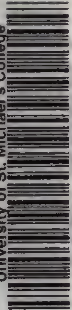

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THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

NIAGARA

RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

*VOL. VI.* *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1899.* *No. 1.*

## '98......'99.

The picture is finished, the last stroke made,
And we hang it in Memory's hall;
Perchance the colors may change or fade,
Like others that grace its wall;—
Forgotten at last may be place and date,
As many have been of yore,
But the scenes on this canvas of '98
No picture has shown before.

Some grief is there that was mixed with tears;
Some joy, with its hues of gold;
Some bitter experiences blent with fears;
Some purpose with outlines bold.
Yet, now that the final touch is complete,
Though mistakes are many, I know
That the hours of toil have often been sweet,
And you dread to have it go.

But see, on yon easel a canvas new
Already awaits your skill,
Haply a masterpiece for you
May be painted on that if you will.
Take courage, and mix your colors again,
With a prayer for help divine,
And take for your theme "God's love toward men,"
For the canvas of '99.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

## Three Beautiful Women.

SINCE the time of our mother Eve, the most generally granted perfection of beauty has been perhaps—a beautiful woman. Children recognize her. From our earliest years we have looked for her ever and always. The pages of the average book must present her, or we mentally vote the subject matter far below the standard of our expectations.

The truly beautiful woman is rarely found. There are many beautiful faces in the cloister; for religion beautifies the face through the soul. Indeed "Love (of God) is the great beautifier."

Outside of the cloister, the truly beautiful women we are likely to meet in a lifetime, may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Celebrated women are a hundredfold more interesting—in life and in death—if nature has endowed them with good looks, even of no higher plane than to constitute them "fine specimens of womanhood."

The Christian standard requires beauty of soul as of body.

I may now introduce the first of my trio,—the late, the universally lamented, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who met with so tragic a death on September 10th of this year.

The different incidents throughout her life, which have been of interest to the world, have invariably commanded for her, respect and admiration.

We are told that the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, upon visiting the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria to treat with him for an elder daughter, became so fascinated with the startling beauty of the shy but merry maiden Elizabeth, that he resolved upon winning her for his bride.

She could not or would not understand his love-making; so in desperation, among other devices, he showed her in their picturesque costumes, representatives of the eighteen different races over whom he rules, and begged her to rule them with him. She finally acquiesced; and in good earnest set to work, learned their various languages, and became their beloved empress.

I remember her face as it was pictured when annually she went fox-hunting to Ireland. Looking at that handsome portrait, and reading of the dashing and graceful horsemanship of the beautiful Austrian Empress, who could appreciate neglected Ireland, I felt a most disloyal disgust at the thought that other royalties were not like her!

Very interesting was her unfailing love of prayer, and her quiet and regular attendance at mass, wherever the hour found her. Once she dropped unexpectedly into the Chapel of Maynooth College. Then delightful was the privilege of ushering the anointed sovereign of earthly realm into the presence of The Anointed, the King of Kings.

Elizabeth, the daring and accomplished equestrienne, would not consent to the sharing of the hunting dangers with her beloved son, the hope of Austria, the handsome and gifted Crown Prince Rudolph. Ah, this blind pampering left him a prey to greater dangers than those offered by the bogs or walls of Ireland! He perished in courted dangers, and his death, in 1889, broke his mother's heart. After that there was no more of the light-hearted, beautiful Empress and proud mother,—only a woman with heart and soul sick unto death, changing scene ostensibly for health, but with any renewal of strength, sorrowing the more. Oh! the blighting, withering thought of that soul, dearer than her own—lost for eternity!

With Francis Joseph the Empress had grieved over the sad fate of his brother, the Arch-Duke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, put to death, in 1867. Together they mourned the sad fate of their kinsman, the gallant Ludwig II. of Bavaria, the most handsome of the German-Confederate Princes who took part in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

Only a year ago the Empress was called upon to bear yet another great affliction,—the perishing of her beloved sister in the flames of the Paris Charity Bazaar.

A few months of additional suffering, and Geneva—that had afforded somewhat of solace to mind and body—became, on September 10th, the scene of one of the most shocking tragedies that ever blotted that fair spot, when the good, the beautiful, the beloved Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, met her death by the stiletto of an anarchist assassin.

There is a shadow of comfort in the knowledge that she was not conscious of having received her death-stab. How pathetic her last words—"What has happened?" Ah, years before, and once for all, life had cruelly forced that question to her lips, only to return answer that would bring her a lifetime of tears and heartaches. Death was more kind than life, and we trust the answer given was an awakening in the sheltering arms of her Heavenly Father.

Need we wonder that the bereaved and stricken Emperor cried, "Am I to be spared no suffering in this world!" And the history of her life may be written in the Emperor's off-repeated "She had nothing but goodness in her heart!"

What do we learn from the Geneva death-chamber of Elizabeth of Austria? Her surroundings are, of course, a presentment of the fittest! What of the splendors of the world's palaces?—Nothing. But on a table beside the humbly-gowned dead are her cherished lifelong companions, her prayer-beads.

What of the gay, luxurious wearers of purple and fine linen, who affected to feast on her smile?—Nothing. But kneeling in self-conquering prayer are the despisers of earthly courts, the humble, black-robed Sisters of Mercy. With them we earnestly pray "May she—at last—rest in peace!"

* * * * * * *

The second beautiful woman of whom I may make timely mention, is Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, whose recent departure from our country we are all lamenting. As I write, she is putting the ocean between her and Canada, between her and Canadians who learned to love her right loyally.

As Her Excellency had not time to pose as a beauty, being too much engrossed with the strictly useful side of life, she did not always look her prettiest, especially to those with whom usefulness does not count. Twice have I met her, when even the most adverse critics could detect nothing faulty in face, figure or costume.

The first all-pleasing appearance is in what Lord Aberdeen calls her "Irish picture." Lady Aberdeen, dressed as a noble Irish lady of the

olden time, with coronet and veil, and embroidered robes, is seated—as became a lady of centuries past—at a little old spinning wheel, the original of which had been in her family three hundred years, and was shown in the Irish Village, Chicago World's Fair.

When His Excellency beheld a copy of this picture in St. Joseph's Academy, Rat Portage, he exclaimed, "Ah, Rev. Mother, where did you get the Countess's Irish picture?—It is my favorite of all she has ever had taken!"

In this portrait—taken perhaps ten years ago—her features, her expression, the poise of her head, her pose, are perfect. Her eyes are given their fullest warmth and depth.

Again, on July 11th, of the past summer, the date of their Excellencies' last visit to Rat Portage, when a committee from the local Women's Council was received by Her Excellency in their private car, I thought I had never seen a fairer vision.

With stately grace Her Excellency received us. Her exquisitely-fitting gown of some soft cotton fabric was in striped design, navy blue stripes alternating with navy blue-and-white dotted stripes. It was made with a train—and notwithstanding mountains of criticism to the contrary—there is nothing in majesty-giving art that can compare with a train!

This extremely becoming gown was trimmed with a profusion of old Irish point lace, laid over pale blue silk;—there were collar, three panels or bands down front of corsage, and one down either side of the skirt. By computation, allowing one woman to make the lace, and two hours to every square inch, it would require from eight months to a year to turn out the lace worn on this pretty costume.

Her Excellency's jewels,—ear-rings and brooch, were turquoises and pearls with a suspicion of diamonds or brilliants.

A jaunty little black and white plaid travelling toque nestled in her pretty brown hair, and completed her costume.

Who has not noticed that the Countess's mouth is the artist's ideal,—a perfect Cupid's bow!

Her beautiful brown eyes invariably glow with an indescribable warmth, that bespeaks rare gentleness and kindness of heart.

On that date while listening to Lady Aberdeen's clever address to a Rat Portage audience, every sentence suggested counterpart thought. A quotation from Ruskin occurred to me—"A highly bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production,—a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life —But the human creature will have some duties to perform in return."

Before me was a lady such as Ruskin portrays; every inch a Countess and a handsome one at that. Her full, mellow voice, with its charming modulations and pleasing enunciation, told of the high refinement attained by the classic halls of the centuries. Her discourse suggested the treasures of knowledge accessible to the favored of fortune. Her treatment of those spoken to or spoken of, the present or the absent, evinced that politeness and constant self-repression of the gentlewoman.

Her commanding height or vantage-ground was hers because she had been called to serve and had responded, taking "Noblesse Oblige" as her motto.

Invitations to stuffy halls, and to outings in all sorts of weather, Her Excellency had accepted as sacred privileges, and duties.

After these thoughts, I felt like exclaiming with Bismarck, "The game is not worth the candle; these people are not worth the sacrifice."

Truly the "contributed life," mentioned by Ruskin, was getting return even to the last ounce of blood. In fact the "duties" owed to this "contributed life" were the only recognized duties during their Excellencies' sojourn in Canada.

Continuing my study of Lady Aberdeen—with an apology to her other Celtic ancestors!—I took much pleasure in seeing before me a worthy descendant of the O'Neils, Earls of Tyrconnel,—and memory brought back the handsome face of the hero of the Battle of Benburt, the brave Owen Roe O'Neil, whose portrait from life was exhibited at the Chicago Irish Village, 1893.

Apart from the fact of her having been the representative of our Liege-Lady, Queen Victoria, we need not apologize, even to our self-respect,

for bestowing a little hero-worship upon the Countess of Aberdeen. Physically and mentally she commands our admiration; and she can lay claim to the aristocracy of brains.

To imagine a little, insignificant, narrow and shallow-minded woman as successor to the Countess, is to vote the deferential "Your Excellency" a self-debasing mockery!—Oh! it would be hard on Canadians!

Their Excellencies have left us with a "Good-bye—God bless you!"—An adieu as worthy of them as time-hallowed.

We shall cherish the memory of that parting blessing. Canada had become very dear to them. In an illustrated booklet, as the allegorical "Lady of the Sunshine" Canada is held up to the admiration of the world by the writer, a veritable lady of the sunshine, who subscribes herself "Ishbel Aberdeen."

* * * * * * *

I have reserved to the last the woman who, to my Canadian eye, was the fairest I have looked upon. Although she is in her grave, I feel that to me she will never have a living rival.

Her beauty filled my eye; and it was my chosen type.

This beautiful woman was a daughter of the New World, and a native of Canada, having been born at Burlington, Ontario. She was of European blood on her father's side and of American-Indian on her mother's, being a daughter of Colonel Robert Kerr and his wife Elizabeth Brant, and thus a granddaughter of the celebrated Mohawk chief, Captain Joseph Brant.

Nature was as lavish in her gifts to mind and heart as to person; so Katherine Kerr's education, carefully and ably conducted, was eminently successful. In attainments and accomplishments nothing that could assist the true woman and the elegant lady, was missing.

To describe her personally:—Katherine Kerr was very tall, admirably proportioned, and extremely graceful and queenly in her carriage. It may be said of her as Napoleon said of Josephine —she never assumed an attitude that was not the perfection of grace.

Her features, a blending of the Anglo-Saxon and the Mohawk, resulted in a Grecian type, with the low broad brow that gives a possibility of beauty such as the narrow-faced woman cannot possess.

Her complexion suggested pearl, and her cheeks the delicate pink of the seashell.

Her soft, silky hair was brown, to match her eyes; and those eyes, a dreamy, liquid hazel, looked fearlessly through all the ills of life and found the good beyond.

Her voice may not have been so full and rich as that of Lady Aberdeen's, but it was sweeter, and offered that pleasing clearness of enunciation inherited from her Indian ancestry.

Like Elizabeth of Austria and the Countess of Aberdeen, Katherine Kerr lived only to do good; and her pure heart was singularly like that of the saintly Indian maiden, Katherine Tegakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks."

Miss Kerr married Mr. John Osborne, then of Chicago. In the full plenitude of her stately beauty as a young matron, she went from Chicago to attend that famous ball given in Hamilton to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

She wore a black silk velvet gown, with trimmings of costly lace; and danced with the Prince, who thought her the most beautiful and queenly woman in all that gorgeous company. No one disputes Albert Edward's "eye for beauty."

The Old World could contribute but a quota to Katherine Kerr's loveliness; for

> "All the forest's life was in it,
> All its mystery and its magic."

The beauties of our country and climate were suggested by her, and are now reminders of her. The balmy air, the sunshine, and the music of our Canadian springtime, the summer's shade of whispering pines and tender green foliage; the gorgeous, wonderful beauties of our Autumn maples; the veiled sunshine, and the hazy, dreamy warmth of our Indian Summer—all recall to my memory the beautiful being who once was with us in the enjoyment of these blessings.

Katherine Kerr died at thirty-five,—before time had dimmed her beauty.

As the fair wearer, so the velvet gown and other souvenirs of her are laid away. I see her engagement ring worn by one of her daughters, and its diamonds flash brilliant as when they awoke sweetest hopes in a trusting heart. My eyes wander to that daughter's face, and I feel

that her baby gaze found a mother-face, than which there never, perhaps, was a fairer, excepting only that of the mother of the Christ-Child. Katherine Kerr inherited only the best qualities of her European and American ancestors. She met sickness with patience, sorrow with fortitude, bereavement with resignation, and personal danger with a courage worthy of her great ancestor, Brant.

Her Indian blood gave her a gentle fortitude in all afflictions, and it counteracted the jealous self-consciousness that generally actuates the fair possessor of personal charms; that same blood warmed her to a fraternal sympathy with her neighbor, and to an unflinching faith and trust in her God, the "Great Spirit" of her fathers.

Katherine Kerr sleeps beside her renowned grandfather, Captain Brant, at the Mohawk Church, Brantford, while the pure snows of our Canadian winters mantle the breast of the fairest of Canada's daughters. —IDRIS.

## The Sea.

BY J. E. JOHNSTONE.

The sea, the sea, how sweet to me the breath of the salty sea,
The cry of the white gulls in the sky, that wheel exultantly:
The wash and swash of the rolling surf as it rushes up on the reach,
The rave and roar and fume and blore of the billows along the beach!

The sea, the sea, how sweet to me, the bounding, pounding sea,
The ships of the line on the foaming brine, and the fair flag floating free:
The blustering blow of the winds that go o'er the white waves marching on,
With the stately rime and measured time of the Cossacks along the Don!

The sea, the sea, how dear to me the hearty, healthful sea!
With its cooling balm from isles of palm that far in the distance be:
Its sweeping song, so deep and strong, of Hope and Youth and Love,
And its solemn praise through all its days of the God that rules above!

The sea, the sea, how sweet to me the booming, glooming sea!
With the ring and swing of the plunging bell as it calls out warningly:
The fishers' song as they row along with strong arms brown and bare
And the plover's cry and the petrel shy as they cut through the summer air!

The sea, the sea, how dear to me the wild untrammeled sea,
With its mighty sweep and awful deep and its moving majesty:
Its organ tones from the rocks and stones that deep in the caverns lie.
Its anthem loud to the rolling cloud, and the arching heavens high!

The sea, the sea, O ye, who be infirm come out to the sea,
When the breezes blow, and the breakers flow, and the scud is flying free
And the salty air, and the vigor rare of the leaping, sweeping brine
Will whirl your blood in a bounding flood through your veins as red as wine!

The sea, the sea, O, I love to be on the broad back of the sea:
In a tight trim skiff when the wind is stiff, and the waves foam wrathfully:
For the moving flood excites the blood, and fills the heart with joy:
And makes the old man young again, and makes the youth a boy!

The sea, the sea, O, I love to be forever beside the sea:
And hear the plash and dash and splash of the waters stretching free:
For I love its song so deep and strong, as I love the bugle's blast,
Its measured stride and plumes of pride like an army marching past!

## My Trip Abroad.

THERE is a delight in store for every one, which amounts to ecstacy, if he has still before him his *first* trip abroad. First impressions have a charm, a spice, about them, which can never be repeated, and to look forward for years to this "noble prize," and to find it at last really within your grasp, is "a joy without alloy." The delight begins, long before one's date of departure, in the excitement of studying up different steamship lines and foreign time tables, in reading all the books of travel one can get hold of, in dreams and in anticipations, which begin to be realized, when one finds himself at the dock in New York, watching, with beating heart and

throbbing pulses, the exciting and noisy preparations for the departure of the great ocean liner, which is to bear him over these thousand very wet miles. It is really a very simple matter to cross the great Atlantic; one scarcely realizes that he is fully started, when he comes out on deck a few mornings later--the intervening days having drifted by so quietly and peacefully(?)--to hear every one exclaiming, "Land in sight!"

We had chosen one of the slower lines of boats and had then very good reasons, we thought, for having made that choice; first, we were all tired out from our winter's work, and needed as many days of the absolute rest, which only an ocean voyage gives, as we could get; second, the slower boats are also the *steadier* boats, and though none of us feared *mal de mer*, we thought discretion the better part of valor; third, the slower ships are the cheaper in every way. The feeing system confronts one with full force upon the ship, and unless money is of no object, and one can pay out fifteen dollars as easily as five in fees--for the size of the fees is in proportion to the cost of transportation--it behooves one to select a slow steamer. This point in economy will be especially appreciated upon one's *return* trip, for 'tis then, that the state of one's financial market is precarious.

After nine very peaceful days of sailing, we landed at Southampton, and though land was exceptionally attractive just then, we did not linger, but hurried right on to the world's great metropolis, London. We spent two whole weeks in that great city, and in all those two weeks, we never encountered a fog! Personally, I felt somewhat aggrieved, for had I not heard all my life of London fogs, and to spend a fortnight in that city of fogs, and not even to be introduced to one, was to be done out of one's rights. Does not London claim a monopoly in fogs, and was she not sailing under false pretenses to make such a claim, and then go two whole weeks without the slightest effort upon her part to prove that claim? And there is no telling how much longer she went, without showing her misty colors, after we left. But, on the whole, though it was humiliating to return to America, and have to acknowledge, that, though we had "done" London, we had not "done" a London fog, it might have been worse. She might have taken into her perverse head to have "shown off" her talent in fogs, and thereby materially interfered with our sight-seeing, and so, perhaps, 'tis as well, to let other people tell you, of the great city's varied moods. London is big, very big, and after you commence to recover from the shock, which her great size gives you, the next thing which attracts the attention of the American eye, is her methods of transportation, for she still clings to buses and horses. But what fun it is to climb up that perilous ladder to the second story of one of those top-heavy, wobbly, cumbersome vehicles, and be driven at a breakneck speed through those crowded thoroughfares. One feels, as if he was mounted upon a huge show-wagon, and was participating in a great circus parade, and he wouldn't be at all surprised, if, upon looking back, he saw a long line of elephants and camels, but instead, in every direction, he sees a great mass of moving, surging humanity, and where-ever he may choose to look, some one will smile beamingly upon him. It is always another American, who recognizes your red, white and blue, and gladly greets you. It could never be an Englishman, who beams upon you thus cordially, for Englishmen never smile, at least, never in public At first, we were content to just ride around upon the tops of the buses indefinitely, not caring to go any place in particular, but just to ride, and look, and enjoy, but even this ecstacy palls upon one in time, and we began, after half-a-day's indulgence in bus rides, to grow impatient for a glimpse of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and the Tower.

We had arrived in London upon Saturday, so that our first day of sight-seeing fell upon Sunday, and out of deference to the day, we gave our whole attention to the churches. The "pilot" of our party being a good and worthy Methodist clergyman, his first interest was to visit the Wesleyan Chapel in City Roads. This quaint old chapel was built by John Wesley and was the birth-place of the society known in America, as the Methodist-Episcopal Church, and in England, as the Wesleyan Society. The chapel is full of relics of the Wesleys, the pulpit used every Sunday by the present pastor is the same one from which John Wesley preached his

new doctrine, and directly in front of the pulpit is a large, carved-wood chair, which was used by John Fletcher, and is known as the Fletcher Chair.

After dining off typical English mutton and roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, we started out again, this time for the great St. Paul's. It was a soft, balmy, beautiful Sabbath afternoon, and above the sound of church bells, which were heard on every side, rang out the great chime of St. Paul's. The church is a massive pile of gray stone, filling an entire square, but is so closely surrounded by other buildings, that a perspective view is impossible, and in consequence, the church bursts upon one's vision with a suddenness that is disagreeable. Though it took thirty-five years to build St. Paul's—from 1675 to 1710—it was completed under the personal supervision of one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one mason, Thomas Strong, and one bishop, Doctor Compton, and stands a glorious monument to these three men, who spent the best efforts of their lives in its erection. It is the third largest church in the world, only St. Peter's of Rome and the Cathedral in Milan being larger, and is the most prominent building in London. Its architecture is essentially Gothic, and so splendid are its proportions, that we can hardly realize its great size. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, topped by a massive dome, conceded to be the finest known.

The interior of the church is rather a disappointment, being on the whole, dark and bare. A number of attempts at decoration in marble, gilt and color have been essayed, but these are not yet sufficiently extensive to brighten such vast and impressive proportions. As we entered, the evening service of the Church of England was being intoned by the curates of St. Paul's, assisted by a finely drilled boys' choir, which was followed by a very mediocre sermon preached by the Archdeacon of London. In the evening we went to the city chapel and heard a very fine sermon preached by one of England's most famous pulpit orators, Doctor Joseph Parker. I could not help thinking, as I looked around Dr. Parker's plain and unpretentious temple, how much more interesting people are than things, and for steady diet, how much better and more helpful, good, earnest and strong preaching is, than are fine marble pillars and finely stained-glass windows, and how much more eloquently can silent marble preach, when presumptuous man holds his peace. I felt rather glad, on the whole, that Dr. Parker had not preached in the afternoon, for I wanted to take in the great structure, St. Paul's, and had Dr. Parker preached, I should not have *seen* St. Paul's that afternoon. It seems right to have the houses of God as beautiful as they can be made, but the more beautiful they are, the more need is there for *well-trained* speakers to occupy their pulpits, and fill their vast aisles with the eloquence of God's mighty truths. Poor preaching in a magnificent church presents an incongruity, which is most painful. I reverence the "cloth" of every creed, and would not say one word to reflect upon the noble men, who give their lives to the helping and elevating of humanity, but unless the men, who feel themselves "called" to preach "the Word," are willing to give thought, study and time as to *how* they are to preach that Word, they had better, like Adelaide Procter's poor lay brother in "The Legend," remain "upon the pulpit *stair* and pray."

Upon our return to our pension, we had tea! I do not wonder that English people are addicted to tea, for in no part of the world, which I have visited, can they give me *such* a cup of tea as in England. Every country seems to have its own special beverage. France has its wine, Germany its beer, England its tea, and America has coffee. If you would be cheered but not inebriated in America, drink coffee.

The next morning we started out for the most interesting spot in London, the huge spot upon which stands Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, and the Parliament Buildings. There is no place in London, none in the world, which is, which can be, more impressive than Westminster. As one enters through its great centre doors, he is instinctively hushed, for he is in the presence of the great and mighty dead. The atmosphere of Westminster is charged with the greatness of the ashes entrusted to her vast and tender bosom. The greatest honor, which England can bestow upon her sons, is to inter them within that holy sepulchre, and one has only to

stand within its sacred walls to appreciate how great is that honor. The most impressive part of that great temple's impressive whole, is the "Poets' Corner." And never did these divinely-inspired poets sing more eloquently than does their eternal silence from out the tombs, in which their genius lies interred. Here in this sacred corner, we find monuments—to Shakespeare, honored by every land, Macaulay, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Burns, Southey, Coleridge, our own Longfellow, and many others quite as famous, and quite as dear to us, who have fallen heir to all their great thoughts,—and have learned to love them through those thoughts.

One is hardly in the mood for the Parliament Buildings, after leaving the Abbey, with its wealth of associations, but these are so tremendous, one must give a word to them. "The houses of Parliament, or the new palace of Westminster, together with Westminster Hall, form a single pile of buildings," and "although so costly a national structure, some serious defects are observable; the external stone is gradually crumbling, and the building stands on so low a level, that the basement rooms are said to be lower than the Thames at high-tide. The imposing river-front of the edifice is adorned with statues of the English monarchs from William the Conqueror down to Queen Victoria, with armorial bearings, and many other enrichments." The two most imposing rooms are the Queen's Robing Room and the Victoria Gallery. The principal point of interest in the former is the magnificent frescoes printed by Dyer, and representing the virtues of Chivalry, taken from the stories of the Round Table. From the Robing Room the Queen issues in solemn state, passing through the Victoria Gallery to the House of Peers for the purpose of opening Parliament. The interior is all magnificent, and one comes away with a very satisfied feeling, for where there is so much gorgeousness, there is apt to be displayed, at least some bad taste, but if there is any bad taste in the furnishing and fitting-up of the rooms in these stately buildings, I did not discover it.

And now, though it gives me pleasure to live over again each and every day of this particularly beautiful summer, I will have to hasten on, and speak of those days only which stand out in my memory, as especially full and sweet, else the RAINBOW will have to get out a special issue to accommodate my voluminousness.

One morning we spent at Windsor Castle, the suburban home of the Queen, and in the afternoon of that same day, drove from Windsor to Stoke-Pogis, stopping at Eton on the way. Windsor Castle bears a general resemblance to all English castles, which exemplify in their structure the solidity of the English character. They are built to last, and everything about them is large, substantial and solid. They look as if they had stood calmly but firmly in their places at the beginning of the world, and as if they would be found grim and silent at its end. The harsh gray stone, of which they are all constructed, is softened by the many years' exposure to the elements, and by the ever-varying colors of the English sky, which grows in such profusion, and clings so loyally to the hard, cold, unresponsive walls of these mighty buildings. The interior of all the castles resembles museums, filled with costly and highly-prized works of art, paintings by old masters, sculpture wonderfully carved, bric-a-brac from all parts of the universe, implements of warfare, of all kinds and ages, which have been used by all the different generations of their old and honored families. We Americans have to travel in the Old World, to realize our own crude and uncultured youth. We have the greatest possibilities in this glorious New World of ours, but it *is* new, and years will be needed to rub off our sharp edges, and develop the culture among us, which only age can give, but we have the possibilities, and Americans can get anything they want, and they will, in less time than other countries have required to earn artistic culture, get and beget as great works of art, and as great artists, as ever yet have lived

After viewing Windsor Castle both exteriorly and interiorly, we drove through the beautiful English country to Stoke-Pogis. Stoke-Pogis is the name of a small country parish, named from the two principal families of the parish, the Stokes and the Pogis. The families are, I believe, both extinct, but their names live. The point of sacred interest at Stoke-Pogis is the

country church-yard in which Gray wrote his famous Elegy. The little church, built in 1011, still stands, where Thomas Gray worshiped and absorbed his divine inspiration, and to-day, a dear, sweet old lady will show you where Thomas Gray sat in church, and you may take your seat in that same quaint old pew. She will show you, too, where the pew of the great Penn family is, in this same little church, from which descended William Penn, who founded our own Quaker city, and for whom our state of Pennsylvania is named. Then this same kind old lady will take you outside, and show you the identical yew tree, under which Gray is supposed to have written his Elegy, and will break you off a sprig, which you will bring home and cherish as one of your most sacred treasures. Nothing could be sweeter than a visit to this quiet, peaceful churchyard, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where rests the sacred ashes of Thomas Gray, in the same unpretentious tomb with his beloved mother and her dear and honored sister.

Another beautiful day was one spent at Stratford-on-the-Avon, where every tree, bush, block and building speaks to you of Shakespeare. As one walks into the house, where the greatest poet the world has ever known, was born, and into the Holy Trinity Church, where rest the bones of William Shakespeare, and of Anne Shakespeare, his wife; one can hardly realize that these are really the birth-place and last-resting-place of the immortal Shakespeare. And then Anne Hathaway's cottage! could anything be prettier? and isn't it too bad, that all that is known of Anne, should not be as sweet, pure and modest as the dear little cottage, in which *she* courted *William*.

From Stratford we took the train to Warwick, and saw there one of the most beautiful and well-preserved castles of England The entrance to Warwick Castle is cut through solid rock for a hundred yards, and the view from the top of Round Tower presents one of the loveliest landscapes possible. Then by carriage to Kenilworth, such a beautiful old ruin! Scott has made both of these castles famous, in his Waverly novels, and has added a flavor of romance to the associations which cling to their historic walls.

How hard it is to leave England with all her splendid history, her romance, her art, and yet there are other countries with interesting histories too. Our next stopping place of most special interest was Paris, and though one has heard and read of the fascinations of "La belle Paris," until he feels convinced, that they must have been exaggerated—they were not. Paris is a much more beautiful city than London, and perhaps, in a way, more fascinating, but nothing could be more interesting than London and her environs. There is a stronger art atmosphere in Paris than in London, and to students of painting, sculpture and possibly opera, there would be more to charm in Paris. I don't believe any traveller ever feels that he has "done" the Louvre, and then there is the charming little Luxembourg too. It is interesting to know, that all the pictures and statuary in the Luxembourg are the work of living artists, and that, an artist must have been dead ten years before his work is accepted into the Louvre, so that it is the ambition of every artist to have his work exhibited in the Luxembourg during his life, and his hope, to have it acceptedin to the Louvre after his death. And what a new world is opened up to one who has never before been especially interested in art, and what a fascinating, charming, Bohemian world that art world is! And besides her galleries, Paris has such beautiful streets, such fine monuments and such glorious Cathedrals. What a privilege it is to walk into Notre Dame, and quietly sit, drinking in the beauty of her general architecture, her pillars and carved marbles, and running over in mind her varied and exciting history.—One cannot speak of Paris without telling of her shops, funny little shops, most of them with their whole stock in their windows, and only empty little rooms inside, no larger than a good-sized packing box, and the proprietor seated upon a stool, gracious and polite—so long as you are a purchaser; but beware of going into the shop just to make inquiries, nothing gives quicker offense.

France, too, has her beautiful castles and splendid parks. Nothing can eclipse Versailles with her streets bordered on each side with a double row of trees, so perfectly trimmed, and trained into arches, that one could walk all over the town upon a rainy day, never feeling a drop of

the falling moisture, such a perfect umbrella is formed by the intertwined branches and the overlapping leaves. The park, surrounding the castle at Versailles, is a marvel of landscape gardening and artificial beauty; at every step is a piece of statuary, each one a work of art in itself There is not the natural beauty in the parks laid out by the Sovereigns of France, as in England's pleasure grounds, but France shows us what artistic effects can be produced through the efforts of man. The most wonderful thing in this wonderful park of Versailles, is the fountains, which play only once a month (the first Sunday in each month) and requiring eight days' constant pumping to gain enough force to play them for only a few hours upon this eventful Sunday, and costing thousands of dollars for each exhibition. The castle was built and the grounds laid out by Louis XIV. at the most fabulous expense. It is said that at one time, Louis XIV. had 36,000 men and 6,000 horses employed in levelling the ground and forming the terraces of the park.

From Paris and all its artificial glitter and gaiety, we went into Switzerland, the land of beauty. I think God must have been especially pleased when he made Switzerland. Switzerland can not be imagined, it must be seen to know anything of its glorious beauty. No wonder the poets sing of its mountains and its lakes, and taking it immediately after Paris, one feels that it must be a bit of Heaven. Geneva was a slight disappointment to me, but Interlaken and Lucerne are simply ideal.

Interlaken is a sweet, dainty little place, right at the foot of the Jungfrau group, and is a town of shops, hotels and tourists. In the evening, when the shops are brilliantly lighted, and curious and interested travelers from all over the world, are wandering through the pretty streets and gazing into the bewildering shop windows, it is fairyland. Then one can take railroads that go up and up and up, until one is in the land of eternal snow in midsummer. The air becomes so rare, that one's weight seems all taken from him, and he would not be surprised to find himself stepping lightly from mountain top to mountain top, for he is treading on air. The sensation is intoxicating, and I can't see why the people who live away up in those mighty Alps, should ever die. Hunger, illness and death ought never to be known in that land of fairies. And dotted all over those almost perpendicular hill-sides are the prettiest, most picturesque, red-roofed cottages, and off from the distance comes the softened music of the Swiss bells. Those bells are only cow-bells, but they are all of different tones, and as the cattle move about, play in such a tender harmony, that it seems as if the fairies must have started their tinkling orchestra playing their most fairy-like music. Switzerland is entrancing—Switzerland "where nature is sovereign," where "the roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill, inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still." Switzerland was a fitting climax to our glorious summer, and all that followed was flat in comparison. We stopped in Heidelberg, a typical university town, but Germany is dull, after the intoxication of France, and the exhilaration of Switzerland. Then we made the trip of the Rhine, from Wiesbaden to Cologne. The Rhine is very beautiful, but our own beautiful Hudson River, though not so long, compares favorably with the Rhine in beauty, I think. The German Castles, all along the banks of the Rhine, do not shine by comparison with either the English or French Castles, though the sites, upon which they stand, are always picturesque.

Cologne boasts of a cathedral, and of Farina cologne. The cathedral is the point of interest, and it is really enough for one goodly sized city to boast of. It is the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in existence, and must be "a joy forever," since it a thing of such perfect beauty. It is well worth stopping off at Cologne to see her cathedral, for there is none more beautiful in the world.

And now a word about Antwerp, and then I am done. Antwerp is filled with associations of Rubens; everywhere is felt the influence of the great artist. In the centre of the principal square of the city—Place de la Verte—is a large and handsome monument to Rubens with a large statue of the painter on its top. The cathedral at Antwerp contains the two most famous of Rubens' paintings, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Ascent to the Cross." The pictures are kept covered until midday, when,

"Unknown to the world, unheralded by its clamorous voices, unexpected by its carnal wisdom, unheeded by its multitudes and its great ones, He comes into the world and the world knows Him not."

exactly as the clock strikes twelve, the priests lift the curtains and reveal to the reverent eyes of the beholders, the greatest works of the greatest of painters. Rubens' genius shows itself most in his coloring and in the dramatic feeling which shows itself in all his pictures. In the "Descent from the Cross," the point of especial interest is in the different whites in the picture, the white of the dead body of Christ, and the white of the sheet in which He is draped, being brought into contact, the one with the other, and yet, the dead flesh standing out so distinctly dead, and the sheet so distinctly ordinary linen, and yet both are *white*. The contrast of the faces of the two Marys is most interesting, the face of Mary Magdelen being a type of fleshly beauty, while Mary, the Christ-Mother, is most delicately and beautifully spiritual. The pictures are again covered at six o'clock.

It is in Antwerp that we see the dogs of Flanders pulling the milk-carts with their shining brass milk cans, as is so clearly described in that sweet, pathetic little story of Ouida's, called "The Dog of Flanders." Antwerp is a most delightful place from which to bid the Old World farewell, it is so quaint and old itself, so characteristic of the Old World, so different from anything we find in the New World, that we leave, with its impressions strong upon us; and though all true Americans start for "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," with light and thankful hearts, there still lingers a desire to do it all over again, which time only tends to increase, and which grows so all-absorbing, that nothing but a second trip will soothe its cravings.

LEILA OLIVIA HUME.

Buffalo, New York.

## Dante.

*From the German of Emanuel Geibel, by C. O'Connor-Eccles.*

Once in lonely musing wandered Dante through Verona's alleys,
He the poet, he of Florence, exiled from his native valleys,
And he heard a maiden whisper as she saw him passing slowly,
Whisper to a younger sister who beside her nestled lowly:
"See, my darling, that is Dante, he who down to hell descended;
Mark how gravity and anger in his sombre look are blended!
Since he saw that prison gloomy all his smiles and joy have vanished
By the memory of visions witnessed there forever banished."
Slowly turning Dante faced her—"Child, I did not visit hell
To forget the art of smiling, here on earth unlearned too well.
All the pains that I have sung of, all the torments waking pity,
These, my child, myself have suffered, suffered in my native city."

## The Women of Tennyson's Poems.

TENNYSON is peculiarly and in the highest sense the poet of woman; around her the best efforts of his genius have clustered. No other poet of the age has treated the subject so exhaustlessly, or in so many different aspects. There are grander, more passionate, more powerful poems than *Œnone, Mariana, Margaret, A Dream of Fair Women, The Lady of Shalott, The Miller's Daughter*, and *The Idyls of the King*, but there are none in which the pure and supreme love of beauty—Greek in its healthful symmetry, Christian in its reverent earnestness, joined to a marvellous artistic sensibility and delicate power of expression—has produced work so complete and exquisite as in these poems of Tennyson. A spirit of Christian chivalry breathes through all his works, and though he has not inaptly been styled the English Virgil, it is probable that his exemplar was not the Mantuan bard but his noble Catholic imitator, Dante.

What a vision of lovely women passes before us in his pages! From the melody chanted in his youth over the grassy grave of Claribel, "lovely maiden," who had known but life's morning hours, for whom all nature mourns, around whose simple grave the breezes hover and die, for whom the stately oak, king of the forest, sighs; to the story of Gareth and Lynette, told us when the silver of old age lay on his head, there is a constant succession of charming delineations of different types of womanhood. Some of these portraits are of surpassing beauty, and all are remarkable for the distinct characterization of the one woman who is the heroine of the re-

spective poem. Tennyson's ideals are never confused; each character has a strong, well-defined individuality that cannot be mistaken.

Smiling out from our poet's pages, "airy fairy Lilian," mirthful, laughter-loving, type of innocent, careless maidenhood, wins our hearts. Her sky is ever blue, ever sunny; it would be a relief if a few dark clouds brought forth a real shower, but no, "airy Lilian" must laugh, not weep.

> " Prythee weep, May Lilian!
> Gayety without eclipse
> Wearieth me, May Lilian."

The naughty eyes look a merry rebuke, and "Fairy Lilian" sparkles on her way.

His Margaret is a perfect contrast to Lilian—a pensive, tranquil, self-contained nature—her sad eyes lit

> " With tearful power,
> Like moonlight on a falling shower."

One is maidenhood before the cares of life have weighted down the brow with thought; the other is a soul that has known sorrow; a grave, womanly beauty, who has seen the world, and has learned the responsibilities of life. Grief has chastened her, and the pale, gentle face is in perfect harmony with the great soul that looks through the eyes half sad, and yet often brightened by an expression of joy, for the melancholy that clings to her character is not all dark and gloomy. She is

> " ......the evening star, alway
> Remaining betwixt dark and bright."

Of all Tennyson's earlier fancies none is so enchanting as the stately maiden Eleänore. What exquisite grace is in his flowing rhymes as he sings:

> " How may full-sail'd verse express,
> How may measured words adore
> The full-flowing harmony
> Of thy swan-like stateliness,
> Eleänore?
> The luxuriant symmetry
> Of thy floating gracefulness,
> Eleänore?"

Genuine love poem as it is, how white, in spotless purity is every measured line! And the lovely woman of his poetic fancy appears as distinct and delicate as a cameo, and yet a perfect woman, rich and warm, though modeled after the virginal purity of a Greek statue. Very harmoniously are all the scenic surroundings made to accord with the elevated nature of the woman they enshrine. The whole poem is replete with the most beautiful imagery.

And all those ladies in the *Dream of Fair Women*—Queen Helen, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Fair Rosamond, and the "daughter of the warrior Gileadite"—did they ever live till Tennyson immortalized them in song? How true to her historical character is each one painted! In her last refrain the "queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" speaks as the sorceress of old Nile would have been sure to speak, and we know of no truer revelation of her character:

> " I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
> Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
> A name forever!—lying robed and crown'd,
> Worthy a Roman spouse."

And Jephthah's daughter—how nobly is she pictured, how like a Jewish maiden, with that same unselfish heroism which prompted Esther to face the great king unsought, to save her people! How bravely she goes out to her doom, comforted by the thought that she had subdued her spirit to her father's will. Grand, maidenly figure!

*The Lady of Shalott*, *Œnone*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*, reveal the presence of a true dreamer of dreams, gifted with the magic which translates visions into music; whilst *The Miller's Daughter* shows the touch of one who felt the charm of English rural scenery and common life with a sentiment so fresh and pure and deep that he might soon be able to lay his hand upon the very heart of the people.

Perhaps the finest and most complete description ever written of a woman, who was in many peculiar ways specially a mother, were the lines penned by the poet in the "Princess":

> " Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants.
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts."

How gently he questions the propriety of the modern ideas of woman's rights, mingling the pleasantry of a picnic party with hopeful interpretations of socialistic theories, and rising seriously at the close to a conception of

"The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke, Life."

There is hardly a more charming type of womanhood in poesy than that of Enid, the gentle, patient, long-suffering wife of Prince Geraint, who, in an evil hour, from fond attachment and tenderest trust, had his heart seized with a jealous fear of her he loved. How meekly she bears his stern wrath, donning her meanest garb at his request and for many a weary day bearing him company in a desolate land, till at length she wins her way back to her husband's heart, and after happy years passed in their lordly hall the brave prince

"crowned
A happy life with a fair death, and fell
Against the heathen of the northern seas,
In battle."

Tennyson has given us no finer conception of a pure and loving woman than the golden-haired Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, who loved with that love which was her doom the glorious knight whose shield she guarded so tenderly while Lancelot rode away to tilt in the diamond jousts among

"Lords of waste marshes, kings of desolate isles."

And when she learned that her love was vain, the conflict of sorrow and silence that followed bespoke a loyal, delicate nature unsurpassed among women. What a picture is that of the silent, tearless death, and of the black and shadowy barge creeping down the river to Caerleon bearing the lifeless body, loyal in death to the potent warrior whom she had loved,—

"All her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

The moral purpose of Tennyson's poetry is always irreproachable. Enid and Elaine are lofty dream-figures passing through a world of dreams. May not part of their charm lie in their lack of reality? And so we would not be without those dreamland tragedies of Tennyson's that charm but do not hurt us; that woo us into peace and rest; instead of stirring up the flame of passionate life in our hearts.

MARIE ROGERS.

## The Unknown Hero.

There in the morgue, in stillness and in gloom,
A soldier lies, his face like sculptured stone:
A patriot, whom Fate consigned to doom
Unhonored, and unknown.

Closed are the eyes that saw the awful light
Of battle blazing on San Juan's hill:
Weak are the hands that were so strong in fight,
The hero-heart is still.

Deaf are the ears that heard the thunder-crash
Of Santiago's fearful fusilade:
Dead are the feet that made the famous dash
Up the red esplanade.

Ah! sad it is that he whom bomb and ball,
And battle's furious iron hurricane
Had spared, unto disease a prey should fall,
By fever should be slain!

And strange that he, a Yankee soldier brave,
Who saw the stronghold of the Spaniard fall
Should lie there ready for a nameless grave,
Unknown, unknown by all!

Unknown, unknown, by all that come and go
And look upon his face, and wasted frame.
Unknown there, sleeping in his shroud of snow,
A hero without name.

Unknown but not unloved, for even now
Some child may weep for him her father slain:
Some poor dear mother her gray head may bow,
And call on him in vain.

Some white-faced wife, her child upon her knee
Happy at thought that brutal war is o'er,
May even now be thinking lovingly
Of him, who'll come no more.

Mayhap e'en now, some old-time friend indites
A cheery letter to the soldier dead;
Nor little dreams the note he kindly writes
Shall nevermore be read.

Unknown, a soldier of the states, unknown!
O shameful proof of our incompetence!
O rank neglect, and treatment of our own,
And massive ignorance!

Unknown on earth, but not unknown on high,
Where God in glowing gold inscribes his name:
For they who battle here, and nameless die
Live there in endless fame.

J. E. JOHNSTONE.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be a failure.

## Our Own.

OUR Own! Words of tenderest import, fraught with all that is sweet and beautiful in life. How much they mean! and yet ofttimes

> "We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
> And smiles for the sometimes guest,
> But oft for our own the bitter tone,
> Though we love our own the best."

Nothing appears to me so beautiful as the reciprocal affection of parent and child. Would that every daughter knew what pure joy she might create in the parental bosom by a constant keeping alive of the spirit of filial devotion, and seizing frequent opportunities to make it manifest in little acts of gentleness and love. The child never grows old to a fond parent. It is always the dear child, and never so dear as when it keeps the childish confidence and love of its earlier years. And after the "daughter of the hearth and home" has grown to maturity, and as wife and mother, is filling her home with the fragrance of loving acts and gentle deeds, how touching to see her seek as often as may be the paternal roof, to lavish her affectionate attentions upon the dear father and mother who watched over her infancy and guided her youth, and by a thousand graceful little kindnesses assure them that her heart still clings with an ever strengthening fervor to the dear authors of her being. Surely much of heaven might be enjoyed here on earth if all families were thus attached.

Forgetfulness of self contributes largely to happiness in the home circle. Those who are constantly giving pleasure are constantly receiving it. Oh, we little know the mischief which may be done by an angry word, or act, or look. Sometimes we grow impatient, the meanness of our nature crops out, and wreaks itself, perhaps, on innocent, unoffending father and mother. They bear the brunt of the thoughtless but not less cruel words which sink deep into their hearts, and the wound is all the more painful because given by those they love. The harsh words are spoken, they may be regretted, forgiven, forgotten, but they can never be recalled. Father and mother will sigh, and forgive, but—some day they will come back to us.

Perhaps in the early morning we say something sharp to the little one who, with the innocent, heaven-born confidence of childhood runs up to us clapping its little hands before trudging off to school. We are busy and reprove the child. Two pearly tears stand in the great blue eyes, the lips falter, and the saddened heart turns away from us. The era of childhood with its happy fleeting hours, will erase the unkind word, but what of our remorse?

I can conceive of nothing more precious than a sister's affection in the influence it wields. Born of sympathy and confidence, it ripens into a love different from any other. There have been innumerable instances in which the presence of this sweet and tender love has been the saving grace of a brother's life. With a tact all her own a sister can train a brother in those little acts of courtesy due to her sex as no one else can, have a softening and refining influence upon him where everything else fails, and mould his character better than any other single factor in life, and yet, perhaps, for lack of interest and sympathy, the home circle suffers.

You have frequently met the polished gentleman of the world, the one most popular among the admiring crowd, whose name figures conspicuously in society circles, or heads the list of subscribers to some philanthropic scheme; but have you seen him at home? Have you witnessed his lack of respect to the life-long sharer of his joys and sorrows, his lack of affectionate courtesy to his relations? Ah, there your so-called gentleman falls sadly short. To the husband who considers his wife the handsomest woman in the room, and looks to her comfort before that of all others; to the noble big brother who thinks his sister the prettiest girl at the ball, and is lavish of attention to her, we gladly award the palm. And when misfortune or illness overtakes your gentleman of captivating manners, to whom does he turn for sympathy or help if not to the kind, tender hearts at home? His world sits in its luxurious drawing rooms and discusses the event until the novelty wears off, when he and it are forgotten; for the world of wealth and fashion recognizes no such thing as suffering upon its surface, no matter how many hearts ache and break beneath. You must bring to it a smiling face, and when misfortune

comes, ask neither help nor sympathy, but sink quietly out of sight, and rest assured you will be unmourned and unlamented.

But saddest of all—the woman who neglects her own. She goes to her club where she is known as the brilliant, the charitable Mrs. So and So, who does so much good for the relief of suffering humanity, who was so indefatigable in getting up a bazaar to buy a summer resort for the sick children of the poor; but in the eyes of heaven she is only the woman who neglects her own, on whose lips words of love and gentle pity never dwell at the hearthstone.

What a world of untold loneliness underlay the query of the tiny French maiden to her gentle Irish governess: "Mademoiselle, had you ever a mamma?" "Oh, yes." "And did you often see her?" "Many times a day." "And did she love you?" "Very dearly." "How I wish I had a mamma like yours! I hardly ever see mine, she does not love me, she does not tell me if she does."

Love of kindred is the last affection that grows cold in the human breast. Heaven intends that it should be so, and we would be untrue to all the higher and nobler instincts of our being were we for a moment to become indifferent to this hallowing sentiment. Even the Indian savage cherishes an almost idolatrous reverence for the graves of his forefathers. And when the reaper, Death, shall come to us and cut down our dear ones, every hasty word, though uttered carelessly now, will be a sharp thorn. Ah,

"'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the words of the morn."

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

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THE ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity.

ETERNITY is now, always has been, and always will be. Hence there is no need of haste; all mortal interests will be served in their own good time, and this present life, which is but a snap of one's finger in the great measure of eternity, certainly ought not to embitter or even tinge with sorrow the great chain of lives before us.

## Silence, Darkness, Rest.

The valleys and mountains are white with snow,
The trees seem specters gray,
The clouds are now lowering dark and low,
The day dies fast away.

The wind that was reveling loud and long,
Driving the fleecy flakes,
Has hushed at last its turbulent song,
No sound the stillness breaks.

No crimsoning streak, not a purple hue,
Pencils the leaden West,
As falls on the sombre and dreary view
Silence, darkness, rest.

And so when the storms of our lives are passed,
And hopes prove specters all,
And dreams and ambitions, and loves at last,
Lie 'neath a whited pall—

There falls from the wings of o'ersweeping Time,
A calm, as welcome guest,
We eagerly wait with a faith sublime,
Silence, darkness, rest.

CLAUDE BAXLEY.

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## An Evening with Adelaide Procter.

"The night was calm and cloudless,
And still as still could be,
And the stars came forth to listen
To the silent litany."

YES, but on this evening, it was the opening hymn to St. Cecilia that rang out clear and tender, sung by such pure, sweet voices, that the angels that listened to her own exquisite music on earth must have joyed to hear the praise of her ever blessed name.

While the tender refrain is finding its way to the hearts of the audience, let us glance around for one brief moment. The brilliantly-lighted hall is filled with an eager, expectant throng, whose faces clearly indicate that the opening of the entertainment has not only pleased, but even surpassed the most sanguine expectations.

On the stage, artistically grouped, stand the performers, gowned in spotless white save for the pretty knots of mauve and Nile green ribbons—the colors of the club; in the background are the other pupils, in the uniform of the school, forming a not unpleasing contrast to their white-robed sisters, and to whom the members of St. Catherine's Literary Society extend their warmest thanks for their kind assistance in rendering the first number.

Among the girls in white stands one with a large cluster of beautiful white chrysanthemums, tied with the delicately-hued colors of the S. C. L. Can it be possible that she is about to favor some literary member with a tribute to her genius, for see, her own colors mark her as one of the S. C. L.? No. As the last notes of the hymn die softly away, Harriet Crysler advances towards Mother Eucharia, and, with a grace all her own, presents her floral treasures, while her companions take their places, pondering on their yet undecided fate.

Miss Marmion's tribute to Adelaide Procter followed. In clear, well-modulated tones she sketched the career of "golden-tressed Adelaide" of her poet-father, whose beautiful lines have sung their way into thousands of hearts and helped to refine and spiritualize them. Then came our little violinist, Cyrena, to charm us with the magic of her bow and carry us off to an unknown dreamland, the memory of which still lingers in our hearts.

The Legend of Bregenz, as recited by Miss Freeman, lost none of its exciting interest as she pictured the heroic "Tyrol maid" and transported us to the "fair Lake Constance" and its picturesque surroundings. In "Non Torno" Miss Marmion was at her best, the beauty and pathos of her song being a delightful prelude to Miss Hardin's "Rest." With the gentle dove seeking rest, sweet rest "for me and thee and those I love," we winged our flight, only to be brought back to this sad old earth by Miss Anita Formosa's "Too Late," which touched many a tender heart-chord.

A pretty trio, entitled "Youth, Joy, and Hope" was exceedingly well rendered by three youthful, joyful, hopeful maidens,—the very embodiment of the sentiments to which they gave expression. Miss McCafferty then recited, to music, "The Story of the Faithful Soul," the weird strains of the violin mingling with the almost audible wail of the poor spirit, wafted in bitter anguish on the stilly night air. Godard's Fourth Barcarole, given with much expression and artistic finish by Miss Lawlor, was followed by Miss Romaine Whiteford's pièce de resistance —"Sweet Pansies," which elicited much applause for the fair vender.

The close of our "Evening with Adelaide Procter" found us suppliant at the "Shrines of Mary," beautifully pictured by Miss Rogers, P. Hawk, M. Formosa, and L. McDonnell, chanting a favorite hymn—"Ora, Mater, ora, Star of the deep."

An invitation to partake of refreshment was gladly accepted—with sweet morals still echoing in our souls we could not decline. To our eyes the fair Lake Constance shone in the well-filled glasses of—well—I will leave you to guess. There were Swiss mountains, too, of various tempting dainties, over which gentle doves fluttered and wandered—but I doubt if they found rest—congratulations lurked in every corner, patiently waiting to find expression, and after all had been said, and the happy hours had sped all too quickly away, we retired with the assurance that our "evening" had proved a grand success.

ETHEL KEAN.

### An Evening with Adelaide Procter.

PROGRAM.

Hymn to Saint Cecilia.

A Tribute to Adelaide Procter.
Miss Marmion.

Violin Solo............Gavotte............J. A. Demuth.
Miss Cyrena Kean.

The Legend of Bregenz.
Miss Freeman.

Vocal Solo............Non Torno............Tito Mattei.
Miss Marmion.

The Wind.
Miss Kathryn Smith.

Fourth Barcarole..................................Godard.
Miss Lawlor.

Rest.
Miss Hardin.

Violin Solo.............Kuyiawiak............Wieniaski.
Miss Lanigan.

The Letter.
Miss Anita Formosa.

Vocal Trio........Youth, Joy and Hope........J. L. Hatton.
Miss Marmion, Josephine Hardin, Pearl Hawk.

The Story of a Faithful Soul.
Miss Loreto McCafferty.

Valse Arabesque....................................Lack.
Miss Ethel Kean.

Sweet Pansies.—(By Request.)
Miss Romaine Whiteford.

The Shrines of Mary.

Miss Rogers, Lillian McDonnell, Mary Formosa, P. Hawk.

Ave Sanctissima.

## LESSON OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

O soulful story of the past,
Whose lesson on the wings of Time
Comes down to us through ages vast
To give the heart a touch sublime,
And teach the children of the earth
The fairest gift in Heaven's eyes
Is simple faith, whose beauteous worth
Reveals a rose of Paradise.

Ah, poor the fruit Ambition yields,
And tawdry is the thing, Renown;
The garnering of selfish fields
Is but a brief and tinsel crown;
The pride of birth, the thirst of Power,
The wealth we oft so fondly crave—
Vain playthings of life's fevered hour—
Are useless passports at the grave.

O happy they whose hearts are true
To pure and simple childish trust,
With eye to see and will to do
The things that most become the just;
The beauty of their lives they bring
With fragrant attributes replete,
A Christmas rose, meet offering
Of homage at the Master's feet.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

## The Madonna.

Say, mother, say, are mother's feelings thine,
Who darest thy babe to hireling hands consign?
Who, when it ails, will still its painful cries?
When well,—with toys will raise its ecstacies?
Will she, the trader in the fount of life,
Watch o'er thy babe with feelings fond and rife?
Or the strong draught and drowsy hour forego
With parent's watching, or with parent's woe,
And kindly tip the little angel's wings
With sweets — and kisses — that are sweeter things?
Learn, mother, learn—from Gospel record know
The duty parents to their offspring owe:
When He, the Mighty, and the Lord Divine,
Did all His Godhead with the flesh combine,
When He, the Lion of Judah, and the Lamb,
Came strong and sweet—to man's soul food and balm:
Did His pure Mother—blessed be her name!—
To alien hands consign His infant frame?
Did she her Son and Saviour Lord withdraw
From out her arms, and outrage nature's law?
Did she supinely bid a hireling care
Her glorious first-born, and *Jehovah's Heir*,
And leave, like Eve, her home in Paradise,
And in her exile spurn a priceless price?
No! She to whom the Queens of Earth may bow,
And on her footstool bare their jewell'd brow,
Swathes His weak limbs, and rocks Him in her arms,
Breathes o'er His beauties, and His bosom warms,
Beholds His wants by her pure lymph supplied.
Smiles and adores in high and holy pride!
And when suffic'd and seal'd in balmy sleep,
Did stranger eyes enraptur'd vigils keep?
Did she say, "Nurse, come care my infant boy,
While I go pleasure, or my ease enjoy"?
No! O'er the crib the Virgin Queen with fire
Fills all her soul, and wraps it to her Sire,
Where from on high she waits the rising sun
That from her sphere his cycle has begun.
Thus she, the good, the glorious, and the great,
Presides the guardian of His humble state;
Through youth, through manhood, still was at His side,
The Saviour's solace, and the Bridegroom's Bride,
And when the Powers of Darkness evils spread,
And smote the Shepherd, and the sheep were fled,
Did she desert Him with weak Peter's fears?
No! Life's red fountain sparkled with her tears.
She cared His corse—the signet on His tomb
Shone as her sighs breath'd thro' the charnel gloom.
And when from death the Saviour Son arose,
Madonna bloom'd, creation's only Rose.

J. E. Gilligan.

## A Sketch from Real Life.

On the shore of Lake Erie, a short distance from Buffalo, lies a pleasant summer resort, known as Angola. It is quite a picturesque little village, affording an extensive view of the lake, and densely wooded. But the most attractive spot in Angola is the hotel, known as Deacon Bennett's. Many a traveler stops to gaze at the quaint structure, built in very old-fashioned style and almost hidden from view by the lordly trees surrounding it. Yet, the venerable owner, to those more intimately acquainted with him, is an object of far more interest. Let me try to describe him to you.

A tall, broad-shouldered old gentleman, rather stooped, leaning on his cane for support. His smooth face, with its regular features lighted by goodness, is an artist's ideal. When he becomes aware that the eyes of the curious are on him, his effort to regain the erect posture of earlier days is quite perceptible. Loved and respected for his human sympathy and absolute sincerity, which has been the keynote of his life, Deacon Bennett holds a unique place in the hearts of his friends to-day. On his desk lies a book—his diary—the latter pages of which are written in a rather shaky hand—which he has kept for years, and still continues to keep.

On the eighth of August last, this grand old man celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Mr. Mark S. Hubbell, one of our noted Buffalonians, wrote and read a beautiful poem—"The Good Survive"—on the occasion, which he dedicated to his old friend, a copy of which he has very graciously given us for reproduction. When Mr. Bennett rose to express his grateful appreciation of the delicate compliment, the assembled guests could not but feel the appropriateness of the title. His concluding words were to this effect—"Whatever good I may have done in this life I owe to her whom I have loved and respected—my mother. From her I learned lessons which have remained with me during my lifetime, and I am now a very old man."

The words impressed me, I do not think I shall ever forget them, and as I picture my ideal walking slowly along, nearing the goal of a

well-spent life, the words come back—"The Good Survive." JANE SMITH.

## At Ninety-five.

(Dedicated to Deacon Joseph Bennett of Angola, and read on his 95th birthday, August 8, 1898.)

"The good die young," the old song said,
Fade early from this vale of tears,
While only arid hearts and hard
Know the long highway of the years,
As if alone the page of youth
Could bear the stylus lines of truth.

As if the crucial fires of Time
Burn not the spirit's dross away;
As if the rents the heart that tear
But beckon in the purer day.
As if a life by sorrow tried
Makes not the bravest eventide.

The good, by grace, sometimes survive,
Their witness to the truth to bear
In every line of wrinkled cheek,
In every thread of silver hair;
And those who tread the path of love
Make signal to the saints above.

All wrong the cynic song that sings,
The good from life soon fade away;
That only neutral colors harsh
Last on the canvas old and gray,
And that the hearts in God that trust
Walk not for long the ways of dust.

We prove them wrong; we gather here
To show the good through years endure
To point for us the pathway straight,
And reap the guerdon of the pure,
And this old man we honor now
Bears more than mitres on his brow.

This time-lined face, these way-worn eyes,
All tell their story sure and true;
The feet the highway's length that trod,
The eyes that see our cloud-mists through,
The strong old voice that sang Right's song
Through near a century of wrong.

A study this for budding youth,
Heed well the lesson it implies;
The feet may tread the ways of dust,
The soul be centered in the skies.
Him I salute, the good survive
To teach the young for truth to strive.

He leads the way, and if we go
Where those old eyes their kind light shed,
The angels shall our feet upbear,
Nor leave our griefs uncomforted,
Till, following the paths he trod,
We gain the paradise of God.

MARK S. HUBBELL.

## The Patriotic Fete at Wolhurst.

WHEN the cry for assistance, in the way of clothing and food for the wounded ones lying near the scenes of our recent victories, rang over the land, Colorado was not found wanting in her efforts to contribute to the comfort of the gallant men who had fought and suffered for the cause.

The Red Cross had done a good and noble work, but the funds were low, and something was required which would bring the necessary donations from the purse of the public to the treasury of that ever-willing society. The result was the idea of Mrs. E. A. Wolcott, wife of Senator Wolcott, and was carried out at their beautiful summer home, Wolhurst, about ten miles south of Denver.

Wolhurst is a park of over six hundred acres, beautifully laid out in lawns, flower beds with many rare plants, long shady foot and carriage paths, and has a splendid artificial lake, almost a mile in length. It is a place admirably suited for a large lawn fête, such as was held there, and which proved to be such a splendid social and financial success.

Most of the departments were in charge of ladies from Denver and Colorado Springs. Everything on the grounds was at the disposal of the workers. A charming little bungalow was taken as a Geisha tea house, and fitted up in Japanese fashion. The ladies were attired in regulation kimonos, the tea was served from a superb dragon urn, the musicians, in a little garden at the rear, discoursed soft strains from the koto and samisen. It was truly a fairy bower, and in the shady walks of the enclosure many tables were placed, where the tea, the music, and the surroundings rested the visitor after the tour of the grounds.

The Turkish booth was a large Oriental tent, beautifully fitted up with rugs, divans, and piles of cushions. The ladies, in costume, served the usual black coffee in the dantiest of cups and with enormous, (no other word describes them to me, one nearly filled the cup), lumps of sugar. Connected with this was another booth, where cigarettes and other Turkish goods had a splendid sale, all during the day.

The Patriotic booth was devoted to the sale of small fancy articles, in the colors of "Old Glory." Picture frames, cushions, pillows, fans, bags—all in red, white and blue—were displayed. This was a very attractive and remunerative booth.

Laska, a very well-known palmist hero, had volunteered his services, and, esconced in the most mysterious-looking tent, adorned with the usual mystic and awe-inspiring symbols, he devoted his day to the reading of hands, and placed in the treasury nearly one hundred dollars.

There were, of course, the usual number of supper tables, lunch tables, catchpenny schemes, a theatre with a minstrel performance, an animal circus,—the animals kindly loaned by Mrs. Elitch, of Denver. There were even some Robin Hood brigands, who held up genial Senator Wolcott and demanded release money in most blood-curdling fashion.

Perhaps I may be forgiven some partiality in speaking of the booth in which I was most interested—the candy booth, the good ship "Colorado." Harper's Weekly, for September 17th, presented a small picture of the ship. The crew, consisting of fifteen young ladies from Colorado Springs, was dressed in white duck suits, patriotic belts and white tams of the veritable Jack Tar type, bearing the word *Relief*. The ship, designed by a local artist, was about thirty feet long. From the masts floated the Stars and Stripes, and the halyards displayed the flags of all nations. A large Red Cross banner was very conspicuous, the American Eagle kept a sharp lookout at the bow, and an object of, to us, unceasing delight, was a large, deep-toned bell, which we rang whenever the desired customers seemed to decrease in numbers. I am happy to state that the bell had its effect, and that the candy ship was the most remunerative feature on the grounds. Truly, the "Colorado" was the prettiest craft that ever rode upon a stormy sea of emerald sward, and displayed her banners under an arch of leafy cottonwoods.

The full beauty of the fête could not, however, be realized till night. Hundreds of Japanese lanterns were strung across the grounds, a hundred locomotive headlights glared down with ogre eyes upon the happy crowd, and the moon shed silvery rays and a more fairy-like beauty over all.

All the brass bands from the surrounding towns had been called into service and drew large audiences to whatever spots they selected for the discoursing of their sweet strains. In this there was method. The purpose being to draw from the overcrowded booths to the less prosperous ones. The ruse was a successful one, and every attraction received its share of patronage.

The pleasures of the fête were not confined to one class. Rich and poor alike could find amusements, and all gave generously, according to their means. The little street Arabs were present in large numbers, and the candy booth enjoyed more than a fair share of their attention.

Senator Wolcott bought lavishly of our stock, to be given away to the poor little ones. It was the pleasantest task of the day, this giving to the ones who had the wish for dainties gratified so seldom, and the sweetest praise I heard was the remark of one little ragged customer, "You, ladies, have been nicer to us than anyone else on the grounds." That small boy will probably never know how much pleasure his little speech gave to fifteen girls, who had heard many kind remarks on their work and its success.

It was a very weary party that rode down to Colorado Springs that night, but the Patriotic Fête was a success; the event had been a glorious one; the day long to be remembered as one of good work, well done and well appreciated by the crowds who thronged to help in the cause, as well as to enjoy the many attractions offered in every booth on the grounds.

It was a grand gift of Colorado to the nation, and will long be remembered by the heroes who battled under the flag, for to them it has brought many of the comforts needed, for which the treasury of Uncle Sam did not feel warranted in expending the necessary thousands of dollars, which have been realized by so pleasant an event as the Wolhurst Fête.

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Nearly all good women grow by time into a kind of nobility or instinctive greatness of soul. But few women grow great in youth. Greatness is individuality,—the opposite of the conventional.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JANUARY, 1899.


THE myriad bells that rang last night contained within their hollow notes the dual meaning of death and life, burying the old year in sweet sounds and bringing the new one in on wings of melody. What memories linger in the music of these bells!

It is well, in our journey through life, to pause before such finger-posts of time as the transition from one year to another; to reflect upon the past that we may gather strength for the future; and make of the experiences which the last twelve months have taught us, guides for our conduct through the coming hope-wreathed year.

*

DR. MOORE, the present illustrious Bishop of Ballarat, Australia, whose advent gave such an impulse to religion in the diocese, and under whose benign rule such progress has been made, was our honored guest, a few weeks ago. The devoted friend of the Australian Lorettos—and indeed, of the whole Institute—he has zealously co-operated with the religious in their educational work, which has proved such an inestimable blessing not only to the diocese but to the whole colony of Victoria and to the neighboring colonies, who have gladly availed of the many special advantages which it affords.

His Lordship is the bearer of a valuable gold medal, with a special blessing, from the hands of the Holy Father, to Rev. Mother Gonzaga Barry, Superior of the religious of the Institute of the B. V. M. in Australia, as a mark of His Holiness' appreciation of the services she has rendered to the Church, in the cause of religion and education, beneath the Southern Cross

*

"THE Flag of Starry Light"—music and words by our esteemed friend, Claude Baxley, M D.—a complimentary copy of which has been kindly forwarded to us by the composer, deserves, in point of enthusiastic patriotism and literary merit, a place beside our truly grand national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," also written by another distinguished son of the the South—Francis Scott Key.

*

A DAY in a crystal paradise! thought I, this morning, as looking from my window, I beheld the wonderful transformation scene which Nature had effected. Here a winding path, once shaded by pretty leaves and fragrant blossoms, now overarched with glittering masses of snow and ice; there an alabaster grotto with filigree wreaths and fantastic decoration, wrought by winter's master artist, King Frost. From the tips of the evergreen branches hang clusters of ice balls, which flash in the sunlight, every tree and shrub is wrapped in a gleaming white crust, and above, the telegraph wires glitter and sway in the wind like strands of jewels. Oh, it is all too beautiful! Who does not love winter at Niagara, particularly when the sun has so glorious a sheet of snow to display his effects upon. Nothing more fairy-like and enchanting can be conceived.

*

THE beautiful feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception was fittingly celebrated in our midst by a reception of Children of Mary, the favored ones being Miss Marmion, A. Merle, P. Hawk, K. O'Connor, L. McCafferty and J. Smith. The same day Miss Mabel O'Brien, M. Rogers, E. O'Connor had the happiness of being admitted

into the Sodality of the Holy Angelsissdn M; a C. Barrett. M. Merle and M. Maloney into that of the Infant Jesus.

Badges of honor were also conferred on Miss Haviland and Miss Freeman.

Rev. T. McDonald, O. C. C, Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, performed the ceremony and preached a most instructive sermon on this exalted privilege of the Mother of God, and our happiness in being permitted to call ourselves her children. May we daily become less unworthy to bear the precious title!

*

We desire to offer, through the columns of the Rainbow, our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. O'Connor, née Mary Duncan, San Diego, Cal., in this dark hour of her sad bereavement, and pray that she may be sustained and comforted through the long, lonely hours which separation from the noble and generous partner of her life's journey must entail.

The memory of Mary Duncan has been so fondly cherished in her convent home, that it is almost as fresh and greeen as when she left it, and the record of her goodness and her sweet, amiable manners is one of the brightest pages in the annals of Loretto.

## The White Rose of Scotland.

"CATHERINE, we must part. The king, this morning, contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on penalty of paying my life a forfeit to my disobedience, to leave the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune."

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catherine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

"And shall Huntly's daughter," replied the lady, "thus consent to desert her husband? No, my dear Richard, I have shared thy short-lived splendor, let me participate in thy reverses. Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile; and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; 'thy people shall be my people. and thy God my God!'"

"Noble-minded woman!—but it must not be!" ejaculated the youth. "Catherine—for I dare not longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband. Thou deemest me the rightful heir to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor. I won thy love by a lie. Ambitiously aspiring to the heart of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonor. Yet, oh! forgive me, and do not execrate my wild ambition!"

"Oh, Richard! was this deception generous? Yet hold, my swelling heart, let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride. My husband, avert not from me thus thy tearful eyes. Whoe'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness. It will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catherine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she loved thee when, 'mid thy gallant train, thou stoodst unmatched, 'twas not the splendor of thy royal name that bade her wish thee hers. Yes, my husband, I loved thee, and still I love thee for thyself alone. Let us, then, fly these shores; desist from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."

"Alas, my beloved! it is impossible. Bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace, remains to me. Leave me to my woes—leave me to my dishonor. Why—why should both be wretched?"

The unhappy speaker concluded, ineffectually endeavoring to subdue the determination of his faithful wife to share his fortunes.

The reader will, ere this, have discovered, in the husband of the Lady Catherine, the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII., had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who, with his brother, had been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

Possessed of every accomplishment that could

engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure of his endeavors to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents, he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valor, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions.

He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly.

Between the "White Rose of Scotland"—for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her—and the adventurer an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

But finding the English people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish king gave up the cause as hopeless.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun was attaining to his meridian height when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders.

"Bless thee, leddie! bestow a bawbee in charity on puir, auld, witless Mansie."

Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catherine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach.

She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating—

"Many thanks, leddie. Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide saut wave. But," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catherine, "muckle fear hae I, ye need na wish a speedy voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart—better a pillow on the foaming brine than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catherine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, leddie, dinna ask. Gin ye saw wi' auld Mansie's een, ye wad na leave the land o' yer forbears to roam mang ruthless faces, a lanely exile. Fareweel, fareweel, leddie; dinna forget the warnin' o' auld Mansie!"

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catherine, who, with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to the vessel which was about to waft her forever from her native land.

As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chanting the following song—

"The White Rose has bloomed
Through a brief summer day,
Yet the White Rose is doomed
To a rapid decay.

"Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness awhile,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

"Farewell—oh, farewell!
'Mid the tempest that blows,
In my ear rings the knell
O' Scotland's White Rose.

"Swift to bear thee away,
Round the hoarse billows swell;
Once again, an' for aye,
Rose o' Scotland, farewell!"

As the last words of the song fell on the ears of the terror-stricken Catherine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with eyes tearless from agony, preceived the shore of her native land receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish Courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the Low Countries.

Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and might, therefore have claimed admission into Flanders.

But as he must dismiss his English retainers, the companions of his dangers, and apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English Court, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt

upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking for the first time the title of Richard IV., King of England.

It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This was a fatal blow to the adventurer.

In all his wandering she had shared his hardships.

With all his faults he had still idolized his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "White Rose."

We shall not depict the humiliating scene of his surrender to King Henry, or the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation; but pass on to the scene of execution.

* * * * * * * *

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty, dawned heavily and slowly.

At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expectant thousands.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin fixed his eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment,—

"Yonder is the throne to which my ambition has exalted me."

The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts everything that might distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding, that though disappointed in not obtaining an earthly throne, the present place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one.

"Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree; and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the blest assurance."

He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.

"Is not then, your master yet content?" said he, adding, "But I consent and thus proclaim my infamy. Urged on by restless ambition, but more by the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim. Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness that had I not been bound by oath, I had long discontinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Catherine! how my heart bleeds at the thought of her. She long, long entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast.

"She loved me—she wedded me—she clung to my misfortunes—she shared all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish—oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now, father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master. Heaven's curse light on him, if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview, but my heart now tells me he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more. I have done with earth—I have done with Catherine!"

He knelt, and crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! Spare him a little longer. Tear him not so soon from my arms," she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, 'tis too late," replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Catherine, "it is never too late for mercy. Take him back to his dungeon—respite him but a few hours. I will go again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease until he forgives!"

Nature could do no more.

She sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past," said he, as he cast on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catherine restored animation.

Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot.

What she saw may be conceived from the sequel.

"The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked.

They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

SYBIL SEYMOUR.

## Sir Thomas More.

ERASMUS, who visited England in search of knowledge, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, has left us a vivid description of More's domestic life. "More," he writes, "has built near London, upon the Thames, a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives, surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son's wife, his three daughters, and their husbands, and eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen. Such is the excellence of his disposition that whatever happeneth that could not be helped, he is as cheerful and as well pleased as though the best thing possible had been done. In More's house you would say that Plato's academy was revived again, only, whereas in the academy the discussion turned upon geometry and the power of numbers, the house at Chelsea is a veritable school of Christian religion. In it is none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle; the head of the house governs it, not by a lofty carriage and frequent rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting."

An interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*, published in October, 1891, gives some particulars of More's daily life, and adds: "Wonderfully beautiful is his life in its multiform harmonies of inward and outward graces, forming one exquisitely harmonious whole. No statesman has ever before been so completely revealed in thought, word, and deed, to the outer world. We have the innermost life of the man characterized by a seriousness and depth of thought, prayer, stern self-discipline, and strenuous mortification that few could have looked to find underlying the gaiety, the sparkling wit, the merry humour, the unrivalled conversational gifts that made him the first in courtly circles and the cherished companion of sovereigns; whislt to the superficial observer, these extremes of severity and light-heartedness are found knit together by an insatiable love of learning that made him the dear friend of those who stood foremost in European fame for letters, law, and science; and tempered with a charity and unfailing sympathy that made him as Judge and Chancellor revered by all and trusted with absolute trust by the lowly and desolate." Again it tells us that throughout his life, an intense and unconquerable love of liberty, and an ardent love of family are "ever to the front, and ever radiant and gleaming with the sunshine of his constant, light-hearted mirth, and keen though kindly wit; and scarcely second to them was his intense devotion to letters, maintained all through the long lingering gloom of his prison days on to the very threshold of the block."

The highest honors of the State, together with Court favor, may be said to have forced themselves upon More, for it was the yearning of his heart to enjoy the sweets of domestic peace in his family circle; and, as far as duty would permit, to shun the vortex of State intrigue and the turmoil of political life. He was the most perfect orator of his day in England, and what was singular in those times, he was eloquent alike in the English and Latin tongues. He held the honorable post of Commissioner of the Crown in more than one embassy to the Continent, and he was at the same time royal secretary and member of the Privy Council. He was, moreover, appointed by the King to the responsible post of Speaker of Parliament, and it is to be borne in mind that, as Stubbs writes, the Speaker in the Tudor reigns was "the manager of business on the part of the Sovereign." As the crowning dignity of his career, the seals of the highest office were entrusted to him on the fall of Wolsey, and he became the Lord Chancellor of England.

French Landing Bridge—East View.

Port Day Bridge.

In all these offices he was distinguished by ability and exquisite tact, and it was remarked by an acute observer that he proved himself inflexible in the matter of justice, but, at the same time, "affable and courteous to all men." He was munificent in promoting the outward decorum of religion. He built at his own expense the parochial chapel of Chelsea, and enriched it with everything necessary for Divine worship. He made rich gifts to other churches, being wont to say, "The good give, and the bad steal." In dispensing his charities he would seem to have anticipated the St. Vincent de Paul's Society of later times. We read in his life that "he used himself to go through the back lanes and inquire into the state of the poor families; and he would relieve their distress, not by scattering a few small coins, as is the general custom, but when he ascertained a real need, by two, three, or four gold pieces. When his official position and duties prevented this personal attention, he would send some member of his family to dispense his alms, especially to the sick and to the aged. In his parish of Chelsea he hired a house, in which he gathered many infirm, poor, and old people, and maintained them at his own expense. When More was away, his favorite daughter, Margaret, had the care of this house. To widows and orphans, when he practised at the bar, he gave his services gratuitously."

There are few of the problems in the matter of education which agitate the world nowadays but may receive light from the teaching of the writings and life of this illustrious hero of Catholicism.

Great interest has been shown in the higher education of ladies by many leaders of thought at the present day. Those statesmen might well take Sir Thomas More as their patron, for I know of none who has more strenuously advocated that cause than he. His views are set forth in an admirable instruction which he gave to the tutor of his daughters, noted as they were for their brilliant talent. He desires that they should be equipped with the accomplishments suited to their rank, and instructed in all the highest branches of polite literature, but above all, that they would be adorned with the graces of the Christian life. "Though I prefer learning joined with virtue to all the treasures of kings," he says, "yet renown for learning, where it is not united with a good life, is nothing else than splendid and notorious infamy. This would be specially the case in a woman. On the other hand, if a woman to eminent virtue should add an outwork of even moderate skill in literature, I think she will have more real profit than if she had obtained the riches of Crœsus and the beauty of Helen. I do not say this because of the glory which shall be hers, though glory follows virtue as a shadow follows a body, but because the reward of wisdom is too solid to be lost like riches, or to decay like beauty, since it depends on the intimate conscience of what is right, not on the talk of men, than which nothing is more foolish, or mischievous. That man would seem to abase a generous character who should accustom it to admire what is vain and low. He, on the contrary, raises the character who rises to virtue and true goods, and who looks down with contempt from the contemplation of what is sublime on those shadows of good things which almost all mortals, through ignorance of truth, greedily snatch at as if they were true goods. Therefore, since we must walk by this way, I have often begged all my friends to warn my children to avoid the precipices of pride and haughtiness, and to walk in the pleasant meadows of modesty; not to be dazzled at the sight of gold; not to lament that they do not possess what they erroneously admire in others; not to think more of themselves for gaudy trappings, nor less for the want of them; neither to deform the beauty that nature has given them by neglect, nor to try to heighten it by artifice; to put virtue in the first place, learning in the second; and in their studies to esteem most whatever may teach them piety towards God, charity to all, and modesty and Christian humility in themselves. These I consider the genuine fruits of learning. This was the opinion of the ancients, of those who were most prudent, as well as most holy. Not to speak of the rest, St. Jerome and St. Augustine not only exhorted excellent matrons and most noble virgins to study, but also, in order to assist them, diligently explained the abstruse meanings of Holy Scripture, and wrote for tender girls letters replete with so much erudition, that nowadays old men who

call themselves professors of sacred science, can scarcely read them correctly, much less understand them. Do you have the kindness to see that my daughters thoroughly learn these works of those holy men. If you will teach them something of this sort, in addition to their lesson in Sallust, you will bind me and them still more to you. And thus you will bring about that my children, who are dear to me by nature, and still more dear by learning and virtue, will become most dear by their advance in knowledge and good conduct."

The writings of More acquired for him a widespread literary fame, not only in England, but on the Continent. What is singular in a layman, many of his writings treat of Theological or Polemical subjects, for More vigorously engaged in the great controversies which in those days, engrossed men's thoughts. His literary work most spoken of at the present day is the "Utopia," and what is strange, some writers have appealed to it in proof that More shared the indifferentism to supernatural religion so characteristic of the revived paganism of modern times. It is difficult to conceive an accusation more groundless. The Utopia sketches for us an ideal commonwealth, on the lines of the Republic of Plato, and in imitation of that greatest Philosopher of Greece, only such laws and conditions of social and religious life are set forth as are based on the principles of Natural Religion. The genius of Columbus had a little while before discovered a new world. Vasco de Gama and other illustrious mariners had added to our knowledge of innumerable islands off the coast of Africa and India. The Utopia is supposed to be one of the newly-discovered islands, whose inhabitants were not as yet enlightened by the teachings of Christian truth, but whose laws and customs were in perfect conformity with the dictates of reason and conscience. But far from being indifferent to the lessons of Divine Faith, Sir Thomas More sets forth, as the crowning perfection of his Utopia, that its citizens were ready to receive the teachings of the Christian Faith, and were yearning for the blessings which it alone could impart.

The peace and contentment which, under Christian enlightenment, More anticipated for the citizens of Utopia, may be said to have smiled with special favor upon his own happy home at Chelsea. It was his special delight to gather around him there his learned friends, and to relieve the intervals of public business with polite and Christian studies, and in the tranquil repose of peaceful seclusion to equip himself for the busy turmoil of State affairs.

Foremost among those friends was Colet, Dean of St. Paul's. This great scholar had travelled through Italy and Germany to perfect himself, particularly in the knowledge of Greek, and on his return to England gave himself up heart and soul to the task of reviving sacred studies. One great undertaking of his reveals to us the literary spirit that quickened the energies of the devoted friends gathered around More, at Chelsea. Schools had sprung up, in rich abundance, throughout England during the closing years of the fifteenth century, but something appeared to be still wanting to satisfy the wishes of Colet. He desired to see attached to his own church of St. Paul's, an Academy, or, as we would nowadays call it, a High School, in which should be laid a solid foundation of learning, both sacred and profane. The profound study of the Classics, as well as Scriptural Divinity, he said, would never be established in the universities, until they were first skillfully taught in the preparatory schools. Accordingly, he set the example by himself founding such a school, and he bestowed his wealth and his study in bringing it to perfection. The school was begun in 1509, and was quickly completed. The endowments made provision for the free education of 153 scholars, and for the maintenance of their teachers. The number of students was fixed with reference to the miraculous draft of fishes, mentioned in St. John's Gospel. The studies were to consist of classical Greek and Latin authors, but particularly of good Christian ones, "for" (as the founder added) "my intent is by this school specially to increase the knowledge and worshipping of God and our Saviour, and good Christian life and manners in the children." He moreover, wrote a little book for the use of the scholars, which he called the "Rudiments," and in the preface to it he sets forth the whole purpose of his work,—"I pray God, that all may be to His honor and the erudi-

tion of children. Wherefore I pray you all, little babes, learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memory, trusting that you shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come to be great scientists. And lift up your little white hands for me also, who prayeth for you to God."

Adams, in his "Life of Sir Thomas More," remarks that Colet initiated a great reforming movement when he thus devoted his private fortune to the establishment of this great school. As More prophesied, the example was followed throughout the country, and numerous grammar schools sprang up, which gave a grand impulse to middle-class education in England.

Erasmus was another of the literary group that gathered around the pleasant home at Chelsea, and it was under the patronage and the guidance of Sir Thomas More that he published the first edition of the Greek Testament, which was dedicated to Pope Leo X., and some writings of the Fathers, and other works, which earned for him a European reputation. Erasmus in his letters writes enthusiastically of England, of its peaceful homesteads dotted over its rich plains, its woods redolent with sweet-scented violets, its hills mapped out in sloping fields all bright with golden sheaves, its people so loyal and so free. But above all the rest, Sir Thomas More himself was the object that he most admired, and the theme of his most fervid eulogy. His picture of the Court in those pre-Reformation days is particularly interesting. He is never weary of praising the King, the Queen, the leading representatives of the clergy—they are all patrons of letters; the Court is the seat of the Muses, and might vie with Athens in the days of Pericles. The Queen Catherine is as virtuous as she is learned; she daily reads the Scriptures in English, spends six hours at her prayers, and kneels all the time without a cushion. The King is a scholar and a musician; he is devout, and has made barefoot the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham. Erasmus himself had made that pilgrimage, and he describes the broad green way across the fields by which the pilgrims approached, and the little chapel built within the splendid church, in imitation of the Holy House of Loretto, its walls ablaze with gold and jewels.

Superficial men sometimes speak of the centuries that immediately preceded the Reformation as the Dark Ages. The intelligent student of genuine history will judge them far otherwise. Society was, indeed, then in a transition state, and those ages may be considered as a preparatory period. But if we compare them with the hundred years that followed the Reformation, they will not lose by the comparison; on the contrary, they must be styled ages of piety and enlightenment. Professor Paulsen, of the Berlin University, does not hesitate to say that "the Middle Ages were the school-time of the Germanic nations;" though no friend of the Catholic Church, he writes:—"The thoughtful student of history sees in the Middle Ages a time, not of decay, but of preparation; a period during which the seeds of a better growth were germinating in the soil."

The history of the University of Oxford, and the fate of the other great educational institutions of England, will well illustrate what I say. Never, perhaps, was such an impulse given to the higher studies in England as during the fifty years that preceded Henry VIII.'s Reformation scheme. Erasmus, writing in 1497, speaks of a "rich harvest of classical literature" as flourishing at Oxford on every side, so much so, he says, that England, in respect of culture, had begun to outstrip France and Germany. The foundation of the grammar schools at Winchester and Eton, and of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and Cardinal Wolsey's munificent endowments, which were made "on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown," and were specially devised for the purpose of developing the studies of the new literature in connection with religion, tell us of the ardour with which the men of those days entered on the paths of progress. Sir Thomas More was second to none of the great patrons of literature in his efforts to advance the higher studies in Oxford and Cambridge, and his letters attest that he was always ready to make use of his great influence with the King to promote their welfare.

It has been well said that the life of the nation has stamped its story on the development of Oxford. The very charters of its colleges tell the motives that prompted their endowment

In "All Saints" College, for instance, the students were commanded to pray for "the subjects of the crown of England who had fallen in the war with France, and for the souls of all the faithful departed," and a plenary indulgence was granted to all who visited its beautiful chapel. Under the plea of Reformation, that chapel was desecrated, its eight altars overthrown, the altar plate stolen, the precious missals and vestments consigned to the flames. At "Magdalen" College, Mass was to be offered every day of the year for the founders and other good patrons. "New" College, in a true spirit of beneficence, made special provision that poor scholars of ability might cultivate their talent. It provided "for the perfect maintenance and instruction of two hundred scholars to afford them a liberal support, and to lead them through a complete course of education from the first elements of letters, through the whole circle of the sciences; from the lowest class of grammatical learning to the highest degrees of the several faculties." Whatever was grandest in architecture, and most sumptuous in the refinement of art, once adorned the chapel of this college. But under the Reformation it was despoiled of its silver and gold, and its fairest monuments of art were effaced. The Hon. and Rev. S. Broderick, warden of "Merton" College, the latest writer on the subject, attests that in dealing with colleges, the spirit in which the Royal Commissioners acted was ruthlessly iconoclastic, and that "not only were the old services abolished, but altars, images, statues, 'the things called organs', and everything else which seemed to savor of 'superstition,' were defaced or swept away. The amount of destruction wrought by their orders among the libraries and chapels of colleges cannot now be estimated, but it was certainly enormous, and cartloads of classical and scientific manuscripts were consigned to the flames, together with many an illuminated masterpiece of scholastic literature."

The destruction, however, of the monuments of art, and the plunder of everything most precious, were not the only results that marked the progress of the Reformation in Oxford. It seemed as if a blight had fallen on all literary pursuits. Mr. Lang, in his history of Oxford, writes that: "The reign of Edward the Sixth gave full play to that fanatic and intolerable hatred of letters which had now and again made its voice to be heard under Henry the Eighth. Oxford was almost empty. The schools were used by laundresses as a place where clothes might conveniently be dried. The citizens encroached on academical property. Some schools were quite destroyed, and the sites converted into gardens. Few men took degrees. The college plate and jewels, left by pious benefactors, were stolen and went to the melting pot. Thus flourished Oxford under Edward the Sixth."

When the divinity studies were suppressed at Oxford by order of Henry the Eighth, great efforts were made for a time to promote the classics and other branches of profane literature, but these studies, like plants that had been overforced, quickly drooped and perished. The historian of Oxford writes that "there, where Minerva formerly sat as regent, was nothing during all the reign of King Edward the Sixth, but wretched solitariness; nothing but a dead silence prevailed." So, too, at Cambridge, the classical revival died a natural death, and Latimer, though a champion of the new order of things, pithily writes: "It would pity a man's heart to hear what I hear of the state of Cambridge;" and he adds that there were then ten thousand fewer students in the kingdom than there were twenty years previously. The ruin of the universities was completed by the foreign Protestant divines who came from Germany and Switzerland to fill the professorships which no English scholar would accept under the new religious regime. They declared that the academical degrees were anti-Christian, and wherever their influence extended the libraries were consigned to the flames. It was thus that the precious collection of illuminated manuscripts and classical authors, formed by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in Henry the Sixth's reign, perished. Of the one hundred and twenty-nine Manuscripts on vellum, adorned with costly illuminations, which the Duke presented to Oxford, only one survived the tempest of destruction that followed in the paths of the royal visitors. When Sir Thomas Bodley took up his residence at Oxford, towards the close of the Sixteenth Century, he found the libraries "in every part

waste and ruined," and the splendid foundation which he inaugurated, now known as the Bodleian Library, was but a collection of the fragments which had accidently been spared from the general destruction.

Froude, in his History of England, gives many details of the work of ruin carried on in those days. Throughout England, he says, "by the year 1539, there was nothing left to tell of the presence of the saints but the names that clung to the churches they had built, or the shadowy memories which hung about their desecrated tombs. Still the torrent rolled. Injunctions were issued for the general purification of the churches. From wall and window, every picture, every image commemorative of saint, or prophet, or apostle, was to be extirpated and put away, so that there should remain no memory of the same; in general, spoliation became the law of the land; the statues crashed from the niches; rood and rood-loft were laid low, and the sunlight stared on the whitened aisles. The cathedrals and the churches of London became the chosen scenes of riot and profanity. St. Paul's was the stock exchange of the day, where the merchants met for business, and the lounge where young gallants gathered, fought, and killed each other. They rode their horses through the aisles and stabled them among the monuments. As to the mass of the people, hospitals were gone, schools broken up, almshouses swept away; every institution which Catholic piety had bequeathed for the support of the poor was either abolished or suspended; and the poor themselves, smarting with rage and suffering, and seeing piety, honesty, duty, trampled under foot by their superiors, were sinking into savages. Missals were chopped in pieces with hatches, college libraries plundered and burned. The divinity schools were planted with cabbages, and the Oxford laundresses dried clothes in the schools of art."

The Rev. Augustus Jessop, as late as 1889, treating of the five thousand churches scattered throughout England in the pre-Reformation period, writes: "If we go back in imagination to the condition of these churches as they were when the Reformation began, it may safely be affirmed that there was not at that time, there never had been, and there is never likely to be again, anything in the world that could at all compare with our English churches. There never has been an area of anything like equal extent so immeasurably rich in works of art such as were then to be found within the four seas. The prodigious and incalculable wealth stored up in the churches of this country, in the shape of sculpture, glass, needlework, sepulchral monuments, in marble, alabaster and metal, the jewelled shrines, the precious manuscripts, their bindings, the frescoes and carved work, the vestments and exquisite vessels in silver and gold, and all the quaint and dainty and splendid productions of an exuberant artistic appetite, and an artistic passion for display, which were to be found not only in the great religious houses, but dispersed, more or less, in every parish church in England, constitutes such an enormous aggregate of precious forms of beauty as fairly baffles the imagination when we attempt to conceive it. There are lists of the church goods, that is, of the contents of the churches, by the thousands, not only in the sixteenth century, but in the fourteenth: there they are for anyone to read; and, considering the smallness of the area and the poverty of the people, I say again that the history of the world has nothing to show which can for one moment be compared with our English churches as they were to be found when the spoilers were let loose upon them. Well! We all know what a clean sweep was made of the contents of these churches. The locusts devoured all. But the fabrics remained; the fabrics have remained down to our time; they are, as it were, the glorious framework of the religious life of the past."

But to return to Sir Thomas More. He strenuously labored to promote the best interests of the universities, colleges, and other educational institutions throughout the kingdom. Learned men from the continent were encouraged to settle in London. His own happy home at Chelsea was ever open to them and served as a centre whence enlightenment and piety radiated to every part of the kingdom.

But a change was soon to come over this pleasant scene. The King, headlong in his passion, had sought a divorce from his lawful wife that he might take to himself Anne Boleyn as Queen;

and as the Pope could neither be cajoled by promises nor terrified by threats to mould his decrees in accordance with the monarch's pleasure, Henry resolved to set himself up as Pope in England, and sooner than be separated from the object of his passion, to separate his kingdom from the unity of the Catholic fold.

More's conscience forbade him to follow the King in this reckless course. When he resigned the seals, he had counted the cost, for he knew full well the penalty that the royal displeasure had prepared for him. Though he heeded not the fate, no matter how sad, that might await himself, his heart was overwhelmed with sadness at the thought of the ruined fortunes of those most dear to him. When proceeding to Lambeth to appear before the Royal Commissioners, on the 13th of April, 1534, he remained silent and downcast for a considerable time; at length he said to his son-in-law, "My son, I thank Our Lord; the field is won." It was the dictate of conscience that had triumphed over human weakness. Thenceforth laying aside all material cares, he resigned himself entirely to the divine will. The tedious months of his imprisonment were a preparation for his heavenly crown.

Few scenes more beautiful are recorded in ecclesiastical history than the meeting of the heroic father and the daughter of his love in the gloomy cell of the Tower of London. The one hiding his emotion, strove to console his child who came to comfort him; the other in fondest affection contending against all hope to avert the blow which was far more dreaded to herself than to the father whom she loved. It was the morning of the 4th of May, 1535, that she visited him, and as they conversed standing at the window of the prison cell, there passed across the court below a group of religious who were being led out to execution. Three of these were Carthusian monks in their snow-white robes; another was a secular priest who, like them, was to die for the faith. More was struck by the radiance of joy that shone around them, and, turning to his daughter, said, "Dost thou not see that these blessed Fathers be as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?" But the daughter was silent, for the instinct of love whispered to her that the yearning of her father's heart then only could be satisfied when he would be associated with them in their heroic profession of faith and their martyr crown.

More was treated with peculiar severity whilst awaiting trial, in the hope to break his spirit and overcome his constancy, but he on his part used every effort to add other voluntary mortifications, the better to ensure perseverance and to enhance the merit of his sacrifice. Even his books and writing materials were taken away from him. More then pleasantly closed the shutters of his narrow cell, and, when asked by the Lieutenant of the Tower why he did so, he laughingly replied that as the wares were all gone, the shop windows might as well be closed, but the secret of this act of self-denial was that he might solely fix his affections on the light of eternity.

On the first of July, he was led forth to trial, or rather to certain condemnation, at Westminster. It was no longer the royally-arrayed Chancellor that was seated in the judgment hall, but an aged prisoner whose weak frame resting on a staff, and whose tottering steps and sordid gown told too clearly of the squalor and sufferings of his long imprisonment; and yet, his serenity and self-composure were the same as in the heyday of his brilliant career. He seemed only intent on solacing the grief of others. He looked to his own lot not with dread but with joy, whilst in the presence of his calmness, his sagacity, his heroism of conscience, his restrained eloquence, it was apparent to all that the agents of the Crown felt cowed and abashed. The thought and the lessons of the Redeemer were, in these moments of crisis, his solace and the source of his joy, and it was given to him to realize the truth of his own words, "The sayings of our Saviour, Christ, are not a poet's fable, nor a harper's song, but the very holy words of God Himself."

More's trial has been described by Lord Campbell as "a judicial murder, the blackest crime that has ever been perpetrated in England under the form of law." Lord Macaulay has called the State trials of those days, mockery, and he adds that they were even worse than a mockery, for they were "murder preceded by mummery."

Sir James Mackintosh, writing some fifty years ago, stated that More was indicted under the Act

of Succession. Modern research, however, has brought to light the very scroll of impeachment and the minutest details of the trial. He was indicted under the Act of Supremacy, and the one capital offence imputed to him was to the effect that he had refused to recognize the King as the Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England. When sentence of death was passed, being asked what he could allege against the sentence, he replied, that Supremacy in the Church could not belong to a layman, but "rightfully belonged to the See of Rome, as granted personally by our Lord, when on earth, to St. Peter and his successors," and, he added, that as the City of London could not make a law against the laws of the realm of England, so England could not make a law contrary to the law of Christ's Catholic Church. The Magna Charta of England decreed that the English Church should be free and enjoy all its rights entire; the very foundation of those rights and that freedom was its communion with the Apostolic See. He concluded, that "for England to refuse spiritual obedience to the See of Rome was the same as for a child to refuse obedience to a parent."

As he was led from Westminster to the Tower, his favorite daughter, Margaret, desirous to see him for the last time, awaited his arrival near the Tower wharf, where she knew the prison guard would pass. When he approached and recognized her, she threw herself on her knees at a distance to reverently receive his final blessing, and then rushing through the guards, she embraced her father, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. With all affection he gave her his fatherly blessing and spoke some words of comfort to her. She turned to depart, but, like one beside herself through love of her father, she again rushed through the guard, once more embraced him, divers times kissed him lovingly, and then was led away with a full and heavy heart. All the spectators, even the guards, were moved to tears.

The sixth of July was the day fixed for the execution on Tower Hill. The deed was quickly done. The crowd sobbed and sighed in sorrow and grief, but More, joyous and serenely calm, mounted the scaffold. He gave a gold coin to the headsman and thanked him for the duty he was about to perform. One stroke gave to the brightest genius and the noblest heart in England the martyr's crown.

The King took possession of the Chancellor's grounds at Chelsea and all his other property—Dunkington, Trenkford, and Benley Park, allowing his widow only twenty pounds annually. He indulged his tyranny still further by imprisoning More's favorite daughter, Margaret, "both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's work in print."

It was More's special aim, despite the fiery passions of the monarch, to uphold the people's rights, and to safeguard the nation's freedom. Through reverence for religion, he would take his place among the humblest of the faithful around the altar, and reckoned it as a privilege to be permitted to serve Mass within the sanctuary. The grand old cathedrals of England he honored with that devout reverence which Montalembert has so well described as "exquisite in their beauty and overpowering in their majesty;" and he loved with filial piety the adornment of the altars and sanctuaries of religion.

More gave unvarying proof of incorruptible integrity, making it a rule to accept no gifts. He was poor when resigning the Chancellorship; nevertheless he sent back the gift of £5,000, which the clergy of England offered to him in token of their appreciation of his firmness and fidelity in championing the cause of the Catholic Faith. He rejoiced to be permitted to withdraw from the Court, for he hated its corruption, and its intrigues were distasteful to him, hence at the dictates of honor, he resigned all the high offices which he held from the Crown.

The death of More was lamented by all the best and noblest in the land, as the overthrow of justice, an unparalleled deed of national reproach and shame. His character has come down in history as one of incomparable grandeur, and there is not one who admires integrity and virtue in the discharge of domestic and State duties, and who is proud of England's fame, but will offer a wreath of praise to the genius, the piety, the constancy, the heroism of the great Chancellor and great martyr, the Blessed Sir Thomas More.

C. M.

## Chopin.

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

IN literature an artist's name is immortalized, not by the number of productions which have emanated from his pen, but by the supreme excellence and individuality which pervade them, though these qualities may be contained within a very narrow limit. In music, as a rule, our judgment is affected by other considerations. Mozart spent but six weeks in writing three of his grandest symphonies; Händel's *Messiah* was placed before the musical world in less than a month after the first notes were written down; some of Schubert's songs were produced in less than a day. Is it any wonder that we expect our musicians to be more prolific?

For some reason the composer has been more generous than his fellow-artists. Perhaps he has devoted himself to his work with more perseverance and more steadfastness, and, at the end, though the period of life may have been a short one, bestowed on the world untold riches.

Such a one was Frederick Chopin, who first saw the light of day at Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, on. 1st of March, 1809. A comrade once said of him: "Il avait l'espirit écorché vif," which explains his whole life. Delicate, sensitive, fastidious, he was loth to commit himself to a decision, lest it should fall short of the highest that he knew. Rapid and brilliant in improvisation, he deemed it not too great an effort to write and rewrite a single page for weeks at a time; and he judged his own actions with the same acute criticism which he applied to those of others. His heart was Polish, but his music is cosmopolitan, for it generally took the color of his emotions at the time of writing. The Storm Prelude is said to express his fears for the safety of George Sand when she was on the sea

After the revolution of 1830, Chopin left for Paris. At first he met with little or no success and determined to go to America, but fate decreed otherwise. An accidental meeting with a friend was the means of an *entrée* to the salons of M. Rothschild, and from that time fortune smiled on him. An anecdote is told of a dinner party in Paris at which he was a guest. When the company had gone to the drawing room, the host had the bad taste at once to ask him to play. This looked very like paying for one's dinner Chopin turned to him and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, said: "But—Monsieur le Baron, I have eaten so little!"

His friends, Heine, Meyerbeer, Ary Scheffer, Eugène Delacroix, often assembled at his rooms in Paris. Liszt came there also, but Chopin disliked him. Two great stars of nearly the same magnitude could hardly shine in their full splendor in such close proximity. As a pianist Chopin had no superior except Liszt, who on one occasion, lavished on his playing words of high praise. "Ah," replied Chopin in a tone of subtle contempt, "So he is willing to allow me a *kingdom* in his *empire.*"

A visitor at Chopin's house, 9 Rue St. Lazare, gives a touching description of the artist and of his great musical talent: "He did not attack the note, he subdued it, he magnetized it, he made it speak, wail, sing, unroll itself in fantastic arabesques. In modulations frequent and bizarre his music abounds, rhythm the most odd and unexpected,—now the sound of a muffled drum, anon the tolling of funeral bells, the soft whisper of a breeze among the foliage, the rocking of a gondola upon a calm sea—he portrayed all that. Then again it was some religious chant, the powerful tones of the organ, the deep, passionate voice of the violincello, the strings of a harp vibrating with celestial melody; again it was the human voice, and nearly always the voice flung out an appeal, despairing, beseeching, full of youthful ardor and fire. In listening to him we were all hypnotized that evening, it was indeed the music of an exile devoted and dying; and with that faith he has written from beginning to end. The work of Chopin is like the Divine Comedy of Dante; he has put into it his love, his country, and his God."

Dr. Engel tells of the beauty of Chopin's character: "Chopin," he writes, "was a model friend, a perfect gentleman, the most reliable man known. His slight, fragile body contained a strong and believing soul." Yet, his was a

French Landing Bridge—West View.

weak character, his was a ruined life. With a higher and stronger moral force, he might have been a happier man. Few relics of the great composer remain. Alas! they were all burned with his letters by a band of soldiers, during an insurrection in Warsaw, to keep up the fire while they were brewing punch!

Chopin was patriotic—patriotism inspires the artist. To a sojourner in a foreign land the songs of home seem almost the songs of heaven. He was cosmopolitan for "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof"; his music will live, for he speaks in it what thousands feel, yet cannot express, he speaks not alone to a nation but to mankind, and, as Emerson truly says: "He who writes to his own heart, writes to an eternal public."

Poland has given some great men to the literary and musical world. Frederick Chopin never ceased to be a Pole from the day he left his home in Warsaw, to seek fame and happiness on the banks of the sunny Seine, until he breathed his last breath, and the earth he had brought from his beloved fatherland, nineteen years before, was sprinkled on his coffin.

ALICE LAWLOR.

## School Chronicle.

WE have wandered unbidden to the spacious hall and there commented favorably on the success of the young amateurs in Delsarte; we have also, with a sister editor, trespassed beyond the life-mark and eaten of the forbidden fruit. Let us now view the students in another interesting feature of their daily routine—this time as members of the choral class.

Undoubtedly, we are unwelcome visitors, nevertheless, we shall venture in Signor Nuno is seated at a large square piano, adjusting his spectacles. The girls are chatting in a subdued tone, as girls will, about—well, it would be difficult to say just what forms the topic of their conversation at this critical moment. Do not let me give you the impression that they are thus infringing upon the rules of discipline, for you will remark that at the sound of a few chords the voices are hushed.

The exercise has commenced. As the professor scrutinizingly scans his class—the members of which are arranged in irregular rows before him—an expression of curiosity as well as amusement steals over his face, and we shall ultimately discover that the plans formed at that moment develop during the course of the lesson into a most unpleasant reality. All foreigners, as a rule, find a difficulty in making themselves understood, or, at least, succeed after a strenuous effort. Of this we are convinced as we listen to our teacher's apparently lucid explanation of "thirrds" and "sixts," "hol tons" and "half tons." Evidently he is ignorant of the musical capabilities of our girls, as all this has been drummed into their craniums for years. However, they appear exceedingly interested, and their interest increases to an alarming extent when the startling announcement is made to them over the sounding-board, that, "in order to have a choral class it is necessary that the voices should be classified." At this crisis the shrinking nature of the convent girls becomes painfully manifest; one would almost think that Jupiter had hurled his thunderbolts among them, such was the consternation portrayed on each face. They well know what it means, and vainly do the unfortunate ones whom nature seems to have bereft of vocal organs, implore in spirit the aid of the "Choir Invisible." Subsequent developments will aid us in judging for ourselves of the efficacy of their prayers.

Let us turn our attention to the young lady seated directly in the centre of the platform—to her of the nose glasses, or more frequently, of the gold-rimmed spectacles. Timidly she advances, peering cautiously over the rim of her lunettes, as though fearing an explosion of laughter from her equally nervous companions. She has now by a dexterous movement, converted her apron into a protecting cape around her shoulders. The poor girl is frightened to death. The professor is a kind gentleman and waits patiently for her to emit some sound. At last gaining courage, her gaze directed towards the ceiling, and her hands riveted by her side, she opens her mouth and endeavors to vocalize the letter O. If facial expression is an index to one's emotional nature, her fright serves her on this occasion most effectively, for from her

terrified expression one would think that a part of the heavens had suddenly fallen out, and she was exclaiming involuntarily at the sight thereof, when—horrors!—what sound is that which breaks upon the ear? Could the "Raven" which Poe has immortalized have returned to grace our classic shade? To some the caw of a cow is agreeable, but to others—however, let us congratulate our sister editor on her perfect success, and above all, on her perfect composure under such trying circumstances.

The next in line of our merry choristers is a slender, almost sylph-like maiden, of sunny disposition, and a general favorite. She is conscious of being absolutely voiceless, but, as usual, is willing to afford her companions some amusement; even at her own expense. Whilst waiting for this young vocal amateur to decide upon the advantage of being able to sustain middle C for two beats the master improvises; indulging in a series of inversions relative to C major, when just at the moment when the rich arpeggio of A minor is most enchanting, the spirit moves our friend and she bursts forth in a jarring C major. Ye gods! how thrilling. The teacher apostrophizes vehemently her incorrect ear, and she retires distrustful of its general organization. With reluctant steps another member of the class advances. In her nervous delirium she evidently believes that a hook in the back of her collar is deranged—a most disagreeable thing, especially when one's hair is flowing—and while struggling to remedy the imaginary evil, utters inarticulate sounds—apologies for a voice—but laughs good naturedly at her failure. Signor N. pauses before deciding as to the intrinsic value of this young lady's voice, and then, to the chagrin of all, classes her as an M. A. These letters which, under other circumstances, might be the realization of the ambition of many a student on the road to fame, have now a painful significance, one which apparently seems to amuse.

By this time the conclusion is reached that as there are no singers, classification is out of the question. Meanwhile a few strains of Gottschalk's "Last Hope" linger around us, and the master absorbed in his own reflections, is awakened from his reverie by several clear bird-like notes. They contrast so with what he has already enjoyed that he raises his head in astonishment, his face beaming with gratitude. The singer is a chubby little miss of fifteen, a resident of one of our large eastern cities, who seems to bring sunshine wherever she goes. Every one loves her on this account, and she is now hailed as a star of good omen—one that will not disappoint expectations. Encouragement follows, and the professor says he will have the young ladies sing in chorus, declaring that if the ensemble singing prove not more successful than the individual attempt, even a conception of anything like a choral class would be an absurdity.

For the twentieth time the strings of the old Knabe respond to the touch of a despondent artist and the class bursts forth in such an ecstacy of melody that the very walls of the room reverberate in echo. The once nervous vocalists have ultimately learned that "in union is strength," and the old adage has served them well. The master, needless to say, is overcome with amazement, and a smile steals over his face as he secretly comments that "woman is a delusion and a snare."

Music, music everywhere,<br>
It made the welkin ring,<br>
Music, music everywhere,<br>
Yet not a soul did sing.

Some weeks have now elapsed. The class has been most satisfactory, and Signor Nuno marks with intense interest the progress his pupils are making in the art of voice culture.

November third.—An impromptu elocution recital, given by Mrs. Wesley-Smith (née Adelyn O'Hara), whose name is undoubtedly familiar to many of Loretto's former pupils. The school contemporaries of Mrs. Wesley-Smith will probably remember the charm of her elocution, and be pleased to learn, through the columns of our journal, that it has served as a source of infinite pleasure both to herself and to her favored friends.

Mrs. Smith's first impression on entering the hall was one of edification, as she remarked the number of *blue ribbons* present. The blue-ribbon girl, in convent parlance, is one who is esteemed a model for the others and entitled to a place of honorable distinction in the school. Alas! how

strong is the temptation to follow the example of the ill-fated sheep of Panurge and walk in the footsteps of a mischievous leader until we find ourselves—not exactly in the surging waters of the ocean, but immersed in a sea of scholastic trouble. But this is a digression, so I shall resume by saying that, after a brief allusion to many pleasant reminiscences relative to the happy days spent within these hallowed walls, Mrs. Smith recited a selection from James Whitcomb Riley—"Just Enough to be Good"—rendered with such unaffected sincerity as to install her at once in the affections of all present. Her next number was from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." The subject savored of the sublime and the language was enhanced by that grace of gesture which never fails to add perceptibly to the general merit of a recitation. Then came the different versions of the well-known rhyme of "Mary and Her Little Lamb." Mrs. Smith's skillful impersonation of the frivolous demoiselle, the extremely sensible and thoroughly rhetorical young Vassar student, of the Boston girl, etc., appealed forcibly to the risible faculties of her audience. The seniors, although participating in the general enjoyment and desirous of having the entertainment prolonged, considered it an imposition on the good-nature of their guest to ask for anything more and vainly did they caution the juniors to restrain their enthusiasm, which was already reaching an alarming crisis; the latter insisted on "one more piece," as they expressed it. Mrs. Smith could not resist such an appeal and graciously responded with a very appropriate selection—"Little Daisy's Faith." To us of more mature judgment it was really amazing to see one who just a few moments ago had portrayed the dauntless courage and passionate eloquence of a Persian woman bereft of her only child, now with equal facility and success act the part of a baby girl, imitate her baby prattle, and reveal her child-like faith. She was truly the "Queen of Hearts" that night, as we venture to say she is the queen of home.

Later when little heads sought the comfort of downy pillows and the world was wrapt in slumber, it is needless to say that sheltering angels warded off all nocturnal attacks of fairy goblins, who did *not* "git" us; and wooed by "the gentle deity of Dreams," we were all soon lost in the land of nod.

November sixth, 2 p. m.—The sound of a little bell interrupts the merriment of the recreation hall and we are summoned to the assembly room, where a very pleasant surprise awaits us. For some days it had been rumored that a rare literary feast was in store for us—a lecture on the "Cross-Bearers," from Mr. Frank H Severance, editor of "The Illustrated Buffalo Express."

Accompanied by Hon. P. A. Porter, Niagara Falls, Hon. T. V. Welch, Superintendent of the Niagara Park Reservation, and Mr. W. A. King, Manager of "Catholic Union and Times," Buffalo, this gentleman reached the Academy at 1.30 p. m., and, after having enjoyed the well-known hospitality of our house and the magnificent view which its galleries afford of the great Cataract and the wonderful Falls' region, proceeded to the lecture hall in which we had assembled with anticipative pleasure, and was introduced to his audience by our esteemed friend, Hon. T. V. Welch, in that genial, graceful manner. so peculiarly his own.

Mr. Severance has been for years engaged in collecting historic records of Niagara. and, considering our favored locality, was quite happy in his choice of a subject relating to the early colonization of this part of Canada. Although not of the faith, Mr. Severance eulogized with remarkable impartiality the labors of the early missionaries, dwelling upon the spirit of self-renunciation and perseverance manifested by those noble sons of the Cross in facing the many dangers inseparable from the conversion and civilization of the aborigines of what was then a vast wilderness. His description of the inhumanity practised by the Indians towards the Black Robes was vividly realistic; various legends were also introduced, which at the present time are received as authenticated facts. In conclusion, Mr. Severance paid a magnificent tribute to the labors and sufferings of those intrepid soldiers of Christ, adding, that the rude cross which they erected upon the site of their conquests still remains a silent witness of the faith which, to this day, is triumphant.

After the lecture, Mr. Welch voiced the grateful sentiments of the pupils for the favor conferred

by Mr. Severance, bestowing generous praise on the many noble qualities of his friend.

November twenty-fourth.—A trip to the Clifton Bazaar and a feast of good things, provided through the kindness of Rev. J. C. Feehan, O. C. C., St. Patrick's Church. Everything that could delight the eye of the most fastidious was to be had—for money, of course—to be devoted to the praiseworthy purpose of liquidating the debt on the beautiful edifice that crowns the royal avenue.

The prize most coveted by all was the life-like portrait of the genial Pastor, executed in our studio, and which we regret was not obtained by one of the parishioners.

Not the least enjoyable feature of the day was the impromptu concert, given by the pupils of St. Patrick's school, followed by a contest for a "candy mine," which seemed almost inexhaustible. Some of the "miners" were of the gentler sex, we rejoice to say that they came off victorious, and with the generosity characteristic of the truly great, shared with their adversaries.

ALANNA MARMION.

## Dancing.

DANCING, not of itself, but as now practised, is not acceptable to all Christians. I say "not of itself," because Christians believe in the Bible, and dancing is scriptural. Those so-called Christians who condemn the dance in any and every form, and who profess the most profound reverence for Bible teaching, are, to say the least, inconsistent on this subject, and on many others not here relevant. I need not refer to the passages in holy writ in which dance and song is the synonym for joy among the Lord's elect.

So long as lambs skip through very joyousness, just so long will dancing discover to us the young, the fair, and the gay. Nay, have we not seen the aged and venerable, old in years but young in heart, suddenly led captive by music through the poetry of motion? By these I do not mean the worse than silly old men and women who do not possess true joy of heart, and for whom it seems a crime to dance. They dance because society pipes, and a sorry piping, and a sorry dancing it is! One of the saddest sights I ever saw was a grave-faced, heavy-heeled man trying to follow his wife through the mazes of a dance, because it was represented to him as the proper thing to do. What a farce it was!

I do not wish to champion dancing as it is at present practised; I cannot. Exception may be taken to time, place, company and the dance itself.

As to time:—Three hundred years ago, and back to the beginning of the Christian era, dancing ceased at nightfall. All the members of the family were present to take part. There was no turning of night into day, no over-heated, badly-ventilated dancing rooms, and no night air with its malaria and death-dealing chills lying in wait to entrap the gaudily, gauzily clad.

We require change of time. Let us return to the observance of our forefathers!

As to place:—Where the merry-makers met in days gone by, was at the May-pole, on the greensward, or around the home hearth of cot and hall. Public dancing halls open at night were not then known. Father and mother, and even grandfather and grandmother were expected to attend. Let us once more consider place, and welcome our grandparents!

What is more pleasing to the eye and cheering to the heart than a gay party of youths and maidens bringing, for a few brief hours, a reign of joy to our homes?

The other extreme is the dance house or hall, cold and uninviting, because lacking in the genial welcome extended by a home: the merry-making is a revel, and the dancers sink to that standard and become revellers. The young men sometimes go out for "drinks," and even carry liquor to the dancing hall. Thus they become carousers, and they make of the scene a carousal. Who can gainsay them? They outrage the proprieties of no home. Grandmothers are never seen in these places: we could not ask them to follow there. Need we wonder that Christians call out against our modern dancing!

As to the company:—We are never supposed to question the moral standing of any one invited by the host and hostess whose invitation we have accepted. It would be bad form. Are not some passports questionable at sight? As an instance: with us Canadians to be "English, you know" is not always a joke. It is a serious, recognized passport to our best society. Let a

man but drop his "r's", indulge in "ah's" and yawns, and although the English vulgar know that an English gentleman pronounces his words correctly, many of our colonial better class seem not to have attained to that knowlenge. The man in question may be a Birchall sailing under false colors, and throwing dust in our eyes from dashing turnouts, or he may be a foreign count, or a bona fide lord, the patron of ballet dancers, and variety actresses, but oh! what a rush there is for the touch of his hand,—that hand that carries worse pollution than the hand of the lowest rake of the dance houses. In this respect, I do not think Canadians are quite so foolish as our American cousins. And let a man but have money, he will not want fair partners and encouraging mammas.

All this is in the province of the ball room and under the name of dancing. Then think of the plotting and scheming, the uncharitable rivalries, the fiendish jealousies, the crushing heartaches, —all in the name of merriment! And who pays the piper? — insolvent merchants and worn-out dressmakers. Even when honestly paid for, these toilets so gorgeous from weary dressmakers' hands, are suggestive of "barbarous opulence" and hateful rivalry. Let the wearers stand as advertisements! They cannot dance: they do not possess merry hearts! Let them not be considered proper company in the dance!

As to the dance itself:—I shall not champion it in all its forms: I cannot. Some of the Christian sects, notably the Methodist, condemn dancing in all its forms and features. Generally speaking, have they not much reason in doing so? We seldom see the dance in its true honesty and simple merriment of spirit.

The Catholic Church believes it unscriptural to condemn dancing *per se*, but denounces "round dances" and public dance halls. These round dances, with the waltz as leader, were introduced, about the end of the last century, from Germany,— which country, by the way, has always been the hot-bed of matters revolutionary. Among other writers, Lord Byron refers to them disparagingly. The French Court, in the licentiousness that precipitated the Revolution, was shocked at the too-apparent indecorum of the waltz. Strange to say, after the lapse of many years, the round dance has not only not died out, but has become popular with all nations. To the uninitiated beholder it is a dizzy whirl, in which men look like Jack-in-the-box skeletons, and their partners like bedizened tops.

Dancing programmes now show more of these round dances than of any other sort. Therefore, Catholic young people who attend dancing parties cannot long resist the temptation to join in these forbidden dances. They return home conscience-stricken, and lacking in self-respect. In vain are they reminded of Minnie Sherman, the daughter of General W. T. Sherman, who declined to dance a round dance with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and also Lady Dufferin, who would not dance a round dance even with her husband.

Why cannot we change the objectionable forms, features, and methods of our present system of dancing, and return to our honest National dances,—the English Country Dances, the Irish Jigs, the Scotch Reels and Strathspeys, the French "Fours," Gavottes, and Minuets, the Spanish Fandangos, etc., etc.?

These dances are extremely graceful, and in the highest degree artistic They require study and practise. In their intricacies the centuries have figured the history of Terpsichorean art.

Let us make the best of it, for no earthly power can banish dancing from this mundane sphere. It will not be relegated to the stars! So long as lambs will skip, the heels of the young and light-hearted will keep time to the music of the heart. Ah, one has only to speak kindly to a little child on the street, and he will quicken his pace to a run! Why should we in the pharasaical gloom of age, rebuke the expression of youth and joy, that must be pleasing to the Lord himself, who with the singing, buzzing, and bursting, of bird, bee, and bud, showers the sunshine of springtime on the human heart?

"Pipe and I shall dance!" might be the watchword of youth on the way to judgment!

—IDRIS.

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LAUGHING cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life Peevishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon. Sorrow causes more absence of mind and confusion than so-called levity.

## The Late Queen Louise of Denmark.

NO female royal personage, with the possible exception of Queen Victoria, exercised during the last thirty years such a weighty influence on the politics of Europe as Queen Louise of Denmark. Most of the dynasties that now occupy thrones in Europe can carry the history of their advent to the purple many centuries back. But the royal house of Denmark is a remarkable exception.

When the present King Christian IX., now the sovereign of one of Europe's oldest, and at the same time smallest kingdoms, himself the father of a king, of a Dowager-Empress, and of the Princess nearest to Great Britain's throne, married Louise, Princess of Hesse-Cassel, neither of them expected ever to sit on a throne. He was the younger son of one of those princely families which have by historical development been reduced from small dukedoms and marquisates to relative poverty and insignificance The members of the house of Holstein-Sonderborg-Glücksborg-Beck had royal blood in their veins, but all that was left them of former greatness was the long name enumerating the possessions they once had owned or laid claim to. Young Prince Christian had to work his way in life; he had a small salary, his wife, a small dot; and according to the traditions of the family, he chose a military career, entering as a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, a dashing and splendidly-uniformed cavalry regiment, forming the favorite body-guard of the King of Denmark, at that time old King Frederick VI.

Trusting to Providence, little dreaming at the time of the high destinies reserved for them, the Prince and Princess had to shift as best they could, and, to their honor, be it said, they managed to solve the problem in a way that won them general esteem and admiration. Husband and wife learned, during this period, to appreciate the struggles, the cares, the joys and the sorrows of ordinary human life. They never forgot the teachings of these humble and happy years of their life; and to them they owed many of the qualities which have endeared them to their people and united their hearts with that of the Danish nation.

In 1848, the irresistible current of popular rising that swept Europe, was eventful for Denmark. Two of the provinces of the kingdom, the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, the population of which was, by a great majority, German, revolted against the authority of the Danish King, and were supported by Germany and Prussia. The house of Glücksborg had sprung from these Duchies, and nearly all its members sided with the rebellion against the King. Only Prince Christian remained faithful to his allegiance and his oath. He drew his sword on his sovereign's side, and served with all honor under the Danish flag during the three years' war that ended with the crushing of the insurrection.

This fidelity soon found a reward. On the thone of Denmark was then sitting King Frederick VII., the last scion of the dynasty of Oldenborg, which had for full four centuries reigned over that Kingdom, and for a great part of the time, also over Norway. King Frederick VII. had been married twice, but had no issue. It became necessary to provide for the succession to the throne; and as the integrity and preservation of the Danish Monarchy was a matter of high interest to all European Powers, the settlement had to be arranged by and with their advice and consent.

Among the candidates to the throne, Prince Christian soon occupied the first place. His own family relations did not give him any near claim, but his wife was, through her mother, a born Princess of Denmark, in close relationship to the King. But more than any right of pedigree, it was the general high regard for the princely couple and the sincere respect for their moral qualities that lifted them to the vacant place of heirs-presumptive to the throne of Denmark. In 1852, a treaty was concluded in London between the great Powers, designating Prince Christian of Glücksborg as successor to Frederick VII., and in 1853, a bill passed the Danish Parliament, confirming the nomination.

In this new, and in many respects, very delicate position, the royal pair continued to exhibit the same distinguished qualities that had marked them as the Danish people's choice. The public proclamation of the new ruler was accompanied by many insults to the King and Queen, who were hissed and jeered as "Teutons." Stones

were thrown and one struck the Queen on the cheek. Then the King intended to order out the military to disperse the mob. "No," said his wife, "they are good people, and when they get back to their senses, we will make them love us." And they did.

The one place on the continent at which the Princess of Wales, the late Czar and their families, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, was the country house of the late venerable Queen. In the evenings, during such visits, two pianos were usually in requisition in the drawing-room. The double duets were played by the Queen and one of her numerous grandchildren, on one instrument, while the Czarina of Russia and the Princess of Wales contributed their quota of the concert from the other. There was not an hour of the day that hung heavily upon the visitors or guests of that house. There was always something interesting to be discussed or examined in every drive, walk, or boating excursion.

The members of the family of the lamented Queen Louise are models, and monuments to the training and education given by a good mother.

HARRIET CRYSLER.

## Our Gala Day.

WE go to press with the music of the solemn High Mass, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Translation of the Holy House of Loretto, and the eloquent words of the preacher, on the occasion, Rev. P. Best, O. C. C., still ringing in our ears. The celebrant, Rev. T. McDonald, O. C. C, was assisted by Rev. P. Best, deacon, and Rev. D. Best, sub-deacon.

Intense interest attaches to everything connected with a sanctuary so pre-eminently privileged with innumerable signs of heaven's favor as the Holy House. The sacred memories that it recalls have rendered it the scene of more ardent vows and fervent love than any other place except Calvary. And while the Holy Sepulchre did not escape the pollution of a temple erected to Venus, and the cave at Bethlehem was not sheltered from the defilement of a grove planted to Adonis, the hallowed Chamber of the Incarnation, the sacred Room where the Lord resided with His blessed Mother and foster-father for thirty years, was in no way desecrated or dishonored.

The Reverend preacher related in touching terms the history of the Santa Casa, the part taken by the saintly Empress Helena in enclosing it within the precincts of a magnificent church, and restoring the ancient altar on which Apostles had celebrated Divine Mysteries, and at the consecration of which had been present James the Great, whom soon a martyr's crown was about to remove from the earthly House of Jesus to the "House not made with hands."

Nothing could be more impressive or instructive than the manner in which Father Best described the numerous miracles wrought in this place, miracles so manifest that they cannot be denied, so stupendous that the most eloquent cannot worthily extol them, the countless favors obtained, the overwhelming griefs alleviated, the many illnesses cured, and moral infirmities healed.

Father Best also dwelt on the fact that the modern woman, in her pursuit of public notoriety, is apt to forget her first and most sacred duty, that of being the centre and elevation of the home. He drew our attention to the fruits of woman's work and influence, to the real heroines of the world—the mothers of great men, who instilled into their opening hearts and opening minds those principles of truth and honor, those seeds of piety and self-sacrifice, that in after years bore such rich and abundant harvest.

During the day we were, of course, en fête, and its close was marked by a soirée and a brilliant illumination of the house, which looked like the enchanted palace of some mighty prince, shedding a perfectly clear radiance on the glistening whiteness around, weird as the play of the northern lights. It would be difficult to say which of us privileged children of Loretto enjoyed the festivity most. All hearts seemed to overflow with kindly feeling and gratitude to those who have given up all things to devote themselves to us, and who feel an ever-new joy in adding to our comfort and happiness.

PEARL HAWK.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be a failure.

## A Favorite Haunt.

YES, I think all will agree with me when I say that the studio is the spot to which we are most frequently lured with some indescribable attraction. True, there is the *sanctum*, a most delightful spot, we must admit, but as all are not gifted in the literary line, some are of necessity excluded from the privileges enjoyed by the staff, and only hear through more fortunate fellow-students of the important transactions that take place at the assemblies. After looking all day at the same dull blackboards, globes, and charts of every description, is it any wonder that we enjoy a visit to the studio where we can delight our vision with all that is beautiful, not only in art, but in nature also, for we get from its windows and galleries an excellent view of the river in the distance, of the turbulent Rapids, and of the Horseshoe and American Falls.

Let us first look at the embroidery. There seems to be a universal interest manifested in it, perhaps because it is something at which all make an attempt, and even if the stitches are not just what they ought to be, the fact that it is our handiwork commends it to the loved ones for whom the dainty fabric is intended. Then there is the china-painting—a leading attraction—never before excelled in variety. But what shall I say of the array of waxen beauties, large and small? Gowned gorgeously and simply, baby dolls and lady dolls, they prove fascinating to the small army of visitors who come daily to look once more at the interesting people from quaint dollyland, who are to accompany them to their respective homes and prove such acceptable Christmas gifts.

The embroidered linens are strikingly attractive, also the pretty boxes and cases in hand-decorated celluloid. Clipping books, photo holders, glove cases and many other articles, useful and artistic, are here delicately wrought Lace-frilled pincushions, the new styles, long and narrow, cushions in every variety, as well as all sorts of pretty trifles, are awaiting the home-going of their respective owners and will be sure to answer the purpose of a dainty gift.

Now we shall glance at the pictures. On the right of the entrance door is an incident in the life of the great lawgiver of Israel, in crayon. Surely, in all the annals of woman there is no story more touching of a mother's love and faith than that of Jochebed, the mother of Moses. Great as was her love, greater was her faith, or she could not have committed the child to the treacherous waves in his frail ark of bulrushes. Opposite is one of the most beautiful of the modern ideals of the Madonna Ineffable sweetness, tinged with sadness, is portrayed in the countenance of the mother as she gazes on the Infant Jesus; and the heart goes out to meet the soul in the eyes of the child, who seems to be looking with grave intelligence into the far future. But chief among all is a copy of the Mater Dolorosa of Carlo Dolci, perhaps the most perfect expression ever given to profound and unspeakable, yet resigned grief. Its grace and tenderness, its freedom from all touch and taint of bitterness, its acceptance of a sorrow too great and too sacred for words, are all conveyed with a meaning which touches the height and depth of exaltation and despair. It is a wonderful conception of the sublime Mother, and will remain as long as hearts can be reached and eyes gratified by what is finest in execution.

Very few persons, comparatively speaking, pause to consider how much of the beauty of our lives we owe to the Reproductive Arts. Yet, when we do think about it, we find in such inquiries a great deal both of interest and instruction. It is scarcely possible to realize how barren our lives would be if we were forced to rest content with the originals of beautiful pictures, and, taking one single example of the myriads of pictures we possess, how many would be familiar with the sentiment and ideal of the Madonna, if her image were known only to those who could procure an original copy? Probably there is not a single village in the civilized world to which the idea conveyed by a picture of the Madonna is unknown. Among the older masters, there is scarcely one of whom it can be said that in the course of his career he did not try to immortalize his own conception of Motherhood; and no statistics can convey to us the frequency of the reproduction of the least known, far less of those world-renowned creations which have been propagated by millions of copies.

MARY FORMOSA.

## Ave!

From the vast region of the stars
May joy let down the silver bars.

And swift its flight as arrows sing,
May Peace come at your beckoning.

And Love bathe home in its delight
The sunny day and star-lit night.

And Christmas blessings hail the morn
With you and yours, when Christ is born.

CLARA CONWAY.

Ninety-eight.

## Capri–Island of Goats.

THE scenery of this little island on the south side of the Bay of Naples, is of unusual beauty, and some of the sea-caves are unrivalled for the splendid colors reflected on the rock. In ancient times Capri formed the terminating point of one great spur of the Apennines, but by volcanic force it was separated and now stands alone like a sentinel rock far out at sea.

The inhabitants still retain distinct traces of the Greek type of countenance and figure, they speak the Italian language, but Capri is not an Italian island though it stands so near the shore, separated only by a space of three miles and a half from the promontory of Sorrento. In addition to the cultivation of what can be reclaimed from the rock, the people depend on the capture of the quails which visit the island in May and December, and many of the young men take part annually in the coral fishery off the coast of Africa.

Its two villages, Capri and Anacapri, resemble in no way the villages of the mainland. The island is not fertile like the Philippines, about which we have been reading so much of late, still it is not without its emerald spots, where the orange blooms' and the vine clings, notwithstanding its precipitous rocks which defy the foot of man or beast.

The name above all others that stands out in connection with Capri, is that of Tiberius. To this day the cruelties perpetrated by the tyrant, eighteen centuries ago, have not been forgotten. He built twelve palaces, but very little remains of them, for after his death the senate ordered them to be destroyed. Had they been allowed to stand, they would have surpassed in grandeur all other ancient palaces. The halls once occupied by the emperor, now afford shelter to cattle.

The ruins of the Villa of Jove are most worthy of a visit. Situated on the eastern extremity of the island, they command a view of the mainland and of the beautiful bay for miles around. The highest point upon Capri is Monte Solaro, one thousand, nine hundred and eighty feet above the sea level. Few take the trouble to ascend it, finding the view from the lower points sufficiently interesting, but those who do are well repaid by the sight of all the beauty beneath their feet.

The inhabitants of Capri boast that their island is built upon grottos and supported by natural arches; even if this is not true, all along the shores are lovely grottos, such as the Blue Grotto, which far surpasses all others in beauty. The entrance to this grotto is very narrow, and if the sea is high, it cannot be entered at all The sailor who conducts the party through the opening—only three are allowed in the boat—has great difficulty in passing through without having his little craft dashed to pieces. The occupants of the boat are obliged to lie on their backs, while the guide taking advantage of the rising wave, with one great push enters the cavern. The eyes are at first dazzled by the magnificent scenery. The water is blue as the sky, and its sheen is that of molten silver. Objects dipped in it partake of the silvery brightness, and when the sailor plunges in for the amusement of visitors, he emerges clad in a garment of flashing light. Besides the Blue Grotto there are several others, such as the Green, White, and Red, each bearing the name of the color of its waters.

Of late years, the pure air and blue skies of Capri have formed a great attraction for visitors from all parts, and there is a mingling of ranks and grades that seems strange to the dwellers in large cities. Capri is in some degree one of the "Happy Islands."

CYRENA KEAN.

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THE PIETA.

# NIAGARA RAINBOW



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

*VOL. IV.* *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1897.* *No. 2.*


## Violets.

There's a hillside sloping greenly
Southward, toward a running brook,
Toward a little brook that, curving,
Grasps it like a shepherd's crook.

Here, when first the Spring steps softly
O'er the freshly springing grass,
Come the violets with kisses
For the dewy feet that pass.

Long, and bleak may be the winter,
But, the little faithful flowers
Come like dainty turquoise blossoms,
With the first warm sun and showers.

Chirps the robin ne'er so bravely,
Trills the bluebird ne'er so sweet,
Spring comes only when the violets
Throng about her lightsome feet.

Sweet it is, when storms are raging,
And the wintry snow drifts deep,
In the heart, dew-wet, and fragrant,
Spring-time violets to keep.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

## One Good Friday at La Madeleine.

WE had crossed the Pont de Paris, taken a short cut through the Jardins des Tuileries, and were hurrying up the Rue Royale. It was a glorious day. The sun made the streets and pavements appear even whiter, than was their wont. One could scarcely realize that it was Good Friday, so smiling was all nature. As we neared our destination, La Madeleine loomed up imposing and grand; the sun was brightening the gold on the iron railing that surrounds it and the somewhat sombre color of the stone. The doors were flung wide open, as if to urge the hurrying masses that were speeding toward it. Flanked on both sides by masses of flowers, the Easter market being always held à la place de la Madeleine, a more beautiful picture could scarcely be conceived. We did not stop to look at the lovely Easter lilies or white roses which the peasant women were entreating us to buy *à bon marché,* but literally sped on our way, lest the service might have already commenced.

Napoleon has given the Vendôme statue, l'Arche de Triomphe, and innumerable pieces of magnificent architecture as souvenirs of himself to the chosen people he loved so well, but he will always be remembered best by La Madeleine, for here he allowed Napoleon to be forgotten before his God.

La Madeleine stands on the site of an ancient chapel, destroyed in 1764, to give place to the present gorgeous temple, under Louis XV., which is not unlike the "Pantheon" at Athens. The object of Napoleon, in 1806, to make it a temple of glory to the soldiers who fell in the Prussian campaigns, explains the splendor of this gilded pile. It is of all the churches in Paris the greatest curiosity, if we regard only minuteness of decoration, and detail in ornaments. During the reign of Louis Philippe, the present building was completed, after numerous delays, and no unfrequent alterations in its destiny. It stands on an elevation, to which twenty-eight marble steps lead, is Greek in style, 328 feet long, and 138 broad. It is entirely surrounded by a colonnade of fifty columns, each sixty feet high, comprising base and capitals. Between every two columns is a niche filled with

a statue of a saint. The portico fronts on a square, which may be called the central or rallying point of not only the most interesting events of the past century of France, but of the present busy metropolis of Paris, the "Place de la Concorde." It is supported by sixteen columns. These are surmounted by a tympanum, adorned with a bas-relief of the "Last Judgment;" a bold and striking production. The "sinful Mary" is seen kneeling at the feet of the Sovereign Judge, imploring mercy for the fallen. The blessed are on the right; and allegorical figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, support Innocence. The most striking part of the subject is the Sovereign Judge, repulsing the reprobate, who are here seen under the allegory of the seven capital sins. On the right is a body rising from the tomb, on which is seen, "Behold the day of salvation!" and in fearful contrast, on the left, "Woe to the wicked!" It is truly a striking representation, whatever may be its claim to artistic merit. The immense doors are bronze, richly ornamented with subjects taken from the Old Testament; each door is 33 feet high, and 16½ feet broad. The interior consists of a simple nave without aisles, and is literally dazzling. The walls, arches, columns, with the capitals and bases, are all polished marble, gilded or richly painted. The ceiling is divided into three domes, which admit the only light. On the sides are recesses or side chapels, each containing a statue of the saint whose name it bears. The main altar is grand beyond expression. A marble group represents the once sinful but now repentant Mary, supported by three angels who are conducting her to heaven. The pulpit is in itself a curiosity; and, I think, like all the rest of the interior of the church, overloaded with ornaments. Several rich paintings and sculptures are around the interior, representing the principal events in the penitential career of Mary Magdalen, and, on the ceiling over the high altar, is the coronation of Napoleon by Pius VII. It would be useless to attempt here a description of this masterpiece of execution. It is a museum of sculpture, of statuary, and of ornament; brilliant, dazzling, in a word, unique.

People were crowding up the immense marble steps, soldiers jostling diplomats, diplomats elbowing *la jeunesse dorée.* With some difficulty we at last entered, and gained our priedieus. After the outside glare, one almost felt as if plunged in semi-darkness. It seemed an impossibility to pray with so many distractions around. The light came softened and dim from the stained glass domes. Despite the surging mass of people the church appeared lonely and desolate, with its empty tabernacle and heavy draperies of black. One commenced to feel the awfulness of the crime of Calvary.

Now and then the hum of the outside world and the near cry of the flower women penetrated the stillness within. Kneeling for some moments to make my daily offering, which, I feel, was sadly interrupted by numerous distractions, gazing at the immense concourse of people who had gathered there, and noting the difference in their calling and station in life, from the *dame du monde* who, while she knelt there, telling her beads, peered at every new comer through her gold-rimmed lorgnon, to the gay bebraided officer leaning against the marble column, as though on guard, and the wily diplomat peeping now and then at the folded newspaper in his hand, unable to lay aside for even so short a time, the cares of statesmanship, I felt there was only one man in all Europe who could assemble such a mélange—le Père Didon.

It was not long before the altar boys, one hundred or more, in white surplices, filed into the sanctuary, soldier like. Soon a hush of expectancy fell over the assembled multitude, as the sound of the beadle's official rapping announced their entry. I leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the Father, as he came down the centre aisle, while the choristers entoned the *Veni Creator;* and saw a man of average height, magnificently built, robed in the simple habit of a Dominican—the head slightly thrown back, bringing into prominence the noble brow of the thinker—a firm cast of features—dark hair, slightly sprinkled with white. But it was the irresistible personality that attracted us all—majesty—humility—intermingling in noble harmony. He held in one hand, high in the air, a large ivory crucifix, and silently blessed the people as he passed by. Having reached the pulpit, he knelt in prayer until the chanting was ended, and then as he

rose and blessed us once more, I felt that wonderful power by which he brings men's hearts to God. I could not tell whether the power lay in the eyes, which were soul-hungry, or in the sweetness and firmness of the mouth, which seemed to have learned its smile of tenderness for poor, erring mankind, from the Great Master Himself.

Lifting his crucifix again, high in the air, he blessed us—Au nom du Père, du Fils, et du Saint-Esprit. Ainsi soit-il. Once received, the impressiveness of the good Father's blessing was never to be forgotten. I have often heard that this great soul-winner has done more by one single blessing than by all the eloquence that ever fell from his lips. His subject for his sermon was one that entirely suited the time and day—The Way of the Cross. Slowly he led us, step by step, station by station, from Jerusalem to Golgotha, from Pilate to Christ, nailing a passion at every station, and mutely pausing as if to convey the significance of the act and the hideous enormity of sin. Oh, how describe the heart-thrilling lessons taught that Good Friday! How depict the sight of the moved masses around me, as the great preacher tore open their old wounds, and disclosed their hidden sins, scourging our souls and hearts with lashes which his eloquence had formed. Yet, with all he was so intensely calm that for the two hours he preached, he scarcely moved, except to show us the crucifix, which is his life's devotion; or lean slightly over the edge of the pulpit to gaze at us with those wonderful eyes, which have been called "omnipotent" by so many. The suavity, unction, gracious ease, and superb diction of this marvellous orator proved him possessed of that rare and magical gift by which emotion imparts its fire to logic, and whose heavenly energy carries into the human soul the deepest lessons of religion, with the charm of human skill. To me the supreme quality of his oratory was earnestness—it seemed impossible to listen to his fervid words without yearning to become better.

The echoing through the edifice of a large wooden clapper, which sounded like a muffled bell, announced that the hour was at hand when, eighteen centuries ago and more, the Redemption of mankind was consummated. Never shall I forget what followed. As though inspired by this sublime thought, Père Didon seemed to forget all else. His whole person seemed to vibrate with divine emotion. Flinging aside all calm, and extending his arms above the grief-stricken, contrite masses, he exclaimed: "A genoux! A genoux! L'heure est venue! Priez pendant que vous le pourrez! Priez, car demain peut-être, vous serez morts! Voilà," pointing to a huge, life-sized crucifix, "ce doux, ce juste, ce bon Dieu, que vous avez crucifié par vos péchés! Priez pour vous et pour moi!" Then, amid sobs and groans, and while the little white-robed choristers entoned in solemn accents, the *Stabat Mater*, the great preacher bowed his head, knelt in our midst and prayed with us. While the last strains of the *Stabat* died away, he rose, silently blessed and passed from among us. Slowly and reverently the throng streamed from the church, men and women wiping away the tears shed, mayhap, over the sins of a lifetime.

EVELYN STEWART.

## Balmoral Castle.

NO royal residence in Europe is less known to the general public, than Balmoral Castle. Royalty always reserves its private residences exclusively for itself, and in the case of the Queen of England, the retirement she has sought for many years, and the dread of dynamiters, has caused her to keep the whole world, with a few exceptions, outside her park gates. As an instance of the difficulty of seeing within these secluded homes of royalty, it may be mentioned that, some years ago, one of the leading magazines of the country published what was meant to be, an exhaustive article on Balmoral. There was, however, scarcely a word in regard to the interior, and not a single picture of the within-doors, although the article was otherwise profusely illustrated. The writer had, evidently, never been inside the Castle. The Queen does not desire pictures of her private apartments to be published, and any one who misused the privilege of seeing these places, by taking photographs of them, would commit a heinous breach of hospitality—for the Queen is as much entitled to the privacy of her home as anybody

else. But she never has objected to descriptions of them—and as they all bear tokens of her admirable taste and knowledge, there is no impropriety in telling of the books and pictures and musical instruments among which her daily life is passed, and the apartments in which she transacts her vast affairs.

It requires the help of some one high in power near the Queen's person, to show her private residences. No one, however, has the authority to show the Queen's bedroom or dressing-room. Those two rooms are, very jnstly, held to be absolutely private—only the Queen's dressers and her children are permitted to enter them—and all that is known of them is, that they are crowded with memorials of the Prince Consort.

The Princess Alice, mother of the Czarina of Russia, was the only one of the Queen's daughters whose courtship did not take place at Balmoral, which is by far the favorite residence of all the princesses, as well as of their mother. Prince Louis of Hesse did his courting of the Princess Alice, at Windsor, and married his wife at Osborne—but the Princess Alice loved Balmoral more than any of her native homes, and in the heat of summer, in dusty Darmstadt, she wrote her mother of her longing for the sweet air of the Highlands. One of the first objects that greets the eye, in the grounds close to the Castle, is the memorial to this truly charming Princess, who, in grace, wit, and amiability, far surpassed all her sisters. As brilliant as the Empress Frederick, she was all sweetness, where the Empress is all sourness, more graceful than her three younger sisters, she was more truly accomplished than any of them. Her children inherited beauty from their father, as well as herself, and in writing of her two daughters, she said it seemed to her as if her two girls were generally the handsomest, whenever they were with a number of other young girls. Her daughter, the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, grew up to be one of the prettiest princesses in Europe, and the Czarina is an extremely handsome girl, and never handsomer than when surrounded by her plain cousins.

Balmoral Castle was the direct inspiration of the Prince Consort. He persuaded the Queen, in 1848, to lease the place, with the old Castle upon it, and, in 1852, he succeeded in buying it outright from the trustees of the present Duke of Fife, who married the Prince of Wales' eldest daughter. Much outlying land has been purchased since, and the estate now comprises ten thousand acres of park and pasturage, and thirty thousand of deer forest.

Sunday, at Balmoral, is strictly observed as a Scotch Sabbath. The Queen is a tolerably good Presbyterian as soon as she gets to Scotland, and goes to the kirk very often, after morning prayers in the chapel. The Prince Consort built, out of his private savings, the new Castle, a splendid dream in stone, which stands upon a natural plateau, surrounded by purple mountains, with the silvery Dee rippling at its foot.

All visitors by rail, leave the railway train at Ballater. This is a little village, nine miles from Balmoral, where the Queen has contrived that the railway shall stop. She doesn't want it any nearer, and, although it would be immensely to the advantage of the district, that it be continued, yet, in deference to her wishes, it will never be extended, in her lifetime. The people have every reason to oblige her, as by adopting Balmoral as her favorite residence, she has made the Highlands fashionable, and that beautiful, but barren region, has become dotted over with vast and splendid establishments, where, fifty years ago, there was nothing but an occasional feudal castle and the stone cottages of the poor.

The minute the Queen steps off her railway train, at Ballater, every liveried servant in her employ, becomes a Highlander, as far as his outside goes. Likewise, all the men of her family, and visiting gentlemen wear kilts, while at Balmoral. In the morning, they wear stout, serviceable ones, suitable for fishing, shooting, and the like. In the evening, they appear at dinner in superb kilts of silk and wool, plaided stockings of silk, a jeweled handle to the knife stuck in the stocking leg, the sporran beautifully embroidered, the cairngorm set in gems, and the eagle's feather in the bonnet astened with a diamond. Poor Prince Henry of Battenberg, with his round German face, used to look comical in this costume, and seemed painfully conscious of his rosy, naked knees. The Prince of Wales and his brothers and sons look

remarkably well in Highland dress, having worn it since they were babies.

The most striking and unlovely thing inside of Balmoral is the entire absence of colored pictures. Every thing on the walls is black and white, and the effect is unpleasing, as it is unusual. Almost every celebrated picture that has ever been reproduced, can be found here—Détaille's "Passing Regiment," and Landseer's "Monarch of the Forest" being in the gentlemen's sitting-room—in fact, Landseer dominates at Balmoral. The carpets are of the Stuart tartan, in most of the lower apartments, but the carpets and curtains in the great drawing-room are of the Victorian tartan, a terrible combination, formed by the Queen, whose taste in color is as bad, as it is good in most things else. The great entrance hall, before which is a handsome porte-cochère, is hung around with animals' heads and antlers, all hunting trophies of the Prince Consort and his sons. Facing the huge doorway is a statue, in black and gold bronze, of Macallum More, the first King of Scotland.

A small corridor leads off from this to the Queen's private sitting-room and the library, where she dines sometimes, informally, with her ladies, when there are no gentlemen present. In this corridor is a fine statue, in Carrara marble, of the Prince Consort, and facing it, one on each side of the library door, are statues of Burns' Highland Mary, and Scott's Ellen Douglas. The sitting room is a sunny, medium-sized room, but the deadly absence of color on the walls is fatal to its beauty. The pictures, though, are of great interest. There is a large engraving of the celebrated picture of the Queen's ride over the field of Waterloo, with the Duke of Wellington by her side. She was a famous horsewoman in her youth, and many of her pictures and statues represent her in the long, full riding suit of forty years ago. Over her writing desk are engraved portraits of the two handsomest Empresses Europe ever saw—the Empress of Austria and the former Empress of the French. Under the one is the autograph "Elizabeth"—under the other "Eugenie." There is, also, a very beautiful picture of the Princess of Wales, with her autograph, and pictures of all the Queen's children and grandchildren—most of the latter, photographs. Of course, there is the Prince Consort. In every room in which the Queen dwells, there is a portrait of him. An upright piano and an organ are also in this sitting room. The Queen is thoroughly educated musically, and up to a few years ago, one of her favorite amusements was playing piano duets with one of her daughters, especially the Princess Beatrice.

The library is a pleasant, bookish room, with a large round table in the middle, and there are very few books in it that the Queen has not read. Next comes the very large and handsomely proportioned drawing-room. In it are some handsome bronzes, one, in particular, of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, as girl and boy, with their favorite dog, Geordie. There is another very singular bronze, of the Queen on horseback, wearing the great flowing riding skirt, but with a low-necked bodice, and without a hat. She wears the collar and insignia of the Garter—and in such guise did she ride to open Parliament in state, and is still living to tell the tale.

Between the drawing-room and the state dining-room, is a little bay-windowed place, containing only two pictures—those of the late Earl and Countess of Fife, the last dwellers at Balmoral, before the Queen. Then comes another little room, opening off from the dining-room, and in it is a complete set of Hansard's Parliamentary Reports, and no other book whatever.

The state dining-room is a handsome but commonplace room, furnished in oak. Farther along the corridor, is a comfortable sitting room for the gentlemen-in-waiting. It has an open Franklin stove, and the inevitable steel engravings. Still farther on is the ballroom. It is built upon the side of the plateau that slopes suddenly to the Dee, and is several feet below the rest of the building. There is a däis, with two magnificent candelabra, about ten feet high, on it, and chairs of state for the Queen and other royalties. A stage can be erected in this room, and here it is those performances of opera, of plays, and the private theatricals in which the Princess Beatrice delighted, have taken place in late years. No regular balls have been given in the ballroom since the Prince Consort's death; but there has been dancing, and the servants' balls, which the gen-

erous English custom prescribes as a part of every Christmas in a great English house.

The bedrooms at Balmoral are extremely simple. They are furnished in chintz, and are not luxurious in any way. There is a small suite—a very small suite—which is reserved for the Prime Minister, whoever he may be, when the Queen commands his presence at Balmoral. On the walls of the little sitting-room are portraits of all the Prime Ministers of the Queen's reign, from Lord Melbourne down to the Marquis of Salisbury. Directly over the Queen's windows, there is carved in stone the three princes' feathers, that are the insignia of the Prince of Wales, and his rooms above correspond to the Queen's below.

The park is extensive and charming. The Dee, a narrow, rapid river, which Americans would call a creek, ripples along musically over its pebbly bed, at the foot of the esplanade. A gorgeous flower border of scarlet geraniums blossoms around the white walls of the castle, in season, and the heather blows within stone's throw of it. Within sight of the castle windows is a memorial of Prince Leopold, who died in 1884, and another shaft has been erected to the Queen's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died last year. There is, also, a statue of John Brown—a person much loved and admired by the Queen, but despised as "pampered menial" by everybody connected with the royal ménage, from the Prince of Wales down, and equally detested by the public at large, high and low. His impertinence to the Duchess of Buccleugh, in snatching the Queen's wrap out of her hand, caused that great lady to inform the Queen that either "good Brown," as the Queen dubbed him, must be "called down," or the Duchess and the whole Buccleugh clan would step down and out. It is pleasing to relate that good Brown got a good wigging on the occasion. Another time he spoke to the Princess Beatrice as "Beatrice." The Duke of Edinburgh, who was standing by, made a spring and kicked Brown's bonnet off, remarking: "Next time, it will be your head!"

The Queen is very fond of her dairy, and the quaint, tiled building, with the beautiful porcelain bowls, and the neat dairy maids, are quite charming.

The Queen is said to be as determined and firm a woman in private as in public life, but she has the mark of the highest breeding—perfect and unvarying politeness to every one. Surly old Thomas Carlyle said "she was the politest little lady imaginable." The Highlanders adore her. She is the first of the Hanoverians for whom they ever had the slightest use, and the Queen reciprocates their affection, very warmly. She is said to be very proud of her Stuart blood, and it is exemplified by the well-known story about Macaulay. After reading his History of England, she said to him :

"Ah, Mr. Macaulay, have you not been a little hard on my poor ancestor, James the Second ?"

"But, Madam, he was not your ancestor," undauntedly replied the honest Macaulay.

Royalties are never contradicted, and, no doubt, the Queen was considerably startled. But she is a woman of such fine natural capacity, that these things she readily excused—and Macaulay never suffered in her esteem by this trifling lapse in courtesy of an exact and truthful man.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

## Winged Days of Travel from New York Through Yellowstone National Park.

ONE Monday morning in June, while the month was still lingering in its forenoon of freshness and charm, we seated ourselves in the comfortable chairs of a Wagner buffet car prepared to enjoy a run, or rush over one of the loveliest lines of travel in our Eastern states.

The dear romantic Hudson was an old acquaintance, but, like many such, it gains in fascination by familiarity, and I venture to assert that it never presented a more attractive appearance than upon the bright and breezy morning of which I write. The broad windows framed for us perfect visions of radiant beauty. The gay west wind was busily gathering up the remnants of clouds left from a steady downpour the day before, and was sweeping them in delicate white and tender dove-tinted masses over a brilliant blue sky. Soft dark purple cloud shadows were stretching themselves out in fantastic shapes over the sunny slopes and

summits of the highlands. We longed to stop and wander at will on the banks of the rippling river, but as time was limited, and our destination miles away, we contented ourselves with such bright and brief glimpses as could be caught on the wing.

The hour of noon came on apace, and as we had breakfasted early, the inner man and woman of us began to crave other fare than the beauties of nature upon which our eyes were feasting. At a word from the gentleman who was the guardian angel of our party, the porter placed the usual little tables before us, to the intense delight of our most interesting companion, an engaging little girl who proved to be a very paragon of travelers. Although always alert and intelligent, she never once put her fellow-travelers to confusion by making an unanswerable interrogation point of herself. Her beautiful brown eyes sparkled with pleasure as the deft black hands draped the boards with snowy napery, set forth upon them the shining silver and pretty china, and brought in the simple feast, which we supplemented with dainties from our lunch boxes. It was all play to little Louise.

Later in the day we yielded to a desire to inspect the culinary department. The colored man in charge seemed pleased to show us his arrangements, and well he might for they were a credit to him. His domain was a snug little closet at the end of the car, exquisitely clean, and with all the necessary appendages artistically and compactly placed in position where they would be most conveniently at hand. A look into this closet so trig and trim might have put to shame many a cook who reigns supreme over a spacious but chaotic kitchen. It was wonderful how quickly the various savory messes had been cooked and served to so many from such small quarters.

At quarter of five we reached Buffalo where we changed for Niagara Falls. This was a change indeed,—in the morning gliding along beside the gentle, poetic Hudson,—at eventide standing in the presence of the grand, impetuous Niagara, another of those old friends who are always new and alluring, yet are endeared to us by many memories. Our hotel was near the rapids; that night we were lulled to the sweetest sleep by the music of the waters.

The next morning, the kind friends with whom I was journeying, generously allowed me half an hour of their limited time and accompanied me on a visit to Loretto Convent on the picturesque Canadian side. How glad I was to enter once more those beloved precincts and warm my heart in the welcome of those dear Sisters, who seem always to hold me in remembrance tho' long years lie between our meetings. Time passes softly over their heads, scarcely giving them any of the cruel touches it has for the women of the world. Their unworn faces bear witness how serene and lovely is the life within the convent gates. It was difficult to resist their cordial entreaty to tarry awhile in that safe retreat, but as my ticket was bought and plans laid that could not well be set aside, I could only "say au revoir but not good bye" and pass regretfully on to another stage of my journey.

That night found us again in Buffalo, where we at once took passage upon the finely appointed steamboat *Northland* for a voyage upon the lakes to Duluth.

Morning dawned clear and beautiful. We felt that we had indeed been granted a fair departure with calm seas and auspicious gales in prospect. Three long delicious days of rest and recreation followed upon that splendid floating palace that carried us along so swiftly and smoothly that we did not feel a qualm of that sea sickness we had so dreaded.

The first day out we were on Lake Erie, whose waters are so easily stirred and put into a turmoil, but which for us put on its mildest mien; not a ripple broke its shining surface save where the water was moved by the passing through it of the steamer. We counted ourselves extremely fortunate, and enjoyed to the uttermost the pleasant combination of stillness with the exhilaration of motion. In our cabins the scenery was framed by port-holes like those of ocean steamships; indeed, the *Northland* was as comfortable and elegant in every way as any of the Atlantic liners. No steerage passengers and no freight are ever carried on it.

For two days, like the rest of the little world around us, we almost lived upon the deck the whole day long, basking in the "sweetness and light" of the June sunshine, and revelling in the

music discoursed by a fine orchestra three times a day. It was a diversion to descend to our meals in the elegant white and gold dining saloon where we had delicious things to eat. We also occasionally tore ourselves away from the attractions of the deck to write a hasty letter to be posted at the next stopping place, or to snatch a brief siesta in our cabins. It was a lazy mode of existence and would, perhaps, have grown monotonous if long continued, but like Sam Weller's ideal of a love letter, it stopped short just at the point where we wished there was more of it.

We lost some of our passengers and took on new ones at Detroit. We did not go on shore, finding it a sufficient distraction to watch the people on the dock, from the railing. We began to note our fellow passengers and take some interest in them. They were not many, it was so early in the season.

There was a splendid promenade deck to invite us to exercise. Twice around it was a quarter of a mile. Opening upon this was a pleasant, tastefully furnished and decorated little saloon, in which were comfortable chairs and couches with soft cushions for lounging, beautiful bookcases well filled with a varied assortment of books, whose contents were at our disposal by application to a bell boy, writing desks with all the necessary implements, and a piano. This was a most tempting refuge when the deck proved too cool and breezy to make a long stay upon it wise or agreeable. This did not occur until we reached Lake Superior, upon our last day. The orchestra plays in this saloon when it is cold outside.

The scenery in the Detroit river and in Lake St. Clair is interesting, flat to be sure, as is almost all the lake scenery, but extremely picturesque. Most of the way, however, our water route was so broad that we did not see much but shining water and blue sky, with an occasional passing boat, and last, but not least, exquisite rose pink sunsets that flushed the silver reaches of still water, and aroused poetic emotions that I have no words to express. I am reminded at such times of those beautiful lines of Keats :

"An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

"Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er cast,
They always must be with us, or we die."

Thursday morning found us sailing over broad Lake Huron, which is said to be the purest lake in the world, and which was now as calm and lovely as Lake Erie had been. Before noon we approached Mackinac Island, rough and rocky, but beautiful. Mackinac has a history that dates back more than two hundred years. The French, the Indians, the English, and the proud possessors of the "Stars and Stripes" have fought for its supremacy. The beloved mission of Father Marquette was on the Straits of Mackinac, and there his bones lie buried That remarkable Indian, Pontiac, wrought havoc here as well as elsewhere. And for forty years the Great American Fur Company held sway here; but the energy and activity that then animated the little village, has now departed, and it looks lazy and antiquated. On an eminence, one hundred and fifty feet above it, stands Fort Mackinac, once its noble protector, but now abandoned by the government. This United States military post was always a favorite station with the soldiers. The place is now becoming a fashionable summer resort. As the boat made quite a long stay here we disembarked and strolled leisurely along the street that skirts the shore. Here we also said good-bye to some pleasant acquaintances we had made on the boat. We were back on the *Northland* in good season, but two young men who had wandered too far were not on hand when the warning whistle sounded. We were swinging slowly out upon our course when we saw them running down upon the dock, making frantic gesticulations and shouting at the top of their lungs. The steamboat stopped and they were brought out to us in a rowboat, very red as to their faces, and subdued in spirits. They were evidently weary for they went into seclusion for several hours.

In the middle of the afternoon we reached the famous Sault Ste. Marie, commonly known as the "Soo." This is a sluiceway between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. It has been said by an experienced traveler that "no lovelier waterway than this can be found the world over." There are rapids here, over which some of our companions were conveyed in Indian canoes. It must have been a thrilling and exciting experience. We spent three hours at the lock, which is, I believe, the largest in the world, and watched other boats go through ahead of us. At last it came to our turn to be slowly lifted from the waters of Lake Huron and drifted upon the deep, cold bosom of Lake Superior, where, if you go overboard, there is little hope for you, even your dead body would probably never come to the surface.

What a change of temperature did we awake to the next morning! All our warmest and heaviest wraps were in requisition, even furs were none too comfortable. The sun was still shining brightly, but the warmth of his smile was coldly tempered by the icy atmosphere through which it reached us. The air was bracing and tonic, however, and we fared forth to inspire it from time to time, but for the most part we found the cheery upper cabin the most desirable resort. Settled in cosy comfort on the soft couches, we could study our maps and follow out upon them the route yet to be traversed, or read or write or talk as best suited us. Here the band also took up its quarters at its regular hours for playing and delighted our ears with merry music.

That dear last day upon the water drew all too swiftly to its close, and the hour sounded when our voyage must end. I think we all felt rather sad as we stood in line at the gangway, in readiness to leave the beautiful vessel. The trip had been a veritable dream of delight from beginning to end.

We made our landing at Duluth, in the State of Minnesota. It was not in accordance with our plans to spend the night here, but the steamer had lost so much time at the lock that we failed to make connection with our train, and could not go on until the next afternoon. A hot wave had overwhelmed the city. Our rooms were like furnaces after the cold weather we had experienced on the lake. As mine faced a balcony just over the street, I did not dare to open the window lest some burglar should make his way in. I intended to lie awake and watch that window, but fell asleep in spite of the suffocating heat, and my apprehensions, which were needless.

Duluth is picturesquely situated on a side hill. It reminded me of Hamilton, in Canada. The street upon which our hotel stood was a very long and busy thoroughfare. We spent a pleasant morning loitering about and doing a little shopping, but made no attempt to explore the highways and byways of the place.

That night and the next day we were speeding our way westward on a sleeper. It was an extremely hot ride, but I enjoyed it, dust and cinders and all. Our way through a part of North Dakota and Montana was weird and strange in the extreme. For miles and miles there was not a tree, nor a blade of grass, nor any green thing, only wide stretches of hot looking clay, and immense hills of the same, and little ones, in chains like mountains, and most singularly fashioned and richly colored. Some were like square and rounded turrets and castles and walls; others were ranged in likeness to some deserted city of antiquity, or stood solitary like the Pyramids. One might well imagine himself in some far off historic land, in tropic climes, or in some fairy-land of the imagination. I had no idea that anything so curiously fascinating was to gratify our eyes upon this road; and so the charm of unexpectedness was added to the delight with which we gazed at these wonderful formations sculptured by the hand of Nature. This region is called "Pyramid Park" and the "Bad Lands." It is said that, in recent explorations, enormous fossil beds have been discovered here, which are rich in many rare specimens of prehistoric wonders, together with some that are entirely new.

In course of time the Yellowstone River crept into view to add variety to the scenery, and trees began to cool the landscape. The few houses to be seen were hot-looking little huts or cabins, many of them made of logs. We stood out on the rear platform and cheerfully endured the hot dry air that blew our hair into the most

unpicturesque disorder, to say nothing of the dirt and grime our hands and faces collected, for the sake of that marvelous panorama so constantly changing that we could not bear to lose a bit of it.

Later in the afternoon, when we were fast leaving this region of visions and dreams behind us, some genial ladies boarded the car who were so social and entertaining that we soon fell into conversation with them. They were also our companions in the dining car, at supper time, and we had a lively meal in consequence.

We arrived at Livingstone, at eleven in the evening, and remained on the sleeper, which was switched off for the night. In the morning we went to the hotel for breakfast; invested in blue glasses, having been assured that they would be a much-needed comfort in the glare of sunshine reflected from the dazzling white "formation" in Yellowstone Park; and in due course of time were underway in our sleeper for Cinnabar, the threshold of our grand national Wonderland.

This ride was a magnificent promise of what awaited us in the park. We passed through the Gate of the Mountains, a charming canyon nearly a mile long, where the railroad and the river are closely hemmed in by the walls of the mountains, into beautiful Paradise Valley lying fresh and green and lovely in its early summer verdure, and nobly guarded by lofty peaks that seem to touch the sky. This leads into the wild Yankee Jim Canyon, where the foaming river is squeezed into a narrow gorge through which it rushes madly in its efforts to get free. At last we pass the curious Devil's Slide, and soon find ourselves at the end of our car ride. A stage was waiting for us with a royal equipment of six handsome white horses, and off we started in fine style. That ride of seven miles was both novel and enjoyable. We were in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. They rose up in majesty all around us. On every side there were wild flowers galore. The whole stage full of passengers was in a glow of brightness and high spirits. The gentlemen made frequent descents to snatch a bright blossom here and there, which afterwards passed into the hands of the ladies. Wild cries of delight were heard when an eagle's nest was descried far up on a jutting crag. Up, up we followed our winding way until we were more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and drew up in triumph before the wide piazza of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

We dismounted and entered this inviting house of entertainment, whence I wrote home "Everybody seems hospitable; the service is excellent; and everything is as clean as wax work." This proved true of every hostelry in the park. We found everywhere a cordial welcome, and a make-yourself-at-home-air that was cheering, and reminded me of certain delightful foreign inns.

The Mammoth Hot Springs are not far from the hotel. We visited them in the afternoon, also other places of interest in the neighborhood. No words can paint the blended beauty of the coloring, or the exquisite delicacy of design and form exhibited in the terraces formed about these springs by the overflow of scalding water. The water itself, blue as a summer sea, is perfectly clear, which seems astonishing when one notes the "formation" around it, the accumulation of deposits of the minerals with which the water is charged.

Fort Yellowstone is situated here with its force of cavalry for the protection of the Park from the devastating hand of man. Not even an advertisement is allowed to mar the wild beauty of the scenery. Stations of soldiers are scattered all over the reservation.

We have now turned the first page in this "Wonder Book" of our country, so exquisitely illuminated by the cunning hand of nature, and bound round about by the everlasting hills. As we go on we are to read the testimony of the rocks and geysers, of the terrific force of fire and gas and water stored up in those mysterious regions that are separated from us by only a thin, and in some places, a trembling crust, and which is constantly trying to escape. I feel far from competent to attempt to express the wonders, the marvelous treasures of scenery hidden away in this small secluded section of Wyoming. To describe it in its perfection one would need to be as ingenious as its Creator, and that no mortal wielder of the pen can ever hope to be.

At half past eight the next morning we were in our places in a stage drawn by four horses,

ready for a start. Besides our own private party, we were to have for companions throughout the Park tour, a gentleman, his wife and young daughter. They were jolly people, bright and entertaining, and added much to our pleasure. Three other stages full of people started off at about the same time that we did. We had a good driver. All the drivers, guides, and employees with whom we came in contact had refined, intelligent looking faces. The weather was perfect. The scenery beggars description. We passed through the glorious Golden Gate, and rolled by rapids and ravines and falls and pine-covered slopes and rocky steeps of immense height with glistening snow upon the loftiest peaks and descending the sides. Here rose that anomaly, the Obsidian Cliff, a shining mountain of volcanic glass, for the most part as black as coal. And everywhere uncounted varieties of wild flowers ran riot in brilliant array, tempting us to stop and gather them. We were now rising to about seven thousand feet above the sea level. The refined air of this altitude caused a little distress of breathing at first, but, after a little, I did not mind it.

Our first stop was to drink from a spring of natural Apollinaris water. It tasted very like that article of commerce, but lacked the sting and fizz. The other stages stopped here, and, as we gathered in the pleasant shade of the pine trees around the spring, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to look at each other. We went on our way refreshed and in the gayest spirits.

Shortly before noon we reached the Norris lunch station. It consisted of a series of tents with board floors. In the lobby, a roaring fire looked cheery, although the warmth of the morning made it seem unnecessary. Over this establishment presided a rollicking Irishman, familiarly known as Larry. He had even more than the usual share of the genuine Irish wit, and, as he lavishly served up his mirth-inspiring jokes and fun with the more material fare, he put the whole crowd into splendid condition for digesting the bountiful repast he had provided for us.

Feeling well fortified for a long ramble, we started off in company with a guide "to see the geesers," as Larry expressed it. Alas! I have neither the time, space, nor ability to attempt to picture in words those beautiful boiling springs, whose steam rose like smoke all around us and filled the air with an odor that can be better imagined than described. Those springs and pools are many in number, and of the loveliest colors. The Black Growler near by "is the only steam geyser, pure and simple, in the Park." Its opening is not large, but the roar of the steam that rises from it in a "solid column" can be heard four miles away. The greatest geyser of all, in this basin, is the Monarch, which, however, failed to come to time for us with its performance; we were obliged to leave the spot without witnessing its wonderful ebullition of hot water and steam. We saw it simmering, or boiling rather, in its huge bowl. There were many geysers here, little ones and big ones, all different, and all wonders to me.

Having wandered for over a mile in this likeness to the Inferno, we sat down on a log to rest and await our coach which was to join us here. The afternoon drive gave us fine views of the Gibbon River and Canyon and Falls.

We reached the Fountain House just in time to take our places in a carriage about to start for the Great Fountain Geyser. This is a large geyser that sends up an enormous mass of water and steam from 75 to 150 feet, every eight or eleven hours. It spouts at intervals for about an hour, but its first effort is the finest. It was a magnificent spectacle.

We drove back to the hotel in the cool twilight, and had sharp edges on our appetites for our late dinner. Although it had been a long day, and full to the brim with surprises, I did not feel in the least fagged, but on the contrary, was in a most pleasant state of exhilaration. The air is so fine and bracing, one does not feel the fatigue that would be experienced in lower altitudes, after the same amount of exertion.

It was delightful in the evening when they kindled the back log on the hearth in the spacious entrance hall, and the guests drew up in the big rocking chairs around the glowing blaze after the dinner, and the evening stroll to the geysers and the "Paint Pots" were over. The "Paint Pots"

are boiling pools of a thick red and white substance that resembles paint. Imagine immense caldrons of red or white paint boiling and bubbling constantly in the open. Some of it sputtered over me, but as soon as it was dry it rubbed off and left no trace.

We drove to the Upper Geyser Basin, sixteen miles away, the next morning. There the most celebrated geysers of the reservation hold high revel. There was much of interest on this route to stir our enthusiasm. The steaming banks of the Firehole River seemed to be alive with geysers and boiling springs. We dismounted and walked on the "formation" to gaze into the mammoth pool of the Excelsior Geyser, which lets years elapse between its eruptions, but when it does rouse itself to action, breaks out with a tremendous outburst, throwing out besides an enormous volume of water, tons of rock that find lodgment in the river. The steam hangs constantly in a dense cloud over its beautiful blue water, which is always in a state of great agitation. Near by are Turquoise Spring and Prismatic Lake, the first an exceedingly lovely, silent pool, the other the largest, and one of the most beautiful springs in the Park. The varying color of the water and of the "formation" around this last is supremely beautiful. In close proximity to these scalding hot phenomena, is a pool of absolutely cold water, the only cold spring in the neighborhood.

Springs to the right of us, springs to the left of us, springs all around us steamed up and bubbled as we rode along. In one place the hot water ran across the very road we traveled, but the horses did not seem to mind it. When we reached the lunch station in the Upper Geyser Basin, a guide at once escorted us out to see the geysers, which are in a vast confusion in this restless region. We had now attained to the cap and climax of the geyser system. There they were all around us as far as we could reach; some playing, some quiet for the time, all smoking. An eruption of "Old Faithful," whose name is an indicator of its remarkable regularity, is a sight to remember. We enjoyed it again and again that afternoon, for we spent several hours in its vicinity. It is in a commanding situation well suited to the grandeur of its display, but glorious as was the sight, we turned from it with a start of joy at beholding, almost at its feet, thick clusters of the delicate fringed gentian, the beautiful blue blossoms making a swest dash of color against the white "formation" out of which they were growing. After lunch and another turn among these most fascinating geysers, our stage picked us up, and we were carried back to the hotel over the same delightful road. While we were at dinner that night two wild bears came down from the mountain to the hotel. There was a stampede among the guests to get a look at them. Wild beasts of a certain variety are at large in the Park, and no one is allowed to molest them.

At half past eight, the Fountain Geyser, which is near the hotel, played, and we went out to enjoy the exhibition. The moon, just rising behind the pines, gave a touch of weirdness and mystery to the splendor of the scene. Later some of the people went in a stage to watch the Great Fountaln play by moonlight. It must have been a beautiful sight to see that graceful mass of uprising water flashing in the silvery light. I stood with another lady on the piazza and watched the stage fill up and drive off, both of us longing with all our hearts to be of the party, but knowing it was not best, in face of the drive of forty-eight miles that lay before us for the next day.

We were off bright and early, as spirited a crowd as any that started out that fine morning, I am sure. Our road wound up and through grand and enchanting scenery. The highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains came into our line of vision on this route. We passed snow by the roadside. We also passed the Continental Divide where the water that had been flowing towards the Atlantic, turned and ran towards the Pacific. We rode for miles through delicious pine avenues; and at last "the sweetest sheet of water in the world," the Yellowstone Lake, peeked out at us from among the mountains that seemed to hold it like a jewel in their midst. We paused for rest and refreshment at a row of little white tents almost on the verge of the Lake. Here, while our mid-day meal was preparing, we could sit in the shadow of the tents and look out over the placid water to the

purple mountains, or take a stroll to the "Paint Pots," which were a fine feature of this place.

The choice was offered us here of pursuing our journey to the Lake House, by water or land. We chose the latter, but the next time I shall indulge in a sail upon the lovely lake. Our party was divided for the ride. Three of us went in a stage, whose usual occupants had deserted it for the steamboat. We were all in a sparkling state of effervescence; the wine of health with which the air was impregnated must have intoxicated us. The driver seemed to enjoy his party. We saw eagles and eagles' nests. Thrilling with excitement, we forded deep and rushing streams. We went almost crazy with delight at the sight of trout innumerable disporting in the clear water. And then, for variety, we met with a mishap, just before crossing a bridge. One of the horses suddenly lost his foot and leg in a deep hole, and was, of course, overthrown. He was fortunately so tired he did not struggle, and the rest of the horses came to a standstill. We were out of that stage in a twinkling, calling to the drivers before and behind us to lend a hand. As soon as the horses were unharnessed, the unfortunate beast rose to his feet. As he appeared to be uninjured, we moved slowly on, arriving at the Lake House in time for a late dinner.

A good night's sleep, and on to the Grand Cañon, a distance of seventeen miles, and the most beautiful drive of all in that unrivalled series of beautiful drives. The Grand Cañon is, without exaggeration, the most supremely splendid and wonder-compelling vision that was ever unrolled before my dazzled eyes. We had tantalizing glimpses of it, and of the Falls, before we reached the hotel. After lunch we were driven to the most beautiful points of observation accessible to the hurried tourist. Ah! what a magnificent prospect was opened up before us! The sides of the deep gorge are emblazoned in the richest hues known in the world of color, while twelve thousand feet below rushes the cool green river, foaming and lovely. Three miles above Inspiration Point, the Lower Falls add life and glory to the scene. An osprey was soaring in this wonderful abyss; we could see his nest on a buttress of rock far below us.

It was a spectacle, once looked upon, to be longed for with remembrance and regret forever after. Later we followed the trail that runs along the precipice, until we came close to the Lower Falls, a most delightful spot. It is a grand fall of water, three hundred and eight feet high, and quite wide, although the perception of its real height and depth is somewhat modified in comparison with the immense height of the walls that enclose it. It was deliciously green in color and brightened by the rainbows that spanned its white spray.

The Cañon Hotel is built on an elevation that commands a world of loveliness. I was sorry to leave this place, but had to do so the next morning. It is always "move on" when you are traveling, no matter how much you may want to linger. It would have taken many days to have exhausted the fascinations of the Grand Cañon. Our next drive took us back on the road to the Mammoth Hot Springs. We stopped again at Larry's meal station for our lunch, where we received a hearty welcome. We had a most amusing stay here. Several stages came in from the Mammoth Hot Springs, filled with Cook's tourists, and it was great fun to hear Larry vary his address of welcome to each one. His humor seemed everlasting, and his tongue wound up never to stop.

We reached the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel at four in the afternoon, dined there, and at six, the same magnificent equipage that had brought us from the station, bore our reluctant party back to Cinnabar, where the train awaited us that was to speed us onward to the Pacific coast.

Beautiful Yellowstone! We left you with sorrow, and many, many times have our thoughts wandered back to you on "dream wings of regret"; but we are glad at heart, because we know you now, our Wonder of Wonders, set like a gem among the mighty mountains on the crest of our continent.

ANNE MEECH.

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FORWARDNESS is part of the lawlessness of these days, and shows decline of the finer instincts of womanhood, and a loss of that decisive Christian conscience which can distinguish not only between what is right and wrong, but between what is dignified and what is undignified, both for woman and man.

## Ruts.

DRIZZLE! drizzle! drizzle! Would the rain never cease, and was it descriptive of such a day that Longfellow wrote: "It rains, and the wind is never weary." From earliest morning there had been a steady downpour, and it was now late in the afternoon. True, the budding trees seemed to welcome the refreshing moisture, but it meant temporary ruin to heretofore good country roads. Yesterday, they were level, and carriage wheels glided over their smooth surface; to-morrow, all would be changed. The first cart or carriage would with difficulty move over the rugged way; and perhaps the formation of a rut might not be effected until nightfall. A rut is a "furrow or track worn by a wheel," informs the dictionary. So? The word is suggestive!

Think you that ruts are confined to country roads; that the range and scope of the word is marked by this application of its meaning? Assuredly not; for the wheels of our lives are ever forming ruts in which to move, or falling into those already shaped by some fellow-traveler. At this very minute, thousands are fashioning sorry ruts for themselves: at this very minute, tens of thousands are bemoaning their inability to get out of the ruts into which they have wheeled. On the other hand, there are those who exercise wisdom, sound forethought, before allowing themselves to slip into a rut; their prudence manifests itself in a happy result. This would argue that there are good ruts, so to speak, as well as bad ones; and that with each individual rests the grave responsibility of choosing between the two. And do you ask how these life-ruts are formed? The answer embodies itself in two words—by repetition.

By indulging in the repetition of the same thoughts in regard to certain things, or by accepting the thoughts of others, and in either case, failing to enlarge the range of vision by investigation, persons fall into mental ruts. It is a lamentable fact that most people are content to allow others to do their thinking for them; or satisfied to cling to opinions already formed. In the words of Pope: "An obstinate man does not hold opinions but they hold him." The world has made giant strides within the last century; the utilization of electricity has put new blood in its veins and set its old heart pulsing at a feverish rate. Dreams of the past have become realities of the present; and yet, one is constantly encountering people with stage-coach ideas. Why do they think "so-and-so"? Foolish query! Logical rejoinder! Because they have *always* thought "so-and-so"; or, because others have always thought "so-and-so." And think you they are going to revise their dear, quaint ideas to meet the demands of the present? Monstrous innovation! "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." What care they? No charitable, kind-hearted being ever hinted to them that a difference obtained between leonine firmness and asinine obstinacy. But alas, that minds should be turned into sepulchres by the presence of dead or decaying thoughts.

Standing in direct opposition to these mental sluggards are those who are ever on the alert to supplant good ideas by better. To them study means eternal youth, the elixir of life, preservation from the ruts of old age. In what lies the secret of the power of the aged Pope other than his mental energy, his successful effort to keep pace with the world's progress? And does not Gladstone, that "grand old man," owe his strength to the same cause?

Secondly, we come to expressed thought and the manner of expression. "It gives a fellow contempt for human nature," cried Mr. Potts, "to see how folks read it. Let the papers talk about anything for a day or two and that's what ye hear everbody else talkin' about an nothin' else." Who will not cry "bravo," to the utterance of such a sage reflection? For, there is certainly a great lack of originality in conversation not due to dearth of brains, but indolence. One man expresses his opinion; nine others echo it. Did they pause to think, there might exist a decided difference of opinion; but no, it costs an effort to cudgel one's brain and evolve an idea, and it is much more comfortable to let the tenth man have the thinking all to himself. But imagine the consternation of the nine echoes were the tenth man to copyright his opinion! How frequently people preface their

remarks by "they say." Well, if "they say" says all the things credited to him or her,—"they say" boasts a mind possessing qualities of genius as well as signs of drivelling idiocy. Poor over-burdened "they say." But hold!—someone just whispered that "they say" was not a man or a woman, or any other kind of an animal, simply one of the ruts of speech.

Again people unconsciously lapse into ruts of phraseology; so true is this that we can generally recognize an author by his style; or trace an opinion to its direct source by the detection of some peculiarity of speech. One man is always assuring you that he obtains his information "on the best authority," and nice, credulous persons never question his veracity, never pause to consider that the "best authority" is too often a myth. Were this fact borne in mind, slanderous talebearers would soon find themselves bankrupt. Another man, about to set forth a proposition, will gravely say: "Now, the question arises." So frequently is this heard that his listeners wonder if that poor question never gets tired rising, and, prompted by sympathy, secretly resolve to tell it to keep its seat and rest its weary bones. Still a third is a lover of details; he will always give you a matter from "A to Z": or, perchance he is learned, in which event you shall have the narration "from alpha to omega." But there are balms for all woes! Have patience, bored soul! Here comes a concise, brevity-loving individual, who will "give you the whole matter in a nutshell," or, by some miraculous jugglery of words "make a long story short."

But if there are those whose ideas "are conspicuous by their absence," there are others whose opinions are always in aggressive evidence Tolerance is a word never found in their vocabulary. Not only do they scorn to accept the opinions of others, but they would have everyone think as they do. They recognize no point of view but their own, forgetting that a point is an extremely small space and that possibly their point of view holds accommodation but for themselves. Possibly everyone has heard the story of the man who owned half of a semi-detached suburban house. This man had a firm belief that red was the only suitable color for the painting of a country house. His semi-attached neighbor preferred a quiet color, but even more preferred a quiet life, and so yielded, and the house was painted a brilliant red. The mild man stood it for a season, and then sold out to a widow with seven growing boys: and the last condition of the aggressive man was far worse than the first. Seek for yourself the word in this little tale. Do not be what Emerson styles "a mush of concession"; cling to your point of view with due tenacity, but, in all fairness, accord others a like privilege. On fighting the opinions of others do not be betrayed into intolerance; for, to expect others, possessing different temperaments and differently conditioned, to assume your opinions, is insular and narrow.

But greater than thoughts, be they bitter or sweet, greater than speech, be it cruel or kind, is action. Here again the law of repetition holds; for repeated acts result in the formation of ruts of action. Life is never at a standstill, and each day marks the entrance into a rut, the continuation in a rut already formed, or the departure from one. The business man whose attention is devoted to his work, to the exclusion of all else, soon falls into a rut. Every morning sees him at his desk; every evening finds him weary and exhausted. To him the great problem of life is how to make one dollar count two. He walks home at night, his thoughts bent on the day's profits and losses, eats his dinner mechanically, reads the paper, and retires to think of the struggle of the day, or dream of those of to-morrow. O weary toiler! your monetary accounts are kept with unerring accuracy; but that great book, your life Ledger, seems to have been sadly neglected. The blessings of health and friendship are profits you never enter; the destruction of ideals and failure to achieve anything truly noble are losses that remain unrecorded. Examples upon examples might be multiplied of those whose lives are pinched and poor because of a lack of variety, because of miserable ruts. The housewife who is a slave to pots and kettles, finds herself in this plight; day after day she performs the same dreary tasks, attaining little or nothing beyond its present purpose.

The student who ignores recreation and devotes

all his energies to the acquisition of knowledge likewise falls into a rut. In time, to him the most beautiful flower comes to be a mere specimen to which he attaches some hard, barbarous name in Greek "Oh, the monotony of life," people moan, "the everlasting treadmill of existence!" To such, to-day is a repetition of yesterday, this week of the preceding one. Dolts! dissatisfied with the present, and yet making no effort to effect a change. Soon the future will be the present, the poor, despised present. To eat and drink and sleep is not life. The monotony is not in life itself, but in your miserable conception of its meaning. Get out of your rut even if it does require force and violence. Live not on the remembrance of some past attainment, but engage in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, some ideal excellence.

And if possible avoid imitation; there are too many nonentities in the world. Figuratively speaking, there are too many narrow-tired wheels following in the rut of a wide-tired one. True, it may be better wheeling, but why not strike out and form a new rut. Better make a narrow rut than allow your life-wheel to lose its identity in a wide one formed by some larger wheel. On the other hand, if a good rut has been formed, and the wheels of your life run in it naturally, do not try to "turn out" merely because your wheel did not originally form it. That were foolish pride!

But for many of us there is a pathetic, nay, a tragic side to this rut-life. Some wrong is committed. There follows remorse and a firm resolve to avoid the same deed in the future. But the act is repeated and repeated. The repetition results in the formation of a rut. Realizing the deplorable state of affairs, a resolve is made to get out of the rut. Just on the other side of the road we see a place for a good one: but when we would "turn out," the life wheel slips—we are again in the old rut. In other words, one little break in integrity has resulted in this fatal way. Alice Cary beautifully expresses a life thought:

"Often his path is crooked and low,
And is so in his own despite;
For still the path he meant to go,
Runs straight and level with the right."

Ah, that path we meant to go! Truly do our lives seem to run counter to our wills; we do things we would rather not do, and leave undone things we would do. But take courage! A little patience and persistent effort will work wonders. And perhaps, some night when we have almost lost hold and gone to rest with the painful consciousness that there is no possibility of getting out of a certain rut, the hand of the great Father will lift the little wheel and place it on the other side of the road. For we are never left desolate; there is One who promised to be with us "even unto the end of the world."

But the longest day has its evening; twilight was fast merging into darkness. The rain ceased, and with it my desultory reflections.

Harriet N. Kean.

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## The Execution of Marshal Ney.

I.

They led him forth from prison
The bravest of the brave,
His hero hands in iron bands,
As if he were a slave.
A thousand men stood round him,
And glared on him with hate,
But none so proud in all that crowd,
As he the bold and great.

II.

The noble lord of Moskwa,
Him of the lion heart,
The kingliest man of kingly men
They led into the mart.
They led him to the market-place
Amid the mournful roll
Of muffled drums,—a prince in face,
A demi-god in soul.

III.

There in the square the hero stood,
His hands behind him bound:
Straight and tall, and firm as a wall,
And glanced o'er the thousands round:
Gazed with an eye as fearless
On the haughty Bourbons there,
As he used to gaze through the battle-blaze,
And the battle's thunderous air.

IV.

Sublime as a god in combat,
Or a Hebrew bard of old,
He stood in the mass, a tower of brass,
And to bold looks flung as bold.

Yes, strong as the god of battle,
He stood in the eyes of all,
As oft he stood on the field of blood,
'Mid the scream of shell and ball.

V.

Then a line was formed before him,
Of a score of musketeers,
And the Bourbon flag flew o'er him,
And the Bourbons gave three cheers,
But never he trembled in lip or limb,
And never an eye-lid stirred,
As if he saw not the flaunted flag,
Nor the vulgar shouting heard.

VI.

"Soldiers of France," the captain
Of the guardsmen sternly said,
"When the wand I wave fire at the knave,
And shoot the traitor dead!"
Then silence like a death-eclipse
O'ershadowed the market-place,
And wrapped the crowd as in a shroud,
And darkened the marshal's face.

VII.

Ney's full lips paled and quivered;
The cheeks turned white and red:
He heaved his breast with pain distressed,
But never a word he said.
Then fixing those fierce eyes of his
Upon the captain's face,
He made him cower beneath their power,
And filled him with disgrace.

VIII.

Now stepped a soldier forward,
One of the marshal's men,
Who fought with him at Hohenlinn,
And at red Elchingen:
And taking out a kerchief
He made as if to bind
Within its fold those eyes so bold,
Of the lord of human-kind.

IX.

Then spake the grand old marshal,
And his face with anger blazed.
"Bind not these eyes," he fiercely said,
"For coward, they have gazed
Into the guns of Jena
When they were lightning-lit;
And they have seen the bloody green
Of Friedland, thunder-split.

X.

"And they have shone when Glory's sun
On bloody Bautzen blazed;
And they have glowed when Victory trode
On Lutzen battle-crazed;
And they have seen the lightnings flash
On Moskwa's crimson tide,
When France beneath her conquering lance
Lowered Russia's savage pride.

XI.

"Bind not these eyes, for they have gazed
On Death a thousand times,
And marked the troops of France advance
Into a dozen climes.
They've seen her battle-banner wave
Upon the Pyrenees,
And 'mid the foes on Russian snows
They've seen that standard freeze!

XII.

"Since I must die, then let me die
As I would in the fight;
Mine eyes unveiled, as our line assailed
And put the foe to flight.
Yea, let me die, as I have lived,
All fetterless and free;
And let me look on Death with eyes
That looked on Victory."

XIII.

A murmur of approval ran
Throughout the swaying crowd,
And many a maid, and many a man
Felt for the soldier proud,
Felt for the grand old marshal,
Who had fought the fights of France,
Since he could hold a musket old
Or carry a pike or lance.

XIV.

Then spake again the captain,
And his eyes were bright with ire,
"Make ready again, make ready my men,
On the traitor there to fire!"
A hush as of death stole over
The crowd, and an icy chill;
And a man might hear the beating clear
Of his heart, it was so still.

XV.

And like a lion stood there
The hero calm and bold;
And he held his head as if he led
The Guard, as he did, of old:
Firm as a granite wall he stood,
And the people held their breath,
Till the captain's hand let fall the wand,
That gave the sign for death.

XVI.

Then twenty deadly rifles rang,
And twenty bullets sped,
And round in a ring the marshal spun,
And then on his face fell dead:
Shot through the heart by a musket-ball,
Shot through the head and lung;
And the women moaned, and the soldiers groaned,
As the balls o'er the hero sung.

XVII.

And thus he died, the people's pride,
The Bravest of the Brave,
Who fought on a hundred battle-fields,
His fatherland to save.
Thus did the great Colossus fall,
And with him Glory died;
While Freedom fled from the valley red,
To her home on the mountain-side.

J. E. JOHNSTONE.

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## Inventions.

THE trite saying that, "necessity is the mother of invention." does not seem to apply to the present generation. Our necessities are supplied almost before we feel the need of the inventions that are constantly put into our hands

When Goodyear, the inventor of vulcanized rubber, was one day asked what he wanted to make of his boys, he said, in reply, "Anything but inventors; mankind has nothing but cuffs and kicks for those who try to do it a service." Meanwhile the work done by great inventors is widely acknowledged. In the history of civilization, the wonderful increase of industrial production by the application of machinery, the improvement on the old processes, and the invention of new ones, show the world's progress during the last fifty years If this improvement was true in the past, what will the next fifty years bring forth?

Steam has reduced the working man's hours from fourteen to eight hours a day. With the splendid tools now at our service (of which our fathers knew comparatively nothing), steam, electricity, the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, and the camera, we and our descendants ought to accomplish even greater wonders than in the past. It would be almost impossible to any more than touch upon the most important of our modern inventions, in a paper of twenty minutes.

In looking over the history of great inventions, it is remarkable how those discoveries that helped mankind most have been abused and opposed by the very classes they were designed to bless. The bowmen of the middle ages resisted the introduction of the musket. The sedan-chair carriers would not allow carriages to be used. The stage coach lines tried all ways to prevent the advance of the railway. When, in 1707, Dr. Papin showed his first conception of a steamboat, it was seized by the boatmen, who feared that it would deprive them of a living. Jacquard narrowly escaped being thrown into the river Rhone by a crowd of furious weavers, when his new loom was first put into operation. Cartwright had to abandon his power loom for years, because of the bitter animosity of the weavers towards it. Riots were organized in Nottingham against the use of the stocking loom. It is not surprising that the greatest saving machine of domestic life should have been received with anything but thanks. Elias Howe was abused and denounced as the enemy of man, and especially of the poor sewing woman, the very class whose toil he has done so much to lighten; curses, instead of blessings, were showered upon him during the first years that followed the successful working of his wonderful machine. Howe was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1819; his father was a farmer and miller, with eight children. When Elias was six years old, he was set, with his brothers and sisters, as sticking wire teeth through the leather straps used for cotton cards. He staid with his father until he was sixteen; it was here that he first began to like machinery. He is described as being a capital workman, more full of resources than plodding industry.

The possibility of sewing by machinery had often been spoken of before that day. Elias Howe had a peculiar fitness for such work. Between important jobs at the shop, he nursed the idea of a sewing machine, keeping his own counsel. His first rude attempt, it appeared to him, could only be done with coarse thread or string; fine thread would not stand the strain.

For his first machine he made a needle, pointed at both ends with an eye in the middle. It was made to work up and down, carrying the thread each time. After using it a year, he decided it would not do, and after many failures, he conceived the idea of using two threads, making the stitch by means of a shuttle, and a curved needle with an eye near the point.

The problem was solved; October 1844; he made a rough model, all of wood and wire, and found it would sew. One of the principal features of Mr. Howe's invention, is the combination of a grooved needle with an eye near its point. We all reap the benefits of Howe's invention, to-day, without the troubles and disaster that he had to go through with, before his invention was perfected. One writer says that in the annals of hero worship, Elias Howe should stand before Napoleon, and the man that invented friction matches, before the man that wrote an epic.

Among the first of our bright lights in the field of invention, Benj Franklin stands pre-eminent. Nothing in nature failed to interest him. Had he lived in an era of patents he might have rivaled Edison in the number of his patentable devices. It is a fact that Franklin never applied for a patent, though he was often urged to do so. We do not know half of what his capabilities were, when we think of him only as the inventor of the lightning rod. One of the most popular of his inventions was the Franklin stove, which, after a century of disuse, is now again in use. If I should undertake to give a complete list of his inventions, it would occupy too much space. He did not make money out of his inventions, his principle being that, as he had enjoyed the benefits of others, his were at the world's disposal. He certainly robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of some of its powers to destroy.

Franklin was the first to suggest the identity of lightning and electricity. Here, again, there was no lack of opposition to the new doctrine of lightning rods. Insuring houses against fire was opposed as an interference with the prerogatives of the Deity. He was far from hiding the pleasure his fame brought him. I cannot resist giving you one little story. He wrote to a friend, he tells us, "of a girl who was observed to grow suddenly proud, and none could guess the reason until it came to be known that she had got on a pair of new silk garters. Lest you should be puzzled to guess the cause when you observe anything of the kind in me, I think it will not hide my garters under my petticoats, but take the freedom to show them to you in a paragraph." Then he quotes the paragraph which mentions the honors done him by the king of France and the Royal Society.

The first project to improve inland navigation, the propelling vessels by steam, the improvements in canal locks, the plunging or submarine boat, all belong to Robert Fulton. In 1804, he invented the torpedo ; several experiments were made. October 1805, he blew up a strong Danish brig of two hundred tons burden, which had been provided for that experiment. The torpedo used on this occasion contained 170 pounds of powder. In fifteen minutes nothing was seen of her but floating fragments.

Notwithstanding the complete success of this experiment, the British ministry seemed to have nothing further to do with Fulton, and he then returned to New York. From the time of the first boat put in motion till the death of Fulton, the art of navigating by steam advanced rapidly. He invented the first steam vessel of war in the world.

When, in 1803, Fulton was experimenting with his first paddle wheels, Ericsson was born. In boyhood, John Ericsson worked in the iron mines of Sweden.

Machinery was his first love. and his last. A quill and a pencil were the boy's first drawing materials A pair of steel tweezers were converted into a drawing pen. At the age of twelve, six hundred of the Royal troops were guided in their daily work, in building the Gotha ship canal by this boy, who had to have a stool to stand on to use the surveying instruments. After serving as an engineer, he became an officer in the Swedish army. He sought an outlet for his superfluous activity by drawing an engraving, 64 large plates, illustrating the Gotha Canal. He invented a gas or flame engine, thousands of which are now in use in New York City, for pumping water up to the tops of houses.

His early flame engine turned out so well, that he began to turn his attention to other work. His capacity for work and for keeping half a dozen experiments in view at the same time, was remarkable. Among these were a pumping engine, an apparatus for making salt from brine, for propelling boats on canals, a hydrostatic weighing machine, to which the Society of Arts awarded a prize, an instrument to be used in deep-sea-sounding, a file-cutting machine. The list covers some 14 patents, and 40 machines. But of all his inventions that become of most interest to us, winning our grateful acknowledgments, was the Monitor. It took one hundred days to build it. During this time, Ericsson hardly slept, going over in his dreams the details of the new-fangled war engine he was building. Tbe result of the naval battle in Hampton Roads, on the 9th of March, 1862, between the little Monitor and the big Merrimac, made Ericsson the hero of the hour; and to-day, or to speak more practically, last spring, was held one of the largest banquets at the Grand Pacific, under the auspices of the Swedish-American Club, of Cook County, in honor of John Ericsson and his immortal invention, the Monitor.

What cannot be said of the famous invention of the telegraph! Morse, after spending years with the arts and artists, grasped the idea of producing letters and figures by electricity. At a distance, words may be thus indicated. A telegraph, an instrument to record, at a distance, was the result. He said, "if I can make it go ten miles, without stopping, I can make it go around the globe." It was a struggle of 12 years before he was successful. Professor Morse was the first to suggest the use of a marine cable.

I wish I had space to quote here William Cullen Bryant, on the "Magic Wire," where he gives us the beauties of its many advantages. Pope quotes as a sample of absurdity:

> " Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time
> And make two lovers happy."

What was then arrant nonsense, is now the statement of a naked fact. While the telegraph does all this, if it were not for the press to give us the news as it comes from the wires, it, the news, would be like the personification of Dame Rumor, by the poets of antiquity, first of dwarfish size, rapidly enlarging, till her feet sweep the earth, and her head is in the skies. The press takes care of all this, thanks to Richard Hoe, a printer, and the son of a printer, who improved on his father's invention.

A great many men contributed to make the typewriter what it is to-day, as much of an improvement upon the pen, as the sewing machine is upon the needle. The telegraph companies appreciate the advantages of the typewriter, and have dozens of these machines in their offices. I am glad to give the credit of perfecting this invention to C. L. Sholes, of Wisconsin. His face rises before me to-day as it used to when I passed him daily going to and coming from school.

While perfecting the system of telegraphing, the 'germ of the discovery of the telephone was developed, and to Grey, Edison and Bell we bow in wonder. It is hard to say in what field Edison has not dipped, with his electric light, his phonograph, which is a marvel that has not reached perfection yet, and which knows no other parent than Edison.

A Swedish chemist was the first recorded to give us photography, of which we all know the value. In a recent suit in Ohio, the ownership of valuable real estate was settled by photography. The turning point was, whether an old deed, executed seventy-five years ago, had five signatures, or only four. There were spaces for five, but only four were visible. The clerk of the Court took it to Washington, and had it photographed. The negative developed some evidence of the missing signature, but on enlarging ten times, the whole came forth distinctly.

The credit of the invention of glass-making has been given to the Phoenicians. The Greeks appear to have cultivated the art of glass-making at a very early period, and it was probably made in many places on the shores of the Mediterranean, centuries before the Christian era. In 1390, developed the history of glass-painting in Italy. "Glass", says the Illustrated American, "is a material whose astonishing possibilities we are only beginning to understand." We, who saw the glass gown spun for the Princess Eulalia, at

the Chicago Exposition, will never forget the wonder with which that dainty creation impressed us. Should we be fortunate enough to see the Exposition in Paris, in 1900, M. Henrivaux, an enthusiastic French manufacturer, promises to show a house entirely made of glass, and with furniture, and even tapestries made of the same material.

The invention of the telescope at once extended the possibilities of accuracy in astronomical measurements The planets were shown to have visible disks, and to be attended by satelites, whose distance and position it was desirable to measure. It then became necessary to invent a micrometer for measuring small angles which were thus, for the first time, rendered visible. As the powers of the telescope were gradually developed, it was found that the finest hair, or silk, or the finest silver thread that could be drawn, were much too thick for the refined purposes of the astronomer. To obviate this difficulty, Professor Fontana, of Florence, first proposed the use of the spider web, in micrometers, and the idea was carried into practice.

Under the requirements of modern science, the microscope has developed into a wonderful instrument, revealing to man the heretofore hidden secrets of nature, and in some instances, placing in his hand a powerful weapon of defense against the inroads of disease and death. It has also taken an important place as a detector of crime. Many a criminal has to thank this wonderful little instrument for giving to the world the story of his crime, which, but for it, would have died in his bosom, and he have gone scot free from punishment.

When Eli Whitney gave to the world his famous device, the cotton-gin, he was rewarded with thirty years of ingratitude, relieved only by a few rays of sunshine. Yet, Whitney added hundreds of millions to the wealth of the United States. His personal reward was countless lawsuits and vexation of body and spirit. The value of this famous invention has so steadily grown, that its money importance to this country can scarcely be estimated in figures. His tomb at New Haven is of interest. It is after a model of that of Scipio, at Rome, and bears the following inscription: "Eli Whitney. The inventor of the Cotton Gin. Of useful science and art, the efficient patron and improver. In the social relations of life, a model of excellence. While private affection weeps at his tomb; his country honors his memory."

Cyrus H. McCormick is an inventor whose fame, while he was yet living, spread through the world. His genius has done honor to his own country, and has been the admiration of foreign nations, and he will live in the grateful recollections of mankind as long as the reaping machine is employed in gathering in the harvest. The French Academy of Sciences elected McCormick to the Institute of France, an honor paid to few Americans, the election being due to "his having done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man." Like Fulton and Morse, McCormick came of Scotch-Irish blood, and race, marked for its fixed purpose, untiring industry, and a strong sense of moral obligation During the Paris Exposition of 1867, McCormick superintended the work of his reapers at a field trial, held by the Exposition authorities, and so conclusively defeated all competitors, that Napoleon III, who walked after the reapers, expressed his determination to confer upon the inventor, then and there, the Cross of the Legion of Honor At the French Exposition of 1878, the McCormick Wire Binder won the grand prize. The whir of the American reaper is heard around the world; in Egypt, Russia, India, Australia, the machine is helping man with more than a giant's strength. Recent American travelers through Persia have described the singular effect upon them of seeing the McCormick reaper doing its steady work in the fields, followed with awe by those ignorant natives, who look upon its achievements as little short of magical. They are not far wrong, for it is more amazing than any wonder described in the Arabian Nights. Cyrus McCormick was not only the inventor of a great labor-saving machine, but he helped his fellowman in other ways. Philanthropy, religion, education, journalism, and politics received a share of his attention. He endowed with $100,000, the professorships of a theological seminary, established in Chicago. During his lifetime he gave about half a million dollars to this institution—the

Theological Seminary of the Northwest. His son, Cyrus H. McCormick, now occupies his father's place at the head of the great works in Chicago.

B. B. Hotchkiss, a Connecticut inventor, who, during the civil war, conceived the idea of a breech-loading cannon. The Franco-German war found him in Europe with a breech-loading gun that would throw shells. His success was such, that there is not a civilized country in the world where Hotchkiss guns, throwing light shells, are not now in use.

The dynamo is one of the great achievements of the day, to which Charles H. Brush has devoted himself with much signal success. Of the scores of patents he has taken out, two-thirds are said to pay him a revenue.

The April (1896) number of the Century Magazine contains an article on the inventions of Nicola Tesla. The article gives a summary of the progress made in electricity during the last fifty years as well as a forecast of the work of the next fifty years. The most notable of the inventions of Mr. Tesla, is the Oscillator, the new machine for combining the steam engine and the dynamos, which is fully described both in its single and double forms, and a plan and picture of the machine are presented for the first time. A patent contest, now in progress, has brought to notice an inventor and an invention of great interest to science. The inventor, Mr. Granville T. Woods, is notable for his ancestry. His mother's father was a Malay Indian, and his other grandparents were, by birth, full-blooded savage, Australian aborigines, born in the wilds of Melbourne. He has taken out something like thirty-five patents in various countries, and has many still pending. The present invention-exciting interest, is for the regulation of electric motors. Certain features of this invention are now involved in interference proceedings in the United States Patent Office, with five rival inventors. Of these only one had the invention perfected to the extent of using a dynamotor. This one is Dr. Wheeler, of the Croker-Wheeler Electric Company. The proceedings showed that Woods completely developed his invention when there was no prior model to guide him, and when the others were only taking the preliminary steps which led them in the same direction. The Croker-Wheeler Company have consequently been obliged to ally Mr. Woods with them, in order to retain the improvements independently invented by Mr. Wheeler.

Mrs. Henry Dormitzer has distinguished herself as an inventor. She has taken out a patent for a kind of ornamental step-ladder, that, upholstered, and reduced to inconspicuous dimensions, through some ingenious self-absorption, makes a by no means unhandsome piece of furniture. A chambermaid while cleaning a fourth story window, lost her balance, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement below, which resulted in Mrs. Dormitzer's second success as a patentee—the invention of a device by which one could either sit or stand with safety at such work, however perilous the height.

There are various patented inventions accredited to woman, such as the process of splitting feathers for feather dusters, making them more pliable and adding to their quantity; also the little paper pail that the grocers use for delivering small or wet goods in. Though seemingly of small value, they all help to make the work lighter for same, and after once using we could hardly do without.

How incomplete an article must be when we are compelled to omit such inventions as Westinghouse Air-Brake, Harvey and his screw-making, Blanchard, with his various inventions, Townsend and Drake, of oil fame. The Electropoise, which has outlived its ridicule, and so many others of equal value and of equal interest.

The field of invention is so vast and so actively worked, that one cannot take up a newspaper without finding reference to some new achievement. Aside from the direct value of these inventions in promoting the comfort and increasing the wealth of the country, there is a point to be considered.

The large number of inventions made in the United states implies a high degree of intelligence and mental activity in the great body of the people. It indicates trained powers of applying knowledge when it has been acquired. It shows an ability to turn the forces of nature, and train them to the service of man. It suggests the inquiry: Whether any other country

is so well equipped for competition in production as our own; whether in any other country is the mechanic so well paid as in our own. No better examples of the importance of small things can be found than among the records at the United States Patent Office. There are to be seen certain small objects, which, by a lucky turn of affairs, or by the ingenuity of the inventors, have become known through the United States, and even throughout the world, and have been the means of filling the pockets of both the inventors and their representatives.

It would seem as if the inventors of small objects had been far better paid in proportion to the amount of work done, than the man who had spent his life (or the best part of it) over an elaborate machine, the merits of which are hardly recognized. As a rule the inventors of small objects have not been inventors by profession. They have been persons who, by sheer luck, have stumbled upon an idea, which somebody else has recognized as a good one, and the somebody else has generally reaped the profits.

A story is told at the Patent Office of an old farmer up in Maine. The children of the old fellow (like many other children, before and since), had a way of kicking the toes out of their shoes. The farmer was of an ingenious turn of mind, and he cut out a couple of copper strips for each pair of shoes, which were fastened over the toes and between the sole and the upper. The plan proved so successful that the farmer found that where he had been buying three pairs of shoes, one pair would suffice. About this time, a man from the city happened along, and with an eye to business, prevailed on the old man to have the idea patented. This was done, and between $50,000 and $100,000 was made out of it. How much the old man got is not known. Another similar invention which made a great deal of money, was the metal buttom fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton of Providence, R. I.

By a comparatively simple arrangement, the shipping tags in use all over the country, to-day, were made a possibility. The trouble with the paper tag, was the tearing out of the tying hole before the package arrived at its destination. A cardboard reinforcement, round in shape, on each side of the tying hole, was all that was necessary to make the shipping tag a success. This was the invention of a Mr. Dennison of Philadelphia, who has made a fortune out of a lucky five minutes of thought. The "Pigs in Clover" puzzle, invented by Crandall, also inventor of the Crandall building blocks, the return ball, the flying top, have all reaped a fortune to their patentees,

Let me close with Edison's remark: "The whatever is is wrong only to this extent: the whatever is might be better."

MARY RUDD HAVEN.

## A Tribute.

PERHAPS of all the writers whom the world calls poet, none ever shrank more modestly from laying claim to that title than did Adelaide Anne Procter, and yet, the thousands into whose hearts her beautiful lines have sung their way, delight in laying upon her tomb the laurel wreath which, in life, her self-depreciation would not permit her to wear.

The daughter of a well-known author, Barry Cornwall, as he appears in the literary world, Adelaide Procter gave evidence, at an early age, that she had inherited her father's taste for letters. Charles Dickens, who was a dear friend of her father, relates of her that before she herself could write, she would beg her mother to copy her favorite bits of poetry into a tiny notebook. During her school-days, in which she distinguished herself by her brilliancy of intellect, the love of poetry grew with her growth, and developed with her splendid mentality. So diffident was she, however, that not even her nearest relatives knew that she desired to write, or possessed the gift of authorship, untll after her first attempts in literature had found their way into print. The "Cornhill Magazine" and the "Book of Beauty" published her earliest verses, and later she contributed to "All the Year Round" and "Household Words"; her poems appearing over the pen-name of Mary Berwick.

The love of literature, which was part of her nature, did not cause her to devote herself to its pursuit, to the exclusion of other things. She had a strong conception of her duty to those

about her, and no sick or needy one came within reach of her kindly influence without being cheered and comforted.

Remembering Him who "had not where to lay His head," her heart was wrung by the thought of the unfortunates without food or shelter, who, through the cold nights, wandered wearily through the streets, or found some wretched hiding place from the fury of the storm, in doors or archways. When, in 1860, a movement was made to establish a Catholic "Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor," Miss Procter, who had become a Catholic, about nine years before, threw herself heart and soul into the work. A collection of her poems, entitled "A Chaplet of Verse," was published in 1862, in the interests of this Refuge. One of these, "Homeless," pictures vividly the necessity for such an institution in a city where poverty seemed the one unpardonable sin. She wrote :

"It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To the patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and sleet?

"My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity, wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro).

"Look out in the gusty darkness,—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window-pane:
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

"Nay, our criminals are all sheltered,
They are pitied and taught and fed:
That is only a sister-woman
Who has got neither food nor bed,—
And the Night cries, 'Sin to be living,'
And the River cries, 'Sin to be dead.'

"Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack, which a peddler
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt in the damp night-air.

"Nay:—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk or woolen or cotton—
But in counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

"Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chattels
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the Poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;—
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still."

Many of the verses of this "Chaplet" reveal a deep religious spirit, and have for their inspiration confidence in and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Several of them are still sung in Catholic churches. Particularly tender and beautiful are "Ora Pro Me," "The Name of Our Lady," "The Annunciation," and "Star of the Sea."

The character of this noble woman was one of rare loveliness, in which were blended strength and gentleness, and abiding love for all that is noble and pure and beautiful. She was independent, but in no degree arrogant; and a keen sense of humor and sunny cheerfulness were her chief characteristics. She had withal a vein of seriousness that led many to deem her melancholy. The minor key in which some of her poems were written, strengthened that impression, but melancholy was far removed from her.

Adelaide Procter was no idle dreamer of dreams; she was not one to sit weakly by and deplore the evil condition of things. She sounded the keynote of her character in "Now." It expresses perfectly her sense of obligation to those about her, her sympathy and desire to help and encourage. When we read the words that Dickens puts into the mouth of cynical old Ralph Nickleby, "Of all fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a day that is gone is the most fruitless," we assent eagerly to its truth. Compare it with this—

"Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;

"No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret:
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day."

In both, there is the same idea of the irrevocability of the past, but in the former there are harsh ac-

cusation and condemnation of wasted opportunity, while the latter breathes sympathy, not blame, and encouragement for the future.

Miss Procter holds in literature a place peculiarly her own. One cannot draw a just comparison between her work and that of others, equally high in popular esteem; but one can say with truth that, to read her poems is to love their writer. The soul-uplifting strains, sweet and unstudied as the lilt of the wild bird, their revelation of a pure and tender woman's heart, their very simplicity forming, perhaps, their greatest charm, they take a hold on one that time only strengthens.

Her most enthusiastic admirers must admit that, others among the women writers of the century have surpassed Adelaide Procter in some respects—in richer fancy, greater elegance of phrase, or more classic style, it may be—but the high, clear note of her song, with its ring of truth and beauty, brings her into closer sympathy with her readers. It always seems to me that Longfellow might have had her in mind when he wrote of the poet

> " Whose songs gush from the heart
> As rain from the clouds of summer,
> Or tears from the eyelids start,"

For truly her

> " . . Songs have the power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after prayer."

We may thank Heaven, at least, in the name of all womanhood, that her fame does not rest on such doubtful foundation as the "passion poetry" and erotic idiocy which has been the introduction to public notice of some later writers. Recall some of the effusions of the writer of "lava kisses" notoriety (I use the word advisedly), and contrast them with the pure spirituality of "Because," whose last stanza runs thus:

> " But because this human Love, though true and sweet—
> Yours and mine—
> Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,
> More divine;
> That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,
> Far above you;
> Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
> —And I love you!"

Or with this—

> — " true love
>
> " Takes joy as solace, not as aim,
> And looks beyond and looks above;
> And sometimes through the bitterest strife
> First learns to live her highest life.
>
> " Earth forges joy into a chain
> Till fettered love forgets its strength,
> Its purpose and its end:—but pain
> Restores the heritage at length
> And bids love rise again and be
> Eternal, mighty, pure and free."

There is about Miss Procter's poems none of the morbid introspection or pessimism that obtains so much lately. Now and then one hears the passionate soul-cry for home and rest but the prevailing tone is one of hope, courage and incentive to higher and nobler life Her greatest ability lay in the direction of the lyric. "The Lost Chord" and "The Storm" are sung wherever the English tongue is spoken. Shining brightly forth from the galaxy of shorter poems are "One by One," "A Woman's Question," "Fidelis," "Judge Not," "A Little Longer," "A Vision," "The Angel of Death," and "A Woman's Answer," while of the longer poems, "A Legend of Bregenz," "Three Evenings in a Life," "A Legend of Provence," and "Milly's Expiation," are the best

On the second day of February, 1864, in the midst of a useful and brilliant career, Death, the "beautiful angel" of her song, closed the gentle eyes forever. Surely, it is not too much to believe that the end of that pure, earthly life was the beginning of the heavenly one, and that she had found the answer to her fervent prayer in "The Shrines of Mary"—

> " At each one, O Mother of Mercy!
> Let still more of thy love be given,
> Till I kneel at the last and brightest—
> The throne of the Queen of Heaven."

M. S Anthony.

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We learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do.

## The New-Made Grave.

Out there under the starry skies
A mound of earth, and a mass of flowers
Mark the spot where a maiden lies
As happy once as the golden hours.

A little hillock of sacred earth
Rises above the loveliest girl
That ever beneath the stars had birth,
That ever was formed of musk and pearl.

A little hillock of earth, but O
The mines of Nevada ne'er contained
A treasure so rich as lies below,
In her radiant beauty, all unstained.

A cross of roses is at her head,
And a harp stands at the feet of her,
And ribbons soiled with the tears were shed,
Lie there in knots and hint of myrrh.

Monument, there is none to mark
The spot where the marble maiden lies,
But the vesper star in the over-dark
Shines straight down from the silent skies.

O many a face has the world to show,
Many a lady in silk and furs:
But never a maid so sweet, I trow,
And never a face so fine as hers!

The world has many a prize to win,
Many a favor fair to bestow;
But gold and honors are vile as tin
To him whose treasure lies hid below.

The sun may shine, and the roses bloom,
And the white-winged ships sail o'er the sea;
The stars may gleam in the purple gloom,
But never again shall beam for me.

J. E. JOHNSTONE.

## Charlotte Bronte.

PERHAPS no book was ever received with greater enthusiasm than "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronté. The book became of even greater interest when the public learned the close relation it bore to the life of the author Charlotte Bronté was of humble parentage. Her father, a native of Ireland, the Rev. Patrick Bronté, and the village curate of Haworth, was born March 17, 1777. He was a poor, ambitious youth of extraordinary quickness and intelligence, so, early learned to depend upon his own exertions. At the age of sixteen, he opened a public school in which he taught for five or six years, then attended St. John's College, Cambridge, where after four years' residence, he obtained his B. A. degree, and was ordained to a Curacy in Essex. He removed to Yorkshire, and became curate of Hartsford, a very small village there, where he wooed and married Maria Brammell, third daughter of Thomas Brammell, a merchant of Penzance. They (The Brammells) were a sturdy Methodist family, but sufficiently well descended to associate with the best society that Penzance afforded. Rev. Bronté met Miss Brammell while she was visiting an uncle, near Leeds She, a small and fascinating but elegant young lady, soon won the heart of the susceptible young curate, and was persuaded to a speedy marriage, which took place on the 29th of December, 1812. Mr. and Mrs. Bronté remained in Hartsford five years, during which time two daughters, Marie and Elizabeth, were born. From Hartsford they moved to Thornton where, in rapid succession, Charlotte, on the 21st of April, 1816, Patrick, Emily and Anne were born. Mrs. Bronté's health soon began to fail after the birth of this last child, at which time the eldest, Marie, was little over seven. The curate now took his family to Haworth. Haworth parsonage was an old, oblong stone house, facing the church, about a hundred yards distant. On three sides of the house and garden, was the village graveyard. The house, with its dismal surroundings, was hardly brighter within; for the mother was ill, and the father not overly fond of the children. There were a few mill owners in the village; but, otherwise, most of the people were employed in the neighboring worsted mills. There were a few shop-keepers for the humbler and everyday wants, but for medical advice, for stationery, books, law, dress, and dainties, the villagers had to go to Keighley. Mr. Bonté was on friendly terms with all, especially with Church people of all denominations, though he was always rather reserved. Says one, "he is a rare good one, he minds his own business and never troubles himself with ours." The little children were left much to themselves,—they ate alone, and often they sat reading, or whispering low in the children's study, or wandered out on the hillside hand in hand. Mr. Bronté wished to make his children hardy, and indifferent to the pleasures

of eating and dress. They had nothing but potatoes for dinner, and endured many other hardships through this rigid training. It was thus that Charlotte Bronté began life.

After her mother's death, September, 1821, she was left to the tender mercies of her stern father. He sent her with three sisters to a Church school near Leeds. The life at this institution made lasting impressions on Charlotte, for we see its influence on her works, especially in "Jane Eyre." Mr. Wilson, a trustee, also treasurer and secretary, was more cruel and severe than her father. His character as Lowood appears in "Jane Eyre," and Charlotte was so severe in her treatment that she afterwards would have been glad of an opportunity to correct the over-strong impression she had made on the public. Everything she had written was true, however, for she had suffered her whole life long, both in heart and body, from that which had happened to her in this school.

The sisters all became ill from bad food and other needful comforts. Maria and Elizabeth died soon after returning home, and Charlotte was left at the age of sixteen to care for the younger children.

We understand the surroundings of Charlotte Bronté's life now, how she had to spin everything from her own imagination in that cold, still, gruesome Haworth parsonage, so with all her genius she was strictly and narrowly limited. She was ignorant of the world to a degree, immeasurably below any other known writer of fiction. It was impossible for any genius to paint a world of which it was as ignorant as a child. But now a slightly broadening influence comes into her life to help her out. She again left home in 1831, being sent to Miss Wooley's school, at Rothead, for two years, where her remarkable talents were duly appreciated, and where friendships were formed which lasted throughout her life. In 1835, when scarcely over nineteen, she became a teacher at Miss Wooley's school, and then she was very happy until her health failed. Here father's resources were few and poor, so Charlotte must do something. She had hoped at some time to become an artist, but her eyes failing, another vocation must be tried.

Perhaps now would be a fitting time to give some idea of Miss Bronté's personal appearance. She was a very small woman, always neat in person, her features were large, plain and ill set, excepting her eyes, which were wonderfully beautiful. These eyes overbalanced all defects, and attracted all to her whom she cared to have.

Having given up teaching, she tried writing. She wrote for the magazines for awhile, hoping to try something more venturesome soon. This she did, for she sent some poems to Mr. Lonthey for criticism. Though lenient, he discouraged the struggling young girl, and she again tried teaching—this time as governess. She had many sorrowful and distasteful experiences, as her letters to her father and sisters show, (page 157). The failure of her health again caused her to give up teaching. She spent the winter of 1840–41 at home, writing a story. It was, probably, at this time that her literary pursuits began in earnest. This story, however, was never published. Again she was engaged as an English teacher, at the same time, studying German and French. She felt, however, that she was needed at home, as her brother was not well. Being the only boy, and very clever at that, he, of course, was a great favorite. Though the sisters did not recognize their own powers, they knew his. They considered him an artist, and with much sacrifice, sent him to the Royal Academy, London.

Being talented, a brilliant talker, gifted writer, apt at drawing, and withal a handsome youth, he easily became a favorite, and not having a strong will was easily led astray. What he might have been, he never was. And even another sorrow was to come into Charlotte and her sisters' lives,—their father was fast losing his eyesight. It was during this time that the cherished desire of the three sisters to become authors, came to light. Charlotte discovered a MS volume of verse in her sister's (Emily's) handwriting. They were poems which Charlotte considered worthy of publication. Anne, also wrote some poems, which contained a sweet sincere pathos of their own. The sisters now decided to publish a collection of their poems. Averse to personal publicity, they veiled their own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Failing as poets, they

wrote three prose tales, which met with even less success than the poems. Charlotte's story, "The Professor," was sent to several publishers for she would not give up Mrs. Gaskel says: "But she had the heart of Robert Bruce within her, and failure upon failure daunted her no more than him." It was then and there she began "Jane Eyre."

Charlotte's sisters had once said to her that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting if she were not beautiful. Charlotte, however, answered, "I will prove to you that you are wrong. I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Her proof was "Jane Eyre."

Charlotte kept the strictest secrecy in regard to her literary aspirations, not even confiding in her father. He guessed the truth, however, and was greatly surprised at the wonderful success of the book. It took the public by storm. One of the first copies was presented by the author to Thackeray, for whom Miss Bronté had great admiration, and the second edition was dedicated to him. Just in the midst of the furor, her sister Emily became ill, the sister she most loved, and we best know her true feeling towards this sister from a letter (page 63 and 68 in Vol. 2). Emily was not long dead when Anne was taken (page 90). Charlotte now began the tale of "Shirley," and she took extreme pains with this novel, for she felt that the fame she had acquired imposed upon her a double responsibility. This novel must be like a piece of actual life, and she took the idea of most of her characters from life, although the incidents and situations were fictitious.

She thought that if these last were imaginary, she might draw from the real without detection. She was mistaken, however, her studies were too closely accurate. She was anxious as ever to preserve her incognito, but the secret was fast leaking out,—a friend of Haworth recognized the situations and places as belonging to Haworth, and made known to the world that Charlotte Bronté was the author of "Jane Eyre." She now went to London where she was thrown into what appeared to her a whirl The recluse life she had led was the cause of a nervous shrinking from meeting new faces, which lasted throughout her life,—still, she longed to have an idea of the personal appearance and names of some of those whose writings or letters interested her. On this visit she first met Mr. Thackeray, which, of course, meant much to her.

One of the deepest interests of her life centers naturally around her marriage, and the course of events which led to her few months of wedded life—that short spell of exceeding happiness.

Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, had seen her almost daily for years, as a daughter, sister, mistress and friend. He was a grave, reserved, conscientious man, not one to be attracted by literary genius. In silence he had watched and loved her long. (See 22 a, Vol. 2 ) Mr. Bronté was averse to the marriage, so Mr. Nicholls resigned from his curacy, but when all missed him so, Mr. Bronté relented and asked him to again resume his duties in Haworth. Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte were quietly married in Haworth Church, on the 29th of June, 1854. After a hard and long struggle, after many cares and bitter sorrows, she at last tasted happiness. But her end was near,—she took a severe cold when out walking with her husband. She soon gave birth to a child, but her condition was so critical that with the coming of the child her life ended, on March 31, 1855. The solemn tolling of the Haworth church bell spoke forth her death to the villagers, who had known and loved her since a child, and their hearts shivered within them as they thought of the husband and father sitting desolate and alone in the old grey house.

ALICE VANTER.

## Manufacture of Pig Iron on the Niagara River.

PITTSBURGH and its vicinity has for so long been identified with the great iron industries of the country, that one's first thought is, that its many and prosperous concerns are located there by reason of exceptional advantages which this city enjoys.

There is, probably, no equal area of territory in the world which eclipses in tonnage of pig iron product this centre and recognized leader of all branches of the iron trade.

While iron manufacturers found at one time good reason for the establishment of their blast

furnaces in this vicinity, other localities have now been found so far superior in point of cheapening the cost of production, that Pittsburgh capital has, for the last decade. been expended more in saving its original investments by improvements upon a colossal scale, for the sake of cheapening production, than in the developement of new and competitive concerns.

There was a time when Pittsburgh had but to reach out with one hand to find the native iron ore of Pennsylvania, and with the other to find veins of coking coals which were thought to be inexhaustible. There is, however, there to-day little native ore rich enough in iron to pay for its handling through a blast furnace, while the coke supply has been moved farther and farther from the centre of its use through the constant drains upon its rich viens which have yielded millions of tons annually for many years.

The rich iron ores of Wisconsin and Michigan, yielding from 50 per cent.. to 68 per cent. in metallic iron, are to-day used almost exclusively in all blast furnaces in the northern part of our country, while coal, in most cases inferior, but in one case superior to the famous Pittsburgh Connellsville coal, has been found, the coking qualities of which are assured through successful trial during a number of years.

A little description of how pig iron is manufactured, is pertinent.

The iron ore as it is mined, and which would appear to one unacquainted with the subject, like common earth or clay, is found in the oxide state. (This being the Hematite ore, the most abundant in Lake Superior regions). It is necessary to free the iron from the oxygen in the process of manufacture.

A quantity of coke is placed in the bottom of the furnace, and upon it the iron ore, with an amount of limestone large enough to make a "flux;" and successive layers of coke, ore, and limestone are placed in the furnace until it is full. The coke, then, is lighted, and the carbon of the coke uniting with the oxygen of the ore, passes out of the furnace as gas, the ore being melted by hot air blown into the furnace, the iron drops to the bottom where it is drawn out into sand moulds, called pigs, being of convenient size to handle, while the limestone, acting as a "flux," carries off the impurities of the ore and the ash of the coke, leaving nothing in the moulds but pure iron which is allowed to cool, and is thrown into cars for shipment.

If one will for a moment consider that it takes from one and two-thirds to two tons of ore, while it takes but about one ton of coke to make a ton of pig iron, he will readily see why a lake situation where ore can be brought by vessel, is far superior in point of cheapness of production, to an inland point where both ore and coke must be transported by rail.

This has been illustrated in the large manufacturies in South Chicago, Loraine, Cleveland and North Tonawanda, all lake ports, which have been able to successfully compete with Pittsburgh, of late, and to exclude her pig iron entirely from certain districts, heretofore absolutely dependent upon her for their iron supply.

The Niagara Furnaces operated by the Tonawanda Iron and Steel Co., and located in North Tonawanda, are turning out daily from 470 to 500 tons of pig iron.

This concern, started some eight or nine years ago, is located upon the Niagara River, where vessels of 1,800 tons burden can unload their cargoes direct from Michigan and Wisconsin harbors.

The President of the Company, Mr. Wm. A. Rogers, a former resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, but now living in Buffalo, and a member of the pig iron firm of Rogers, Brown & Co., has, by his untiring efforts, made this very large plant, the model furnace of this country.

The Company enjoys a patronage of pig iron consumers, second to none, while by its constant desire and success in pleasing the buyers of its large product in New England, the East, South, and in Canada, with the highest class of iron, it has attained a position unique among iron manufacturers.

The ore direct from Lake Superior ports is elevated by hoisting machines from the hatches of the vessels where it is placed upon the large docks, and the mountains of ore are to be seen from far up and down the beautiful Niagara River, so famous the world over, and in this country, especially, of late, for the utilization of its wonderful and limitless power.

The coke is brought from central Pennsylvania, and is of good quality, while the best of limestone is found in the near vicinity of North Tonawanda.

Upon the result of the late presidential election it was decided to start the "B" furnace which was lighted by Mr. McKinley, who touched a button in Canton, thus starting a "blast" which bids fair to be of long and successful duration.

GLEN WRIGHT.

## William Morris.

THERE is not so little understood a man in the literary world of London as William Morris. It is because he is so many-sided a man that he is known neither by his countrymen nor by Americans. If he were only a mere poet, it would be easy to write of him, and properly classify him, but he is a larger figure in life than he is in literature, and he therefore belongs to the future rather than the present.

Besides being a poet, he is also a critic, designer, socialist, and general man of letters. He was born near London, in 1834, and is known as the "Artist of the Beautiful." Morris appears to have been devoted from youth to the service of the beautiful, and, as an artist, seems to find enchantment and content in the loveliness of his romantic work. He has followed more than one branch of art, and enjoys, besides his fame as a poet, a practical reputation as an original and graceful designer in decorative works of many kinds. Doubtless the poet Morris while making his unique drawings for stained glass, wall-paper, or decorative tile work, finds a pleasure as keen as that of the artist Morris in the construction of his metrical romances. Mr. Morris's early work was not unfrequently incoherent and inartistic. But even the pieces that were most open to observation contained passages that were written with singular directness, simplicity, and sweetness. As for his poetry, it is of a sort which must be delightful to construct, wholly removed from self, breeding neither anguish nor disquiet, but full of soft music and a familiar olden charm. So easeful to read, it cannot be unrestful to compose.

Much like the lotos-eater in his dream, he is willing to be deluded, and no longing for the real makes him half sick of shadows. His first book of verse, "The Defense of Guinevere," and other poems, published in 1858, give us pieces that repay close reading. There is no purer or fresher landscape, more clearly visible both to the author and the reader, than is found in Morris's volumes. Not only are his descriptions of every aspect of Nature perfect, but he enters fully into the effect produced by her changes upon our lives and feelings. His first work was quite in sympathy with that of Rossetti;—an effort to disconnect poetry from modern thought and purpose. It was saturated with the Pre-Chaucecian spirit. In mediaeval tone, color, and somewhat rigid drawing, it corresponded to the missal-work style of Pre-Raphaelites in art. The manner was too studied to permit of swift movement; the language somewhat ancient and obscure.

There is much that is fine, however, in the plumed and heroic ballad "Riding Together," and "The Haystack in the Flood" is a powerful conception, with historic truth and dramatic effect.

The thirty poems he fitly inscribed to Rossetti, made up a work whose value somewhat depended upon its promise for the future. The true Pre-Raphaelite is willing to bury his own name in order to serve his art; to spend a life, if need be, in laying the ground wall upon which his successors can build a new temple that shall replace the timeworn structure he has helped to tear away. Morris's second volume showed that he had left the shadows of ballad minstrelsy and entered the pleasant sunlight of Chaucer.

After seven years of silence, "The Life and Death of Jason" was a surprise, and was welcomed as the sustained performance of a true poet. It is a narrative poem, of epic proportions, all story and action, strongly and sweetly carried from the first book to the last of seventeen. The "Earthly Paradise" was conceived in a day that should be marked with a white stone In this important work, Morris reaches the height of his success as a relator. His poems always have been stories. Even the shortest ballads in his first book are upon themes from the old chronicles. "The Earthly Paradise" has the universe of fiction for a field, and reclothes the

choicest and most famous legends of Asia and Europe with the delicate fabric of its verse He well nigh exhausted the treasures of Greek mythology and Gothic folk-lore. In this story we feel that we are dealing with our own ancestors, and that there is to us a root of reality even in their most grotesque superstitions. These superstitions are the outcome of the northern imagination Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway sail in quest of the earthly paradise, an island of bliss, find it, and remain in it for the remainder of their lives, passing the time with tales from Greek and Teutonic sources, the conception implies a castle of indolence and existence conditioned by languid repose.

"The Earthly Paradise," extended to the enormous length of 40,000 lines, is a library of itself, and in yielding to its spell, we experience anew the delights which the "Arabian Nights" afforded our childhood.

### A Day in Surrey with Mr. Morris, in 1886.

*By Emma Lazarus.*

Early in July a party of four started, on a midsummer morning, for a day at Merton Abbey, which was originally, as its names implies, a Norman Monastery, but since the time of Cromwell, it has been adapted to manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Morris, therefore, had no need to run counter to his art instinct by transforming to business purposes a thing of pure beauty. As we neared our goal, we saw framed against the black back-ground of one of the upper windows, the cordial face and stalwart figure of William Morris, clad in a dark-blue blouse.

Before we alighted, he was at the gate to receive us, welcoming us with his great hearty voice and warm hand grip. He has a robust, powerful form, crowned with a tall, massive head covered with a profusion of dark curly hair, plentifully mixed with gray. His florid color and a certain roll in his gait, and a habit of swaying to and fro while talking, suggest the sailor, but still more distinctly are the fine modeling and luminous expression of the features seen. The manufactory consists of a small group of detached buildings where the various processes of dyeing, stamping and weaving fabrics of wool, cloth and silk, and of staining designs of glass, are carried on by male and female operatives, of different degrees of skill, ranging from the uneducated mechanic to the intelligent artist. In the first out-house that we entered, stood great vats of liquid dye, into which some skeins of unbleached wool were dipped for our amusement; as they were brought dripping forth, they appeared of a sea-green color, but after a few moments' exposure to the air, they settled into a fast dusky blue. Scrupulous neatness and order reigned everywhere in the establishment, and no where was one conscious of the depressing sense of confinement that usually pervades a factory. There is no branch of work performed in Mr. Morris's factory in which he himself is not skilled. He has re-discovered lost methods, and carefully studied existing processes. Not only do his artisans share his profits, but, at the same time, they feel that he understands their difficulties and requirements, and that he can justly estimate and reward their performance. Then an admirable relation is established between employer and employed, a sort of frank comradeship, marked by mutual respect and good will.

The exquisite fabrics to be found in his workshop, which have so largely influenced English taste, is the chief household decoration. Mr. Morris's aim has been to revive a sense of beauty in home life, to restore the dignity of art to ordinary household decoration. So strong and wide has been his influence, that he may be said to have revolutionized English taste in decorative art. Graceful designs, reproduced from natural out-door objects, fabrics of substantial worth, be they the simplest cotton stuffs, or the most exquisite silks and brocades, colors that will stay fast through sunshine and shade, have originated in his mind.

The next important service is that done to the workman,—that he shall take pleasure in his work, that decent conditions of light, and breathing space and cleanliness shall surround him, that he shall be made to feel himself not the brainless hand but the intelligent co-operator, the friend of the man who directs his labor,—that his honest toil shall inevitably win fair and comfortable wages, whatever be the low-water record of the market price of men, that illness or trouble befalling him, during the term of his employment, shall not mean dismissal and starva-

tion. These are the general characteristics of his manufactory. No one insists more strenuously than he upon the necessity of simplifying our lives. Nothing can be a work of art which is not useful, and which does not minister to the body when well under command of the mind, or which does not amuse, soothe, or elevate the mind in a healthy state. Some of his many sayings are as follows:

"If you cannot learn to love real art, at least learn to hate sham art, and reject it. Learn to do without."

"Who troubles himself about his ornament, or fluency is lost."

"Love the earth, the sun, and the animals."

"Despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks."

"Stand up for the stupid and crazy."

"Devote your income and labor to others."

"Hate tyrants. Argue not concerning God."

"Have patience and indulgence towards the people."

"Go freely, with powerful, uneducated persons, and with the young, and the mothers of families, re-examine all you have been told at school or church. Dismiss whatever insults your soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency, not only in its words but in the silent lines of your lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

Another saying is this:

"That thing which I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor."

He could not have a more eloquent epitaph than this on his tombstone.

C. Owen.

## Canterbury Cathedral and the Ages.

IT does not require the suggestiveness of its pictured Cathedral which is before me; the mere mention of that Cathedral, nay, the word "Canterbury" is the epitomized history!—of what?—any school-boy will answer, "Thomas à Becket!"

The part of the Cathedral in which the great Archbishop was murdered on the altar steps, is called "Martyrdom." Its horrified and desecrated atmosphere is present to our senses to-day. Coincident with this anachronism, and connected with memories of Becket, are the recent deaths of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury, one of the successors to Becket's Church, and of the late Dr. W. T. Harris of Brantford, Ontario, who, through his mother, Margaret Butler, was descended from one of Thomas à Becket's sisters.

Archbishop Benson died of apoplexy, in church. Mr. Gladstone, whom he was visiting at the time, asseverated that "he died like a soldier." He certainly died at his post; but how feebly this reflects or repeats the soldierly death of the brave priest, St. Thomas à Becket!

Dr. Harris, who, like Archbishop Benson, also died of apoplexy, and in the prime of life, was a born soldier; to him passed unabated the fiery, military spirit of his ancestors, and the brave heart of the Arab Emir's daughter, from whom the Becket-Butlers are descended.

What a strange story is that of the Beckets,—or of the Butlers, who now represent them! Their progenitor, Gilbert Becket, went on one of the Crusades, was taken prisoner by an Arab Emir, whose daughter fell in love with him, and, at great peril to herself, released him from prison. He hurried home to England; and his lady-love followed. She knew only two English words, "Gilbert" and "London." By using the latter, especially as she was seen to be a lady of rank, she gained passage in a ship bound for England. When she reached London, always guided by sympathizing Crusaders, with the dear name "Gilbert" ever upon her lips, she untiringly searched the thoroughfares until she found her lover. We are told that his joy was so intense and the circumstance so pathetic that he wept like a woman. Deep was their thanksgiving. The gentle infidel was immediately placed under religious instruction, in due time was baptized, given the Christian name of "Maud," and married to her Crusader with much solemnity and general rejoicing. Church annals testify to the extraordinary piety of her life; her reward, even here, was her Heaven-chosen son, our dear St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Two daughters, "Mary" and "Agnes" were also born to Gilbert Becket and his brave Syrian wife

History, however antagonistic to the Catholic Church, cannot misinterpret the noble life and still more noble death of Thomas à Becket.

Maintaining against Henry II of England that the moral law can never bend to the civil, and towering like a second Michael against his foes, visible and invisible, in Gladstone's words, "He died like a soldier!"

Upon the second visit of the King's threatening barons, passing into the church whose doors he would not have fastened, the Archbishop awaited on the altar steps his assassins, Reginald Fitz-Urse, Richard Breto, William de Tracy and Hugh de Morville. In they followed, crying "Where is the Archbishop?" "Where is that Traitor?" Becket advanced boldly answering, "Here I am, an archbishop but no traitor!" "Flee!" shouted De Tracy. "I will never flee!" replied the lion-hearted prelate. When De Tracy took hold of him, the Archbishop seized him by the collar and almost shook him out of his armor. On rushed the other assassins! When Thomas à Becket ceased to resist murderous sin he could not move a finger, his voice was stilled forever, and his brains were scattered about the altar and on the pavement. How enviable his Calvary! Well has the spot been named "Martyrdom."

St. Thomas à Becket suffered death in 1170 In 1174, the penitent, Henry II, by way of atonement to the family, gave to the Archbishop's sisters, Mary and Agnes Becket, large tracts of land in Ireland,—poor Ireland! lately betrayed, and new to suffering and to spoliation!

One of the Becket sisters married Theobald Walker, the Chief Butler of Ireland; and, from her, the Ormond-Butlers are descended. The head of that House is still Marquis of Ormond. They have also borne the titles of Earls of Carrick and of Ossory.

Since the founding of their house, the Butlers have been very prominent in Irish history,—and likewise in English history, for one of them married a daughter of Edward III of England.

Through the centuries, to be born a Butler means to be born a soldier.

They loved their Faith: when the Reformation struck Ireland, they unflinchingly saw their territory wrested from them, portion by portion.

Thomas Butler was the Lord Ormond of Queen Elizabeth's time: he was a kinsman of that queen, being related to the Boleyns. His family pride was stung by the taunts of Anne Boleyn's perfidious profligacy, and Elizabeth's illegitimacy. Moreover, his ambition was fired at thought of high reward from his kinswoman, so he took up arms with the party in Ireland who had espoused Elizabeth's cause. But having been taken prisoner, he sought his old-time religious consolation, and, upon regaining freedom, lived and died a fervent, penitent Catholic. His lack of fortitude when his "faith was tried by fire," helped to rob his family of their religion: rather than lose what remained of their broad acres, and see wives and children destitute, they conformed to the requirements of the Reformation.

Two unmarried members of the family, James and Walter Butler, gave up riches and honors for conscience' sake, and, taking all that was left to them, their good swords, sought on the Continent freedom of religion and a grave.

Walter distinguished himself in Spain. James took service with the Emperor of Austria, and achieved lasting fame in resisting the invasion of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The poor Irishman, whose bravery was the envy of the Austrian officers, was given a high place at court, and became the trusted friend of the Emperor.

Two younger scions of the House of Ormond, John and Walter Butler, were, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, practising law in New York. Being Butlers, they were fonder of Mars than of "Blackstone." They remained loyal to the British Empire. John Butler raised and commanded the loyal American Regiment of "Butler's Rangers;" Walter Butler was one of his Captains With the Butlers were allied Captain Joseph Brant and his Indians. Walter fell in battle.

At the close of the war, Colonel John Butler's property in New York having been confiscated, he was granted an indemnity of five thousand pounds and a large tract of land in Canada. He settled at Niagara (on-the-Lake), built the Barracks there which still are in use, died in 1796, and is interred in the family burying-ground near the town. A tablet to his memory has been erected in St. Mark's Episcopal Church. It is not the "Martyrdom" of Canterbury; were

it that, we should sigh. We sigh that it is not !

Dr. Harris of Brantford, one of Col. John's descendants, inherited all the family pride, the Butler love of arms, the Syrian woman's courage, Thomas á Becket's bravery, and the Oriental love of pomp, as Surgeon-Major of the "Dufferin Rifles." was buried with most impressive military honors, and lies in the Mohawk Church cemetery, near Brantford, only a few paces from the last resting-place of the famous Capt. Brant, his forefather's friend and ally.

At Harris's grave—the Canterbury of the nineteenth century—attend the battle spirits of the Orient, and of the Occident. We hear them in every breeze that stirs the pines,—the Moslem's "Allah, illah Allah!" answers the Crusaders' "St. George for Merrie England!"; loud o'er the grave of Brant rises the Indian war-hoop, then sinks to a wail for valor gone. Again, all is hushed before that undying knell from Canterbury whose burden is the Crusaders' cry—"For God and Holy Rood!" Ah! the Present and the Past are interchangeably linked, nay blended, and our contemporaries show forth not only the mental characteristics, but the striking counterparts of forms and features that have mingled with the dust for centuries.

The Becket-Butlers have always boasted the brave heart with the quick temper, an unchanging family type of beauty, and lastly—very small hands and feet. The Emir's daughter must have transmitted the latter, for they fill the Arabian requirement of beauty, "the arched instep under which a stream can flow!"

Ah! that the Becket-Butlers had but kept their gaze directed upward! Would that they could still say, "We have fought the fight, we have kept the Faith!"

IDRIS.

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Do not be afraid of spoiling any one with kindness. It cannot be done. Instead of spoiling, it beautifies the character, cheers the heart, and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very tired. Let not a little adversity frighten you away, for, under the most frigid exterior, there is always to be found a tender chord, which can be touched by kindness, and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are as sunshine to a struggling plant.

## Erin.

Dear Erin, fair Erin, loved Isle of the Sea;
How oft I'm delighted with mem'ries of thee;
So oft in my musings thy beauties unfold,
That I'm lost in their shimmering meshes of gold.

Thy purple-clad mountains, banked 'gainst the blue sky;
At their feet the green meadows all flower-decked lie;
And thy cool, sylvan glades where the lowing herds stray,
To linger and rest through the long summer day.

On thy wild mountain-side the white cottage is seen
Embowered in verdure most wondrously green;
And the steep, winding path, leading on by the brae,
To the glen o'er whose bosom thy bright waters play.

How grand are thy ruined old cloisters! And long
May the blithe birds still warble their anthem and song,
Only sheltered from storms by the ivy's green spray,
As they flit here and there through realms of decay.

Then Erin, loved Erin, famed in story and song,
Thy glories shall linger while ages prolong;
Till God's trumpet shall sound and the angels shall roll
His kingdoms together in Eternity's scroll.

CATHARINE EWART SANDERS.

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INTELLECTUAL graces of the highest order may perish and confound each other when exercised in a spirit of ill-temper, or under the license of bad manners.

THERE are lives that bless and are blessed wherever they go. They are like fertilizing streams that flow through the arid desert clothing its dreary sands with a mantle of softest verdure, and gemming it with starry flowers.

PLUTARCH tells of an idle and effeminate Etrurian who found fault with the manner in which Themistocles had conducted a recent campaign. "What," said the hero, in reply, "have you, too, something to say about war, who are like the fish that has a sword, but no heart?" He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.

From the painting by B. Plockhorst.

"And the Angel answering, said to the women: Fear not you, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid."—*St. Matthew xxviii. 5, 6.*

## 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.

Obiit 1892.

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### CHAPTERS VII. and VIII.

***Superiority, 1862-1883.***

Dr. Cornthwaite, Bishop Briggs' successor in the See of Beverley, was consecrated in the November following his predecessor's death. A few months later, March, 1862, he began a visitation of the York Convent, which extended over eight months. Eminently a man of prayer and deep spiritual instincts, leading a life of interior mortification and communion with God, which few who met him casually ever suspected, the study of religious life and connection with it had a peculiar charm for him. His relations with St. Mary's were exceptional. The house had been subject to the Mother-house of the Institute of Mary, at Munich, from its establishment until 1816, when in consequence of the temporary dissolution of the Mother-house by Napoleonic aggression in Germany, the English branch of the Congregation was severed by Papal rescript from the parent-stem; and its allegiance to the General Superior transferred to the ordinary of the Northern Vicariate. The Bishop there was a good deal more than the ecclesiastical superior of the community. The Rule of the Institute, having been approved by the Holy See, was not subject to his control; but the particular constitutions of this house did not until a very recent date obtain the Papal sanction; and he was free, therefore, to modify them, at discretion; as also the minor customs and observances not comprehended in their text. Thus, there was a large margin, beyond the direct scope of the Rule, left for legislation; and Bishop Cornthwaite thought good to exercise his judgment freely within its range. He had no sooner informed himself as to the general condition of the household, than he set about vigorously remodeling the administration in every department according to his ideal of a well-ordered religious establishment. He called in the Rule book, which he re-translated and copiously annotated, at the cost of much time and labour. He examined, revised, and altered the book of constitutions. Then he took into consideration almost every detail of conventual life, even to the minutest points of domestic economy.

Devotional exercises, common duties, the time of rising, food, dress, school management—all fell within the scope of the remodelling process. The new regulations were not issued in the form of a collective code; but were announced severally, at intervals, as his Lordship came to a conclusion respecting each particular point. It was a long, tedious business, occupying many months, during which, the nuns suffered, naturally, a certain amount of suspense, day by day awaiting new orders, and wondering what would come next. Their deep-rooted habit of unquestioning obedience—the distinguishing characteristic of the community was well exercised. The community, at the time, numbered over fifty members, including those whom the Bishop had recalled from Scarborough. Among them were a few who, on several accounts, seemed more likely to be chosen for superiority than S. M. Juliana. She was only thirty-four years of age, one of the youngest sisters of completed noviceship. The Bishop had insisted, when laying down rules for the guidance of the voters, that age should be left out of the reckoning. She had been entrusted with none of the more important offices of the house, and was, consequently, deficient in the experience regarded ordinarily as necessary to the due discharge of the superior's duties. Entering upon her task, too, as she did, when the community was passing through a crisis, it must be owned that her position was one needing a brave heart and a firm confidence in an arm stronger than her own.

It is interesting to note here that Reverend Mother Juliana was the eleventh superior of the York Convent, in succession from its Foundress of holy memory, Mother Frances Bedingfield. This her first election was confirmed only for three years. Previously, from the severance of the York Community from the Munich motherhouse, the superior's tenure of office had been life-long. To this article of the legislation, Bishop Cornthwaite was especially averse. He, therefore, having first gained the feeling of the community on

the subject, sought and obtained a rescript from Rome ordaining that the superior should hold office for six years, at the end of which term, she could be reinstated only with the express permission of the Holy See At the expiration of her triennium, Reverend Mother Juliana was reelected for six years, and then again for another and another sexennium, after which, she once more obtained a majority of votes, but was not installed, the Holy See refusing to confirm the fifth election.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Early Trials of Superiority.*

Good Mother Mary Ursula, the veteran Novice-Mistress, of austere renown, spoke the truth when, on Reverend Mother Juliana's election day, she remarked: "We have lost a saint in our late superior, but we have got another." It was well, indeed, for the one entering upon the office that she brought to it a large stock of solid virtue, of steadfast faith, and calm trust in God, for it was a painful trial to a sensitive soul like hers to be called on to govern subjects almost all her seniors, and under most of whom she had been a child at school,—to govern them, too, not according to the promptings of her own heart and judgment, but in entire dependence upon the judgment of another, and on the lines of a programme traced out for her with minute precision. The obedience she had hitherto practised, in which no flaw could be detected, was as child's play in comparison with that which was required of her now.

The members employed in the more important posts of labour were to be replaced by younger nuns. His Lordship's directions in regard of the due discharge of the duties of each new official, were numerous and detailed. As he lived, at this time, in the house at Micklegate which had been Bishop Briggs' last home, he was able to give his orders at St. Mary's, and see to their being carried out in person. Each morning he paid a visit to the Convent to make known to the Superior his latest formed decisions, and to enquire if those of the day before had been attended to.

The brunt of the battle, however, lay in the sequel of three interviews, when she had to make known their purport to her subjects. In many instances, it was an understood thing that his Lordship was solely responsible for the orders given, and that she was simply the medium of their transmission, but in other cases, the arrangements appeared to emanate from herself, though, in reality, there was no room for an alternative in the small margin left for the exercise of her judgment, and it is easy to imagine how a timid, sensitive nature must have shrunk from the obligation of continually requiring the sacrifice of opinion from those she had been wont to treat with the utmost deference; and what it must have cost her to deprive them of their positions of trust, and to withhold from them that confidence which seemed their due. Yet, not only did she steadfastly follow the plan traced out for her by the episcopal hand, but she did so in the most loyal spirit, without any effort to shield herself from adverse reflections, by attributing the initiative of her acts to another. Happily those she dealt with were like-minded with herself, ready to sacrifice all that was dear to them at the voice of obedience, without a murmur. Their complete, unquestioning submission was not without its effect upon the master, who was putting it so severely to the test. One day, when the Bishop was paying his daily visit, enquiring of Reverend Mother of her latest regulations—they had involved a considerable amount of self-denial on the part of the nuns—had been carried into effect; receiving an affirmative answer, his ordinary coolness gave way, and he could not restrain his tears.

Sometimes his orders, given very laconically and in an off hand way, occasioned Reverend Mother some perplexity, as in the following instance. He was making a tour of inspection through the Convent, one day, attended by the Superior and two or three other sisters, when, passing by a window on one of the flights of stairs, he remarked that the wall underneath it was a good deal scratched. He briefly murmured something that sounded like an injunction, but of which Reverend Mother could catch nothing but the word "sand paper." In vain she tried to conjecture what his Lordship's meaning might be, she was obliged to appeal to him for an explanation. What had he meant, she asked, by a reference to sand-paper, in his tour through the house. He replied that, seeing the

wall disfigured by scratching, he presumed that the nuns were in the habit of striking matches against it, and he wished to intimate that a little sand-paper would serve their purpose just as well. The mere suspicion of so disorderly a proceeding must have shocked her decorous instincts, not a little. She was able to inform his Lordship, however, that not any of the nuns, but a venerable cat belonging to the establishment, had committed the misdemeanor in its progress to and from its favorite post of observation on the window-sill

In illustration of the whole-hearted obedience displayed by the elders of the Community under Dr. Cornthwaite's legislation, the example may be cited of good, old Sister Mary Sales Russell, a typical representative of the old Bar spirit, in as much as reverence for authority was concerned. The ardor which she put into the work of transforming herself, in theory and practice, after the newly proposed standard, and her zeal in trying to conform even to the less important manifestations of the episcopal will, were exceedingly edifying, and, at times, perhaps, somewhat entertaining. The children in the school observed, with mingled feelings, how her former ways of thinking and acting were in many cases actually reversed.

Passive compliance with the new order of things, and the suppression of dear old traditions did not come so naturally to the young people as to their religious guardians, and, now and then, a youthful voice would be raised to dissent from some new law, regarded as an innovation. It was speedily silenced, however, by our zealous champion of episcopal authority. "C'est Monseigneur quil'a ordonné," was Sister Mary Sales' stereotyped direction, on these occasions, and the solemnity with which the words were uttered rendered them doubly impressive. Among Monseigneur's many admonitions to the Community, was one, to the effect that, there was a certain stiffness of manner about them which he would like to see corrected. A more perfect personification of the rigid "old-school" decorum than the good old religious we are considering, it would have been hard to find. Nevertheless, she was determined to obey in this matter as in all else, and a curious sight it was to see the ancient nun amongst externs putting on a vivacity of manner and a forced appearance of being at ease, utterly at variance with her native propensity and life-long custom. Such efforts often provoked a smile among her sisters, a smile that could not but be associated with the conviction that: "For such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Reverend Mother Juliana had been in superiority a little less than a year, and having steered prosperously through the rather rough tide of reorganization, upon which her opening term of office as Superior was launched, was apparently gliding into smoother waters, when the first of the goodly series of like visitations befell the Community. In the spring of 1863, smallpox broke out in York. One of the nuns engaged in the mission poor school caught the infection at her post of duty, and communicated it to two other sisters. The disease took a severe hold of its victims; but prudence, backed by fervent prayer, averted its further progress in the Community, and, to Reverend Mother's great relief, the children passed scathless through the danger.

The epidemic furnished her with an opportunity of practising a kind of mortification, salutary no doubt, but exceedingly galling to human nature, from the contradiction of self-will. It was urged upon her by those who had the right to advise her, that she could not, without putting in jeopardy the safety of all around her, pass to and from the infirmary, where the smallpox patients were confined. She yielded to persuasion, and kept aloof from the invalids, but surely against her inclination, for devoted attention to the sick was among the special manifestations of her charity, and, while her strength allowed it, she delighted to render active service in the sick room.

Scope for the exercise of this sort of charity was not long wanting. During the year of the smallpox visitation, a good superannuated lay-sister, Sister Mary Clare Lowry, was seized with her last illness. In consequence of an accidental injury to her head, when young, the sick sister had, for a few years, been in a harmless state of mental derangement. On this account she was an object of peculiar solicitude to her

zealous young superior. Hoping that a gleam of re-awakening reason would enable her to receive all the last rites of Holy Church, Reverend Mother watched over the afflicted one, with untiring vigilance. To her bitter disappointment, the boon craved for was not vouchsafed. She found consolation, however, in the thought that, love of her Divine Lord in the most Holy Sacrament, and the habit of obedience, had survived the use of reason in the poor sister's soul. Among several instances of a like nature, it is told of the old lady that, having been forbidden to go to the chapel, lest her eccentricities might frighten any of the children happening to be there, her shattered wits took in the prohibition, but inclination being strong within her to pay homage, as of old, to the Divine Occupant of the forbidden region, she would open the chapel-door, as she passed by, and call out in a loud voice, "I'm here, Jesus! Mary Clare is here." It was evident where her heart had been while reason held its own. She was never able to comprehend Mother Mary Juliana's position, in her regard When the government of the house changed hands, and the new superior was introduced to her, with an explanation of the altered state of things, she exclaimed with determined incredulity, "That young lass!" Her death made the first of the many gaps in the community—twenty-seven in all—that Reverend Mother Juliana had to record during her term of office—a period of twenty-one years.

Her own health, in her first year of superiority, was unusually good. The few months at Scarborough, mentioned above, had effectually recruited her strength, which she taxed unmercifully while it lasted,—a course all the more regrettable, as there was no longer any chance of making good the damage after the former fashion. Shortly after her election, the Bishop had decided that the little branch-house should either be established as an independent institution, or abandoned, which latter alternative, Reverend Mother and her council thought it best to adopt. During her second year, she broke down under a serious attack of illness, which every succeeding year recurred with increased severity, gradually impairing her strangely elastic constitution, and keeping her subjects in continual suspense. More than one medical man pronounced her lungs dangerously affected, and made predictions that filled the community with gloomy apprehensions. Her recuperative powers astonished every one, and especially puzzled her devoted infirmarian, Sister Mary Baptist Salvin. Dr. Caleb Williams, of the "Society of Friends," a man eminent both for his professional skill and moral worth, took a particular interest in her case. He was one of those medical men whose observation extends to the moral constitution of a patient. He was gifted with more than the average discernment of members of the faculty, and was able to take into account how man's spiritual and corporal organism act and react one upon another. So, when Sister Mary Baptist remarked to him that, it was a mystery to her that their patient, from a state of complete prostration, could suddenly rise and go about, in evident possession of a good amount of strength, he solemnly answered in Quaker fashion somewhat thus: "It is not strength, Friend Baptist, but the energy of her character, and when thou seest that she is exceeding due measure, thou must go to hear and say: 'Friend, cease for awhile.'" To the patient herself, he once spoke as follows: "Friend Juliana, thou must have a pianoforte or an organ in thy room: it is a necessity for thee, but when thou perceivest that thou art becoming too much in earnest over thy playing, as it is thy nature to be, thou must leave off for a time."

Music was a resource and solace during the periods of her convalescence, but it was in no merely recreative spirit that she applied to it. Her study of it was systematic and theoretic, and pursued with her usual persistency of will. She acquired, in consequence, a knowledge of the art that qualified her to arrange and compose sacred pieces, not without merit, in the estimation of competent critics. Singing in the choir, one of her dearest tasks, by the doctor's orders had to be relinquished, after one of her more serious attacks of illness. When the order was first given, the Mother Assistant, most tenderly solicitous in all that concerned her, ventured to remonstrate: "Doctor," she said, "singing is her life." "Yes," replied he, "and it will be her death;" so the discussion ended.

But a still more trying consequence of her

failing health, was the check it gave to her activity. As illness succeeded illness, restriction followed restriction, narrowing her sphere of labour. To one of her exuberant vitality, action is pastime, and inaction a veritable martyrdom of spirit. The form in which sickness visited her caused none of that lassitude and nerveless misery, which is often endured by less serious kinds of illness. Even when hanging between life and death, her eye was always bright, her speech clear and steady, her muscular power never quite ran out.

The most grievous restriction upon her liberty of action, entailed by her condition, was the suppression of individual intercourse with her subjects, necessary often for weeks together. This she felt most keenly, because from her study of the Religious state, the example of her predecessors, and the traditions of the Institute, she had learned to look upon the superior's personal ministrations towards those confided to her care, as among the essential duties of her post, one of the chief means of preserving intact the unity of spirit—the community of thought, aim, and purpose, that constitutes the strength of a religious body, while it keeps alive the fervour of each individual member.

She possessed no inconsiderable aptitude for the performance of this duty, for she could speak with an unction and a force that belong to those only whose utterances are the fruit of an abiding spirit of prayer. The reading, which furnished her with material for discourse, was not wide in its range. Indeed she may be said to have complied with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the sage's famous injunction: "Be a man of one book," so strictly did her selection of spiritual treatises keep within certain lines. It was consistent and in perfect harmony with the spirit of the rule of her Institute, and the earnestness and concentration of mind with which she always applied to her reading, gave her the mastery over a system of teaching, admirably adapted to the needs of her subjects. As in her Christian Doctrine lessons, in the school, we have seen her possessed of more than her ordinary fluency; so in addressing her community, collectively, or individually, on spiritual matters, the ease of her delivery was remarkable. She spoke, moreover, with an impressive authority of tone that was the outcome of a deep sense of the sacredness of her office.

A characteristic trait of her was to have in stock a number of significant maxims and sayings, embodying the leading principles of her ethical code, and to dispense them as occasion served. They were too often repeated to be easily forgotten by those whom they were spoken to benefit. Very frequently, for instance, she would quote to her religious daughters a sentence from their rule urging them to *spend themselves in the Divine Service.* Her favourite and oft-reiterated counsel to beginners in conventual life was: "Put your heart and soul into all your duties." A precept which, on the principle that the earnest practice of a doctrine qualifies one to preach it, no one assuredly had a better right to insist on than herself. So familiar was this saying to the junior portion of her flock, that a novice, once, untutored in the observance of conventual discretion, on hearing that a companion had been talking with Reverend Mother, spontaneously enquired: "Did she tell you to put your heart and soul into all your duties?"

She liked to present the characteristics of the *Institute of Mary*—under a summary of four headings, viz.: *Prayer, Obedience, Labour, Zeal for Souls.* This formed the basis of many and many an instruction, delivered after the manner of one who had learned experimentally the lesson she was striving to teach.

In one of the retreats, preached to the nuns by Father John Morris, S J., of holy memory, in a meditation on the manifestation of our Blessed Lord to His disciples, at the Sea of Tiberias, related in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, the ejaculation of the Beloved Disciple, on his recognition of his Divine Master, was dwelt upon with exquisite tenderness and force. Thenceforward, *Dominus est* became her favourite watchword, the compendium of a spiritual system, a key to a wide world of beauty, strength and comfort, in joy or sorrow, success or failure, in good times or evil Whether for her own or another's benefit, *Dominus est* was as a light revealing the Divine Presence, hidden behind the veil of faith.

Another favourite dictum of hers, less sublime

in character than the foregoing, but giving no less a life touch to her picture, was a sentence spoken by the late Cardinal Archbishop Manning to a friend of the community, "Work till you drop." The words struck a responsive chord in her ardent spirit, and supplied her with a rule of conduct to which she faithfully adhered. This rule, it is perhaps well to remark, was reserved exclusively for private application. A scrap of paper that has escaped the fate of most of her written words—destroyed by her express desire—shows us how careful she was that the strength of her dependents should not be overtaxed. She was in the habit of communicating with her nuns by writing, when sickness or other impediments hindered *viva voce* intercourse. Her pen and ink instructions, by the bye, were generally, for holy poverty's sake, inscribed on the reverse of used envelopes. Such was the nature of the scrap of writing under consideration. It is addressed to a mistress of novices, young at her post, and, like most tyros in authority, inclined to err on the side of vigour. It runs thus :

"Dearly Beloved in J. C. :

"I feel sure that you had not received my "directions, or they would have been attended "to. One little sentence you said to me when "speaking of J. did not escape, and proved to "me that you did not understand the pain at- "tending a sick person in her state, after dinner, "if a flight of stairs has to be mounted. Upon "this I have acted. I do not wish her to come to "dinner in the refectory until I give other direc- "tions. Be very *kind, gentle*, and *motherlv*, to "the sisters. St. Ignatius, St Teresa, and other "great saints inculcated this. You will not be "wrong in following it.

"JULIANA OF JESUS."

In other two notes to the same religious, we again catch sight of the considerate thoughtfulness for others, which continually marked her own conduct, and which she strove to instil into her subordinates. This time, we see it directed to the satisfaction of other than material needs. The notes reflect also something of her special devotional traits :

"My dearly-loved child in J. C , we must "humbly and truthfully acknowledge our own "shortcomings, and then lovingly confide in "our good God, for His tender compassion ever "awaits the humble, simple soul, who only seeks "to do His will in His own way, and not in her "own. Pray to do this, my child, and then rest "assured that your Spouse will not permit that "any help shall be wanting either for your own "guidance or that of others.

"Distrust self, confide in Jesus; cultivate a "sweet, tender, cordial, religious charity. This "is exquisite politeness and genuine thoughtful- "ness for the needs of others. It requires much "death to self, but gives great joy to Jesus.....

"May our Lord bless and protect you and yours "With deep solicitude,

"I am your devoted mother,

"M. J. J. OF J."

"My dearly-loved child in J. C. :

"Beware of false views about God's service. "It is a *growing, brightening, heightening* joy and "increasing gladness. There *is* a *burden* to "bear, but it weighs heavy only just at first. In "favour of those who persevere, *He will pour "out the abundance of gladness and consolation "Behold how I have laboured a little and found "much rest.* Is it nothing, my dear child, to "have the words of tender love of Jesus,—His "frequent visits, His encouragement, His patience "with our interruptions, His readiness to supply "for us what we left undone by leaving off? "We have all, more or less, to accuse ourselves "of a want of *considerateness*, kindness and real "affection. Age and experience will cure much "of this. Call to mind the tender-heartedness "of Jesus to the Samaritan woman, to Magdalen, "Peter, Judas, and little children. Give way to "the attraction which the tenderness of Jesus "has. *Pray hard for it.* There is a sweetness "and a happiness in it which no words can tell. "The tenderness of Jesus is *to us* what His "Bosom was to St. John We can lay our poor, "humbled, wearied heads upon it, and find such "rest as we never expected in this world or "the next. The lambs that feed among the "lilies require peculiarly loving, tender care. "Preserve these cherished ones with a mother's "care and vigilance, that so you may present "them spotless to the Heavenly Bridegroom, "when He calls.

"Receive each day your crosses from the Hand "of Jesus, having previously asked Him to saturate them with His Precious Blood."

In the last few lines we see how she would have her novices dealt with; in those that follow—addressed to a novice who was going through her apprenticeship in the school—we shall learn after what manner she would have her teaching sisters behave towards the children confided to their care:

"Pray often to the Guardian Angels of the "Little Ones. Be firm in showing that you dis-"countenance anything really wrong. Be care-"ful to show equality towards all. Overlook "many faults that you have not appeared to see, "but do not forget them, in case of repetition. "Then you should mention them to the mistress "of the particular school. Be sweetly patient "and modestly firm, bearing in mind that you "are the chosen one of Jesus to do a work "for Him, that the children He sends you are "His own, *His very own*. Avoid severity as "much as possible. Punish rarely, and then "show your regret at being obliged to fulfil so "painful a duty. Commend the children to the "Sacred Heart, and draw from that source of "Love, some drops of sweetness, which will "sustain, support, and invigorate you Before "going to the school, beg the light of the Holy "Spirit and a blessing upon your work. When "returning, place all you have done in the Sacred "Heart. Labour, labour. Leave the result to "God, your First Beginning and your Last "End."

Her maternal instincts were manifested by her solicitude to maintain a bright spirit in the community at large, and in the heart of each individual member. She would attentively observe the countenances of all, during the recreation hour, noting any sign of depression or discomfiture, so that, if possible, she might give relief. When she was able to solve a doubt, dispel disquietude, soothe a sorrow, or calm a ruffled spirit, she was happy, indeed. The Bishop, once, in a friendly way, upbraided her for her excessive anxiety to secure the contentment of each and every one of her subjects. Whether this disposition deserved censure or not, it is certain that it did not interfere with the freedom with which she upheld the right, and denounced the wrong, according to the dictates of her conscience. Her own hand, again, will best depict her. The following little note, written evidently in great haste, illustrates how she steered between two impulses—desire to promote peace of mind on the one hand, and determination to enforce right conduct on the other:

"My very dear child in J. C.:

' I cannot go into retreat without assuring you "that what has recently happened—of which I "felt myself bound to speak to you—has in "no degree changed me with regard to "you. It seems to me that you are depressed. "Hence, with a mother's love, I beg of you to "put all in the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, "and resume your accustomed gaiety and cheer-"fulness.

"You cannot doubt the sincere love of your "devoted mother in J. C.

"J. OF J."

A means of imparting solace to a troubled mind, and one often found potent, in her own hours of desolation, was the repetition of this text from Isaias:

"O poor little one, tossed with tempest, with-"out all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in "order, and will lay thy foundations with "saphires."

Prayerful, obedient, charitable, as we have seen her to be, it seems almost superfluous to add that she excelled in reverence, but unless we take note of the unusual development of this element in her character, and of the way in which it influenced the whole tenor of her life and conduct, we shall not be able to form a right conception of her. To say that she invariably manifested profound veneration for whatever was more intimately connected with God's service—His ministers, religious persons, all things consecrated to the use of Holy Church, that every degree of authority, in whomsoever vested, was sacred to her—is to say little more than that she was a good religious. But "honor to whom honor" had a wider signification for her than for the average good religious. Living, as she did, the life of faith, and keenly realising the action of the Divine Hand in all around her, there was not one among God's creatures that

did not receive of her some meed of respect. She was fond of citing the example of a saint, who declared that she held sacred the very dust of a religious house. In this spirit, as well as in the interests of holy poverty, she was studiously careful in the use and preservation of conventual belongings—furniture, books, etc., for all such things, she said repeatedly, were dedicated to God's service. Wasteful habits, indifference to cleanliness and order, rough handling and offhand ways, she held in aversion, as opposed to the reverence due to God and His creatures. Of a contrary line of conduct, no better example could be furnished than her own. Respect for self, as the shrine of the Holy Spirit, she likewise recommended most earnestly.

In her own person, she accurately illustrated the rules wherein St. Ignatius has delineated the outward bearing of a true religious. None in intimate, daily association with her was ever able to detect a single movement, word, or look betokening a momentary suspension of that union with God which was the essence of her life. Not often is the exterior of even exceptionally devout people so absolutely under the dominion of the spirit within. Her appearance, perhaps, preached a more effective lesson than her words—so powerfully did it convey the idea—even to thoughtless school-girls—of abiding recollectedness in the Divine Presence. Any one suddenly crossing her path, in a dissipated frame of mind, would feel at once rebuked by her profoundly recollected air.

The growing irreverence of these latter days, the parent of so much social and domestic havoc, when it came within her range of observation, through rumour, or by its milder manifestations, inside the convent walls, pained her exceedingly. It gave her very great satisfaction to hear a preacher insist upon the necessity of a reverential spirit. Averse to every form of irreverence, she shrank sensitively from the vulgarity of personal remarks, however innocent of intent to wound. Hearing once, during the community recreation, an elder sister hint to a younger one, with as much good nature as want of tact, that some impossible alteration in the latter's person would be advantageous, the vigilant superior warmly interposed that Sister so and so would do very well without the proposed improvement. Little in harmony with her way of thinking was the fashion—prevalent, unfortunately, nowadays, even among people claiming to be thought well-bred—of speaking of one's neighbour in a half patronizing, half depreciatory tone—a habit that has a sad savour of the vice, styled by the poet "the fume of little minds." No one was to her "a worthy sort of person," "a dear old creature," "a pious little soul," or "a useful little body."

Her praise, when she gave it, was genuine coin, that could be accepted without detriment to self-respect The same might be said of her reproofs They were often pretty vehement, but always free from the qualities of disrespect and bitterness, which are wont to render reprehension both harmful and unbearable.

While, on the subject of her conduct in dealing with others, one quality stands out prominently, to which it is rather difficult to assign a satisfactory name. A keen sense of honour, one would be inclined to call it, had not a godless world appropriated that term to express a quality born of pride and self-esteem, which, substituting Christian motives of charity, justice, and integrity, develops an attractive counterfeit of Christian conduct. Hereditary and early associations, no doubt, had their part in producing the noble uprightness that distinguished her, but it would be a disparagement to the supernatural principles which influenced every detail of her life, to ascribe any of her good traits to merely natural sources. The characteristic in question formed, certainly, one of her strongest claims upon the reverence and confidence of her subjects. Not all of them found her personally attractive. Some felt her formalism somewhat oppressive; some would have wished for her a more extended range of thought, some, more lively and responsive sympathies; but there was one unanimous opinion in regard of the absolute trust to be reposed in her. One and all knew that their individual rights were inviolably sacred with her. Her fidelity in guarding interests committed to her keeping, and her care in shielding from detriment the credit of those who appealed to her for help in any difficulty could scarcely be surpassed. "She is so safe," or "as safe as the confessional," or remarks to the same effect, might frequently

be heard respecting her. She was always ready to hear both sides of a question, and was singularly free from the defect proverbially attributed to woman in general, of being unconvincible against her will. The moment her views on any matter were proved to be unsound, she was ready to reject them, and adopt an opposite way of thinking. This was the more remarkable because of her inflexibility of purpose in the case of settled principles.

The condition laid down by St. James as the test of a perfect man, found a very striking fulfilment in her. Her extreme caution not to offend in tongue, was sometimes thought to amount to scrupulosity. A Sister who, for many years, held the position of a member of her council, tells how, once when that body was assembled for consultation about a matter of business, Reverend Mother spoke in terms of severe, but not at all exaggerated, condemnation of a flagrant act of injustice that an extern was perpetrating against the community The narrator goes on to tell how, when the meeting was over, she inwardly congratulated herself that her superior was getting the better of her scruples and beginning to cast off what she regarded as excessive constraint in speaking of the ill done. The gratifying reflection was of short duration, however, for presently, the bell of summons reassembled the council, and Reverend Mother very humbly expressed her regret for having censured with unnecessary severity the person of whom they had had occasion to speak, admonishing her consultresses that, in future, in similar cases, as little should be said as possible.

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WITH young or old, there is no such helper towards the reading habit as the cultivation of this warm and undying feeling of the friendliness of books. If a parent, or a teacher, or a book, seems but a task-master ; if their rules are those of a statute-book and their society like that of an officer of the law, there is small hope that their help can be made either serviceable or profitable. But with the growth of the friendly feeling comes a state of mind which renders all things possible. When one book has become a friend and fellow, the world has grown that much broader and more beautiful.

## Celeste.

*By the late Mrs. M. V. Baxley.*

Celeste is dead ;
Muffle the tread,
And lift in prayer —
The sad heart there,
Celeste the beautiful is dead.

Celeste the pure,
Shall sigh no more !
Celeste the good,
Who gave her food
At her own gate to feed the poor !

Loved was her name,
And high her fame,
But naught could keep
From Death's deep sleep,
The lady of the wide domain !

Ah me ! we sigh,
The mystery
Of life and death,
Our mortal breath
Must cease, when all we love are nigh !

Such was her doom ;
But pause—they come
Trembling the while
Along the aisle,
'Neath the Cathedral's lofty dome.

They bear her bier,
'Mid flowers fair,
The organ's peal
Low bids us kneel,
O "Miserere !" is our prayer !

Dim tapers burn,
And sad hearts yearn,
As sobbing sighs
With incense rise,
For her, the beautiful, they mourn.

The mystic bell,
With solemn swell,
Sounds low and deep,
Soft be her sleep,
Celeste the beautiful, farewell !

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CHILDHOOD and genius have the same master-organ in common,—inquisitiveness. Let childhood have its way, and, as it begins where genius begins, it may find what genius finds. A certain Greek writer tells us of some man who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus, cut their wings, and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1897.


THE Easter lilies are a-bloom, the roses and orange blossoms are shedding their fragrance around us, prepared to deck the earthly throne of their risen King, the Lenten penitential gloom is well nigh past, and glad Alleluias will soon herald the glories of the Resurrection.

May we all, animated with the spirit of this joyful season, rise with our divine Exemplar above the earth and earthy, to desire and seek the things that are above, where alone true peace and content are found.

*

THE following charming bit of advice, so lovingly conveyed by a dear mother to a sister editor, on her birthday, deserves to find a place in our columns.

To enjoy many happy birthdays much will depend on your own dear self, the view you take of life, and your manner of living that life. Somebody has truly said that, "The real art of living is making the best of things," and, from my own experience, I can safely say, let that be the basis of the philosophy of your daily life. "Cultivate cheerfulness, do not complain, do not nag at fortune and fate; meet the petty evils that hourly arise, bravely, brightly. So met they are half defeated, and, be sure, will wholly vanish before the twin sorceresses, Hope and Patience."

That you have faults is not unlikely. A person without faults would not be at all lovable, to my way of thinking. I cannot imagine anything more unbearable than living with what the world calls a perfectly faultless person. Next to being first and always a *good* woman, I wish you to be a lovable woman, in its fullest meaning, and, to be that, never allow yourself to be artificial. Be natural, have the courage to be yourself, soften down conditions of speech and manner, speak, laugh, move as nature intended; charm of manner is a heaven-sent gift, everything pales before it, —intellect, beauty, talent. Next to naturalness in importance, comes cheerfulness. It is not the fashion just now to be so. In literature, art, or real life, it is not the fashion to be happy, either; but as I said before, the secret of the art of living is cheerfulness—that is, if the desirable thing in life be happiness.

"A sunny, bright, cheerful woman is a joy forever, and her loveliness increases," and again, she has no wrongs—you know, cheerful people never have—the only thing with which she concerns herself is to-day. its sunshine, its air, its friends, its frolics, its wholesome work, and perhaps, its necessary sorrow. With cheerfulness cultivate a sunny smile—I do not mean the woman who laughs, or the girls who giggle, but the one who is serenely pleasant in all circumstances, and whose smile "makes sunshine in a shady place." Half the beauty of a face lies in its expression. No face is really beautiful or attractive unless it has a pleasant, lovable expression, and this facial expression is a beauty which does not fade with years, but goes on increasing.

Do not complain. One of the wise men of the earth has said: "Complaint is a confession of failure." Who would willingly confess defeat? And yet, the woman who complains does so all unwittingly It is a habit that grows, its influence is something to be dreaded, it unfits one for the daily battle of life, and brings that worst foe to happiness—discontent.

You will be tired of my *donts* and *do*, so, to sum all up, be what the modern term *nice* repre-

sents, "a woman who is alive from head to foot, who is brimming over with genial goodness to all the outside world, who is like a bit of sunlight after a dull day, and whose people rise up and call her blessed, wherever she may go." Do the best you know how each day, and, like your father, let yesterday be a sealed book.

Your beautiful roses are the one bright spot in my room, and since I began to write the glorious "RAINBOW" has appeared, but I dare not look at it until my letter is finished; so I have a pleasure before me.

*

IT was the close of a holiday and everything had suddenly become very quiet, perhaps at the thought that school was to re-commence on the morrow. There had been rumors in the air of a certain concert that was to take place on the said evening. There had even been several much—disputed rehearsals, still things were looking dull, and the would-be soirée was on the verge of a collapse, when two of the most energetic of the Staff put their heads together and declared that in spite of all obstacles they would push the entertainment through. Some slight astonishment was manifested when invitations were issued for the fashionable hour of half after seven; and well there might be, for the fair entertainers were in a delightful state of chaos—all they had decided upon was that positively there should be an entertainment, and, at that, a successful one. All went to work with a will, made out a programme, informed the rest of the "Rainbow Maidens" that appear they must whether they felt inclined to do so or not, for their reputation was at stake. Tremblingly they begged for and succeeded in obtaining the library, in which to hold forth; and to their credit, be it said, that, as if by magic, the room was speedily and artistically transformed.

After dinner, curling tongs, lamps, and conversation were much in requisition. Some few attempted to rest their nerves, but this was a dire failure. Supper was disposed of *à la petite vitesse,* the two managers had anxious and careworn faces, and "Queen Evie" was informed that she was—cross! Half-past seven found the assembled guests in hushed expectation. The programme, without being stiff or formal, was elevating and interesting. The three tableaux—"The Little Princes in the Tower," with Lucille McGuire and Mabel Powell as princes, "The Death of Cleopatra" (Miss Marmion), attendants (Miss Brann, M. Connor, K. McCarron); "Elaine," (Miss Denman), were effective. Miss McMahon recited "The Grave by the Sea" with touching pathos. None envied the position of "The Inventor's Wife" after Miss Denman's clever sketch, which was hugely enjoyed. "Twinkie-Doodle-Doo" was one of the comic gems of the evening—the *pièce de résistance*—and little Maud Merle treated it with a piquancy one would have thought foreign to a child of her age. "Queen Evie's" heart was bruised as she prepared to play Maud's accompaniment, by overhearing the comment, "Two babies together!" The various solos of the evening—"Little Boy Blue," by Miss Marmion, "The Alley of Chestnuts," by Miss Denman, "What an Angel Heard" by Irene Gallagher, and "Hush, Little Girl, Don't Cry," by Miss Stewart, were excellent. "The Dwarf" was a surprise, and a most amusing one. It took two to produce it. Many in the house are yet puzzling over how it was accomplished. The small boy who could not remember "his piece" and "The objectionable Fly" were inimitable.

The soirée terminated with Carols, the singers were well congratulated on their success, and retired much pleased with their well-earned laurels. "Queen Evie" darkly hinted, though pining for rest, that such was the state of her room—a veritable Hampton Court Maze—that she thought of seeking other quarters for the night, however, casting the burden of her wardrobe on every available spot, she laid her weary self to rest. The other manager was far too reduced from want of supper, and fatigue, to care for anything; but I can warrant that both had airy dreams of being the directors of the most successful entertainment that ever delighted a Loretto audience.

FROM the Spanish Loretto comes the sad news of the death, on the 1st February, of S. A. R. La Serma. Sra. Infanta Dona Maria Luisa Fernanda De Borbon, Duchess of Montpensier, the friend and benefactress of the nuns, whom she frequently honored with her presence, and whose Castle is now their home.

## The Streamlet.

Trickle, little streamlet,
O'er the mossy lea,
Seeking for the ocean
That gave birth to thee.
*Found,*—my little brooklet,
Pour therein thy store,
Never from its waters
Seek to wander more.

Thou, my soul, that streamlet!
And, from God, thy source,
Often hast thou wandered
Tracking pleasure's course.
Vanities have wiled thee
From thy source divine;
*Found,*—that sacred treasure
Ne'er again decline.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
Micklegate Bar,
York, England.

To good listening is due a great part of the noble thought, the golden instruction, and the brilliant wit, which have elevated, enlightened, and brightened the soul of man.

"I think it wisest in a man," Tennyson wrote to the Rev. Dr. VanDyke, "to do his work in the world as quietly and as well as he can, without much heeding its praise or dispraise."

BEAUTY refines and educates man. A great Church dignitary, Archbishop Vaughan, defended the proposition "Christian art ought to be employed in elementary schools as an instrument of education." The beautiful, wherever found, causes in the human sensibility such pure delight, that none can help to love it ; and whatever man loves he strives to attain. As furthermore, nothing can be really beautiful that is not essentially good and true, it is obvious, that beauty must needs exercise wholesome and elevating influence over the young mind and heart.

# Special Correspondence

## Foreign.

READING, BERKS,
England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Another year has dawned upon your existence, and your ever-welcome presence is bringing with it many bright hopes and happy memories to these distant shores, where the great roar of Niagara's waters has never been heard, but where its RAINBOW's light and brightness have penetrated, nevertheless, and brought with it images and souvenirs ineffaceable.

As I still find myself in Reading, I shall continue to remark upon its environs, and begin by giving you a short sketch of two most interesting places which I visited since my last letter to you, viz., Oxford and Windsor. The former I consider by far the most interesting, and therefore, will commence by trying to give you some faint conception of the impression this lovely old city made upon me.

A book which I have recently read states: "Oxford is rich beyond rivalry in mediæval architecture," and, indeed, I quite endorse that opinion. Sir Walter Scott declared that, the High Street of Oxford was "the most magnificent in Great Britain, excepting, perhaps, the High Street of Edinburgh," and Dr. Waggen, a celebrated German authority, was of the opinion that, the High Street of Oxford had not its equal in the whole world. My opinion is worth very little after these quoted, but I must say that, my surprise at the impression made upon me by my first visit to Oxford, has only been equalled, within my memory, by the surprise I experienced at the first sight of Niagara Falls, with the difference that, the one was disappointing, while the other exceeded, in the superlative degree, everything I had anticipated. As you are the Niagara RAINBOW, perhaps a slight explanation is necessary here, particularly, as the first-mentioned surprise refers to the magnificent Cataract, over which you so gracefully preside.

My, at that time, doubtless, imaginative and, certainly, very inexperienced mind had conjured up visions of the orthodox fairyland description,

and although pictures of "The Falls" had often greeted my eyes, yet, the imagined panorama did not quite subject itself to their guidance, with the consequence that, when the rugged grandeur of Niagara burst upon my view, its subtle beauties and unique fascinations were totally invisible to my uneducated eyes, and the grandest exhibition of Nature I have ever beheld, was, for the time being, to me, a source of intense disappointment. After I was introduced within the walls of your convent, I began to awaken to a sense of the supreme loveliness which surrounded me, and I have never since changed the opinion that, the view from these verandahs, galleries, and windows, is one of, if not, the finest that can be obtained of the Falls. I have since then visited Niagara many times, and each successive view dawned upon me as a revelation, with hitherto undreamed of beauties springing up to every glance, and it is needless to remark that, my first impression of disappointment has been converted into appreciation of the grandest work of Nature which fate has permitted me to gaze upon.

But to return to Oxford, where "History reflects the lights and shadows in the chequered story of England, from the days of Prince Vortigern to the days of Queen Victoria," where Richard the Lion-hearted was born, and where, for so many centuries, the brain power of England has been developed. Alfred the Great established schools of literature, at Oxford, and has, therefore, been considered the founder of the University. The town was twice burned by the Danes, and after the Norman Conquest its people held out long and valiantly against William. It was at Oxford that King John held his great feast before the signing of Magna Charta, there it was, the Black Prince studied, and James I once held his Parliament. During the civil war, Oxford alone of all England's cities, remained faithful to the King, and Charles found refuge within its walls.

The University of Oxford consists of twenty-one colleges and three independent Halls. We first visited Christ Church College, which was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of a Priory which had been suppressed—part of the old cloisters still remain, and I thought them one of the most interesting features in the College. The hall of this College is considered, with the exception of Westminster, the finest in England. At this College, the Prince of Wales was educated, also, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Philip Sydney, William Penn, Ben Jonson, Ruskin, and Mr. Gladstone.

After quitting Christ Church, we proceeded to as many of the other Colleges as we could find time for, before the hour of closing, but still had to leave many unvisited; however, I shall try to give you some slight idea of the treat we enjoyed. Merton was, I think, the second one we entered. Here there is a most lovely old garden, with old trees and shaded walks. We entered the chapel, which is intensely interesting and very lovely. The choir contains fourteen windows, seven on each side, beautifully illuminated. The altar-piece represents the Crucifixion, and the ceiling is very beautifully painted. Cardinal Manning was educated at Merton, also, Roger Bacon, and Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood.

From Merton we went to New College, where there is also a most lovely garden, and where there are also remains of old cloisters The chapel in New College is most lovely, and the windows are supposed to be the finest in England, and were painted by Rubens' pupils The colors are as fine as I have seen anywhere (sepia). One was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Jervais, and represents Charity, Faith, Fortitude, Hope, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance; also the Nativity of Christ, in which are the portraits of Jervais and Reynolds, as adoring Shepherds. Around one side of the gardens of the College, may be seen the old wall or bastion of ancient Oxford.

At All Souls' College, the chapel, again, was a chief attraction, with its magnificent reredos. It is supposed to be the most beautiful Collegiate Chapel in England. This College was founded as a memorial of the Battle of Agincourt, by the then Archbishop of Canterbury. It would not be possible for me to enter into a fully detailed account of a first visit to Oxford, in the space at my disposal, to remark upon the beauty of the architecture of the old Colleges, which are all remnants of Catholic supremacy, the relics of which I am glad to state, are intact in many, such as the lovely reredos to be seen in two chapels.

the exquisite carvings everywhere visible, and the statues of Virgin and saints over the old gates and doors, all of which bespeak pre-Reformation and mediæval times. It is difficult to state which College is most interesting, where all are so absorbing. Balliol was founded in 1263, by John de Balliol. In its library are most interesting manuscripts, etc. Queen's College founded in 1340, by Robert de Eglesfield, chaplain to Queen Philippa, is always particularly under the patronage of the queens of England. The interior of the chapel, which is classical in style, exhibits some fine wood-carving and windows, the screen is most beautiful, and was carved by Grindling Gibbons. Cardinal Beauford, Addison, and Wickliffe were educated at Queen's College,

Magdalen College is the most beautiful and the most complete in plan of all the colleges. The extensive water-walks in the Cherwell meadows, the deer park, the cloisters with their ivy-grown walls, and quaint emblematic sculptures, the rich new buildings of pure Gothic, and above all, the tower, combine in this conspicuous result. A charming walk skirting the park, called "Addison Walk," is a delightful feature of this romantic spot. The painted windows in the chapel were procured from Italy, in the fifteenth century. Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Pole were students of this College.

Then there is Brasenose and University College, which, tradition states, is the relic of the school founded by Alfred the Great, in 872; and many others which we did not find time to visit. We lingered some time in the old gardens of Worcester College, which lie to the north and east, and are extensive and picturesque. We also visited Hertford, where, again, the gardens are an attractive feature. Dean Smith was educated at this College, as was also Maria Edgeworth's father.

Before quitting the city, we visited Keble College, which is quite modern, and the contrast between it and the lovely old piles we had previously seen, was, to my mind, very derogatory to modern improvements.

As I have already imposed upon your space, dear RAINBOW, I shall reserve Windsor for my next letter, and now conclude with some remarks that I know will be interesting to you, as referring to your former editor-in-chief, Miss Nora O'Brien, whom I had the great pleasure of meeting in London, some weeks ago, and who made her début before a London audience, in Wilson Barrett's new play, "The Daughters of Babylon" She had been previously en tour in the provinces, in "The Sign of the Cross," in which she proved a decided success. I have not yet seen her in her new rôle, but a friend of mine, who has had that pleasure, and who is an excellent critic, has written to me a most flattering description of her appearance in it. I believe a brilliant future is in store for Miss O'Brien, as she possesses decided talent. Wilson Barrett has done an invaluable service to the stage by the high moral introduced by these two plays, which appeal to the senses as the pulpit might. Apart from this, they are educational and instructive in a high degree.

With fond remembrances,

Always devotedly yours,

J. O'DOWDA.

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LORETTO CONVENT, DARJEELING,
BENGAL, INDIA.

DEAR RAINBOW:

We are convinced you will be pleased to receive from a sister student an account of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our dear Loretto at Darjeeling, though our special correspondent has already sent you one.

The eve of the 10th of October, 1896, saw us attired in white, on the brow of the Himalayan Hill, on which our convent stands, a spot which had been already enlivened by the presence of two huge May-poles, elaborately decorated, and fixtures daintily draped in pink and gold, representing fish-ponds, brimful of beautiful prizes, which the dear nuns, with their usual thoughtfulness. had generously provided for the enjoyment of those committed to their tender care. The arrival of our beloved Archbishop and the resident priests was a signal for us to try our fortune at these ponds. The lack of fishing rods was supplied by our hands. Each one triumphantly carried her prize to His Grace, who, with his wonted condescension, opened the packets and returned them to their happy owners, with

a smile and a few pleasant words. Having at last emptied the ponds of their contents, we resumed our seats, and gaily discussed our varied fortunes.

His Grace, with a generosity for which he is famed, placed in the hands of the baby of the school, a note for Rs. 100, with which, he said, we were to have a pic-nic, in commemoration of the great event we were celebrating. After a short interval, twenty little children, flushed with the bloom of health, and dressed in pink and cream, gracefully executed the May-pole dance, to the enlivening strains of the band, which continued to discourse, during the evening, some lovely Irish airs, and concluded with the usual tribute of loyalty—"God Save The Queen."

We retired for the night to dream of the pleasant hours just spent and the prospect of still happier ones on the morrow.

Morning dawned in all its radiant beauty, and nature seemed to smile upon us, as though she, too, wished to share in our happiness. At eight o'clock the sound of the bell called us to the Holy Sacrifice. The church, which is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, was beautifully draped in pale blue and white. Under the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in a niche above the high altar, hung a scroll, supported at each end by angels, on which was inscribed, in letters of gold, "Jubilantes In Aeternum," and beneath, the Loretto coat of arms was suspended. His Grace said Mass, and Rev. Father Lafont, who is called the "Father of Indian Science," preached a beautiful and touching sermon, on the career of our dearly beloved nuns during this half century. Mass was followed by a solemn Benediction, and the *Te Deum*, most effectively rendered by the convent choir, gave expression to the gratitude that filled all hearts. We then quitted the church once more to share in the pleasures of the day.

A concert, drama, and cantata had been prepared for the occasion, to which the friends and ex-pupils of the school were invited. In the afternoon, the first entertainment took place. The room was exquisitely adorned with national flowers, and the doorways draped with costly lace, looped with colored ribbons.

The next day being Sunday, Rev. Father Naish, who is parish priest of Darjeeling, and our confessor, preached a most eloquent sermon, suitable to the occasion. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was exposed.

On Monday morning we awoke to another day's pleasure, which, being the last of the Jubilee festivities, we determined to enjoy thoroughly. The concert in the afternoon was given by the juniors, and a little cantata, entitled "Parlez-vous," was as great a success as the drama of the previous day.

After the visitors had left, our dear Rev. Mother announced that within half an hour, Father Lafont would give us an unexpected treat. With eager, expectant faces we awaited his arrival, and our patience was amply rewarded by hearing the graphophone, which rendered with marvellous accuracy several pathetic and comic songs, cornet and violin solos, together with a speech from Hamlet. The long—to us too short—series of enjoyments were closed by two hours of dancing, after which we sought repose, happy at heart, grateful for past pleasures, which we had so perfectly appreciated, and determined to repay the kindness of our dear teachers by applying ourselves in future, with renewed energy, to our studies; and placing another gem in Memory's school-day casket.

Looking at the magnificent Institution that crowns the Hill, to-day, one can scarcely picture the humble abode that awaited the devoted religious who, fifty years ago, wended their toilsome way through the rugged paths of the Himalayas, and who, during their journey, endured hardships and privations of which we can scarce form an idea. With an ever-enduring patience and a perseverance which has never flagged, these zealous laborers have succeeded in building an edifice which far excels in beauty and solidity any other structure in the station, except the Jesuit College, at North Point.

L. D.

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A SMILE of approval may be a stepping stone to success. A look of encouragement from those we love may call into being slumbering resolutions and forgotten promises that will rise as so many barriers against our own weakness.

## Thoughts for Our Girls.

"THE proper study of mankind is man," says Pope, "but the most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman," adds our poet-wit, Saxe. What the glorious twentieth century holds in her treasure-house for woman, is a line of speculation interesting to us all. All the more interesting, perhaps, that we know nothing about it.

In the twentieth century, woman will no more be bound by the petty restrictions that make her physical development a precarious and uncertain matter. In that new era physical development will be of the utmost importance for woman. Then the world will not only say but realize the momentous meaning of "a sound mind in a sound body," and all that that implies. For if woman is ever to reach the best she is capable of, her physical well-being will not be the least important factor in her career. Then a woman who does not take daily some form of healthful gymnastics will indeed be an anomaly. And what of woman's intellectual development in that wonderful age. Will she sit in legislative hall, side by side with man, to make or mar our nation's history? Kind heaven forbid! Not but that the average woman has as much ability to reason, aided by a quicker intuition, than the average man, but she wlll acknowledge that a wise Creator fashioned her for something better than to be undeveloped man. She knows with Bulwer Lytton, that men are what their mothers make them. The woman of the twentieth century will neither want nor desire any rights which the superior intelligence of the man of the twentieth century will not gladly concède her without entreaty or solicitation.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

The twentieth century will be the age *par excellence* of woman's intellect. Then upon the same plane with man, she will do the intellectual work of the world. Science, art, the drama, will feel her refining and vivifying touch. The Philistine side of woman's culture will have almost wholly disappeared Why will she need to parade a culture which is as much a part of her as the air she breathes? She will resemble no one of her congeners in history so much as the woman of the French salon, who, to an intellectual brilliancy and versatility, at which the world has since marvelled, united a grace and sweetness so essentially feminine, that man became her willing captive. In the twentieth century the higher education of woman will be as inevitable as the recurrence of day and night.

Man's philanthropy, which endowed a Cooper Institute, a Girard, and Bryn Mawr College, will give woman, as her birthright, an heirship to the accumulated knowledge of the wise of every age. A remark made by the hero of a bright and unusual novel that I read recently, struck me as very well put and equally true He thought there was no one so trying to meet as the woman of average intelligence. She is filled with such an irrepressible desire to know all things, and to know instantly, that she is little less than a bore to a man of cultivated mind. In the twentieth century, no woman can possibly be a bore of this type, for the habit of knowing will make her manifestation of intelligence as quiet and unobtrusive as it will be remarkable. You will think, perhaps, that woman, though so splendidly equipped in the golden future, is little better than a perfect statue, or a skilfully-contrived automaton—a creature without a heart.

A theory obtained among psychologists, at one time, that a faculty for thought dried up the emotions. No one who has known any men or women who were really thinkers will endorse this doctrine. Ability to think will of necessity dry up all surface emotion. But the supreme emotion, that blesses or curses the life of the individual, is of its very nature, vital in the man or woman of vigorous mind. In the twentieth century, woman will have too much brains to be the creature of smiles and tears she has allowed herself to be called in the past. She will smile and weep then, but her smiles will be for purest joy. Joy at the success of friends, sorrow for the failure of her enemies. Women, in the twentieth century, will lend her hand and brain to every worthy cause.

Do not think that in the bright future, woman's home will be less to her than now. Her home will be the centre from which will radiate upon mankind the blessings of a glorified womanhood. No slightest detail will be neglected,

No effort spared to make that home the place that those nearest to her will remember in the hour of temptation as a beacon and a guide. Woman, in the twentieth century, will fail in no feminine accomplishment nor housewifely art. She will put into the polishing of a lamp chimney as much of her fineness as she does into entertaining a chosen or distinguished guest. In that woman's century, superfluous woman will not exist. No one need then console her by allusions to Maria Edgeworth, or Helen Gladstone, should single blessedness await her. For, although matrimony is good and desirable for the greater number of women, the old maid of the twentieth century will be such from vocation, and she will have her compensations.

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There is, at the present day, a laudable thirst for education rife. We all strongly desire to have our girls highly educated, and, to that end, reading is strongly advocated. But, in the enthusiasm that prevails, amid the talk about the Good, the Pure, and the Beautiful, and whilst we are shouting that, to the pure all things are pure, we are apt to lose sight of the great disadvantages which may, and indeed must, attend too free reading, or rather reading of too wide a scope. It may be urged that great geniuses, such as Miss Brontë, had free rein in the old-fashioned, well-stocked library. Granted, but then the productions of "Currer Bell" and her sisters, clever as they are, are scarcely such as a right-minded mother would care to give her young daughter to read, should she be (as she should be) desirous to preserve the bloom of ignorance of the world, of sweet unworldly innocence, about the girl. I have seen "Jane Eyre" recommended for girls' perusal, but I know nothing more painfully unsuited to the simple "clean" trustfulness, if I may be allowed the expression, which should be a girl's buckler wherewith to face the world, than this weird, painful story, full of apparent sad knowledge of the worse side of human nature, and only to be rivalled in unsuitable sadness by "Withering Heights," which, at times, is even revolting.

Is it not our aim to preserve to our young girls, as long as may be, that freshness, ignorance of the wicked world and ways thereof, which, although some may call it silly, is rather the bloom on the peach, the dew on the lily, which a too hot sun will soon wither away? To this end let them not read such books as will tell them of the wicked ways of the world, but rather such as will help them to fuller appreciation of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

I heard a young girl say, the other day, "I love to read the papers. the police reports are so amusing." Her hearers laughed. I felt more inclined to weep. All unconsciously she was blunting the edge of her woman's dower of purity and whiteness of soul. I know there are those who will arise and argue that to the pure all things are pure. That is true. But if we voluntarily step in the mire, there is no promise we shall escape unbesmirched. Foreign literature is a great snare to the reader. It should be widely known that it is not safe to believe, because an author has written one pure, nice book, that all his succeeding ones will be equally good. The pity is that in the present rage for reading, books that are said to be the fashion are read by all, and instead of making the acquaintance of what is worth reading, our girls devour all and sundry, and are, perhaps, made too well acquainted with the seamy side of life, at the expense of their bloom of innocence and purity.

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In the modern system of education, students are required to take many notes, and make a great many abstracts in writing. . This subjects them to a certain danger against which they themselves should take precautions. The danger is that the memory may cease to be retentive by constant dependence on the notebook. It is exercised only in getting the notes down, and the writing instead of the head is trusted to keep them This is a sort of going on crutches, and lest the power of memorizing become impaired by disease, young people should exercise it every day by learning passages of prose or verse "by heart."

A young man known to the present writer, had so retentive a memory, at from ten to fifteen years of age, that he could repeat poems of five or six verses after hearing them once read, he

could recite long passages of prose learned by the ordinary reading of his books; and he often amazed his masters by repeating the exact words of remarks made to boys in the higher classes of a school that had but one room.

At sixteen he began a course of study which required much note-taking, and at nineteen he had come to rely so much on this artificial memory that his natural retentiveness seemed almost entirely lost But being seriously admonished on the point, he took to the daily memorizing of spoken and written passages with such effect that, he can now carry lectures of considerable length accurately in his head, and often does so, to make full notes of them at his leisuJe.

It has become somewhat the fashion to decry great memorizing power, as if it were somewhat inconsistent with strong reasoning power. But Lord Coleridge, the late Chief Justice of England, said, on one occasion, in an address to young men :

"A good memory is one of the most valuable possessions a man can have in most of the occupations of life. Speaking as an old lawyer, especially, I may say that few things compare in usefulness with an active, retentive memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages we admire from authors, both in prose and verse."

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A few years ago Donahoe's Magazine asked several women distinguished in the professions : "If you had a daughter twelve or fourteen years of age, who would have to be self-supporting when she was grown up, what would you have her taught ?"

Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Merrill, and a number of others replied, among them Katherine E. Conway, whose answer was as follows :

" I grieve to say that I cannot awaken even a polite interest in the future of that nice young person, my hypothetical daughter. Of course, she would have that perfect character and pluperfect training that these remotely possible daughters always have. But if you put the question above in reference to a ward or an orphaned godchild, for whose training I might be responsible, I find I have a plan

"She should be a good woman first, and a clever worker after. Therefore, I should send my little twelve-year old to a long-established, but not large, convent school. Here she would acquire, besides the knowledge indicated in the course, those character-qualities invaluable to the woman and the worker alike—the habit of following a rule; promptness, obedience, modesty, self-suppression, the ability to listen respectfully, and to concentrate the mind on the duty of the minute. Should she develop, while at school, a taste for some special science, art, or handicraft, she should begin a special training for it; omitting in its interest some branch for which she had little aptitude—were it even that present-day fetich, the higher mathematics! I should never sacrifice a child to a course. I should teach her that mechanical and industrial pursuits are as honorable as intellectual callings—that it is a finer thing to be a first-rate type-setter than a tenth-rate journalist.

"If she should have to begin to earn her own living at sixteen or seventeen years of age, her previous special training should have made her mistress of some not over-done handicraft. If she were only of the average feminine health and intellectual power, such would be safer and happier than the over-strain of school-room or office

"And if she were strong, mentally gifted and ambitious, she would soon make her way to something more congenial. Meantime, the knowledge of a useful and remunerative trade would not be a heavy load to carry."

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## "First Communion."

*Edited by Father Thurstone, S. J.*

THIS neatly-bound and well-printed volume comes from the well-known Catholic publishing house of Burns & Oates, London. It bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan and of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Leeds. These names and those of the censor and editor are sufficient guarantee of the doctrinal accuracy of the work. But, they give no idea of its literary excellence, form, and practical utility. This last feature the editor very clearly sets forth in his preface, part of which we presume to quote:

"To cram children's minds with certain facts of dogmatic knowledge about the Blessed Eucharist is comparatively easy; to prepare their hearts so that they may approach the Divine Mystery, full not only of Faith, but of Love, this is a duty sometimes relegated by teachers to a secondary place simply from a sense of helplessness and ignorance of how to set about it." Here the editor quotes a few sentences from a prospectus previously issued, in which the idea of the book is described in the author's own words:

"To make the life of our Blessed Saviour enter largely into preparation for First Communion seems the most natural way of drawing the hearts of the young to Him. It would be sad to think of children coming to the altar-rails knowing little or nothing of His life beyond such facts as the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist supposes. Yet there is danger of this. There is so much to be done in the simple teaching of the Christian doctrine during a child's school life that the time devoted to it barely suffices. But, in the preparation for First Communion time might surely be found and ought to be found. Their hearts are fresh and tender, and full of eager longing, that will never again in their lives be quite the same. If we could tell them a little more about Him then, His character, His ways of dealing with us, and so bring them to the altar able to say, in their own fashion and degree: "I know whom I have believed," would there not be solid work for the future done in their souls? Knowing Him better they would come to love Him more. Faith, Hope and Charity would have a firmer foundation, they would make the acts more easily and more fervently, for there would be a living picture of Him in their hearts."

"It should be noted, therefore," we again quote the editor's words, "that the book is not intended to do more than supplement the work of the catechist. It is not meant to be a Manual of Instruction. It is meant to be a picture-book in words, designed specially for the little ones to whom pictures appeal so readily. The usefulness of these meditations is, however, by no means limited to those who are looking forward to receive our Blessed Lord for the first time; and, the work, apart from its original purpose, may well be recommended to Catholics as an attempt to provide for young people a sort of Primer or attractive introduction to that science of all sciences, the science of self-conquest." Those few extracts from the editor's preface give a general outline of the work. But, a rapid glance at the contents will quicken the desire to take it up and read it for oneself.

It is divided into three parts. The first contains a series of meditations, under the heading: "Our Lord's preparation for coming to us in Holy Communion." In this part are nineteen chapters, which lead the reader on from eternity to the Consummation on Calvary. But these meditations are not dry, uninteresting reading. Indeed, they are so aptly and practically illustrated as to present rather a series of dissolving views which must impress the mature as well as the youthful imagination. The stories which meet one on almost every page are told in a style of elegant simplicity, and always with point and vigor. The central figure is always our Lord. He is the explanation and the end of all the types and prophesies of the Old Law. The idea before the mind of the pious author was that of the Apostle: Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever. She—for the author is a nun, who conceals not only her name, but her sex and profession—takes the most comprehensive view of God's dealing with man, contemplates Him in the eternal years before time was, pictures Him coming to us "leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills."

One by one she touches upon the mysteries of Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth, Jerusalem, the hidden Life of our Lord, His public Life, the Promise of the Eucharist, the Last Supper and Calvary.

All this is our Lord's preparation to come to us to be our Emmanuel. The mind of the child is thus made to feel the nearness and love and never-ceasing care of its Redeemer; His most beautiful human life with His Mother and foster-father, the intense human interest that attaches to Him. Such a preparation for First Communion must undoubtedly be the best and most impressive.

The second part, consisting of ten chapters, treats of our preparation for meeting our

Lord in Holy Communion. The titles of the chapter give but a faint idea of the exquisite treatment of the different subjects. The enemies to be overcome, the purifying of the soul, the garment in which it should be clothed for the feast, then the Divine Host at once and Guest, and the Supper are touched upon with a wealth of doctrine and illustration that leave nothing to be desired.

The third part bears the expressive title, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!" It is made up of four chapters—on the great day of First Communion, on our Lord's abiding with us, on a longing for the Heavenly Bread, and on the end of the life that has been nourished on the bread of the strong and the wine that maketh virgins. Although the book is written for children, it is most suitable for parents and teachers as well. Nay, the priest who instructs children for First Communion, can scarcely do better than procure this beautiful volume of the humble Loretto Nun.

We trust that the author's desire will be fully realized, and that her book will quickly find its way into every Catholic household, as well as into the hands of every Catholic teacher and priest in the country.

## Cheerfulness.

IT should not be a cause of surprise that cheefulness and liveliness of spirits are objects of universal encouragement and commendation; they are, as we may perceive from daily experience, absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good will among men; nay, we may assert that the very existence of society would be questioned, if those incitements to mutual converse were wanting in the human heart, to say nothing of their contributing to bodily health. A hearty laugh is often as good for a dyspeptic as pepsin, and much less expensive. The poor man's dinner served with kisses and wreathed with a smile, is appetizing as well as nourishing —no need of bitters or tonics for him.

There are many people who seem to think that to wear a smile is almost a sin. Life to them is a stern reality; their faces are marked by hard drawn lines, which tell plainly that life is certainly a hard conflict; and were we to judge from their conversation, as well as their looks, we should say they were far from being conquerers. Although a cheerful countenance does not always betoken peace of mind and a heart at ease, it is the harbinger of good will, and speaks favorably for the character of the wearer. On the other hand, a sulky appearance is oftener the sign of peevishness and displeasure, than or sorrow or pain. As politeness is a passport where one is not known, so good humor will ensure a continuance of favors which good manners have elicited, and will preserve affections that beauty and elegance can do little more than win. Nothing is more amiable than a constant desire to please, and an unwillingness to offend the taste, or hurt the feelings of a friend. And when this sweetness of disposition shines out in the calm, placid countenance, it is the token at least of a contented mind.

The mind is by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and swayed by a desire to indulge in pursuits which will gratify this natural propensity. Even the gloomy misanthrope will find it an arduous task to restrain this eagerness of the soul for objects which call forth pleasure, or awaken vivid sensations of delight. Cold, indeed, must be the philosophy of him who would subdue the gladdening temperament of his nature and substitute an austere severity and a rigid indifference to the innocent amusements of the world. Few or none of the tender sensibilities which unite us could exist, if each individual were influenced by a selfish thoughtfulness, and an utter distaste for what might excite animation or sprightliness: each would be a morose Timon, and the very links of social intercourse would be dissevered.

The troubles of life fall lighter when they are calmly looked for and quietly received, than when those who must bear them bear also a continual frown. The less we dwell upon our various burdens, the lighter they will appear; and if we must carry them—if misfortune must be our lot—why aggravate our distress by reproaches and grievings? and why tell the world, by gloomy looks and bitter words, of the trouble which sympathy may not relieve?

God has not made this beautiful world and placed us upon it to march with solemn faces and funeral tread from the cradle to the grave.

We may think our particular woes and burdens so great that, under such no mortal could be cheerful, but perhaps far greater are borne with a brave secrecy and shining countenance by others whose smiling faces give no indication of their stricken hearts, and in whose cheering light and warmth others lose sight of their lesser sorrows. We may have buried many a bright expectation, bade farewell to a hope that cheered us, and laid the memorial wreath over many a joy; there may be withered flowers lying upon our heart's altar, but does not their fragrance last, and will it not last to the end of time? Neither find we roses without the attendant thorn; yet shall we neglect to pluck them, or admire their beauty?

Then let us cultivate cheerfulness; it is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, and a redeeming grace of a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hues of the dark.

ALICE LAWLOR.

## March Happenings.

IT is often a subject of wonder and discusion among us, if there is any place else on our little sphere, where the stars appear as large and luminous as those that look down on the foamy waters of Niagara and its vicinity. Certainly our starry firmament, particularly, during the month of March, exerts a powerful influence to raise our thoughts and hearts upward, but it is not only our celestial sky that has been peculiarly bright and attractive, during this month of our holy Patron, St. Joseph, our social sphere has been warmed and brightened by three stars which our minds and hearts rank amongst those of the first magnitude.

Tye first we record as a visit from our beloved and revered Archbishop, whose presence always furnishes us with a rare feast of enlightment, entertainment, and edification, as well as a stimulus to higher things and loftier attainments.

The evening of St. Patrick's day was delightfully spent in listening to His Grace's rich anecdotes and storied historic accounts, not only of our great and glorious St. Patrick, but also of the Patron Saints of the Sister Isles, which terminated with music and song, His Grace's benediction, and the grant of the convent-girl's much-coveted "long sleep," next morning.

Our second source of rejoicing was the long-expected and eagerly-looked-for presence of our much loved and deeply esteemed Rev. Mother Ignatia, whose benign and saintly influence was felt in all hearts, brightening every eye and gladdening every countenance. We only regretted that time and circumstances did not permit us a longer and more frequent enjoyment of an intercourse so charming and beneficent.

And now words fail me to express the brightness, the sunshine, the joy, the gladness —in a word, all that represents exhilaration of spirits, particularly among the young people, at the joy-giving visit of Rev. J. Walsh, who accompanied His Grace. I think I shall have to call to my aid the eloquent tongues of the wiseacres of ten or twelve summers, to say how heartily his stay amongst us was enjoyed.

We are the children of Hope. Do we not live beneath the cheering rays of the Bow of Promise? The memory of our honored guests is still with us,—the bright anticipation of again welcoming them, our dearest joy.

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The blustering March winds had come with all their fury and pitilessly swept the naked boughs so lately gemmed and snow-laden. Yet, within, all was peace and rest and calm—an almost unusual tranquillity—for one of the most important events of the month was about to be recorded in the great volume of Time.

The beginning of the solemn season which the Christian Church has for more than eighteen hundred centuries annually set apart for penitential works, prayer, and meditation, was deemed the most befitting for our spiritual retreat, as a means of entering upon a new life of grace and fervor. Accordingly Ash Wednesday found us in utter seclusion, listening to the fervid words of Rev. A. Kreidt, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View; exhorting us to retire in spirit with our Divine Lord to the desert, and far from the noise and tumult of the world, with thoughtful mind and contrite heart, consider the great eternal truths, the shortness of time, the length of eternity, the certainty of

death and judgment, and the uncertain duration of time.

By every means in his power the Rev. preacher disposed our hearts to unite with the Church in the penitential exercises of the Lenten season, to mortify and restrain our evil inclinations, to practise self-denial and enter seriously into ourselves.

How great is our happiness in belonging to a Church that holds out to her children such signal advantages,—that loses no opportunity of directing their thoughts to God, and of renewing in their minds the saving recollection of His sufferings and death. We felt we had not sufficiently realized heretofore the inestimable value to our souls, and even to our bodies, of this calm, grave, solemn season, following close upon the busy round of thoughtless gayety—"the fever of our fretful life"—which winter is sure to bring.

For the consolation and edification of our revered director, we are pleased to relate that although the enemy of souls found ours swept and garnished, after the beautiful Triduum it was our happiness to enjoy, he has since been allowed no admittance. Soil, which, perhaps, before was barren or uncultivated, has, through, the fertilizing power of grace, become fruitful, weapons that had been carelessly laid aside have been burnished; and we live in hopes that our dear spiritual adviser may recognize that good use has been made of the precious days and hours consecrated to prayerful solitude, and that his labors have not been in vain, but rather evidently and eminently productive.

ALANNA MARMION.

## Blanche of Castille.

"MEN are what their mothers make them." In history we have no truer or more striking exemplification of this than in the sainted son of Queen Blanche, who, besides offering a wonderful example of the influence of a good mother, was a standing contradiction of the fallacy that goodness is generally accompanied by a certain degree of weakness. Louis was every inch a king, and every inch a saint, as his mother was no less a princess for being a truly Catholic mother. Had later kings of France been blessed with such mothers, the horrors of the Revolution would have been spared, and France might have boasted of more royal saints.

Blanche was the daughter of Alphonsus IX., King of Castille, and of Eleanor of England. From earliest childhood she showed great firmness and strength of character. Her manners and conversation were those of a person far beyond her years. When only thirteen years old she became the wife of Prince Louis, eldest son of Philip Augustus, who afterwards reigned under the title of Louis VIII. The marriage which took place in 1200, was one of the conditions of the peace concluded the same year between this monarch and the King of England, uncle to the bride. This event, which was of such peculiar interest to three nations, took place in Normandy, with all imaginable magnificence and pomp, and was the happy beginning of a union which lasted for twenty-six years without a single disagreement.

So great was the ascendancy acquired by the youthful princess over her father-in-law, the king, that he often consulted her, and paid the utmost deference to her advice; and her husband frequently insisted on her presence in the council chamber, and even at his military expeditions.

Having lost her eldest son at an early age, the second became the object of the Queen's tenderest care. Perhaps a gleam of the glory which he was destined to shed over his house had shone upon the pious mother's path and stimulated her to still further exertion in the formation of the mind of this young prince. Kings have doubtless to resist more temptations than other people. The sense of power and the intoxication of flattery are not the best incentives to humility and self-abnegation. "My son, God knows how tenderly I love you! but I would rather see you dead at my feet than guilty of one mortal sin!" she often said to Louis—words repeated from age to age to the praise of good Queen Blanche. Through his childhood, through the trials and temptations of a royal manhood, spent in a troubled time, the influence of those words never left him. His mother's spirit really ruled France and moulded him into the great saint and king that he proved himself to be.

During the war in which the king was engaged with the Albigenses, Blanche invariably accompanied him, but her most assiduous care could not protect him against the attacks of an epidemic which had seized upon many victims in the camp at Auvergne. Entering Montpensier, he was forced to give up. On his death-bed he assembled around him the nobles of his kingdom and several bishops, and he made them swear fealty to his son, declaring his wife regent during his minority. The king died in 1226, loved and esteemed by all for his blameless morality and goodness of heart.

After the funeral services had been performed, the widowed Queen conducted her son to Rheims to be crowned, the young prince being but eleven years and a half old, and then betook herself to the great charge of governing the country for him, and defending his rights. A league was formed by the principal nobles, who were discontented at the appointment of a woman as regent, to carry off the young king, but the queen disconcerted their measures. She was equally successful in the war against the Duke of Brittany, and in that against the Albigenses, which she brought to a happy termination. Even when her term of regency had expired, there was little difference in the royal council, for, at her son's desire, she kept her place as his chief adviser; and in many acts of this time are inscribed the words, "by the advice of my lady and dear mother, the illustrious Queen of the French."

The time had now come when Blanche was to enter upon a second regency. The king was attacked by a malady which nearly brought him to death's door. During his illness Louis made a vow to go to the Holy Land and fight the enemies of the faith, and, on recovering, he insisted on receiving the cross from the hands of the Bishop of Paris. All efforts were in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. His mother felt the separation intensely, as though she had a presentiment that it was their last parting, and while Louis continued his route, she returned to Paris alone, her maternal heart well-nigh broken with the sorrow to which it was a prey. The joyful news of the taking of Damietta was a partial alleviation of the grief into which she was destined to be plunged again by the news of her son's captivity in Egypt. For his ransom she paid out of the public funds, which were in a most flourishing state during her wise regency, the sum of five millions.

The long absence of Louis, the death of Robert, Count of Artois, one of her sons killed at the battle of Massoura, brought on, it is thought, the illness of which she died. Feeling the first attack, she sent for the Bishop of Paris, from whose hands she received the Holy Sacrament. She was then carried, by her own order, to a bed of straw strewed with ashes, where, after lingering five or six days, she surrendered her soul into the hands of her Creator, at the age of sixty-five, 1st December, 1252.

Louis was deeply affected by her death. His first act on learning his loss, was to fall on his knees, exclaiming, "My Lord God, may Thy holy will be done! Thou knowest that I never loved any creature like this mother, who was so amiable and worthy of my love. I thank Thee, my God, for having so long preserved her to me, and bow to Thy holy will!" Then rising, he summoned his chaplain, and recited with him the Office of the Dead, for the repose of the soul of the mother to whom he owed all his greatness and goodness.

It is related of Queen Blanche of Castille that she never refused alms to the poor, and that her nobility of estate, instead of causing her to be proud or haughty, only made her more gentle and kind to her inferiors. It was as if, feeling herself placed above them by birth, she endeavored to draw herself nearer to them. Of one of the proudest families of Europe, and of the proudest race in the world, she did not hesitate to bestow her favors on the poor with her own hands; and her approach was the signal for petitions and requests. Honored be the memory of the mother of St. Louis!—the model mother, whose name has come down the ages—who has illuminated the world by her life, benefited it by her words, and ennobled it by her deeds.

LORETTO BARRETT.

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ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.

## Bells! Bells! Bells!

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

AFTER a comparative absence of snow, for more than a month, our city was swept at last by a small blizzard that deposited the long-expected and much-coveted boon. The day appointed for our sleigh-ride was, in a weather point—and indeed in every other—a distinct success, for the air was invigorating and the skies smiling—as only Niagara skies can, with a sunny, silvery radiance. Can you picture the delight of the "RAINBOW Maidens" when the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells was heard in the distance, adding zest to their anticipatory joy of revelling in the first genuine breath of the season?

At last, seated in our sleighs, enveloped in furs, we were ready to be rapidly whirled over the frozen ground, to view—some of us for the first time—the most gorgeous glacial scenery which the wonderful hand of Nature has ever displayed. Many questions were asked by those who had never before seen the Falls, and were now, to their hearts' content, feasting on such bewitching beauty, many exclamations of rapture were uttered, but when the Park was reached and the full glory of the mighty Cataract and its marvellous ice formations burst upon our vision, speechless wonderment alone gave expression to our thoughts.

After crossing the bridge we decided to view the Park and Islands which, to be appreciated, must be seen, for it is beyond the power of words to describe their unique beauty. Every tree and shrub, every roof and angle, is adorned with an icy covering, or hung with pearls, or inlaid with alabaster fretwork, which glitters and flashes in the sunlignt, beyond all conception of the fairy's enchanted palace. Who could choose but gaze and wonder at this beautiful winter-picture! Niagara in its royal ermine and wintry splendor!

" Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

No where else is there more perfect winter scenery, except, perhaps, in the Arctic regions, and not even there in such brilliant variety as here. Our ride through Prospect Park was like passing into some enchanted land, whose marvels arouse every latent sense of admiration and beauty of which the human soul is capable.

Leaving all this sublimity and grandeur behind, we again found ourselves in the enterprising little City of the Falls, where Mrs. McNulty, to whom we owe a vote of thanks, had prepared for us a most tempting dinner which, needless to say, we enjoyed. Indeed, our kind hostess must have been once a convent girl, so well skilled is she in selecting the dainties and delicacies that school girls relish. The appetizing meal had disposed every one to still greater exhilaration of spirits, and with cheeks and hearts aglow, we turned our faces homeward, discussing the incidents of the drive, and proclaiming it the merriest one ever enjoyed by the RAINBOW staff.

The moon-lit sky, the jewelled trees and shrubs, the snow-fields upon which the moonbeams played and caught here and there a frosty crystal, was a sight never to be forgotten. Looking down on this scene from our Alma Mater, visitors, for whom there is always a cordial welcome, have a splendid opportunity of viewing the extensive panorama, and the glorious Lunar Bow, which never looks to better advantage than when o'erarching the dazzling snowy background.

As we neared the Convent, drove through the gateway, saw the lights gleam from the windows and balconies, and its hospitable doors flung wide to receive us, we could not but realize, to its fullest extent, the rare privilege afforded to the merry freight of happy students who had returned to its halls, soon to enter slumberland and dream of the kindness and cordiality shown on the hospitable shores of Uncle Sam.

MARTHA BAMPFIELD.

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OVERMUCH reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp ; he tastes ; he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine-glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot.

## Homeliness.

'TIS not the fairest form that holds the purest soul within," says the poet. I readily indorse his sentiments. A homely face may often reflect a very noble soul, for there is a beauty of soul as well as of body, very different, no doubt, but with a far higher claim to our affection and admiration. It is this beauty which gives expression to every portion of the countenance, and makes it lovely in the absence of physical charms.

I suppose I might easily write a biography under this head, but knowing from experience how it bores one to be told what she already knows, I shall merely try to describe one of my homely, though dear friends.

Her appearance is, to say the least, uncertain. You cannot tell exactly how high she is, for she appears higher in different lights. Her eyes as well as her hair seem to change color continually. Her features are unprepossessing, save her mouth, and that ofttimes speaks for itself when roused to indignation. Her hands and feet are exact copies of Irving's "Ichabod Crane," and her "whole frame is most loosely hung together." She is not a stylish girl, nor can she ever be; not even an attractive one—in fact, the only term which aptly applies to her is the expressive little word "homely."

Yet, how often has her height showed to advantage on rainy days, wandering among the poor, the sick, and the aged, making life easier for them. Her hands and feet seem never to weary doing the will of her earthly mother and her Heavenly Father. And, at the last day, do you think, God will give those hands, so weary with the many crosses, no crown, because the owner was homely?

Her special characteristic is that self-forgetfulness which is ready to sacrifice all personal comfort and convenience for the sake of others, for whose happiness she is constantly and uninterruptedly laboring. She never alludes to, never appears conscious of any one's defects, peculiar deformity, or inferiority of talent or reputation; never assumes any superiority to herself, never ridicules, never sneers, never indulges in sarcasm, but scrupulously endeavors to maintain the position and relation to every one with whom she comes in contact, that is best calculated to give pleasure. She studiously avoids touching in conversation upon topics that may hurt the feelings of others, and abstains from referring to or calling up disagreeable associations.

Far from holding others responsible for her mistakes, she willingly condones their failings, and possesses the consummate art of appearing absolutely frank, without revealing anything which should not be known; of being pleasantly chatty and conversational without committing herself to a statement or an opinion which might afterwards prove detrimental. It is only after a long acquaintance with my friend, that her true worth is discovered, that the reflection of the soul is seen.

In manner, genial, frank, sympathetic, as careful for her friends as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to her, she is the salvation as well as the charm of society, never making mischief, and by her habitual reticence and self-denying considerateness, raising up barriers at which gossip, hate, and rumor die.

A plain face is not necessarily a homely one—a fact which is demonstrated by the following anecdote. A Frenchman who was said to be the homeliest creature that ever existed—he was truly ugly, so the story goes—was so generous and kind-hearted that he was universally esteemed. One night he had a dream, and in it a vision of an angel, who said to him: "Why art thou sad?" And he answering, said: "Because I am so ugly." The angel replied: "No, thou art not ugly, thy face, like thy actions, is simply plain."

If many of those who spend so much time in worrying over their first grey hair and other outward blemishes, would take care to beautify themselves within, there would be less homeliness in the world. God has made us as He wished us to be, and in His service, it matters little whether we are fair of face or otherwise.

D. D. DENMAN.

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WERE there anything better or fairer on earth than gentleness, Jesus Christ would have taught it to us; yet He has given us only two lessons to learn of him — meekness and humility of heart.

## "The Vision of the Dreamer."

SUCH was the title of the very interesting lecture, in the form of an allegory, given by Miss Helena Goessmann, Ph. M , of Amherst, Mass., not many weeks ago, to a most appreciative audience, and honored by the presence of Very Rev. P. McHale, C. M., President of Niagara University, Rev. J. O. Hayden, C M., from the same seat of learning, also Rev. Father Ferdinand, O. C. C., Carmelite Monastery, Falls View.

Miss Goessmann opened with the story of a woman for whom life held no charms, earth no pleasures, to whom the murmur of the brook was not music, to whose heart the laughing faces and merry prattle of the children, on their way to school, did not appeal. This unlovely and unloving woman, voluntarily isolated, cut off from humanity and its claims, from whom the children, nodding pleasantly as they passed, received an angry look, to whom the blithe chirping of Nature's choristers was not music, the pervading scent of the sweet wild flowers not perfume, was transported in a dream to a pretty little village, nestling among trees, and met at a cottage door by a bright-faced housewife, who welcomed her kindly to Contentment Village, so called because of the happiness that reigned there. Asking the cause of the hurrying to and fro and the general air of excitement that prevailed:—"To-day we crown the Queen of Contentment Village," replied the peasant, "not for her learning, but for her sterling qualities."

The Dreamer awoke, threw open her window to let in the sunshine, spoke kindly to all who passed by, the little school children no longer feared her, and the hungry passed not her door unfed.

The truest conception of true happiness, as explained by Miss Goessmann, consists in adaptability to one's sphere, and a recognition of its different requirements. We are not all born to grace a cottage, nor to dwell in a palace, but all are created to be useful in the great good of the nation. The influence of woman is indisputably great—morally so when it sustains its highest ideals. To be seen in society is one thing, to be felt another. To be the best dressed woman is one thing, to be womanly is another. Since the earliest times woman has given an example of virtue, wisdom and fortitude. The virgin martyrs—the Christian models of our race—loyal to self and to creed, dismayed the licentiousness of a pagan era. In this scientific age to woman is given the double mission of proving how virtue may blend with learning.

In the culture of woman, the heart and mind must keep pace. If the intellect goes on expanding while the heart is left to shrink and die, no ultimate good will result. Miss Goessmann illustrated the womanly side of woman's life by quoting many noble examples, and reciting exquisite selections, bearing on the subject, from Browning, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Browning, etc. When she had finished we felt it was all too soon, but hoped that ere long we may again have the pleasure of hearing of another such dreamer from the lips of so gifted and delightful a speaker as Miss Goessmann, whose winning grace, so simple yet so captivating, lends an additional charm to her discourse. In the fragrance of Miss Hardin's roses, presented at the close, we breathed an *au revoir*.

JOSEPHINE MCNULTY.

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## Early Developed Power to Command.

(CONTINUED.)

SCIPIO AFRICANUS, the chief Roman hero of the Second Punic War, who came of the illustrious Cornelian race, and of a family whose name is identified with some of the most splendid triumphs of the Roman arms, distinguished himself when he was but sixteen years of age, at the battle of Ticinus, 218 B. C. His father whose life he had saved by his valor, in virtue of his authority as general, ordered the civic crown to be presented to him, but the son modestly refused, with the magnanimous declaration that the action was one that rewarded itself.

In his twenty-first year Scipio was made an Ædile, which office was, by law, reserved for such as had reached their twenty-seventh year. The Tribunes opposed his election, and said that he was too young. "If," he replied, "the Romans wish to make me Ædile, I am old enough."

When news was brought from Spain that Scipio's father and uncle had been slain, the young man was at once chosen to avenge this

great disaster to his family and the State. In doing so he showed special ability as commander of the army, and in four years the Carthaginians were driven from that part of Europe.

Scipio was made Consul at the age of twenty-nine. After the great battle of Zama, 202 B. C., returning to Rome, he was received with the most unbounded applause, honored with a triumph, dignified with the appellation Africanus, and advanced to the highest pinnacle of military glory, as the conqueror of the conqueror of Trasimenus and Cannae. During his command in Spain, a circumstance occurred which has contributed more to the fame and glory of Scipio than all his military exploits. At the taking of new Carthage (Carthagena), a young lady of extraordinary beauty was brought to him, by whose charms he was greatly affected. Understanding, however, that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he generously sent for her lover and restored her without any other recompense than requesting his friendship to the public. Her parents had brought a large sum of money for her ransom, which they earnestly entreated Scipio to accept; but he generously bestowed it on Allucius, as the portion of his bride.

Scipio had all the qualifications requisite for forming a great general and a good man. He united courage with tenderness, was superior to Hannibal in the arts of peace, and almost his equal in those of war; and, though obtaining many great victories, yet subdued more by his generosity, mildness, and benevolent disposition than by force of arms. His popularity gave rise to the assertion that, wherever he set his foot, he might have established himself as a king. By nature he was thoroughly aristocratic, and generous and courteous in his manners. His gallantry and genius gained him the peculiar veneration of his countrymen, and pointed him out for an epic hero to be adored like Romulus, to be loved like Camillus.

The oft-reiterated *Delenda est Carthago* of the stern Cato found an echo in the heart of the younger Scipio, known in history as Scipio Africanus Minor, who, when only seventeen years old, accompanied his father in his campaigns in Greece, and fought in the battle of Pydna, by which the power of the ancient kingdom of Macedonia was entirely broken. Twice Consul, he had accomplished, at the age of thirty-six, the destruction of Carthage, that famous city which had flourished seven hundred years, and might have been compared to the greatest empires on account of the extent of its dominion both by land and sea. The conqueror, contemplating the smoking ruins of this once magnificent city, was moved to tears, and is said to have quoted the lines of the Iliad, in which Zeus forebodes the ruin of holy Ilium with Priam and the sons of Priam. Thus ended one of the most renowned cities in the world, the rival of Rome for over a hundred years, and, at one time, thought to have the superiority.

"The sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendor from her domes aspire;
Sway'd by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky
As when the desert's red Simoon is nigh;
The sculptured altar, and the pillar'd hall,
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall;
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimson'd by its beams;
While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victor's tents with ivy crown'd."

During the siege, Asdrubal, who had fortified himself with the deserters and his wife and children in the temple of Æsculapius, desirous of saving his own life, came down privately to Scipio, carrying an olive branch in his hand, and threw himself at his feet. The deserters, to whom Scipio showed him, transported with fury, set fire to the temple. While it was burning, we are told that Asdrubal's wife, arraying herself as splendidly as possible, and placing herself with her two children in sight of Scipio, exclaimed: "I call not down curses upon thy head, O Roman, for thou only takest the privilege allowed by the laws of war; but may the gods of Carthage, and thou in concert with them, punish, according to his deserts, the false wretch who has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children!" Then—

"Fix'd is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands,
Ignobly safe, amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,
Alone to share her children's martyrdom;
Who, when his country perish'd, fled the strife,
And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
'Live, traitor, live!' she cries, 'since dear to thee,
E'en in thy fetters, can existence be!
Scorn'd and dishonor'd live!—with blasted name,
The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.
O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain,
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
Still may the Manes of my children rise
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes;
Still may their voices on the haunted air
In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
Till vain remorse thy wither'd heart consume,
Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire,
In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
Think'st thou I love them not?—'Twas thine to fly—
'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.
Behold their fate! the arms that cannot save
Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave.'
Bright in her hands the lifted dagger gleams,
Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams.
With frantic laugh she clasps them to her breast,
Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest;
Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye."

Perhaps the highest eulogium to Scipio's character was uttered by his rival, Metellus, who ordered his sons to attend the funeral of "the greatest man who had lived or should live in Rome."

Jenghis Khan, the famous Tartar conqueror, ascended the throne when only thirteen years old, and fought his first battle against his rebellious subjects, who refused to pay tithes or obedience to the boy-king. In his fortieth year he had established his fame and dominion over the circumjacent tribes and in a general *couroultai,* or diet, he was seated on a felt, which was long afterwards revered as a relic, and solemnly proclaimed Great Khan or Emperor of the Moguls or Tartars. At the age of forty-six, he defeated Toto and Kushlek, on the Irtish. He then meditated the invasion of China, and astonished the Court of Pekin by sending ambassadors, who exacted tribute, and affected to treat the *Son of Heaven* with contempt. Four years later he invaded Northern China and pierced the feeble rampart of the Great Wall. In his second expedition he compelled the Chinese Emperor to retire beyond the Hoang Ho and Yellow River, and after a long siege, during which the Chinese are said to have discharged ingots of gold and silver from their engines, he captured Pekin. The five northern provinces of China were annexed to the Empire of Jenghis. Seven hundred thousand Moguls and Tartars are said to have marched under the standard of Jenghis and his four sons. He died in the sixty-third year of his age, exhorting the latter, with his last breath, to achieve the conquest of the Chinese Empire.

HELEN KRUMHOLZ.

## Under the Willows.

THE great sun is about to set, and his glorious red light falls on a meadow where green grass, buttercups, golden rod, and clover grow in wild confusion. At one end the meadow slopes, and near it runs a little brook over which a weeping willow bends, as though its tears had formed the streamlet. Leaning against the sheltering tree, is the figure of a child. Ah, what a touching picture! The little golden head, so weary and tired, rests upon her breast, the small sunburnt hands are almost lost beneath the many bunches of flowers. A basket which, from its size and age, might have cradled Moses amidst the bulrushes, stands near, in which are dead butterflies, mosses, pretty stones, berries, and various little white nonentities and wildlings. Here is certainly a wee lover of nature. At length a robin comes to sing his twilight farewell, in one of the drooping branches, and his sweet song floats into dreamland, for, presently, the golden head is lifted, and the brown eyes open wide. "Oh, de pwetty light is all don! Come, my fowers and fings, we must hurry, or my dear papa will fink I'se lost." With these words, the child, bearing her flowery burden, crosses the greensward, and descends a steep hill, the while singing a snatch of song, but as she nears the foot of the hill, her

song is lost in the roar of the distant waters of the far-famed Niagara Falls.

Amongst a group of trees, separated from the Rapids, above the Cataract, by a grass plot and some huge rocks, stands a rustic cottage. On a bench in front of it sit two men, rather carelessly attired, and looking as if they were little in touch with the outer world. The elder of the two is short in stature, but robust. The other is tall, and of more refined and delicate mould. The former is busy with some fishing tackle, the latter, with his hands clasping his knee, looks toward the turbulent waters with a wistful, longing gaze.

What was the story of these two men that they lived thus apart from the world? It is short. One was the leader of a band of robbers, his companion, one of their prisoners. The leader, determined to take possession of the large sum of money that he carried on his person, and being unwilling to share it with the others, suggested that, if he would flee with him to America, and there live in retirement, he would free him; if he refused, naught but long and dreary years of imprisonment lay before him. The poor, captive, heart-broken and desperate, saw no alternative, and consented, on condition that his only child should go with him. His hard-hearted master frowned, and muttered: "If you promise never to cry and fret over her, like a woman, she may. But remember, if you disobey me, I have power to make you a life-long prisoner."

So it was these two men and one tiny girl crossed the great Atlantic, and settled on a lonely island in a foreign land, where all day long the roar of rushing waters is heard.

As they sat thus, quick steps were heard, and presently the small sleeper appeared, with all her hard-earned treasures. Passing the Captain rather brusquely, she paused before her father, her brown eyes fairly dancing, and laid butterflies, blossoms, stones, and berries at his feet, then looked into his face with silent love. The Captain glared at the unoffending child, and in angry tones, commanded her to throw "that trash" away. The little one's face did not change, she still gazed but with eyes fixed on her loved father—that weak but tender father—who longed to take his darling in his arms in one long embrace—and pointed to her floral trophies. "Yes, take them away, and put them on that big rock, men like me do not care for such things." A cloud overspread the erstwhile sunny face, the baby lips quivered, and the gentle eyes were filled with tears. Irma had lived midst the birds and flowers and bright, rippling waters, and years of cold indifference and seeming unkindness had not yet chilled her childish ardor. With love's labor lost, she picked up her slighted treasures, and climbing one of the great rocks, laid them down, and kneeling, mingled her golden curls with all the pretty things; while the withered flowers were freshened by the tears of one who loved them so well. By some ill luck one of the tiny fingers was cut and the blood flowed and dyed red the daisies' white petals and the yellow-winged butterflies. Ah, poor little one, yours is but one bleeding heart, in this great flower-garden of life.

Loving child! Weak father! Why not take your angel and flee? Overcome your cowardice, it is breaking one little heart.

It was not until the Captain lay asleep, after a goblet of rich wine, that the father stole softly out and went toward the rock where Irma still lay in a heap with her gatherings. The moon was now shining brightly and wrapped her in its silvery light. The setting sun had gazed on a happy child, the moon arose to find her plunged in deep sorrow. Her father stooped, and gently lifted the weary little form in his strong arms. "My own darling," he whispered, "papa's little one, do not weep, I love you dearly, but before that cruel man I must not be kind, or he will harm me. But yes, I love you, Irma, God knows how I love you." The tear-stained face was raised to his: "My dear, dear papa, I wish oo always would be dud to me, de flowers boom for me, de birdies sing, an' de evy fing is dud." The rose bud lips were pressed to his. "Some time, dear, some time, you will understand—golden days will come, and, Irma, they will be brighter than your loved sun, more fragrant than your blossoms, sweeter than the songs of your birds."

Hope! Hope! Beacon light of the soul, what a gentle beauty thou throwest over the common-

place affairs of life!—an entangled beauty, perhaps, but a very comforting one. Thy fire never dies out; thou art a very "Will-o'-the wisp," leading us through gloomy paths toward the Utopia of our brilliant dreams.

That night while the Captain and her father slept, Irma lay awake. The clear moonbeams played upon her tiny cot and sweet face, which was now less sad. Thoughts of bright angels and the "dud Dod" flitted through her mind, for at intervals she would lisp aloud: "Yes, de angels and de dud Dod, I love em, too." Suddenly, an expression of sadness and distress stole over the chubby face, and, sitting up, she said: "Oh, all my poor fings, I left em on de cold rock! I know what I will do. I will do an det em, and put em on my papa's bed, so in de mornin' when he wakes he will see em all."

All fear expelled by an ardent love for Nature's children and her father, she quietly unlocked the door, and went out. It was now past midnight, and the moon was not as bright. She climbed the old rock again, secured the forgotten treasures, and started to come down, when, turning to see if one stray flower had been left behind, she slipped and fell on one of the smaller rocks below. No cry escaped her lips, quietly she lay there, while again the blood flowed from a deep gash in the temple, and dyed the clustering golden hair, and the stars and their leader looked down in love and pity. But the angels and their Creator looked down with love and joy, for that night, a beautiful spirit had joined their band.

Morning dawned. A terror-stricken father sought his missing child, but alas! found only a small, white corpse. His grief was too deep for words. Filled with sorrow and remorse, he bore her to the cottage, knelt beside the lifeless remains, and gave free vent to his tears. The Captain looked on in silence. Three days after, Irma was laid in the little graveyard not far from the island. Over her grows a weeping willow. Ah, what a contrast! But a few days ago, she slept beneath a willow, surrounded by her sweet-scented blooms, now another willow marks her resting-place, and the faded flowers she had died to save.

The next autumn when the leaves were dying of the fever that had flushed them, and the sky was dark with clouds, and the cold rain fell, a sorrowing, white-haired father was laid beside his child. And time has softened a heart, for oft at evening hour, a lonely man, with face bearing traces of deepest grief, enters the village cemetery —a lovely little garden where white marble gleams amid a wilderness of evergreen and vines —and, proceeding to the two new-made graves, lays fairest blossoms upon them.

MABEL KEAN.

## Papal Leos.

THE name Leo recalls some of the most eventful and glorious days in the history of the Papacy. At least five of the thirteen Popes who have borne the name made themselves famous among the rulers of the Holy See, while the "Lumen in Cœlo" sheds undying lustre on the name.

Leo I., sainted and surnamed the Great, who occupied the Papal chair from 440 to 461, appeased a quarrel between Aetius and Albinus, which threatened to leave Gaul and Italy exposed to the barbarians, saved Rome from Attila, persuading the "Scourge of God" to retire with a ransom; and made Genseric and his Vandals agree that in the sack of Rome, three of its churches should be spared, and the lives of all its citizens. The same great Pontiff restored discipline and harmony among the African churches, annulled the episcopal elections of Gaul, and enforced celibacy upon the clergy.

Leo III., also sainted, Pope from 795 to 816, founded many of the finest of the Roman churches, crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the West, on Christmas Day, amid the joyful acclamations of the thousands who had assembled to witness the ceremony, thereby re-establishing on a Christian basis the Roman Empire.

Leo IV., a third saint, Pope from 847 to 855, headed, clad in his pontifical robes, the sally of the citizens of Rome, in 849, against a great Saracen host, and was raised by Providence to be the savior of Rome, and the bulwark of all Christendom against these fierce depredators; who had freighted their ships with an immense booty and put out to sea. A fearful tempest destroyed their fleet; the waves washed up along the Italian strand, with the bodies of these ene-

mies to the Christian name, some portions of the treasure taken from St. Peter's church, which were gathered up and brought to Rome with pious reverence. St. Leo IV., removed the last traces of the passing infidels by the truly royal magnificence with which he repaired that august temple.

With a view to shield the basilica from any fresh outrage, he resolved to join it to ancient Rome by means of a new city, surrounded by walls. This immortal work was begun in 848. As if in scorn of these defensive preparations, the Saracens, in the following year, landed a force superior to that of any former expedition. But they were doomed to meet a second Poictiers on the shores of Italy, a second Charles Martel in the person of St. Leo IV. To quote the testimony of an author who is not wont to lavish praise upon the Christian Pontiffs—"When attacked by the Saracens," says Voltaire, "Pope Leo IV., by his defence, proved himself worthy to be Rome's sovereign. He had used the Church's wealth to raise the walls, to build towers, to stretch chains across the Tiber. He armed a force of militia at his own expense, he visited all the posts in person, and met the Saracens at their approach, not in the iron harness of a warrior, but as a Pontiff come to exhort a Christian people, as a king watchful of his subjects' weal. Leo was born a Roman; the courage of the first ages of the Republic glowed in his breast; and amid the decline and corruption of a ruined age, he stood erect, like one of the firm and lofty columns that rear their heads above the fragments of the forum."

By the death of Leo IV., the chair of Peter lost a great Pontiff, all Christendom a great hero. In him the rarest virtues had met together: prudence, liberality, piety, humility, courage, love of justice, and an exhaustless charity.

Leo X., the most illustrious of the name, from a secular point of view, was a son of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent. Before coming to the Papal throne this Pontiff had been the companion and patron of the most eminent artists and literary men of the day. During the golden era of his Pontificate (1513–1521), he reconstructed the great Roman University, and made it the most eminent scientific body in Europe, with its hundred professors teaching every branch of science, sacred and profane, including medicinal botany, then taught for the first time. He patronized the arts with all the judicious munificence of the Medicean family; he founded the Greek Institute on the Esquiline, established a Greek press in Rome, encouraged the study of the Oriental languages, and printed at his own cost a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics by Piero Valeriano. Under him was held the fifth general council of Lateran; to him Portugal sent the first fruits of Albuquerque's East Indian conquests; he added to the Pontifical domains Siena, Perugia, and Bologna, and regained Parma and Placenza.

In a word, the ruins of Rome were made to yield up their treasures, the German printers bringing to Italy their great art, which Leo called a new light from heaven, were welcomed and royally entertained; and liberty of thought and of speech was guaranteed to all who labored in the cause of religion and humanity.

Leo died after a reign of eight years, long gratefully remembered by the Romans as an era of happiness and prosperity, and destined to live in the annals of art and literature while the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo survive, or scholars recall Bembo and Sadoleto.

Leo XII., who reigned from 1823 to 1829, was a firm ruler who exerted himself vigorously to repress brigandage and mendicity, established an efficient police at Rome, did much for the Sapienza University, and was characterized by undeviating goodness of heart. The great event of his Pontificate was undoubtedly the Jubilee of 1825.

Leo XIII. "A Light in Heaven," such, indeed, has this illustrious Pontiff been by his virtues, his learning, his singular services to the Church. While I write his picture is before me—a diaphanous apparition, almost supernatural and dematerialized—the inspired and pure brow—the inimitable nobility of expression which reflects the visions of the heart—the delicate hand of ample benedictions. Leo XIII., resembles those saints with ideal faces whom the middle age has placed in its mystic windows; or, in other words, the face has a soul peculiar to itself far beyond all our modern types, and presents a vision so new that the mind involuntarily dreams

of those white physiognomies of the other world.

This saintly Pontiff has enjoyed one of those apotheoses of which the greatest men in history may well be proud. Monarchs, philosophers, statesmen, artists—all have bowed down before him. The sentiment so generous and so sympathetic which inspires his policy, and his ideas so modern, and at the same time so eternal, his symphonic genius, his heart, ever open to the aspirations of the century, and that something so pathetic and cordial which animates the verdure of his intellectual and moral health, entitle him forevermore to the gratitude and admiration of the world.

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

## February Happenings.

THUS far in our school year February has proved the wisest month. It has managed to glean more important events in its twenty-eight days than the others that were gifted with two or three more.

The saying "old friends are best" is much more weighty than long. When it was announced that we were to spend "an evening with books," in company with our gifted friend, Mr. O'Hagan, and hear from his eloquent lips "How and what to read," our delight was much greater than words of ours can express. Although we had read many opinions on the subject, still there seemed to be a newness about Mr. O'Hagan's words which was pleasing and instructive. One brilliant jewel of thought after another dropped from his lips, flashing and leaving a golden radiance behind.

From the casket a few of the simpler ones have been selected. The books of to-day are certainly very numerous. They come in like flocks of birds, but out of all these birds there are but few whose songs sink deep into the heart. The hawks and crows are many, their loud cries are heard, but bring nothing but unrest. Yes, it is quite true, the yellow-covered dime novel rests peacefully in many a fair dame's hand, it lies on the table in some elegantly furnished room, mingling its poisonous breath with the perfume of the sweet blossoms, it is even an inmate of the sick room where it causes the fever in the heart to almost rival that of the body. On the other hand, take any historical work, or any book whose moral is pure and holy, what of it? Why it lies all dusty and forgotten on some dark shelf.

In proportion as bad books increase, so does corruption of character. Books of this kind are certainly the foundation of wrecked lives, and ought to be avoided by the possessor of so precious a thing as a soul. One should read for improvement as well as for amusement. Books are not absolutely dead things, they are lively and vigorous. Not everything between covers is a book. Pick up a beautifully bound volume, peruse its contents. Can you find any beauty there? No, nothing but decay. A book has a great amount of influence. If good, it is elevating and inspiring, if bad, degrading and demoralizing. "The true university of these days is a collection of good books," says Carlyle.

In reading, if a book prove a strain on the mind, it is well to have near some book of a lighter nature, and read it until the mind is rested and then go back to the former. Mr. Gladstone adopts this method. No intelligent reader should ever read without having a dictionary near him, to which to refer. A literary note-book is also one of the essentials in instruction reading.

Mr. O'Hagan enumerated the great writers of old, and stated how, in various ways, they kept the spirit of literature well preserved. He also gave us some sound advice as to the authors to be read, and left us with wiser hearts, and anxious longing to welcome him in the near future to Loretto.

It is not often that two such golden days follow so closely on each other's footsteps as did Mother Eucharia's feast and Washington's birthday—the former very dear to all our hearts—the latter particularly so to the hearts of the American maidens on Canadian soil.

Old Sol, in deference, we presume, to the occasion, rose in all his colored splendor, but the great King's gifts were not rivals to the bright, happy faces that beamed at Loretto that day. A Concert was given in the evening—a gleam from the gratitude that filled our hearts from whom we have received naught but kindness and maternal care.

The following is the programme of the performance in which every one acquitted herself so perfectly as to charm and surprise the audience, as many were debutantes, and unaccustomed to appear before such acritical audience:

Chorus from Lohengrin................Wagner
Address. Mabel Kean.
Piano Solo—"Barcarole."..............Godard
Alice Lawlor.
"Art in the Service of Religion."
Miss Barrett, D. Denman, A. Marmion, J. Hardin, M. McMahon.
Glee—"Hark! the Curfew."...........Atwood
Violin Solo— .................. Bach-Gounod
Josephine Hardin.
"Behold, I stand at the Door and Knock."
Miss H. Krumholz, D. Denman, J Hardin, M. Nash, M. Kean, C. Kean, E. Kean, M. Connor, K. Van Sickle, A. G McGee, A. Marmion, M. McMahon, C. Engelkin, G. Flaherty, J. Smith, M. Formosa, K. McCarron, M. Lynch, C. Crysler.
Little Ones' Greeting from Japan.
Quartette for Violins..............Scoton-Clark
Miss McNulty, J. Hardin, C. Kean, K. Van Sickle.
Vocal Solo—"The Holy City"... Stephen Adams
Miss Gertrude Flaherty.
Italian Legend—
Miss Hardin, H. Krumholz, D. Denman, C. Crysler, K. McCarron, M Kean, M. McMahon, M. Powell.
"Ave Maria."...........................Abt

The mail bag never looked so staunch and healthy, when left at the convent door, as on good St. Valentine's day, dear to the youthful heart from time immemorial. Needless to relate, the mail is unusually interesting on the occasion, and the hour of distribution rather an exciting one. Bright-hued envelopes, large and small, pasteboard boxes, packages, etc., were a joy to the eyes of the gentle devotees. The poor little everyday letters seemed dull and insipid. Gaylytinted cards, pretty pictures, hearts linked by chains, and sweet messages were flying from hand to hand, every one enjoying the other's gifts. One had a grave mission—the goldenhaired, blue-eyed recipient saw herself pictured ten years hence, a mournful spinster, bereft of her charms, eyes turned to a yellowish green, hair of a muddy brown—since then she has been a little less devoted to her mirror.

Though the winter wind wailed without, and the snow fell in large, icy flakes, none of the mournful sounds or chilly air penetrated the handsome library where the "RAINBOW Maidens" were to have a literary reunion, for the purpose of discussing a favorite topic—Art. How lovely the spot selected for the occasion seemed! The grand piano stood in all its majesty, patiently awaiting the touch of a sympathetic hand. The numberless books appeared to listen with breathless suspense for the result of the debate.

One by one the members of "S. C. L." took their places, arrayed in pure white, relieved only by the Nile green and mauve badges—their chosen colors—and looked very fresh and happy. Miss Denmann was the first to launch into the golden glories of the subject. Her highly cultured voice—the voice that has been the charm of the recreation hall—now rang out as it never had before. One beautiful thought followed the other in rapid succession, and proved how empty is Art when void of religious feeling. "The beautiful in art is but a faint, glimmering ray caught from its source—God." "Art and Religion must then go forth hand in hand—Religion as the inspirer of true Art, and Art as the handmaid of Religion."

Miss Kean brought forth the claims of Architecture to a place among the Arts, extolled the beauties of the Gothic Cathedrals, led us from Salisbury to Cologne, from Cologne to Strasbourg, from Strasbourg to Milan, and thence to that grandest of temples—St. Peter's at Rome.

" Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality."

Miss H. Krumholz dwelt upon "the marble spell of Sculpture," and pictured so vividly the "Olympian Jupiter" of Phidias, the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, "the Gates of Ghiberti"—"fit to be the gates of Paradise"—the "Campanile" of Giotto, that we could not fail to recognize the harmony that exists between Sculpture and Architecture.

Miss Marmion's discourse on Painting was beautiful, indeed, and proved to our satisfaction that the most renowned works of the great masters were ever inspired by Religion. With

her we visited the famous European galleries, even the Catacombs where Christian painting had its origin; the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, and viewed the wondrous creations of the Prince of painters, especially his "Transfiguration,' from the glory of which he passed to behold it in heaven.

Poetry had for its advocate Miss Hardin, and well might one suppose her one of those gifted beings that sing the silvery songs. Her whole soul seemed fired with the love of her Art, and most eloquently did she plead its cause. The music of the intellect, played upon the harp-strings of thought, and chanted by the Christian poet is surely sublimest melody in the ear of the Creator of Song—how noble then the mission of the Christian poet!

Miss McNulty's clear, young voice was heard to advantage as she extolled the power of the golden-tongued Polyhymnia, adducing numerous examples of the part Eloquence has played in the affairs of men. The Master blessed it, by it Demosthenes stayed the fall of Greece, and Cicero saved Rome from the conspiracy of Catiline. What if Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, and the Grand Old Man had not raised their voices in behalf of poor, down-stricken Ireland! With pride does the Church point to Augustine, Chrysostom, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Lacordaire, De Ravignan, Didon and Monasbré, as noble examples of eloquence.

At the close a vote of thanks was passed, we were the recipients of many compliments, and assured that a more enjoyable treat had never been given within the library walls.

MABEL KEAN

## Responses to the Roll Call at an Open Meeting of the "S. C. L."

MABEL KEAN—"The beauty of the soul is Faith —an ideal loveliness to the sculptor, Faith is to the heart—Faith, rightly understood, extends over all the works of the Creator, whom we can know but through belief."

HELEN KRUMHOLZ—Faith is the flame that lights the sacrifice to heaven —*J. Montgomery*.

JOSEPHINE MCNULTY—Faith spans the gulf of death with the bridge of eternal life.—*D. Durand.*

MARTHA BAMPFIELD—The shade of Faith is the best equipage for the storm of adversity and the keen atmosphere of selfishness.—*Downey.*

ALANNA MARMION—Faith is the soul riding at anchor.—*H. W. Shaw.*

JOSEPHINE HARDIN—Faith is letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps, at the Divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—*F. W. Faber.*

D. DENMAN—The inventory of my faith for this lower world is soon made out. I believe in Him who made it.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

ALICE LAWLOR—Faith is the root of all good works; a root that produces nothing is dead.—*Wilson.*

MARGARET LYNCH—Faith is the pencil of the soul, that pictures heavenly things.—*T. Burbridge.*

AMANDA HAWK—Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its wants.—*T. Boston.*

PEARL HAWK—Faith is the subtle chain that binds us to the Infinite —*E. O. Smith.*

MARIA FORMOSA—Christian works are no more than animate faith, as flowers are the animated spring-tide.—*Longfellow.*

DONNA BIANCA—Faith——One sip of this
will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.
*Milton.*

## Departure of Fifty Salesian Missionaries.

THE present century is certainly as fertile an age for missionary enterprize as the former ages of the Church. The spirit of propagating the Truths of the Gospel amongst "those that sit in the shadow of death," has never for a single moment abated, since Our Divine Saviour sent His messengers to make known to all nations the New Law of peace and love, when He said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The modern missionary father, Don Bosco, aspired to a part in this glorious campaign of the Cross and claimed for his sons a place amongst the intrepid pioneers of the Catholic Faith. Since 1876, when the first "departure" ceremony took place in the Church

of Our Lady Help of Christians at Turin, the Salesian Fathers' field of action in foreign lands has become so extensive, as to render a repetition of that ceremony necessary every year.

As a consequence there took place also this year that beautiful and impressive ceremony. In the afternoon of October 31st, Eve of All Saints, twenty nuns and thirty young missionary priests, clerics and catechists assembled in the Sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians, to implore God's blessing on their undertakings, and recite the customary prayers, before setting out for foreign parts. Their respective destinations are: Patagonia, Uruguay, Paraguay, the Argentine Republic, Venezuela, Columbia, the United States, North and South Africa.

Shortly after three o'clock, the Rev. Father Barni, who for several years has been connected with the Salesian Mission of the Sacred Heart at London, ascended the pulpit and delivered a forcible discourse to a crowded congregation, on the great need and needs of the missions, and the immense sacrifices which the missionary life demands.

The sermon was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament imparted by his Grace the Archbishop of Turin, who afterwards, from the altar steps, bid the missionaries a touching adieu. Then his Grace the Archbishop, Don Rua, the successor of Don Bosco, and several Superiors of the Salesian Society, embraced the young missionaries, who at once set out for their several destinations.

One can easily imagine that the expenditure attending these "Expeditions" amounts to an enormous sum, and, since the Salesian Society depends entirely for its support upon the alms of the charitable, all who are able should help in this great work remembering that co-operators in the conversion of souls will have a special reward in Heaven. Contributions will be most gratefully received by V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

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THE finest nature, like the truest steel, must be tempered in the hottest furnace, so much caloric would be thrown away on an inferior metal. Capacity for suffering infers also capacity for achievement.

## SPRAY.

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

Josephine—"Madge, do you know what a rest means?"

Madge—"No, play it for me."

Oh, Madge, you slyboots, to plead ignorance of the value of a rest, when it takes four of us to deprive you of it every morning!

Ethel—"How are you now, Irene?"

Irene—"Splendid. A *position* came yesterday and gave me something that cured me."

Christine—"Oh, look at *Venice* in the sky!"

Alanna still sighs for the delicious, talismanic lobsters—or lobster salad—which?

Caught from the serious moments of our tiny tots—"Sister says the longest day is the 21st June. I don't think so, it's the day we were reading about when Joshua prayed and the sun stood still."

"It never! 'Twas the earth stopped going round."

—"I am going to use big words now, because it is only babies that use small ones; and it is perfectly *red-dic-lus* to be always a baby."

The youthful idea-shooting asserted itself, rather profanely, if you will, a few days ago, when one of our wee maids, looking at a group of statuary near by, exclaimed: "Ob, I dust love dat anzel and de little Lordy ting standing near it."

Mary G.—"Are oysters animals?"

Mabel—"Oysters are invisible creatures with legs!"

Fanny—"The dog is the only one that appreciates me when I return."

Katie—"Oh, well, he is a sheep dog, and is probably glad to meet again a member of the family."

—"Which are the sins against Hope?"

Lucy—"Despair and *consumption.*"

Annie—"Did you *congratulate* her from your school? (Laughter). Well, did you *granulate* her?"

Maud—"Columbus was a great *alligator*, but only a half a *gallon* of his men returned."

—"And so you went to class without saying *give us this day our daily bread.*"

The tiny culprit breathed freely, and with an expression of unspeakable relief, looking up exclaimed: "I had only meat and potatoes."

Loretto—"Where did you get all the canvas, did your ship come in?"

## Our Visitors.

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AND the Angel answering, said to the women: Fear not you, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid.—St. Matthew, xxviii., 5-6.

NIAGARA RAINBOW



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*VOL. V.* *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1898.* *No. 2.*

## The First Easter Morn.

(Lines suggested to a former pupil of an Irish Loretto by Plockhorst's picture of the Three Maries at the Sepulchre, which appeared in our issue of last Easter).

"And the Angel answering, said to the women: Fear not you, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid."—St. Mathew xxviii. 5, 6.

The countless gleaming stars in sapphire set show pale in far Judean skies;
As over dome and minaret the first faint streak of dawn doth slowly rise—
When through the City's gates—unbarr'd by angel-hand, the legend tells—in haste,
Shrinking, yet brave, and closely veil'd, three Maries sped along the dew-gemm'd waste
That led beyond the City, to that garden-tomb wherein their soul's Ador'd
Even now lay dead; slain by the rage of cruel men—their Jesus! Master! Lord!
With bow'd heads, tear-dimm'd eyes, but hearts full true and stronger grown in deathless love,
Bearing a mass of odorous balm and spices rare, they gain that sacred grove;
The fragrance of their ointments making sweet the air, as swiftly on they go;
Anxious, disturb'd, each asking each "who should roll back the heavy stone?" when lo!
In shining garb before their startl'd gaze, one sat upon its side, who said:—
"I know 'tis Jesus who was crucified, ye seek; rejoice! He is not dead."
"Your Lord even now is risen, as foretold—He is not here, look in and see;
"But go tell all the brethren they shall meet Him by the Lake Tiberia's Sea!"
One look into the Sepulchre, naught but the bands and spices met their gaze;
With fear-averted brow, clasp'd hands, and hearts distraught with sorrowful amaze
Transfix'd they stood; they knew not 'twas an angel spoke, till once again his voice
Assuring them in very deed "the Lord was ris'n," bade them look up, rejoice!
Then vanish'd. Yet one moment more, they and the Saviour whom they know not meet.
"All hail!" Oh, rapture, wonder, joy, for those that now enclasp their Master's Feet!
"All hail! 'Tis I, be not afraid!" He said. "Behold My Wounds whose marks you see!
"Tell Peter and My brethren that I go before them into Galilee!"
With awe they gaze, and reverent love into that Face Divine, their hearts deep stirr'd
As ne'er before; then with glad haste went back to tell what they had seen and heard.

'Twas noon. The orient sun wrapp'd Juda's purple hills as with a robe of pride,
For an unholy triumph reigns within her walls; the wretched Deicide!
Discrowned! ah! not for thee that flood of glorious, golden sheen is now display'd,
Lights it with radiance passing fair a Tomb within sweet Olive's lonely glade.
Where sighing out her soul in nameless, ceaseless woe, poor Magdalene remains;
A wealth of beauty round her pathway flung,—a thousand witching, sweet refrains
From all the warblers of those groves rang out, as if their very hearts would sing
Them forth in that First Easter Morn's proud pæan to death's Conqueror! Lord! and King!
In vain ye swell those pretty notes, sweet singers, on the olive-scented air;
In vain doth nature with an ever lavish hand shed brightest radiance there;—
Clos'd is one mourner's eye; earth holds no treasure for thee now poor Magdalene!
Nor shall thy plaint of woe be less for the fair angel-presence erstwhile seen.

One all-absorbing grief and love within thy heart their home have made;—
Its King, thy Jesus!—Oh! where was He gone? where have they her dear Master laid?
She would not be consol'd. Nay she will weep her very heart out at His Tomb!
The Sun that made her life-sky all roseate, lay obscur'd in death and gloom.
A sun to lighten up that darken'd life could ne'er more shine where all is night!
"Woman, why weepest thou?" and straightway on her path, two men in garb of white
Address'd the Magdalene: "Whom seekest thou? Why weepest thou?" to whom she said:—
"Ah, they have taken Him away! My Master, Lord,—I know not where He's laid!"
She look'd into the Sepulchre, then turning saw one seated on each side
Of that dear grot where late had lain her heav'n on earth—her Jesus crucified.
But she would not be comforted, though now assur'd her Lord was ris'n; "O say,"
She cried, "Where have they plac'd my Master and my Lord? I'll take Him then away!"
Ah, Magdalene! a Listener near doth long to give thee now thy sweet reward
For all past grief. Full soon thy gaze shall rest entranc'd on thy most Blessed Lord.
Still weeping sought she in the Tomb, then turning, all unknown did Jesus meet.
"Mary!" one rapturous spring, "Rabboni!" and adoring fell she at His Feet!
What 'wildering joy thrill'd that fond heart that fain would clasp to it those Feet Divine!
"Nay, Mary, touch Me not! Not yet have I ascended to My God and thine"'
'Twas Jesus spoke; she may not kiss the shining Wounds of His Most Sacred Feet.
"Unto My Father, and thy Father must I go, He said, "before we meet!"
"Haste thou to Peter; give the brethren all glad tidings and 'all hail' from Me;
Tell them I go before; next Sabbath's sun I meet them all in Galilee!"

He bless'd her and was gone. In wordless joy, with lips where He had stood close press'd,
Lay prostrate Magdalene; her heav'n was there where she had seen her Saviour Blest!
Ages have come and gone; and thou dost feed, O Mary! in ecstatic love
Thy soul's pure hunger on the Beatific Vision fair in realms above;
But naught that mortal pen may tell or heart reveal in ages yet unborn
Could ever paint the love that throbb'd in thine, dear Magdalene, on that First Easter Morn!

M. J. BENEDICTA.

## Some Great Bookmen.

"I am a bookman," said Lowell, and one is proud to realize in our scholarly and typical American critic all of the qualities one would care to include in the term. Learned and versed in books, and full of the antiquarian spirit; loving all books, he writes in the Library of Old Authors,—where he certainly was very much at home—"We confess a bibliothecarian avarice that gives all books a value in our eyes; there is for us a recondite wisdom in the phrase, 'A book is a book'; from the time when we made the first catalogue of our library, in which 'Bible, large, I. vol.,' and 'Bible, small, I. vol.' asserted their alphabetic individuality, we have had a weakness even for those checker-board volumes that only fill up. There is to us a sacredness in a volume however dull, we live over again the author's lowly labors and tremulous hopes."

The same feeling is most happily expressed by Brander Matthews, another good American bookman, in a passage which I allow no possible opportunity to pass and leave unquoted. "From Dr. Burton's The Book Hunter, I learnt a reverence for a book, a respect for it as the shrine of wisdom, a regard for it as a thing of beauty in itself. So possessed am I now by this feeling that I find Imogen were fitly punished for illtreating the book she had been reading while Iachimo was hidden in the chest: she bade her woman Helen 'fold down the leaf where she had left.' To fold down the leaf of the book is to torture a poor dumb friend which cannot protest in self-defense, and for this crime of lese literature and for other reasons known to the dramatist, Imogen suffered not a little."

One might most conveniently and entertainingly select a series of great bookmen from these Book hunters, possibly I shall do so unconsciously, however that may be, I hope we can spend a pleasant half hour in the fellowship of this goodly company.

Selecting a few examples from the many classes, let us take the Bookman, first as a collector of manuscripts, next as a book collector, in our modern sense of printed books, then as printer or producer of books; following with such others as time may permit, not omitting those who have been the custodians of books—the librarians.

I find, if I may be allowed an interlude, having read this through to myself and feeling one somewhat necessary, that there is nothing very definite in what I have written. A certain teacher of history has a very good phrase, which I hear repeated daily by her students—"What does it stand for?"

Now if this *must* stand for something, perhaps I could say for my own interest in the people and things I like to read about, and if something still more must be found, I will fall back on the old excuse. We have become so addicted to taking books and libraries for granted, in this American 19th century of ours, that it may be worth our while to pause and consider what we really owe to those who have gone before us.

We have become so accustomed to reading our Petrarch and thinking of his beautiful devotion to Laura, that we are often forgetful of his being one of the great bookmen of the ages. As the medieval darkness lightens, it is to illuminate his figure, who was rightly hailed as "The harbinger of day."

Devoted to books from his boyhood, he made his first collection while reading law at Bologna. Here his aged father visited him, and began making a funeral pile of the beloved parchments, a poor remainder only being saved by the young man's prayers and pledges. Soon, however, he gave himself up wholly to his two passions, his Laura, and his books;—and, to his collections and transcriptions, often in his own hand, we owe many of the most valuable relics that have been saved to classic literature.

Living in Avignon, he travelled through Switzerland, Flanders, and as far as Paris, in search of hidden and forgotten treasures in the old monastic libraries. Of his visit to Liège he writes in a letter to a friend: "When we arrived I heard that there was a good supply of books, so I kept all my party there until I had one Oration of Cicero transcribed by a colleague, and another in my own writing, which I afterwards published in Italy; but in that fair city of the barbarians it was very difficult to get ink, and what I did procure was as yellow as saffron." Among Latin writers, Petrarch's devotion was particularly given to Cicero and Virgil, and it was undoubtedly owing to his influence through the strong emphasis given to the beauty of Cicero's latinity and the permanent value of his writings that, in the first century of printing, more editions of Cicero were produced than of any other classical authors. Although not reading Greek, he both urged on others its necessity, and bought for his library all Greek manuscripts that came within his reach and his means. A century later his beautiful script served as a copy for the italic or cursive type that was first made by Aldus.

Petrarch tells us how Homer and Plato stood side by side on the shelf, the prince of poets by the prince of philosophers. "I glory in the sight of my illustrious guests, and at least have the pleasure of seeing the Greeks in their national costume."

In his treatise on fortune he has left us a study on book-collecting in the form of a dialogue between his natural genius and his critical reason, beginning—

Petrarch—I have indeed a great quantity of books.

Critic—That gives me indeed an excellent instance. Some men amass books for self-instruction, and others from vanity, &c.

Pet.—I have a great abundance of books.

Crit.—Books have led some to learning, and often to madness when they swallow more than they can digest.

Pet.—I have innumerable books.

Crit.—Yes, and innumerable errors of ignorant authors and of the copyists who corrupt all that they touch.

Pet.—I have collected a number of fine books.

Crit.—To gain glory by means of books you must not only possess them but know them; their lodging must be in your brain, and not on the book-shelf.

Petrarch had small patience with the copyists; in another place he exclaims, "Who will discover a cure for the ignorance and vile sloth of these copyists, who spoil everything and turn it to nonsense? If Cicero, Livy, and other illustrious ancients were to return to life, do you think they would understand their own works?" He made several valuable collections of books, and by his own ardor in searching for manuscripts, he not only unearthed many of the classics, but he inspired others with his own zeal.

Petrarch finally settled in Arqua, near Padua, where, from his cottage in a small vineyard sheltered by olive trees, he writes to his beloved Gerard, on sending him the Confessions of St. Augustine, "Read it then and ponder upon it. This book, which would inflame a heart of ice, must set your ardent soul on fire." On a summer night, in 1374, Petrarch died peacefully at Arqua, "alone in his library."

Jean Grolier was certainly the prince of bookmen among early-printed book collectors. Born in 1479, when the printing press in its first twenty-five years had produced some of its most perfect work, Grolier added to the perfection of typography an elegance of artistic binding which has never been surpassed. He lived to the age of 86, dying, like Petrarch, among his beloved books. His three thousand volumes, each a gem within, and worthily encased, were finally dispersed, and are now in various libraries, public and private, always among the choicest treasures.

Symonds, in his fascinating "Revival of Learning," speaking of the decline of Greek studies in Italy, after 1520, uses these words, "As though exhausted by the enormous energy wherewith Florence had acquired, and Venice had disseminated Greek culture, the Italians relapsed into apathy."

The story of Florentine scholarship and its illustrious names is most familiar, but that of Venice, and her master bookman, Aldus Manutius, notwithstanding its charm, is less often dwelt upon. Aldus stands not only for Venice, but also as a representative of the many great printers whose love of learning was the supreme motive in their life-work; such men as the Elzivers, Plantin, Fust, and Caxton.

Aldus Manutius was born in 1450. Having studied Latin in Rome, and Greek in Ferrara, and having made many friends among the principal Italian scholars, he became instructor, after the manner of his century. Residing at Mirandola, where he enjoyed the society of Pico della Mirandola, with whom he continued his own scholarly pursuits, and through whom he procured the post of tutor to Pico's two nephews, a tutorship which resulted in a lifelong friendship, and also in the advancement of such funds as were necessary when Aldus conceived the ambitious project of starting a press and printing the whole literature of Greece. Mr. George Haven Putnam, of the New York publishing house, G. P. Putnam & Sons, has recently written a book on "Books and their Makers in The Middle Ages," and certainly Mr. Putnam's knowledge and authority are only equalled by his admiration when he writes of Aldus: "The plan was a bold one for a young scholar without capital. Printing and publishing constituted a practically untried field of business, not merely for Aldus but for Italy. Everything had to be created or developed; knowledge of the art of printing and of all the technicalities of book-manufacturing; fonts of type, Roman and Greek; a force of type-setters and pressmen and a staff of skilled revisers and proof-readers; a collection of trustworthy texts to serve as 'copy' for the compositors, and last, but by no means least, a book-buying public and a book-selling machinery by which such a public could be reached."

In 1494, Aldus organized his printing-office in Venice, and his house soon became a Greek colony. Although four Italian towns could already claim Greek publications, no classic had appeared except Homer and Theocritus. Aldus' first publication was a Greek grammar, in 1495, a suitable forerunner for his great series of classics. The second issue of his press was an edition of Aristotle, followed by another grammar, and a Greek-Latin dictionary, compiled by Aldus himself. Thus he must even create grammars and dictionaries, before his editors and proof-readers could proceed with their work. In the twenty years, ending with his death, in 1515, Aldus issued the works of Plato, Homer, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Eschines, and all of the greater Greeks, besides the Latin authors—numbering together over 100 different works. Of this Mr. Putnam says: "Considering the special difficulties of the times and the exceptional character of the original and creative labor that was required to secure the texts, to prepare them for the press, to print them correctly, and to bring them to the attention of possible buyers, this list of undertakings is, in my judgment, by far the greatest and the most honorable in the whole history of publishing." The labors of Aldus are almost beyond belief. To one friend

he writes: "For seven years I have not taken one hour for rest." To another, the year before his death, he writes: "I am hampered in my work by a thousand interruptions, nearly every hour comes a letter from some scholar; calls of every kind, some merely to give a word of greeting, some to see if there is anything new, some, because they have nothing to do, say, 'Let us look in on Aldus.' These interruptions are so serious, I must take steps to lessen them, not from pride or discourtesy, but simply to be able to go on with my task of printing good books. . . . . As a warning to these heedless visitors, I have now hung up a big notice on my door, as follows: 'Whoever thou art, thou art earnestly requested by Aldus, to state thy business briefly, and to take thy departure promptly. In this way thou mayest be of service even as was Hercules to the weary Atlas. For this is a place of work for all who may enter.' " Erasmus who came to Venice from the North, to superintend the passing of his Adagia through the press, took umbrage at this notice, and, though generous of his praise of Aldus' scholarship, was somewhat snarling at his hospitality, the light diet of the Italian seeming starvation to the Dutchman who, at some other time, frankly confessed that, though he had a Catholic heart, he had a Protestant stomach.

The printing-house of Aldus was continued by his son, and his grandson, until 1597, one hundred years from its commencement.

The device of the dolphin and anchor, which appears in all of their publications, intended to symbolize quickness of execution combined with firmness of deliberation, and the motto, Festina lente, was once rendered by Sir Thomas Brown, "celerity contempered with cunctation."

"You two are bookmen: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five months old yet?"

This question of Dull, in Love's Labor Lost, may well introduce a certain class of bookmen, whom it would be a rather serious undertaking to attempt to classify—omnivorous readers, men of rare scholarship and large attainments, yet with the mustiness of the old book-stalls clinging to them, as "living in the world and yet not of it," in a literary rather than the original spiritual sense, which might be not inaptly illustrated in various incidents told of DeQuincy, or of "old Dibden," as, for some reason, that great bibliographer is often somewhat familiarly called, who warmed his convivial guests at a comfortable fire, fed by the wood-cuts which had been printed from in the impression of his "Bibliographical Decameron," a quaint fancy and a pretty and appropriate form of hospitality, which effectively assured his guests, who were subscribers to his costly volumes, that the vulgar world who buy cheap books was definitely cut off from participating in their privileges.

To Dibden belongs the solid honor—which was the happy outgrowth of a revel—of being the founder of the Roxburgh Club, the parent of Book clubs, which, as publishing societies have done so much for English history, literature, and antiquities, by bringing out rare and valuable works, which would not have a market value sufficient to warrant their publication through the regular trade channels.

At the Roxburgh sale, in 1812, the edition of Boccaccio, printed by Valdarfer, sold for the enormous sum of £2,260 ($11,300), and to commemorate this Dibden proposed that a number of bibliophiles should dine together. They met at St. Albans Tavern, with Lord Spencer in the chair. An annual dinner was proposed, and certain regulations were laid down, including the printing of rare books.

In the Opium Eater, De Quincy alludes to his chamber at school, as his "pensive citadel," and I think he really lived in a pensive citadel all his life. In the Book Hunter we find him portrayed under the thin disguise of Thomas Papavarius, and he is first introduced to us as arriving late at a dinner where, though expected, no one thinks of waiting for him. "He will come and depart at his own sweet will, neither burdened by punctualities, nor burdening others by exacting them. The festivities of the afternoon are far on when a commotion is heard in the hall as if some dog or other stray animal had forced its way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival,—he opens the door, and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? A street boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle

great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-colored belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter night; and the trousers—some one suggests that they are inner linen garments blackened with writing ink, but that Papavarius would never have been at the trouble so to disguise them. What can be the theory of such a costume? The simplest thing in the world—it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand. Had chance thrown to him a court single-breasted coat, with a bishop's apron, a kilt, and top-boots, in these he would have made his entry. The first impression that a boy has appeared vanishes instantly. . . . His talk, free, clear, and continuous,—never rising into declamation—never losing a certain mellow earnestness, and all consisting of sentences as exquisitely joined together as if they were destined to challenge the criticism of remotest prosperity."

"He was not," writes his daughter, "a re-assuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire, the commonest incident being for someone to look up from book or work to say casually, 'Papa, your hair is on fire,' of which a calm 'Is it, my love?' and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken." Emerson relates how during his stay at Edinburg with Mrs. Crowe, De Quincy arrived there one evening, after being exposed to various vicissitudes of weather, and latterly to a heavy rain, unhappily Mrs. Crowe's unlimited hospitality was limited at pantaloons, and poor D. Q. was obliged to dry his water-soaked garments by the fireside.

"The few persons who met him all agree as to his impenetrability, an impenetrability not in the least due to posing, but apparently natural and fated. He was always writing and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. To him, one is tempted to say, reading and writing did come by nature and nothing else was natural at all. With books he was always at home. A De Quincy in a world where there was neither reading nor writing of books, would certainly either have committed suicide or gone mad."

Last of all we must consider the great bookmen as the keepers of books—the librarians. "I hold every man," writes Lord Bacon, "a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and an ornament thereunto," and nobly do I find the two men, of whom I shall speak in conclusion, to have discharged their debt—Sir Anthony Panizzi, principal librarian of the British Museum, and our own William Frederick Poole, the mention of whose name causes the heart of every American librarian to respond with reverent pride and gratitude.

Panizzi was born in Italy, in 1797, and educated at Parma, where he took honors both in the arts and the law. An ardent student and an ardent patriot, after many interesting adventures and hair-breadth escapes, he at last was obliged to leave Italy, a refugee, under sentence of death, as a member of the Carbonari, a secret society for the liberation of Italy from the oppression of its petty tyrants. He made his way to England, in 1823, where his personal qualities and his learning gained him friends of worth and influence, first in Liverpool, where he began his career as a teacher of Italian and a lecturer on that language. Among his friends was Lord Brougham, who obtained for Panizzi the chair of Italian Literature in the University College, London, in 1827, where four years later, again through the influence of Brougham as a Trustee of the British Museum, Panizzi was made Extra Assistant Librarian in that noble institution which, under his administration, (he was made principal Librarian, in 1858,) advanced from a sixth or seventh position to the second if not the first among the libraries of the world. Had Panizzi remained in Italy, he must have become a man of rare position and influence, and he gave his great gifts freely and fully to the land of his adoption, combining with his great intellectual attainments, qualities of heart and a social disposition which constantly added to his friends and to his influence over men. The life of Panizzi is one of great interest.

The catalogue of the British Museum has a

history which would fill a volume, and was mainly his work. When the Museum quite outgrew its quarters, it was he who planned, in almost every detail, the great reading-room, to occupy the wasted space in the quadrangle, which is the glory of the building, and, which, after forty years, furnished in general the plans of our own Congressional library. His tastes were literary rather than scientific. "He would give three mammoths any day for an Aldus," said Lord Macaulay, with secret sympathy, I hope.

Through his personal influence, immense sums were granted by Parliament for the purchase of books, and also many private collections were added—notably the library of the Hon. Thomas Grenville, of whom it was remarked, "There is the man of whom we ought all to learn to grow old."

Besides Panizzi's Herculean labors as a librarian, he did a great deal of literary work, particularly in editing Italian authors, and it is owing not a little to his editions of Dante, that the renewed interest and study of that poet have become so great. It is interesting to note that the British Museum is the only library which contains copies of the first four editions of Dante's Divine Comedy, and by uniting the four into one, Panizzi enables the student to see at a glance each variation in the text.

It was my singular good fortune to see Dr. Poole daily for two weeks, during the Library Congress and Meetings of the A. L. A. in Chicago, in 1893, and also to meet him for a half hour in his private office at the Newberry Library, where I had a friend on the staff. The "Good Doctor," as he was affectionately called, was a tall, large, handsome man of over sixty, rising with difficulty, as he was just recovering from a serious injury. He always commanded at once the interest and respect of the meeting, he was also intensely progressive, conservative in his methods, and would often in a word adjust the chaotic arguments of the younger members, whose enthusiasm carried them quite clear of either good judgment or good sense. He certainly felt with Lowell "a book is a book," and, one morning when the subject of "weeding out" libraries was under discussion, his kindly humor was all that saved some of his opponents from utter annihilation. He was possessed in the highest degree of that indefinable quality we call *bookishness*—a sort of sixth sense by which a man apprehends and appreciates books, classes of books, authors, files, editions—reducing all to order in his mind, while to one without bookishness, all would seem a bewildering maze.

While a student at Yale he felt the amount of locked-up material in periodicals ought to be more available, and so made a catalogue of some five hundred volumes. He modestly withheld his name from the title-page, but the book was no sooner announced than foreign orders more than exhausted the edition. This was the beginning of the great monument which bears his name, Poole's Index to Periodical Literature of Great Britain and America, edited by him with the coöperation of many librarians, through the American Library Association. The third five-yearly supplement is just off the press, and his name is happily continued on the title-page through the person of his nephew as assistant editor to Mr. Fletcher, himself Dr. Poole's assistant until his death, in 1894.

Panizzi left a national monument to his glory in the Library of the British Museum. He was respected and even beloved by his associates, whose interest he always made his own. Our admiration for him is unbounded, but I do not think he touched as many hearts as the "Good Doctor." I feel myself quite safe in asserting that Dr. Poole has done more than any other man for the advancement of librarians and library science in America, through his work in the Boston Atheneum and many other libraries of which he was librarian, through his personal influence over younger men who were associated with him at various times in his work, and through his interest and influence in the American Library Association, where he came in personal contact with hundreds of younger workers whom he has helped through his learning, his generosity, and his enthusiasm. Here, indeed, is a living monument in lives striving to emulate his own in honest zeal in a great profession.

I fear I have already been too long, while there are yet so many Bookmen over whose memory one would love to linger—either those with special characteristics, the great students, the special-

ists, the authors, or simply the more general class to which we may all belong, finding in the realm of books—

"The world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil."

G. M. Walton,
State Normal College,
Michigan.

## The Floating Gardens of Mexico.

The Chalco Lake, O the Chalco Lake
With its murmurous waves of melted pearls,
And its lilies of living gold that make
A screen for the black-eyed water-girls.
O the Chalco Lake with its fringe of palms
Its gentle zephyrs and golden calms
Its cinnamon breath and gilead-balms,
And its skies as blue as blue can be,
O the Chalco Lake is the place for me!

O the Chalco Lake with its floating isles,—
Shall I e'er forget that day of days,
When over the wave where sunlight smiles,
The year around through a golden haze,
We came at last to the isles that float
And glide and glance like a dancing boat,
To the music soft of the the cushat's note:
We came to the new Hesperides,
With their banks of bloom, and acacia-trees!

The floating gardens of Mexico,
With their scarlet beds of callirhoe,
The rose-trees scenting the winds that blow,
The aphodel and euridice:
And the humming-birds with their purple wings,
The doves with their iridescent rings,
And the gorgeous prince of all gorgeous things,
The bright flamingo in scarlet dressed,
Like sunset clouds in the crimson west!

And the senoritas in white simars,
Among the trees in the purple dusk,
Singing to sound of their sweet guitars,
Songs that fill all the air with musk;
And glow-worms gleaming like drops of glass,
And fire-flies flashing on trees and grass,
With eyes of gold, and with backs of brass,
An Eden make of those isles of flowers,
Those smiling islands of birds and bowers.

O what were life in those flowery isles,
With those I love in the rosy east!
A golden dream, with their songs and smiles,
A dance by day, and by night a feast.
And lying there amid roses red,
With blue beneath, and the blue o'erhead,
To the bustling world, and its sorrows dead,
'Tis little we'd reck of its care and crime,
And little we'd mind the flight of time!

O floating, floating ever along,
Ever along on the inland sea,
In music and mirth, and light and song,
And romances out of Araby.
Why care should we for the world without,
With its noise and strife and battle-shout,
Its dance and revel, and mask and rout?—
In sweet oblivion of all beside,
We'd drift along on the summer tide.

An artist striving for golden fame,
A soldier battling to win a crown,
In those sweet islands with flowers aflame
Might laugh at the tinseled toy, renown.
For who that ever beheld those isles
Floating over the water for miles,
Would care for Fortune's favors or smiles;
O who that has got the pearl in his hand
Would look for the pearl that's lost in the sand?

O floating gardens of Mexico,
I would that I were among you now,
To lay my head where your violets blow,
And feel your redolent winds on my brow,
I would I were where the gold-thread grows,
Where the wave with its murmurous music flows,
And each hour is a flower, a fragrant rose,
That falling away from the life-tree lies
Like light on the grass, and in perfume dies!

J. E. Johnstone.

## Edgar Allan Poe.

***The Fates that Formed and the Stars that Illumed his Genius.***

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

PERHAPS nowhere has this truth been more forcibly illustrated than in the history of Edgar Allan Poe. His first biographer laid bare his frailties with an exaggeration difficult to comprehend, and some later writers have picked the mantle of charity so bare, that they have not left an extenuating shred to cover their example of a misspent life, and of talent misapplied. Fortunately, that talent has left a record in immortal lays, which are among the classics, and which will keep company with Shakespeare and with Milton until—

"the gloom of night enshroud
The Anglo-Saxon tongue."

To a culture-loving people it may not be amiss to review the memory of one who ranks thus in literature.

Edgar Poe was of gentle lineage. His grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier in the Maryland Line, and his grandmother was described as having been extraordinarily handsome. His father when about the age of eighteen years and a law student in Baltimore, married a Miss Arnold, an English lady of beauty and talent, who at that time was associated with a theatrical company.

Poe was born January 19, 1809, at Boston, in which city his parents then happened to be. Some biographers have alleged that Baltimore was his birth-place, but this assertion is only a minor error, among grave misstatements.

The character of the poet's early training was necessarily meager; his parents were in poor circumstances, in ill health, and led wandering lives, which ended in early deaths, within a few weeks of each other.. They left three destitute children, Edgar being six years of age. He was adopted by his godfather, Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia.

It was a critical era in Edgar's life when he passed to the charge of the childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Allan. They supplied his corporeal wants, but did they mingle love and discipline in moral management? The handsome boy was brought prominently forward at social gatherings, and, having a fine memory, and an ear for rhythmic jingle, he displayed those gifts by declaiming for the entertainment of callers, and to his own spoiling, by the injudicious praise and petting which such talent elicited.

About this time he was sent to a select school. Connected with its premises was a vegetable garden, an invasion of which was regarded as a misdemeanor; the culprit being required to wear during class hours, some vegetable as a badge of disgrace. On one occasion, Edgar being the trespasser, the punishment which, to a drone would have been light, to one of his sensitive nature, was an overwhelming indignity, and upon school dismissal, he, without applying for the removal of the insignia of disgrace, walked home with it suspended from his neck, and sought the sympathy which such an exhibition was likely to awaken in his guardian. Nor was he disappointed, it aroused Mr. Allan's indignation against the teacher who, in consequence, lost a scholar, and that scholar lost the effect of a lesson in discipline, injudicious though it was. Both teacher and guardian were at fault, in the management of such a child.

Shortly after this episode, Edgar accompanied the Allans to England, where he was entered at Stokes Newington Manor House School. At the sensitive age of seven years, his friendless position in a foreign land, the gloomy walks, and sombre dwellings, tumbling to decay, were woven into the fine texture of his mind, to be reproduced in his weird, wonderful works of later life. But upon the whole, this period appears to have been a happy one, for he stated that his William Wilson was a portrayal of his school-days in England.

At the age of twelve, he was recalled to Virginia, and placed at Clarke's Academy, in Richmond. While there, an incident occurred which revealed his emotional nature, and which, with burning thoughts, illumed his lines. On one occasion he accompanied a schoolmate to his home, doubtless, the youth had communicated to his mother something of the forlorn history of the orphan lad, which awakened the tenderest emotions of her heart. As she entered the room where the boys were, an exquisite harmony of soul beamed on her face, and, holding Edgar's hand in both of her own, she welcomed him with the grace of a Southern woman, and with the tenderness of a mother, in comparison with which, Poe's experience in the adopted home, had been but cold conventionality. He now realized the presence of a nobler order of emotions, and an intensity of sympathy, that sank into his "heart of heart," and, for a while, rendered him speechless. When he had left, he was still under the enchantment, and walked away in a delicious dream, as he thus expressed it—

" All—all expired save thee—save thee alone:
Save only the divine light of thine eyes—
Save only the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!"

The continuation of the poem of "Helen" eloquently tells the longing to go again where his hungry heart had found a refuge, to hear once more her silvery accents, and her golden words, and to look into the gentle eyes that, beaming into his own, had lit up his life with a new love, and quickened his heart with a new thrill of happiness. To this lady he outpoured his boyish griefs; and she, by her sympathy, exercised a gentle influence, which was his only guard during the period of passionate youth. Fortunate would it have been for Poe could the relation have continued with this truest woman, but too early, with her own peculiar trials, sorrow-worn, she faded, and sank to the rest of the grave.

To that grave Edgar's boyish footsteps tended, night after night, to sob out his sorrow where slept the object of his pure and sacred love. Shut in by darkness from the agitations of the world, soothed by the requiem of the autumn wind, he felt her presence in a holy calm, that awakened him to lofty sentiments, while the midnight vigils in the churchyard, left a nervous impress that colored the wild, weird writings of a later date, and prompted the question to the Raven—

" tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
" Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."

At the Richmond Academy, Poe must have been diligent, for his attainments were of high order in the classics, mathematics, and sciences; still, for a finished education, a course at the University of Virginia was deemed essential, and thither the lad was sent. His detractors have stated that from this institution he was expelled. In denial of the falsehood, his classmate, Mr. Witenbaker, afterwards secretary of the Faculty, says—"He entered the school of Ancient and Modern Languages, attended the lectures on Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian. I was myself a member of the last three classes, and can testify that he was tolerably regular in his attendance, and a successful student, having attained distinction at the final examination in Latin and French, and this was, at that time, the highest honor a student could obtain. Upon one occasion, the professor of Italian having desired the class to render a portion of Tasso's poem into English verse, not as a class exercise, but as a beneficial method of study, Poe was the only student who responded to the suggestion." Again we are told by the same gentleman, as evidence of his personal standing, that, "At no time during the session, did he fall under the censure of the Faculty."

Still, Poe was far from being a saint. He had lost his good angel; and his self-reliance, popularity with wild classmates, and love of excitement, led to card playing. His gambling indebtedness naturally tried the patience of his adopted father, and Edgar's mortified spirit was no less hurt. It was clear to the former that the lad was beyond his control, and it may have been this that suggested the advisability of placing him at West Point, where military discipline might counteract wayward ways. How ill-judged! The mind of Poe, soaring in a world of its own creation, ill-brooked the routine of military discipline. Revelling in the realm of soul harmonies, it revolted at the discordant clangor of mimic war. As a result, we have the record of his "utter inefficiency, and state of abstraction," and, after the experiment had lasted a year and a week, he was tried by court-martial, "for various neglects of duty and disobedience of orders," and was found guilty (but only for an absence from various drills), and was dismissed from the service.

Poe returned to Mr. Allan's house, and in lieu of occupation, fell in love. His grace, beauty and genius were calculated to captivate, and he seemed to have met with encouragement from the lady; but her father, reflecting—"All that glitters is not gold," preferred to be sure of the real substance, and his daughter married a gentleman of assured wealth. This matrimonial failure seems to have been to Mr. Allan the last straw on the camel's back.

The former Mrs. Allan, who, probably, had

many times mediated between the high-spirited boy and his guardian, was no longer living; another had taken her place whose feelings, if she had any, probably were antagonistic to the prospective heir, and Mr. Allan's anger culminated in Poe's leaving his house. The lad who had been reared in luxury, to the reasonable expectation of inheriting wealth, and to whom had been given no practical training for life's struggle, was now homeless, helpless, penniless, facing a marble-hearted world. Over his struggles pride drew the veil, and, with a genius out of season with the working world, he sought to win from that world the wherewith to live. Had there been truth in the sharp-toothed calumny that pursued him, he would have succumbed to the ordeal; but with genius and industry, he has left a literary legacy to confound the pious praters who would damn a character to point a moral.

About this time, the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor" offered money prizes for the best prose story and the best poem. The judges appointed were the Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe, a prominent citizen of Baltimore, Dr. James H. Miller, a leading physician, and the Hon John P. Kennedy, author of "Horse-shoe Robinson." No more competent or discriminating gentlemen could have been selected. Mr. Latrobe, in an address delivered at the unveiling of a monument to Poe, stated that all the prose papers submitted to the judges, had been carefully read, and each deemed unworthy of the prize, until at the very bottom of the pile, a book of six stories was found, which had accidentally escaped attention, because unlike externally the other bundles. Instead of the usual manuscript, the writing was in Roman characters. Mr. Latrobe commenced to read the stories, and did not stop until the volume had been gone through, being interrupted by such exclamations as,—"Capital!" "Excellent!" "How odd!" In rapture they listened to the imagination-woven logic of the writer, and followed him into his own weird world—

Far down "the dim lake of Auber,
  In the misty mid-region of Weir;
Far down the dank tarn of Auber,
  In the goul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Upon the conclusion of the reading, the story selected was "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle." Dr. Griswold has asserted that the MS. was selected because of its legible chirography, and that none of the other papers were examined. This brazen-faced detractor, o'ershot the mark, when he impeached the integrity of the honorable gentlemen who constituted the Board of Literary Judges.

Poe, innately refined, called on the awarders of the prize, to thank them. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe have left accounts that reveal sad chapters in the brave life-struggle of the poet. Mr. Kennedy, as an author himself, was so much interested in the unknown competitor, that he invited him to dine with him Here is Mr. Poe's response—"Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come, for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification, on making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary." Mr. Kennedy sought him, and found him almost starving. Through sympathy he became his friend, and he asserts that that friendship was never forfeited. Dr. Griswold's story that Mr. Kennedy accompanied Poe to a clothing store, furnished him an outfit, and sent him to a bath, is untrue. Of the dignity precluding such an offer, we may further judge from Mr. Latrobe's account. He says—"I was seated at my desk, on the Monday following the publication of the tale, when a gentleman entered, and introduced himself as the writer, saying that he came to thank me (as one of the committee) for the award in his favor. His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself well, as one that had been trained to it. He was dressed in black, and his frock coat was buttoned to the throat, where it met the black stock, then almost universally worn. Not a particle of white was visible; coat, hat, boots and gloves had evidently seen their best days; but so far as mending and brushing could do, everything had been done apparently to make them presentable. On most men these clothes would have looked shabby, but there was something about this man, which prevented one from criticising his garments. *Gentleman was written all over him.*

"His manner was easy, and though he came to return thanks for what he regarded as deserving them, there was nothing obsequious in what he said or did. His forehead was high, and remarka-

ble for the great development of temple; this was the characteristic of his head, which was noticed at once. The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable. His voice was very pleasing in its tone, and well modulated, almost metrical; and his words were well chosen, and unhesitating. Taking a seat, we conversed a while on ordinary topics, then he informed me that Mr. Kennedy had either given, or had promised to give him a letter to the Southern Literary Messenger, which he hoped would procure him employment. I asked if he was then occupied with any literary labor. He replied that he was engaged in a 'Voyage to the Moon.' "

Mr. Latrobe then entered into an interesting account of the enthusiasm which the narrator inspired in himself.

To have possessed the friendship of such gentlemen, speaks a volume for Edgar Poe.

Whatever magazine he touched, received the impress of his genius. As a critic, he hewed the literary block, no matter where the chips flew, and it is a pity that he had this work to do, it made him enemies, who lost no opportunity to defame. It is clear to us now, that no besotted brain could have produced his ponderous and voluminous work. Were further proof necessary as to his habits, we have the testimony of Mr. William Gowans, of New York, a wealthy, and highly respectable gentleman, and a lover of books. He states : " For eight months, or more, one house contained us, one table fed ! During that time, I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him, and I must say that I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor even descend to any known vice ; while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with."

Corroborative of this testimony, is that of the poet N. P. Willis who, as sub-editor of the "Mirror," stated that, during the whole time Poe was engaged with him on that paper, "he was invariably punctual and industrious, at his desk from nine in the morning until the evening paper went to press." Such are the accounts of the daily life of one whom an English reviewer styled—"The most brilliant genius of his country," and of whom the "London Quarterly Review" stated that he "ranked far above his cotemporaries," and pronounced him—"One of the most consummate artists of modern times, and potentially the greatest critic of our era and possessing perhaps the finest ear for rhythm that was ever formed."

But it is not on Poe's literary record that we need dwell, the world has his works; but on the inner life, whence emanated the love and tenderness that were the soul of his pure and beautiful poetry. No one was ever more susceptible of gentle, loving influences than he; and there were three beings who, like angels, hovered around his path, to brighten and to guide. To his boyish devotion, allusion has been made; and there is the story of that pathetic love to his cousin-wife. After her death, like a beautiful vision, she lived in his memory as his "lost Lenore." Of tender care, we have no higher illustration than that of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm. Together they rejoiced at his literary success, together they wept, when his wife was early taken.

In youth, Poe was no wilder than most lads who had leisure and money. Of sobriety in maturer manhood, there is more evidence than has been given. From one who knew her " Eddie " best, (Mrs. Clemm), we learn that he possessed an excitable brain, violently effected by stimulants; an amount that almost any man could take with impunity would suffice to craze him. It was this infirmity that occasioned his untimely death. Contemplating second marriage, to a lady of Norfolk, Virginia, he was on his way from Richmond to the North, to settle affairs prior to its consummation, and stopped over in Baltimore. The history from this point is obscure, but appears to be as follows : Unfortunately, the date of his arrival in the city, was the eve of an election. He was induced to take a drink; how, we may never know. Under its influence, he fell into the hands of rowdies who were cooping men, and making them drunk, purposing to repeatedly vote them. Think of it ! the author of the Raven in a pandemonium of besotted roughs. After he had been made an unconscious instrument in the mockery of law, he was turned adrift, and must have found his way to the depot;

for, on the cars, *en route* to Philadelphia, he was discovered, unconscious. At Havre de Grâce, he was transferred to a train south bound, and, on arriving in Baltimore at night, he aimlessly wandered through the streets, exposed to the chill autumn air. After daylight, on a bench at Light Street Wharf, insensible, he was recognized by some one in the crowd that gathered. A carriage was procured, and he was conveyed to a hospital. There was no alcoholic odor about him, and his case was diagnosed brain fever, or encephalitis. By the aid of restoratives he returned to consciousness, and, being asked by the physician, Dr. Moran, (from whose account I quote), as to how he felt, he replied—"miserable." After other questions pertaining to his condition, the Doctor inquired—

"Where have you been stopping?"

"In a hotel on Pratt Street, opposite the depot."

"Have you a trunk, or anything there that you would like to have with you?"

"Yes, trunk with papers and manuscripts."

"If you desire, I will send for them."

He thanked the Doctor, and added—"Do so at once. You are very kind—where am I, Doctor?"

"You are in the care of your friends;" to which he replied, "My best friend would be the man who would blow my brains out with a pistol. Oh, wretch that I am! Sir, when I behold my degredation and ruin, what I have suffered and lost, and the sorrow and misery I have brought upon others, I feel that I could sink through this bed into the lowest abyss below; forsaken by God and man, an outcast from society. O God, the terrible strait I am in! Is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?"

Soon he lapsed into sleep, when he waked, the Doctor asked—"Will you take a little toddy?" He opened his large eyes and fixed them so steadily upon the questioner, and with such anguish in them, that the Doctor looked from him to the wall beyond the bed. He responded—"Sir, if its potency would transport me to the Elysian bowers of the undiscovered spirit world; I would not taste it. For its horrors, who can tell."

"I must administer an opiate to give you sleep and rest," the physician persisted. Then he rejoined—

"Twin devil, and spectre of crazed and doomed mortals of earth and perdition."

After other conversation, in which the Doctor sought directions as to his friends, he said—

"Doctor, it's all over. Write 'Eddie is no more.'"

"Mr. Poe, have you any wish or word for friends?"

He said—"Nevermore."

The Doctor continued—"Look to your Savior. There is mercy for you and all mankind. God is love."

He rejoined—"The arched heavens encompass me, and God has His decrees legibly written upon the frontlets of every created human being; and demons incarnate; their goal will be the seething waves of black despair."

"Hope and trust in Him."

"Self murderer, there is a gulf beyond the stream. Where is the buoy, life-boat, ship of fire, sea of brass! Rest, shore, no more?"

His eyes turned up, and with one general tremor, all was over; midnight, 7th October, 1849.

Thus lived Edgar Poe, thus ended the fitful fever of his life. His genius soared o'er lesser lights, but under the inevitable law of compensation, he was unfitted for practical contact with his fellow men. Genius trammeled was grudged even the subsistence to maintain it. The Raven brought him but $10. Like cruel irony, after his death, a tiny paper-covered volume of his poems realized $1875, and the purchaser had it bound in mosaic, at an additional cost of $300. For the original manuscript of the Raven. $500 was offered; and that of the Bells, sold at auction for $275.

In the city where he groped his way, desolate and dying, there is now erected a marble monument to his memory in Westminster Churchyard.

In the Realm far away o'er the stars,
  Will be reckon'd the genius God gave,
For the folly and frailty that mars,
  The Angel of Mercy may save.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

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WE learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do.

## Niagara.

I.

Some vast despair, some grief divine,
Doth vigil keep
Forever here; before this shrine
The waters weep.

II.

Methinks a god from some far sphere
In sportive part,
In ages past wooed Nature here
And broke her heart.

Tuscaloosa, Ala. ROBERT LOVEMAN.

## "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites."

DEAR RAINBOW:

Rat Portage has been enriched in knowledge by a lecture from an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Robert E. Johnson, of Winnipeg. His lecture was entitled "A nicht wi' the Jacobites."

Mr. Johnson was born in the country of the Jacobite Keiths,—the last "Earls Marischal" of Scotland. For the restoration of the House of Stuart, his ancestors poured out their blood like water. So none with better right than he could welcome us to "A nicht wi' the Jacobites."

His presence commanded the respect that is readily given to quiet dignity and priestly garb.

Mr. Johnson, in a manly, melodious voice with strong Scottish accent, reminded us that the Jacobites were English and Irish, as well as Scotch, in nationality.

At the beginning of his lecture the reverend gentleman assured us that the subject was one dearest to his heart and that he would offer us only irrefutable facts, which he would advance without fear.

He said the "white rose" was the chosen badge of the Stuarts and Jacobites, that it was worn in the hat, and when the natural flower was not procurable, it was replaced by a rosette of ribbon. This badge, "The White Cockade," is immortalized in the two earliest Jacobite songs, "The White Cockade," and "The Bonnie Briar Bush." The White Cockade was, of course, the blossom of the Bonnie Briar Bush.

Mr. Johnson sang, and sang well, the latter sweet and pathetic song. Ah, those Jacobite songs! None so well as he can voice the sweetness peculiarly their own, or shared only with the flower crushed to earth and lamented by its own fragrance.

He touched upon all the battles fought between the "Jacobites" and the "Hanoverians," from Killiecrankie to fatal Culloden.

At Killiecrankie, Dundee and McKay commanded the opposing forces. The "bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" won the victory.

Before singing "Bonnie Dundee," Mr. Johnson gave us the history of the song. It is the only gem in "Devergoyle," one of the two unsuccessful dramas written by Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Johnson said he felt bound to vindicate the character of the much-maligned Jacobite leader, the gallant Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who was in point of fact not only a brave, but a kind-hearted man, and a cultured gentleman.

The lecturer said that at the beginning of the trouble, on a cold night in December, a woman might have been seen crouching against the wall of Lambeth Palace with her infant in her arms, which she was endeavoring to shield from the cold. The French Ambassador, in passing, gave her a shawl. Ah, that was no pretended mother, and that helpless babe which nestled to her bosom for warmth, was no "Pretender!" That woman was Mary of Modena, Queen of England, and wife of James II. The babe was one day to be hailed as the true King of Great Britain and Ireland.

The mother and child escaped to France.

Mr. Johnson stated that William of Orange was but coldly received when he landed in England.

(We may say that James virtually abdicated in his favor; for we know that the deserting of their father by Mary and Anne left James II. forevermore hopeless and broken-hearted.)

Mary died in 1694, William in 1702, and Anne in 1714. George I. then came to the throne, and was soon treated to a Jacobite rising.

The majority of Jacobite songs treat of those who were "out" in the '15, and the '45. In 1715, "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar" was raised by the Earl of Mar, at the head of ten thousand clansmen. He was joined by James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, and Forster, leaders of the English Jacobites.

This rising was unsuccessful. James III. escaped to the Continent; but Derwentwater and others being captured, suffered death. This ended the '15.

By the way, dear RAINBOW, we have in Rat Portage, a descendant of Lord Derwentwater. As Miss Radcliffe, she married a Mr. Bearisto, one of our popular barristers. I am proud to call this gentlewoman "friend," and I delight in finding her worthy of her race.

In 1745 the exiled Stuarts made the last attempt to regain their throne. To be "out" in the '45 with "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was the highest joy and the deepest sorrow that the devoted Jacobites could bequeath to the coming centuries; and this was the sole heritage of their heirs who survived the '45.

The Prince raised his standard at Glenfinnan. Among the most distinguished chiefs who gathered there, was Cameron of Lochiel. Mr. Johnson sang "The March of Cameron Men."

After describing the battle of "Prestonpans," where, by a daring rush into their camp at dawn of day, Prince Charlie and his Highlanders routed the Hanoverians under General Cope, the lecturer sang the song "Hey Johnnie Cope!" It is full of quaint, Scottish humor. How vividly it recalls the pleasant raillery of the gallant Prince whose crown was in sight! But heard among the echoes of the Laments that followed, it moves to tears, and is even more pathetic than the saddest songs.

There was a second victory, that at "Falkirk," but all too soon came utter defeat on "dark 'Culloden' moor."

Prince Charlie wandered in the Highlands for five months, with a reward of thirty thousand pounds on his head. But "There was none who would betray." Mr. Johnson here sang "There Cam a Bird to oor ha' door." The Prince's escape was effected by the brave and noble Flora McDonald.

"Flora McDonald's Lament" was sung and following that "Royal Charlie's Noo Awa' " or "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?"

Intermixed with consecutive dates, events, and songs, Mr. Johnson presented generalities of song and story.

With all the earnestness of his nature he emphasized the assertion that the loyalty of the Jacobites to the Stuarts was no passing and fashionable sentiment:—it was the dutiful devotion to their rightful sovereigns, and they did not consider anything too dear to be sacrificed for the cause. He cited the mother who sang:—

" I aince had sons but noo hae nain,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie."

Jacobite women composed several of their most popular songs. That very sweet song "The Auld Hoose" is by Lady Nairn, a daughter of the Keiths, the last Earls-Marischal of Scotland. Mr. Johnson, when a child, visited that "auld hoose" with his mother. His childish wonder and admiration was evoked by two easy chairs in the housekeeper's apartment, handsomely upholstered in red morocco. His mother, in low voice, informed him that they were given by two Jacobite nobles, who had once for days been hidden in a press of that "auld hoose" one with oatmeal cakes, and the other with cheese cakes piled about him.

At Carlisle, a Jacobite woman stood beside her lover, and encouraged him on the scaffold. His last words to her were, "I'll be in Scotland before you!" This explains the song beginning with—

" You'll gang the High Road and I'll gang the
Low Road (the grave),
But I'll be in Scotland before you."

Lewis Gordon, the Chief of the Clan Gordon, was once stationed on the Continent, and his men call him home to lead them, in the song composed by Mr. Geddes, a Catholic priest:

" O! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the Lad I daurna name," etc.,

Mr. Johnson's samples of the Jacobite toasts were very amusing:—

The Jacobites did not dare to mention names, so they drank to James II. as "The Bonnie Blackbird," etc. They proposed "The King," then passed their glasses "over the water" decanter; this was to James II., James III., and Charles III., in succession,—their kings over the water!

When William of Orange died by a fall from his horse, they gleefully toasted "The little gentleman in black"—the mole!—because William's horse had stumbled against a mole-hill.

The ladies, as ever, were well to the front. A trio who never failed to meet on anniversaries gave a triune toast; the first began "Here's to the one that's oot, and not to the one that pat him oot,"—the second, "Here's not to the one that's in, but to the one that should be in"—the third, "Here's that the one that's oot may soon be in, and that the deil may tak' the one that's in!"—This toast is substantially, but not literally correct; I did not catch Mr. Johnson's words in their exact order.

One of those ladies when at a public dinner was asked by a "Hanoverian" if she could not give a "general" toast to which they all could respond; "Certainly," said she, "Here's to 'General' Keith." Lord Keith was General to the Jacobite forces!

Another lady was so persistently Jacobite that, at a dinner an irate Hanoverian shouted "Hold your tongue, woman!" Catching hold of her tongue she rejoined in Scriptural terms—"But the tongue no man can tame—James the third (chapter), and eighth (verse)!"—James III. of England was James VIII. of Scotland. So she tossed her cup right loyally and triumphantly.

In concluding the "Nicht with Jacobites," the lecturer averred that sympathy with the Jacobite cause does not at all conflict with our loyal devotion to our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria,—that she is in truth a bloom from the rose-tree of the Stuarts.

And knowing that, to use Her Majesty's own words, "Stuart blood flows in my veins, and am now the representative of the Stuarts," we joined all the more heartily in our National Anthem.

The curtain was once more drawn on that glimpse of the past, and the fancies I had woven with it.

As I sat listening to that pathetic history, so fertile in song and story, I realized that Time is, indeed, the great healer, and that there is compensation even in the grave; the "bonnie Prince Charlie," his brother Henry, the Cardinal Duke of York, and their father, James III., now repose in kingly state, in the most royal basilica in the world,—St. Peter's, at Rome. Jealously crowning their sleep is the monument executed by Canova, and erected by George IV. of England! It bears the inscription "To the Memory of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of Great Britain, etc., etc.—Justice in the grave! No mention of "pretender" here! How noble and royal of George IV.! Let us forget all but that he wished to be considered "the first gentleman of Europe!"

And methought how proudly—could another world permit—would the Bonnie Prince step on that platform to grasp by the hand, to clasp to the heart, that Church of England clergyman, that noble, loyal Scot, that loving son of those who fought and died for the Stuarts—all blended in the Rev. Mr. Johnson! This alone, could he have glanced down through one hundred and fifty years, would have robbed of gloom and despair all the hopeless years of the Prince's life that followed the fatal "Culloden!"

IDRIS.

## Ups and Downs.

AH, yes! life is full of ups and downs. At one time man stands upon the heights, laurel-crowned, haloed with glory; a day, perhaps an hour, finds him far down in the valley, alone with his misfortunes, bereft of the many friendships that bloomed into existence at his success, but died when the cold winds of adversity swept across his path. Out of sorrow into joy, then back from the sunshine into the clouds, is the story of man's wanderings on earth. Though the fates are kinder to some than to others, allowing them that general recognition called reputation, every life has its ups and downs, or, in other words, failures and successes, which naturally cause pleasure or pain. Each one has a certain bright star in the firmament of his or her ambition, and the struggles to reach that luminous body are numerous, but alas! many are deceived, and, grasping a meteor, with it fall. It is that tendency in human nature to rise higher that causes triumph or disaster. If one were satisfied to remain upon the level ground, there would be little danger of his tumbling. But is it not far more noble, more worthy of a creature gifted with a divine soul, to strive to climb and run the risk of falling than to stand still? There are certainly many cases in which the aims are not characterized by a very superior nature, however, this goes to prove that

all are impelled by a wonderful power, which affects mankind in different ways according to different dispositions. For instance, two men are spurred on by ambition to gain riches, one for the purpose of obtaining more power, doing more good, and also by the desire that nearly all have, of possessing wealth; the other in order to plunge into a life of intoxicating pleasure as soon as the gold is his.

But put aside the particular nature of aims, and take a view of the struggles of man to reach the top of the ladder. It is up for some, and down for others. Here is one slowly but surely nearing the top round, he has reached it, and is stationed firmly; see another—how successful! he has reached in a few hours the goal gained by his fellow-man only after weary days; but a crash!—the later arrival has fallen, he has found his "down." There is one who is trembling, he looks downward after each ascent of a round, his face pales, he calls to some one to hold the ladder, until he has mounted, because it is shaky. Alas, poor man! ere he is half-way to the coveted height, he, too, falls; his hopes are never realized. But comforting thought, not having gone up far, his down-coming is not of so serious a nature. All know from experience or observation that a failure following a great success is much more painful than one after a lesser one. At the foot of the ladder—a pitiful sight, the dust is hot and thick, the sun beats down mercilessly upon the ground—all is a struggle, friends and foes together strive to climb, some begin to ascend, to command the respect and attention of thoughtful men, then too tired fall back; many are cruelly dragged down by an enemy; and all is a weary, weary working.

However, the very fickleness of Fortune gives to life its hue. Were all success, success itself would soon assume a character almost as unwelcome as failure. If hopes were easily realized man would all too soon weary of nothing to do, or did he never fall he would not appreciate the happiness of living in a higher sphere. Look at the first fair roses of the milder months. They are praised as lovely queens, tenderly their pretty petals are touched, and their fragrance inhaled, their sweetness fills the soul with a love of the beautiful. But as the season advances, notice how roses as fair are treated. They grow almost unheeded, or, if plucked, are often robbed of their petals, or thrown carelessly aside. And what has so changed their fate? Simply this. They were a contrast after the long, lonely months, and having lived their short day, appreciation of them was even shorter lived.

A man is the same man the month after his book has made him famous—has made everybody nudge his neighbor and look at him—has made all the collectors send for his autograph, and photographers request his likeness—that he was a month before. But what a change! He went and came precisely as he does now; he not only had the wonderful book all written, but it was in type, and he had the proof-sheets in his pocket; he had entirely completed it and was busy upon something else, and yet we saw him without emotion; he was Mr. Jones, a very quiet gentleman, or a very noisy gentleman; or he had that everlasting green coat, or he had holes in his boots, or he was merely "Jones, Jones! why, I don't recall him. That man, you say, with sandy hair? Has been seen about town these ten years? Really, it's very strange, but I don't remember him."

Now you will never forget him. Last month it was "I think it is a Mr. Jones" This month it is a hurried tap, a wink, a whisper, "JONES!"

Many view "ups" and "downs" in the right light. A frustrating of their plans has the same effect as the fur of the cat when rubbed the wrong way in the dark—fire is seen. Yes, their spirits blaze out, they strive to retrieve their losses. On the other hand, a first failure crushes some, and they do not rise again for fear of another unpleasant contact with the earth.

A man's character or ability should not be thought less of simply because he so often has his "down," for it is only those who possess spirit enough to climb that can fall. And since, at the best, all our human efforts are poor enough and imperfect enough, since we are not very swift to love mercy and do justly, but love every one his own selfish aims, his own prejudices, since to be slandered is not a new fate, it seems to me there should be one grand bond of sympathy between the successful and the unsuccessful, for are we not all climbers up the steeps of life,

toiling onward toward a better state? Strengthened and cheered on the rugged path we surmount many difficulties, using them as stepping-stones, and thus find ourselves elevated by their assistance.

> "All common things—each day's events,
> That with the hour begin and end—
> Our pleasures, and our discontents,
> Are rounds by which we may ascend."

MABEL KEAN.

## To A Daisy.

Dear little flower! that Robert Burns cried over
Long years ago upon the banks of Ayr,
That oft didst charm Grasmere's immortal Rover,
Dear, golden-hearted spirit! bright and fair,—

I too would learn the burden of thy story
Before I bury thee beside my plough;
I fain would catch in song the deathless glory,
That, like thy milk-white petals, girds thee now.

Oft have I found thee on a bright May morning,
With tears of dew begemming bright thine eye;
Or in a stubble-field, its waste adorning,
When Summer's splendor all had wandered by.

Broad fields in thy snow-whiteness I've seen gleaming,
Among my native hills in lovely June;
Where great Apollo floods of gold was streaming
Adown the skies upon the dreamy noon.

I've grieved for thee when hot July was burning
The thirsty grass, the leaves, the very wind;
Because thou droopedst, and, I knew, wast yearning
For milder breeze, for month more soft and kind.

I've watched thee when the autumn frost was hoary
Upon thy head;—I heard the bleak wind sigh—
And, from thy fate, I've learned again the story,
That all that blooms upon the earth must die.

M. DONOVAN.

AMONG the dangers that beset our highly civilized life, there is, perhaps, none more insidious than the tendency to physical inaction. There is in the human constitution a natural craving for muscular exertion, alternated by a similar craving for repose. Like the appetite for food, these desires, when simple and unspoiled by indulgence and luxury, are the best preservers of health and promoters of strength and ability.

## Soiree Musicale.

"Lightlier mov'd
The minutes edged with music."

ONE of the most notable recent events was a delightful Musicale, which gave evidence of much talent and conscientious coöperation on the part of the performers. Whilst all the numbers were excellently given, the choral work showed, in point of attack and expression, an unusual degree of precision. This was especially observable in the exquisite unaffected simplicity of rendition of the pathetic Scotch melody.

In these days of new ideas in music and song, it was certainly encouraging to note the manifest approval of the graciously appreciative and indeed enthusiastic audience, ever ready to recognize merit and bestow on it the kindly commendation which is a new incentive to work, and often a stepping-stone to success in the achievement of vast results.

PROGRAM.

"Revel of the Leaves," . . . . Veazie
CHORAL CLASS.

Piano Solo, Waltz in E minor, . . Chopin
MISS E. KEAN.

Ballad, "Robbin," . . . Niedlinger
MISS G. FLAHERTY.

Piano Solo, "Spinning Song," . . . Kolling
MISS M. FENLON.

Ballad, "Four-leaved Clover," . . Coombs
MISS J. HARDIN.

Recitation, . . . . . .
E. DAY, C. BARRETT.

Song, "Yellow Roses," . . . Watson
MISS R. JORDAN.

Piano, Morceau a la Japonaise, . . Bratton
MISS M. NASH.

"Ye Banks and Braes," . . . . Burns
MISS MARMION, E. WAITE, J. HARDIN, H. KRUMHOLZ, P. HAWK, R. JORDAN, G FLAHERTY, D. DENMAN, M. FENTON.

Piano Duet, Spanish Dance, . . Moskowski
MISS HARDIN, A. LAWLOR.

"Ave Trinitatis," . . . . . Witt
SOLI AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Song. "Goodbye, Sweet Day," . . Vannah
MISS L. BOYD.

Piano Solo, "Reverie," . . Vieuxtemps-Lange
MISS J. HARDIN.

Hymn, "Tota Pulchra es," . . . Lambillotte

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.

## 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.

Obiit 1892.

### CHAPTER XIII.

***Last Nine Years of Life. 1883-1892.***

The nine years of life that remained to Mother Mary Juliana after her retirement from superiority were years whose monotonous round was seldom diversified save by frequent attacks of illness, which brought her several times to the gates of death. On nine occasions, during this period, she made an immediate preparation for her passage to eternity, each time receiving the last rites of Holy Church. As each recurring seizure diminished her strength, greater care and extra precautions became necessary as time went on. In the winter time she was seldom able to leave her room and suffered much from the deprivation of fresh air—her best medicine—but during the summer months she obtained considerable relief by sitting out or being wheeled about in the garden.

In the autumn of 1886, the expedient of change of air was resorted to once more. This time she was the guest of the Sisters of Mercy, at Clifford, who received her with more than sisterly affection. The village of Clifford, adjoining the small township of Boston Spa on the picturesque banks of the Wharf, lies some sixteen miles to the west of York, in the heart of an interesting historical district comprising Tadcaster, Towton Heath and Braham. The air of Clifford is the boast of its inhabitants, who declare it to be at least equal to that of the most salubrious spots in the kingdom. Beyond the fine stretches of open country, miles in extent, that can be viewed from its high-lying ground, the village has as little as possible in the way of beauty to recommend it, nevertheless a corner of it has been chosen as the site of one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic revival in the country. Its Catholic Church, a monument of the zeal of the Reverend Lambert Clifford and the generosity of the Grimston family, is built with absolute correctness on the model of an ancient Norman church. Unfortunately, the decoration of the interior, faultlessly beautiful as far it goes, is incomplete, and, at present, seems but little likely to find a finisher. The exterior structure, moreover, for want of funds, is sadly deteriorating. The ranks of the once flourishing Catholic population, having been considerably thinned through the closing of Mr. Grimston's flax mill, formerly the centre of a prosperous well-conducted village community, the mission has been brought pretty nearly to the verge of dissolution. It still, however, has the happiness of possessing a pastor, the Reverend James Cullimore, who is the object of universal veneration.

The Convent, a Gothic monastic edifice of miniature proportions, was originally intended by the Reverend Fr. Leuthwaite, who built it at his own cost, when an Anglican clergyman, to be the home of a Ritualistic sisterhood. His conversion to the Faith however, shortly after putting it into their hands, altered its destination. Sisters of Mercy were invited to take up their abode in it,—a small band at first, some four or five sisters. Their members, however, have augmented, year by year, until they not only form a goodly community at home, but are able to supply two other Yorkshire missions with a staff of trained religious teachers for their government schools.

Since the establishment of the nuns at Clifford, their successful work among the children of the parish, educating as they have now done several successive generations of boys and girls, their kindly ministrations in both the spiritual and the temporal order among the sick and afflicted villagers, their devoted labours in the Church and sacristy, are beyond all praise. With these good sisters Mother Mary Juliana found herself in a congenial atmosphere. Gratitude was one of the strong points of her character, and her heart responded warmly to the affectionate attentions lavished upon her. Her sojourn at Clifford lasted six weeks. Pleasant as it was, it proved a bitter disappointment to those who had suggested it for her health's sake. As the time drew near for her return home she was laid low by a dangerous access of hemorrhage. From that moment the idea of compassing her cure by means of change of air was abandoned. She never again, after that visit to Clifford, left the walls of her Convent.

Although from this time she was almost entirely confined to the Infirmary, her life was not by any means an idle one. So far as she was able she adhered faithfully to the times prescribed for the spiritual exercises of the community, and the remaining hours she turned so well to account, that she contrived to accomplish a large amount of work. Except when quite disabled, she regularly superintended the choir practices, accompanying the singing on a small American organ, kept in her room for the purpose. She had retained her post as organist until her almost continual confinement to her room became necessary. She devoted a good deal of time to the arrangement and copying of church music, doing this, as she invariably did whatever work she put her hand to, with an exactness and minute accuracy that well reflected the earnest longing of her soul after perfection.

A work which interested her very much, during the few months immediately following her visit to Clifford, was the completion of the history of St. Mary's Convent. Several years previously, in the days of her superiority, Bishop Cornthwaite had expressed a wish that the annals of the house should be published. A word from his Lordship, as we know, had the force of law with her. She wasted no time and spared no pains in setting to work to collect whatever interesting matter could be found concerning the origin of the York community, its foundation in its northern home, and its subsequent existence through the varied perils and vicissitudes of two hundred years. The search for materials was a tantalising and disappointing business. The paucity of records of past events in the Convent was extraordinary. This was attributable to two causes, namely, that the early sisters, probably because the House had so slight a prospect of continuance, and because, also, there was much need of keeping their affairs secret, were very chary of recording contemporary events for the edification or the gratification of succeeding generations: and secondly, that many valuable documents had been destroyed, some by an old superannuated sister, who had been allowed to retain them in her keeping after her faculties had lost the power of discerning their value; and others at a period when false representations had created a panic in regard to relations of the first Mothers of the Institute of Mary with the Holy See.

Great, however, as were the difficulties standing in the way of the task, set her by her Bishop, she was determined to carry it through. In the Convent was an old nun, Mother Mary Josephina Walker, by name, whose hobby it was to store up old traditions, and who eagerly accepted the appointment of annalist when it was offered by her superior, as the first step in the compilation of a history of the House. A devoted friend outside, the late Rev. Daniel Henry Haigh, lent his well-tried skill in antiquarian research to the cause. He discovered many important items of information respecting the trials undergone by the sisterhood, its founders and benefactors, under the pressure of the penal laws, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It was the intention of Father Haigh to take upon himself the whole burden of authorship; but death cut short his benevolent labour in 1879. So the work was laid by till after the lapse of some years it was taken in hand again by Mother Mary Juliana, in her invalid days. Under her eye, in her sick-room it was completed, the writing proceeding even when she was laid prostrate by dangerous illness. Father Coleridge S. J., the ever-faithful champion and benefactor of the Institute, undertook to edit the book and gave it a place among the works of his "Quarterly Series." When ready for the press, he revised and corrected the text; and wrote a preface, which, if it were the only service received at his hands by the "Sisters at the Bar," as he liked to style the nuns, would have earned him their lasting gratitude by reason of the noble-hearted affection it manifests towards them. *

A very sensible mortification which Mother Mary Juliana suffered in connection with the publication of St. Mary's Convent must not be overlooked here. It was arranged to add to the book an alphabetical list of the pupils brought up in the convent school, the names with dates of entrance and departure having been preserved almost uninterruptedly from the time of establishment. Not duly estimating the difficulty of the task to one in her enfeebled condition, and probably trusting to her usual accuracy, she did the work without help or revision. The consequence was that

* "St. Mary's Convent, from 1656 to 1887," was published in 1887.

when the book came out, many names were found to be missing, and several errors of spelling and fact to have crept in among the entries. The absence of names which should have figured in the list gave umbrage to persons whom, not at any price would she have wilfully slighted. It was keenly wounding, as will be readily understood, to one always tenderly considerate for the feelings of others, and invariably courteous and respectful, to be betrayed thus into unwilling acts of incivilty especially as the mistakes were irremediable.

But this small trial was but one among many—little and great—that served to exercise her patience and prepare her soul for its approaching passage to eternity during these later years. Souls that aim at high perfection, as those know well who study the lives of God's saints, must ever drink a double portion of their Master's chalice. Mother Mary Juliana formed no exception to the rule. Not to speak of her physical suffering, her trials at this stage of her life were many and various. Of troubles private and personal there was a goodly share. They might not be of great proportion, it is true, but the weight of the cross must be estimated in relation to the strength and condition of the cross-bearer. A burden trifling to one in the flush of health and animal spirits may be overpoweringly heavy to one enfeebled by sickness and shut out from the diverting sights and sounds of active life. Then in addition to her own personal crosses were those of many other souls, that, during past years, had become closely bound up with hers. Her heart, always open to receive and appropriate the sorrows confided to her, was naturally made a common receptacle for sorrows of every kind. And last though not least in the reckoning up of the means of her purification must be noted the afflictions that were the common property of the House and community—of such St. Mary's has had from the beginning a plentiful supply, but, like all institutions of long standing, it has known its alternate seasons of weather fair and foul. Far from the brightest was that which marked the declining years of Mother Mary Juliana.

Death during those years reaped a full harvest. Valuable young members, the hope of the future, were cut off in the midst of successful labours, and older ones, too, still harder to spare. The good old chaplain, Canon Thompson, who, for nearly three and forty years, had been intimately connected with every interest of the place, and who, through all but a fragment of that term, had been the spiritual father and adviser of our holy nun was called to his reward within a year of her retirement from superiority. Her intercourse with the Bishop, Dr. Cornthwaite, at one time so frequent and intimate, relaxed by degrees till, owing to his extreme enfeeblement, some few years before his death it ceased entirely. Nevertheless, when his end came on the 16th July, 1890, she deeply felt the sense of bereavement. Her mind continually reverted to the many many dear ones gone before her, leaving her almost single among her own generation, like one of the last lingering leaves spared by the autumn blasts. The list of her causes for sorrow and anxiety might be lengthened indefinitely. It is wiser, however, for the most part to pass them by in silence. Sensitive as she was, no heart-ache, how acute soever, was suffered to gain a mastery over her.

Her calm serenity and steadfast adhesion to God's holy will never gave way however violently assailed. She never complained, very rarely spoke of her griefs,—never, with a view to winning sympathy. Those who saw much of her at this closing period of her life were provided with an admirable lesson on the uses of adversity. As the mid-day splendour of a bright summer day is often surpassed by the beauty of its setting sun, so the evening of this holy life was, in some sense, more admirable than its dawning and its noon. "Patience hath a perfect work." A singular humility manifested itself in her whole bearing. Meekness, gentleness, deference and kindly considerateness for the feelings and convenience of others seemed to grow in her with the advance of age. The, perhaps, too strongly emphasized expression of an energetic decision of will that characterised her prime had disappeared now. Voice and manner reflected only the peace of a pure soul submissive in all things to its Maker and full of charity and reverence towards all His creatures.

A marked indication of the innocence of her heart was the almost childlike love she manifested for the simple works of creation, both animate

and inanimate. To use the words of A' Kempis, in her eyes there was "no creature so little and contemptible as not to shew forth the goodness of God." A solitary fly that the warmth of her sick-room preserved from torpidity one winter term, was a dear companion, and always an object of interest. There was a black cat in the establishment, which, though ugly and cross-grained in temper, was allowed the privileges, while it usurped the liberties of "an old and valued retainer." This creature displayed a marked partiality for Mother Mary Juliana's society, and the way in which it dodged the inhospitably disposed Infirmarians, afforded a curious illustration of the cat's proverbial slyness. If her peace were in any wise disturbed in her own proper quarters, Puss would betake herself forthwith to the shelter of the invalid's room, the door of which, for the sake of air, was always conveniently left open. When the proud possessor of offspring, she might be seen hastening, little one in mouth,—often at considerable inconvenience owing to various obstructions on the way—to her favourite resort, where, when arrived, she would deposit her burden on the lap or bed of her hostess, and then set off for the remaining member or members of the family. These pretty little animals provided many a pleasant recreation to the solitary invalid. But the mere fascination which the beautiful things of the natural world exercise over most healthily constituted minds would afford us but scant matter for edification. The admirable feature in her case was that each attractive object lifted up her heart at once to God, suggested an act of love and praise, or a fruitful theme of meditation. The flowers which children or other friends continually sent her, and the few small plants which were kept in her room, were always regarded by her with a reverent prayerful spirit. The moon, which had a special charm for her, was always for her the same moon that shed its silver sheen upon the olive trees of Gethsemane garden, on the ever memorable Maundy Thursday night. It is pleasant to note that this method of prayer—well known among the saints—was hereditary in her family. She used to tell how her maternal grandmother (or great grandmother), in the days when religious persecution miserably restricted Catholics in the use of pious representations, was wont to have a donkey kept in a paddock facing her windows, that it might put her frequently in mind of Him, who, at His entrance into the world of His creation had chosen this humble beast as a companion of His poverty, and who, on the eve of His departure hence, had shown Himself to His chosen people "meek and sitting upon an ass."

It is time now to sketch the closing scene of the life we have been tracing from birth upwards. The task can scarcely be better done than by transcribing an affectionately familiar account written while Mother Mary Juliana's death and the circumstances that accompanied it were still quite fresh in memory, by one who during her last illness was seldom absent from her side. It runs thus:—

"The season * was cold and damp, and our "dearest Mother could not, as she had done in "former summers, remain out safely for any "length of time in the open air. This told upon "her general health. Vain hopes were enter-"tained that when the warm weather should "come our beloved invalid would get all the "good she had formerly got in fine sunny days. "But no, God had other designs for her and for "us this summer. What seemed to hasten her "last illness was the melancholy news that her "dear brother, Charles, was very ill—so ill that "there appeared small hope of his recovery. "Then came the news that he had received the "last Sacraments, and required attendance unin-"termittingly. His brother, Father Henry Mar-"tin, S. J., hastened to his side, and, when he "had seen him, brought news of his state to his "sisters at York. There was evidently very little "chance of recovery. It was an immense com-"fort to our dear Mother to know that Charles "would be well looked after in every way whilst "his Reverend brother was with him. As he "lingered, however, and there seemed no cause "for apprehending anything sudden, Father "Martin, having important missionary work a-"waiting him in London, felt bound in duty to "leave his brother to the care of the Jesuit "Fathers in Wakefield, who were to recall him "by telegram when needful, and hasten to his "post. He thought it better to give no intima-

* The early summer of 1892.

"tion of his departure to his sister, but it soon "dawned upon her that he was no longer with "Charles, and her distress was very great. The "blow seemed too much for her in her shattered "state. No word of complaint escaped her lips, "only the silent tears trickling down that face— "suffering yet resigned—told what was passing "within. It was evident that an alarming seiz- "ure was at hand. On Thursday, 7th July, she "was assisted to bed by Reverend Mother M. "Germana, who, for many years, had attended "her as her infirmarian, by night and by day.

"The doctor was sent for, but made little of "the case. The next day he came again and "found his patient much worse. A violent pain "had come on during the night, which proved "to be the result of pleurisy. The doctor feared "influenza. There was evident danger, and "she was growing rapidly worse. After the "Thursday evening she had no sleep, night or "day. The temperature rose high on Friday; "there was much fever, and the pain in the left "side was agonising, especially when she moved, "still no complaint. When it seemed almost "past bearing, she only said with a pitiful look, "'Oh dear Jesus, do have pity on your poor "child!' Though in a burning fever, she never "moved, much less tossed about. When asked: "'Is the blanket too heavy for you?' she only "said: 'I feel very hot.' When it was removed, "a look of gratitude was the response. The last "Sacraments were administered during the course "of the afternoon. Another sleepless night fol- "lowed, and the fever did not abate. No com- "plaint, no wish expressed for anything. She "continued calm and patient and peaceful, and "received Holy Viaticum each day to the end, "which, on Sunday, we realised to be not far "off. On the morning of this day she told her "confessor, the Convent chaplain, that she was "quite resigned to die. Her fear of death through "life was very great. Throughout the four "days' illness she spoke very little. Each morn- "ing she quietly asked Reverend Mother: 'Any "news of Charles?' to which the answer was "always the same—'gradually getting weaker— "Father Jerrard unwearying in his attention; "nuns going to pray with him each day.' Then "our dear one gave a sweet resigned smile, and "did not allude to the subject again through the "rest of the day. Her thoughts seemed to be "with God. She evinced no fear, no want of "any kind. There was never any delirium or "the least wandering even when the fever was "at its height.

"On Sunday evening the doctor gave very "minute directions. All seemed to hang on the "turn things took that night. Reverend Mother "watched by her to carry out the doctor's direc- "tions—but no relief came; and in the morning "the doctor could only say: 'Where there is life "there is hope.' This did not reassure Reverend "Mother, who was thoroughly convinced that "the last day had come. She continued, there- "fore, in close attendance, to observe every "alteration, and relieve every possible want.

"The doctor had strongly insisted on her tak- "ing as much nourishment as she could manage "to swallow. And she did her best to comply "with his orders, sitting up when a tea-cup of "gruel was given her, herself pouring the gruel "into the saucer, and consuming all to the last "drop.

"About 2 p. m. she became a little restless, "and was helped to turn on her right side. She "could not breathe in this position, yet, those "around her were afraid a change of position "might prove fatal. After a restorative had "been given, however, she rallied. Seeing that "the end could not be far off, Reverend Mother "sent for Canon Goldie. The chaplain, thinking "she would be sure to live through the day, had "left home in the morning. It had always been "Mother's wish to have a priest with her at her "death. Canon Goldie stayed about ten minutes "with her, then, thinking that she had yet sev- "eral hours to live, and having an appointment, "he went away. She was perfectly composed "and calm after his visit, and in a little while "she said to Reverend Mother: 'Don't you "think I had better see Teresa?' Sister Mary "Teresa (her sister) was sent for. Mother kissed "her and was able to say a few words to her. "Noticing that she remained standing, Mother, "thoughtful to the end, desired that she should "sit down.

"It was a beautiful afternoon, cool, though the "sun shone brightly. Her window was open,

"and she appeared to be somewhat refreshed "by the air. She raised herself up all at once "and opened her eyes wide. They had been "half closed since Thursday. A lovely expres- "sion stole over her face. Did she see her Lord? "We cannot tell. The lovely look was one of "surprise. It was not a smile, nor did it betoken "anything like fear. She looked upwards, not "at any person or thing in the room. And now "the end was drawing very near. Her articula- "tion became indistinct. She spoke, and Rever- "end Mother said, 'She wants us to say the "litany for a happy death.' Mother brightened "and replied, 'I asked for some lemonade, but, "oh, may I have the litany for a happy death.' "Then we began the prayers and she tried "to make the sign of the cross, but being "too weak for the effort, Reverend Mother "lent her assistance, then with help she "joined her hands. She seemed very very "peaceful and quiet, and was evidently quite "conscious. She joined in the aspirations and "prayers which Reverend Mother said, trying "to make them as bright and full of confidence "for the dear sufferer as possible. 'Oh city of "supreme delight, thy glorious realms, when "shall I see!' 'My God and my all!' 'Mary, "my own dear Mother, open thy merciful arms, "and receive thy child who longs to come to "thee.' 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, etc.' 'Oh, my "God, I accept of death, etc.' 'My God, I thank "Thee that I die a child of the holy Catholic "Church!' 'Depart Christian soul, etc.' After "praying for nearly an hour, during which time "she had remained almost motionless, breathing "gently, we saw she wanted something, and "one of the sisters present said: 'Reverend "Mother, she wants to kiss you.' The appeal, "though heart-rending, was affectionately re- "sponded to, and our dear Mother seemed satis- "fied. She had been rightly understood.

"About a quarter of an hour later the breath- "ing began to be less and less distinct. There "was no struggle, no gasping. We waited for "another sigh — a sligh tsound — 'Jesus.' An- "other three seconds, then—'Jesus.' A third "time—'Jesus—.' We waited. She had gone! "That pure soul had gone—gone to meet the "Heavenly Bridegroom—gone with her lamp "well trimmed into the presence of her Well- "Beloved.

Oh, what a welcome must have awaited her there! "Well done, thou good and faithful "servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone. "Arise, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, "and come.'"

The date of this blessed death was the 11th July, 1892. On the 14th of the same month her brother Charles followed her into eternity. He was assisted in his last moments by his Jesuit brother, and died a holy death. Thus we see that God granted to the full the last strong desires of the heart of His faithful servant, though the satisfaction of knowing that her prayer was answered was withheld till she had passed from the region of sorrow and uncertainty to the cloudless presence of her Lord.

The news of her death was not made known to her dying brother, who was thus spared the grief which her loss would have caused him, and which he had intensely dreaded. His last days were untroubled even by the knowledge that she was dangerously ill.

Father Martin performed the burial service for his dearly-venerated sister. She was laid to rest, so much of her as was mortal, in the grave in St. Mary's little mortuary ground, wherein, sixty-two years previously, had been placed the remains of Rev. Mother Austin Chalmers, one of the holiest among her predecessors in the office of superiority.

There, as we may confidently trust, the bodies of these two faithful spouses of Christ and zealous guardians of the flock entrusted to them for His sake, await a glorious reunion with their happy souls on the day of their Lord's coming.

L. D. S.

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## To A............

My gentle friend, may o'er your head
The blessings of both worlds be shed,
May sorrow have no power to stay
Beneath your roof a single day.
May all for whose delight you live
Pay back the bliss you're born to give.

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CHARITABLE buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better.

## Thoughts for Our Girls.

LITERATURE has many functions, and one of its happiest is often one of its least pretentious—that of helping to brighten and harmonize households less peaceful than they might easily be made. It is in the "home" as Wordsworth tells us, that "we find our happiness, or not at all." What has the greatest nation for its moral basis but a number of households, some stately, some lowly, but both classes capable alike of being good and happy if only their inmates live under the sway of unselfish aims, benign affections and those manners which are but the outward expression of good principles in the usages of daily life. To promote such principles and shape such households is to do more for a nation than to double its dominion or its wealth—things often but snares. It does more for total humanity than scientific discoveries that reduce to any extent those material evils which prey upon the race, for with those physical evils man's moral well-being is often most closely connected.

Some philosopher, not a very profound one, has affirmed that man's chief benefactor is he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. Far more truly might he have said that man's greatest benefactor is he who diminishes by one-half the number of faults and follies which are the plague of households and make the civilized lands more dreary than the deserts.

The great empires of antiquity, especially that of Greece, the empire of mind, perished for lack of virtuous and happy households.

A greater thing than empires—viz., "the kingdom of God"—amongst its highest titles claims that of "the household of faith." The converse truth must be no less momentous, and a holy and happy household has been named by inspired lips a "church."

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"Is it so difficult to understand and to admit that the intellectual development of women, by means of the study of literature and the arts, instead of being a foreign element in their lives—an embarrassment estranging them from their duties—is, on the contrary, of daily use to them, both at home and in society? At home, where they are the creators, in great measure, of the moral atmosphere, where all can be raised or lowered by their influence, feelings, ideas, occupations; in society, where their education and talents might substitute something solid for the frivolity and void which characterize our present social gatherings. . . . It is necessary that a girl's education should be complete. What does that entail? It entails the development of her intelligence, of her heart, of her conscience, of her character, as also that of her practical faculties, without neglecting her health, her physical powers, or, even in moderation, her accomplishments.

Woman, in order properly to fulfil her mission, should be useful, agreeable, and intellectual. When united these qualities form a harmonious whole: a being who is capable of managing her household . . . who is pleasant without being flippant, careful of her personal appearance without being frivolous; who puts order into her life, yet accommodates herself to circumstances; who accepts, and does not neglect, the material side of life, yet does not grow absorbed in it, but makes of it, so to speak, the pedestal of a higher life. She then draws from solid principles and noble aspirations the courage needful for self-devotion; her intellect finds in the study of all that is beautiful, in the contact with great minds, and in the habit of solid thought, that superior sense which Joubert names *le sens exquis;* and which he wished to see united to *common sense* in order to make the latter the directing spirit of life—a spirit which is wise and careful of material interests as well as of all others, which orders aright all the integral parts in the science of life; and apportions to each need of the soul and body, to each aspiration of the mind, and to each social requirement the requisite remedy, conformable alike to order, to duty, and to dignity.

Woman can be, woman may be, of use and benefit to her home and country as also to the world at large; but how little does she appreciate the high estate which is hers by right. And how often do we see that, by setting the laws of nature at defiance, and striving for a position for which she was not made and to which she is unsuited, she loses all. From the earliest days we hear of women coming to the front in intellectual movements and lending their services in

the cause of learning. What of St. Catherine of Alexandria teaching Christian philosophy and confounding the pagan philosophers in the schools of Alexandria? What of St. Paula, Marcella, Melania, Eustochium, in the days of St. Jerome, encouraging him to translate into Latin the text of the Bible, and insisting on his completing his Commentaries on the Prophets? What of St. Monica assisting St. Augustine, attending with him an assembly of the philosophers and taking a part in the discussion of deep and abstruse problems? What of St. Catherine of Siena? What of St. Theresa? And yet, what examples are these same women as friends, as wives, as mothers!

The contrast which exists is considerable between these full, pure, well-employed lives, and the useless, empty, light, surface ones wasted and lost by so many Christians in our days. After all, how are the lives of women of the world generally spent? Those who read—what do they read? . . . When one sees what women can do as regards intellect, with what gifts God has enriched them—quickness, delicacy, penetration—when one sees the want in their education, and later on, unless they make for themselves different occupations, the emptiness of the lives they lead in society—one cannot but deplore this lamentable waste of the most precious gifts."

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" One sees how much culture of the mind benefits that of the soul, and how often woman, whose influence may be so decisive, needs . . . education in order to escape a useless and wasteful life and render herself competent to fulfil her great duties. The foundation of a strong character must be laid by a sound training and real education. On this a life of usefulness can be built up; without it, all crumbles at the base, and one often sees the highest qualities of the heart and mind ruined and giving place to a life of miserable mediocrity.

Be true Christians, profoundly and sincerely religious, making God the keynote of your life, and thus only will you attain to the ideal of strength and vigor of which Christian heroines have given us so many examples, and which caused pagan philosophers to exclaim: 'What admirable women these Christians are!' In proportion as you know God, and make of Him your friend, and the confidant of your sorrows as of your joys, you will become more like to Him. This high contact will be the invisible cement of your thoughts, of your desires, of your resolutions, and of your feelings. The stones of your life—that is to say your actions—will be joined, . . . bound and consolidated like those buildings of the Romans that we see so often mentioned in history, which have resisted the wear of centuries because a cement as durable as brass had made of them imperishable monuments. It is thus those Christian women have been formed who have left such admirable examples to posterity; it is in this school that virgins and martyrs such as Agnes, Perpetua, etc., have learnt their heroism; it is in this school that other women, whose strength was developed in a less observable sphere, have acquired that energy which bears slow martyrdom, the martyrdom of daily life, the martyrdom where nature is immolated and burnt on the altar of duty—sublime immolation of which St. Ambrose said: " What an unknown number of Christ's martyrs are to be found in the secret obscurity of daily life!"

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"All God's gifts, in order to be of use, must be cultivated. Scripture tells us that our soul, like the earth, when left uncultivated, produces wild fruit. It was no more God's design to make women's souls to be light, barren, and unhealthy soils than it was that men's should be so. It has been said that the soul is a thought of God, which signifies that there is for it a divinely conceived plan towards which our efforts approach, or from which our languor alienates us, but which exists all the same in the Divine wisdom and goodness."

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"Woman's mission in life is a noble one: she has been gifted by nature with qualities which man has not, and which render her all-powerful in the world. In the crucial events of life—in sickness, trouble, and perplexity—is it not to a woman that all turn for comfort? The instincts of motherhood are inherent in her, the power of sympathy and healing are specially her own; and the more one sees of life the more one realizes that 'men look for sympathy more than

they care to admit or would like to acknowledge.'

Ruskin says: 'The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them'; and again, 'It is little to say of a woman that she only does not destroy where she passes—she should revive.'

Women do not realize the extent of their power, or they could not be so careless as they often are in the proper exercise of it. Are they not the helpmates of man, who is to do good work in this generation? Are they not to be the mothers and trainers of the next generation? And besides all this, how much use can they make of their own lives by taking an interest in the lives of others and helping all with whom they come in contact.

The range is wide enough; unfortunately the energy is small, and often proves unequal to the demand.

In order to be of efficient help we must duly exercise our own powers, and, as Mr. Stopford Brooke says, women of the present day should be taken to task for contempt of sentiment and affection and 'the high passions of the ideal and religious life.' There will come a time when women will suffer from this down-trampling of womanly instincts. It is their privilege and their nature to be sentimental and imaginative, emotional and self-sacrificing, and there can be no question about the power this gives them. If they will persist, as so many think it clever to do nowadays, in pretending that this is all unworthy of them, that they have outgrown all this 'nonsense' and that it is incompatible with the position they seek, they must take the consequences; but they will cast away a treasure which can never be regained.

It is not one life alone that is affected by a woman's influence, it is many lives. 'We must look to woman to redeem woman by lifting her sex and mankind generally into a higher and purer atmosphere.'

If woman's work can be better done so, let it be done quietly, and, if men do not accredit them with it, the good is still there under God's eye, and the very fact of its privacy will give it double value in His sight. Lady Morgan when she was Sydney Owenson, said to her friend, Mrs. Lefanu: 'I must tell you, my dear Madam I am ambitious far, far beyond the lines of laudable emulations, perhaps beyond the power of being happy, yet the strongest point of my ambition is to be every inch a woman.'"

# Special Correspondence

READING, BERKS,
England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Your Christmas number reached me some time ago, and I must congratulate you on its appearance. The plates are lovely, and the Articles, each and all, are exactly what one would expect from the Rainbow—a diversity of brilliants, each one adding its brightness distinctly, and yet all mingling together in a uniform effect of matchless beauty.

Well, mon cher, since last I wrote you I have been about a good deal. Perhaps a few words concerning the seaside places I visited last summer, may be more acceptable to you than anything that suggests itself to my very limited ideas at the present moment.

Shortly after the Jubilee procession I went to Folkstone, which is one of the favorite as well as fashionable summer resorts in England; and which, together with the surrounding neighborhood, abounds in items of historic interest because of the early Roman conquests of Kent, and also of the landing and settlement of St. Augustine and his missionaries. The town of Folkstone is very old and quaint, the ancient portion of it has quite narrow streets, and seems to have been built after the manner of old French towns; the new part, however, is very beautiful, and is built on a height which commands a most extensive sea view, and has a delightful promenade, called The Leas. Magnificent hotels and innumerable fashionable boarding-houses make the place attractive, and lovely drives are daily organized to spots of local interest and beauty. A very pretty part of the shore beyond the old town is called the "Warren," or the Switzerland of England. It seems to me that there the sea is receding, and the new land or small cliffs that have become part of the mainland, are beautifully undulating, while a good deal of verdure has sprung from them, which gives a very pretty effect, indeed, and quite reminds one of a miniature view of Switzerland. The cliffs are all white (chalk), and the glimpses of green-furze and bracken—with tufts of grass and wild flowers patched be-

tween, make it look quite unique, and verify its designation.

About twelve or fourteen miles from Folkstone is Canterbury, and I most intensely enjoyed a visit to that ancient town and its magnificent Cathedral. The town of Canterbury is said to be older than Rome in foundation. I cannot vouch for the truth of this assertion, but certainly, at the beginning of the Saxon Heptarchy, it was said to be "The first city of the Kingdom of Kent;" and, from antiquities which have been found, it was evidently of great importance in early Roman times. The Cathedral is truly most imposing, and its architecture embraces many styles, but I should say the Gothic and Norman are predominant, at least at present, for the church has been three times nearly destroyed by fire, and rebuilt. It is very spacious, and its grand aisles remind one of Notre Dame de Paris, but Canterbury is vast in comparison to Notre Dame. The Martyrdom, or place where St. Thomas à Becket was murdered, is in the north cross aisle, and, of course, is of greatest interest. A beautiful stained-glass window is here, illustrating scenes in the life of the saint; Henry II. taking off his (Becket's) cloak to cover the shoulders of a shivering beggar; also the manner of à Becket's death. The stones that were stained with the blood of St. Thomas were removed to Peterborough Cathedral, in 1170, and two altars made of them. The guide points out just where they were, and the new ones that have been inserted in their place. At the end of the present choir, is a small chapel, where was formerly the shrine of Thomas à Becket, which was demolished by Henry VIII. and denuded of its wonderful treasures. He it was who ordered the body of the saint which rested there to be burned, and the ashes cast to the winds. Pilgrims visit it still, and the stone steps leading up to it have been cut away in many places.

Near the shrine is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, who died at Canterbury, in 1376. His figure, in gilt brass, lies on it, and his equipments, gauntlets, etc., still hang over it. His sword was taken away by Oliver Cromwell. Nearby is the tomb of Henry IV. and his wife, Joan. In other parts of the edifice are numerous notable monuments, including that of Cardinal Pole.

The ruined portion of this grand old building was to me intensely beautiful. The cloisters, and portions of an ancient Roman temple, which lie at one side, are truly lovely; and piece after piece of delightful old ruin seemed to crop up at every turn, so that, at last, I had simply to tear myself away, fearing I should not get back to Folkstone by daylight.

Another place of great interest, in Canterbury, is the old church of St. Martin, which is said to have been the first place of worship used by the Britains after their conversion from heathenism. It was here Queen Bertha worshipped, before the arrival of St. Augustine, and this church it was that she handed over to him for the use of himself and his missionaries. In it Ethelbert was baptized by St. Augustine, and the font, which is well preserved, is a fine specimen of Saxon antiquity. Here Bertha is supposed to be buried, and the stone sarcophagus can be seen where her body is thought to lie. This church which is very small, but still in fine preservation, is supposed to have been built about the year 590.

Between St. Martin's church and the Cathedral is the College of St. Augustine, which was built by the Saint and King Ethelbert soon after the conversion of the latter to Christianity, and dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. In the year 978, it was enlarged and dedicated afresh by St. Dunstan to SS. Peter and Paul, but also to its founder, St. Augustine, by whose name it has since been designated. In days gone by, King Athelstan granted to the Abbot of the College the license to have a mint for coining money, which privilege was taken away by King Stephen, who seized the monastery and the money. This building was so fine that, at the dissolution, Henry VIII. seized and converted it into a Royal Palace. It was afterwards granted by Queen Mary as a residence to Cardinal Pole. Queen Elizabeth kept her Court here during a tour in the neighborhood. Apropos of the said Queen, I have not yet been in a town in England in which there is not a house sacred to the memory of her sleeping hours. She does not seem to have been so popular in her wide-awake expeditions.

Well, to return to Canterbury. It was at St. Augustine's College that Charles I. was married to Princess Henrietta of France, June 13th, 1625.

He had met the Princess at Dover and had her conveyed to Canterbury, where the marriage ceremony was performed. In fact, the place teems with interesting buildings, churches, monasteries, and ruins, among which is a very old castle with a moat and a corresponding history, but I think St. Augustine and the places of which he was the founder quite absorb one's attention, on a visit to Canterbury, to the exclusion of all other things. It has been said that a Christian church existed on the site of the present Cathedral even before Augustine landed, and that it was given to him and his followers by the King, after his conversion and that of the ten thousand Saxons who followed his example. It is, in any case, quite true that Queen Bertha practised faithfully after her arrival in England the religion that she brought from Gaul with her, and that St. Martin's church was given to her for that purpose.

The old walls and gate of Canterbury are also very interesting. In this town was the home of Sir Thomas More, but his house, which, I believe was very quaint, has been demolished.

Later in the season, I visited Bournemouth, for a few days, which I consider an extremely pretty place. The pine woods with which it abounds, are most beautiful, and the series of gardens that form such an attractive promenade, or resting place for the numerous invalids that frequent the place, are truly lovely. They are famous for their rhododenrons, which grow in great luxuriance. The sea front also is good, and, on clear days, the Isle of Wight is quite visible from the west cliff.

Later still, I was at Brighton for a few days. Here things are very gay, and one almost forgets that one is out of town, hence its name of "London by the Sea." The promenades are fine, and "Church Parade," on Sundays, is almost as fashionable as Hyde Park. Of course, fashion predominates at different seasons at each, and "The Lawns" at Brighton, where "Parade" takes place is really a most lovely promenade. Brighton is what might be called an all round place, its frequenters are of all classes, from Royalty to the successful artisan, who desires to spend a day at the seaside; so that Rotten Row and Whitechapel are both well represented, and the different types of amusement to attract all classes are to be found. It has a grand sea front, and the Brighton breezes are truly a boon to the tired Londoner who can spare a day from the city's toil and din—and it is to Brighton he invariably turns for his much-needed draught of ozone. The boarding-houses and hotels are excellent here, and the many sheltered seats along the seaboard are also an attraction, some pretty pagodas enhance the scene, and the pier is a very fine one, indeed,—the old pier was swept away in one of last year's storms.

The Pavilion is most inviting, and was once a favorite residence of George III. The late Duchess of Teck was very fond of Brighton in her early days, and, indeed, always, and her great goodness of heart was well known and appreciated there. I happened to be at Brighton at the time of her death, and stories of her graciousness and worth were widely circulated. Every one was mourning her loss, and although that feeling was quite universal, still, Brighton seemed to think it had an exclusive right to deplore her demise.

Were you not pleased, dear Rainbow, to hear of the right royal welcome which was accorded to the Duke and Duchess of York by the Irish? All the English papers raved about Irish hospitality, Irish good nature, Irish beauties, and in fact, *everything* Irish. Entre nous, mon cher, Ireland is now quite the fashion in England, and visits to its fascinating shores are being discussed by everybody. Tourist companies are taking up the cue, also, and all along the Railway Lines, the most prominent advertisements are, "Excursions to the magnificent scenery of the Emerald Isle."

Now, dear Rainbow, we know this is *comme nous désirons,* and we see good times dawning for Paddy's land.

We have had in England a most trying winter, because of its excessive mildness; we really have not had any winter at all. Primroses are coming up everywhere, crocuses are in full bloom, the trees are beginning to show large buds and wear a green hue, snowdrops, violets, and all early flowers are filling the markets, but the season has not been a healthy one.

Dear Rainbow, I shall now say au revoir, and remain, Yours as ever,

JOSIE O'DOWDA.

## School Chronicle.

*The Eclipse of the Moon.*

IT was with pleasant anticipation that we awaited the evening of the seventh of January, when a partial eclipse of the moon was to take place. The few nights preceding the date, the lovely Queen had shone on her far-away throne with brilliant splendor, seeming to defy the thought of a shadow marring her perfect features. The night of the seventh came. The upper halls were crowded, all intent on seeing the eclipse. Every eye was centered on Luna, shining there in her pale, proud beauty. Slowly her silvery radiance was o'ershadowed, her fair light waned, some creature of a dark creation seemed ready to blight her life. Were there no sympathetic heart-throbs from the spectators when, at length, their favorite Queen was but a shadow of her former self? How far away, how lonely she appeared! The countless stars shone on as brilliantly as ever. How heartless they were to twinkle so merrily when their leader was under a cloud! Gazing upward, witnessing the eclipse, what various thoughts passed through our minds. How like our lives was the scene before us. At one time we bask in the sunshine of pleasure; trees are green, skies are blue, songs of birds are blythe and cheery, and all our surroundings seem tinged with a glorious golden light; but soon we are in the midst of a storm, threatening clouds lower above us, the wind moans and sobs, flowers droop, the song of the birds is hushed, and our hearts throb on in their pain.

---

"Hear the sledges with the bells,

. . . . .

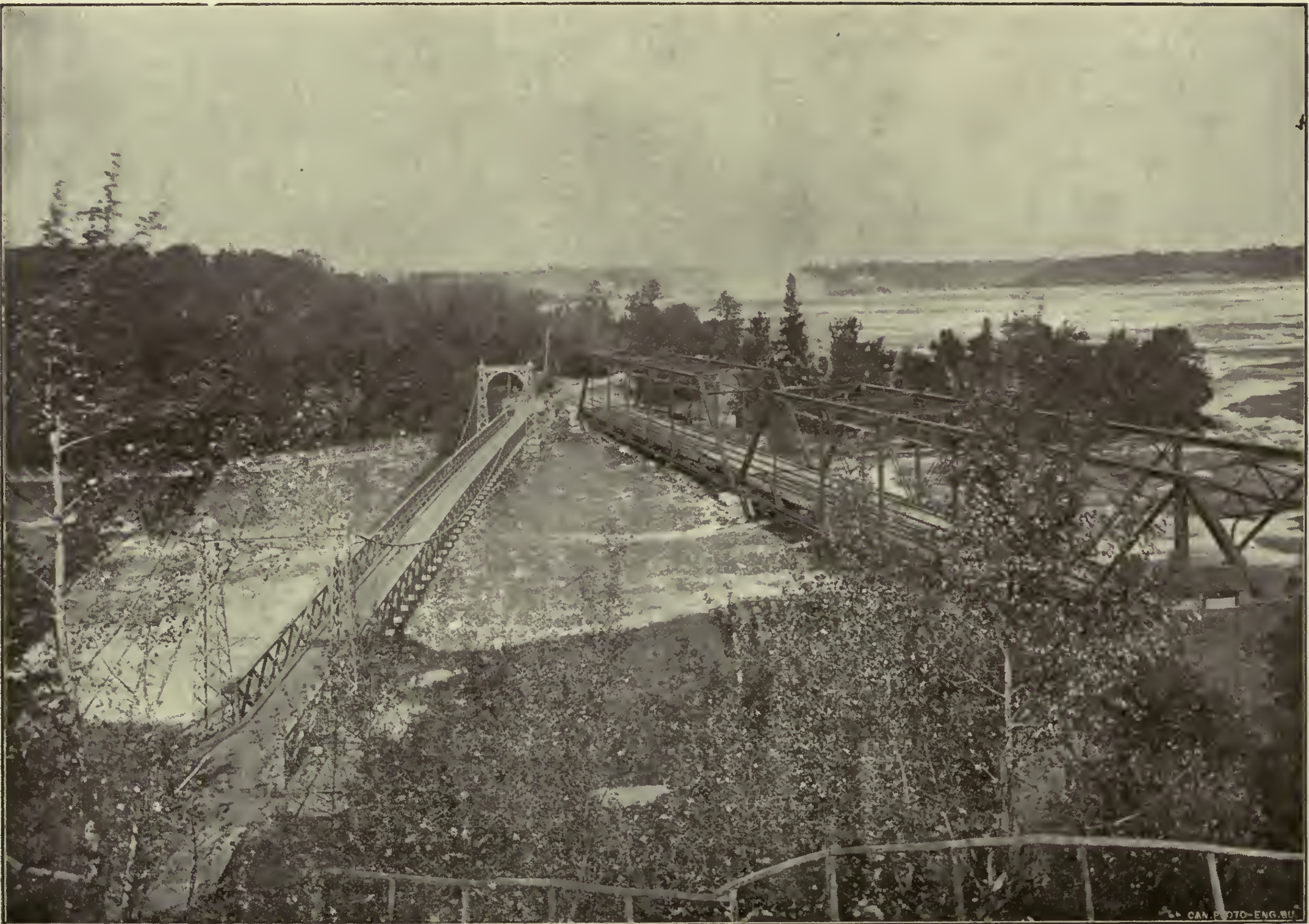
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

When the great sun arose on Tuesday, surrounded by his retinue of gorgeously-colored clouds, he must have experienced a pang akin to jealousy as the grandeur of the earth—a sublime picture of winter beauty—met his gaze. We, inmates of Loretto, were not indifferent to the scene that lay before us. Instantly one thought—one hope—the realization of one idea—entered into the minds of all. And what, think you, was that idea? What inspiration do a beautiful day and a wonderful depth of snow bring to the mind of the school-girl who looks out from her window on the white-clad land basking beneath the ardent gaze of old Sol? A sleigh drive, of course.

"In union is strength." Our plan had no occasion to complain of age before it was communicated to the authorities who, to our delight, acquiesced in its execution; and, at eleven o'clock, the merry chime of sleigh bells brought us, wrapped in furs and charmingly picturesque costumes, to the front hall door. Luckily the wakeful little bell, whose duty it is to intrude upon our slumbers, was not near, or it surely would have felt hurt at the readiness with which its merrier sister was obeyed. The gayly-bedecked sleighs presented a very comfortable appearance, our hopes of the morning had blossomed into fair reality, the prancing steeds seemed to have caught our exuberant spirits, and soon we were flying over the lovely expanse of glittering snow, across the plains, down the deep ravine, and then along the river bank, resplendent with its many tinted icicles. The spray fairies had draped the mighty Cataract with its wondrous ice-lace, but the huge gray rocks were averse to such finery, and wore instead a few creeping vines and soft mosses. Here and there bloomed a bush of bright winter berries, their warmth of color contrasting with their icy surroundings.

The first suspension bridge which we were to cross was soon reached. Far below us flowed the river, bearing upon its foaming breast unnumbered sea gulls, happy on the waters in which so many human beings had found a nameless grave. Immense ice-covered rocks edged the water glistening in the sunlight, above them, ever rushing onward, the emerald-tinted waters of the massive Horse-shoe curve, dashing madly over the precipice, arched by the covenant of God's peace with man. Oh, for the power to describe this wholly indescribable scene!

Prospect Park and the Islands, on the American side, were the next points of interest. Nothing more fairy-like and enchanting could be conceived—trees laden with their snowy burdens, the branches bent and interlaced, forming glittering jewelled archways, under which we drove, uttering many exclamations of delight. Such



The Dufferin Islands, from Prospect Drive

varied and grotesque transformations had the Frost King effected that, at every step, new and unrivalled beauties met our view. Looking across the turbulent abyss, our gaze rested on a stately mansion, cross-crowned and gleaming with heaven-borrowed hues. Its wealth of circling crystal foliage glistened in the bright noonday sun, soft feathery snowflakes drifted slowly around it, each on its beautiful silent mission; and, as we continued to gaze with appreciative pride, the blissful realization—this home is ours—thrilled our very souls, and the tuneful notes of "The Home We Love So Dearly" floated on the frosty air.

Along the river road the handsome dwellings of Niagara's prosperous residents claimed our attention. Many of them looked deserted, as though the owners, with the birds, had winged their flight southward in quest of more genial climes. During our circuitous journey, the Power House, the Aluminum, Carborundum, Electrochemical Works, and Paper Mill were passed. Time did not permit us to visit these interesting buildings, but at some future date, we hope to have the privilege. Our last stop was at the Inclined Railway. Through the courtesy of our esteemed and always gracious friend, Hon. T. V. Welch, we were permitted to descend in groups of fifteen or sixteen to the lower platform and stand upon the snow-covered rocks, the better to view the Falls the more closely. Oh, the glory and beauty of the spectacle! How superbly the profound diapason of the great Fall sounded! The unutterable majesty of the scene lifted our thoughts still higher to the Paradise unseen, where everything shines with a celestial brilliance.

The last hues of sunset were lingering in the mist as we neared Loretto—the merriest band that ever returned to its portals, to be welcomed and refreshed at its hospitable board.

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The sweet memories of our journey into Songland with Mr. Fitz-Gerald had yet lingered with us, when a communication was received intimating that a famous baritone, accompanied by an eminent Shakespearean lecturer and a well-known elocutionist, would spend Wednesday with us.

Eagerly anticipating the arrival of these distinguished personages, we were seated in the brilliantly-lighted study hall, to which momentarily we hoped to welcome them. Every footstep heard outside sent a pleasant ripple of excitement through the room and a thrill of joy through our hearts. "Hush, girls, here they come!" was passed along the rows of expectant maidens who listened for the bell to ring. "Ah, there it is!" And ever so many bright eyes peered into the corridor. How long the waiting seemed!

Again silence reigned and the guests were ushered into the room. All eyes were directed to the door and opened wide in surprise, for surely their identity was unmistakable. Peal after peal of laughter, and round after round of applause rang through the hall. And why? When my tale is ended you shall know.

The gentleman of the party, introduced as Mr. Fitz-Gerald, was dignified in bearing and faultlessly attired. The taller of the two ladies had read before the Queen of England, we were told —it goes without saying that the fact added much to her préstige in our esteem, notwithstanding our nationality. Her costume—not the least of her attractions—bespoke an acquaintance with Worth or Redfern—her manners, a woman of refinement. Those of us who pay court to Dame Fashion scrutinized carefully the details of her dress. Are there any such? I hear you ask. Would you have us untrue to our pedigree?

Miss Williams' chief attraction was a pair of very penetrating blue eyes, whose power was increased by eyeglasses of the most approved mode, and which she adjusted quite charmingly as often as her memory threatened to play truant, surveying the audience with an I'd-like-to-know-if-you're-there expression, but to her credit and theirs be it recorded that no one felt in the least inclined to disappear.

The charm of Miss Clarke's superior talent, which was felt and acknowledged by all, was enhanced by the fatal gift of beauty; her lustrous orbs showing to great advantage beneath her semi-Oriental headgear, which we so much admired. Her rendition of "My Brother Bill" brought down the house. Mr. Fitz-Gerald then advanced and with a handsome bow began a

sweet, soft "Lullaby," followed by an Aria, Serenade, and Ballad. Rendering the high notes, the singer rose gradually on his toes, as if yearning to soar whither the tender strains had gone. His facial expression was always in harmony with his musical sentiments.

Miss Williams' appearance was the signal for renewed applause. Her poetical pilgrimage to the spots hallowed by the memory of the bard of Avon was described in language truly sublime, and, at the close, a branch from one of the yew trees that keep guard over the resting-place of the immortal *Shakespeaw* was presented to Mother Superior, and a picture of Mr. Edmonds, the dear, good sexton, whose legs had begun to refuse him, executed by a special artist—who, by the way, affects high coloring—to the Staff.

Delightful portrayal and clever burlesque beguiled the evening hours. Those dreadful juniors—Mabel, Elsie and Maud—were at work again. We forgave the practical joke that had been perpetrated at our expense—but, let me add—to our intense amusement.

---

" All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments,
It is not the violins and cornets—it is not the oboe nor the beating drums, nor the notes of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza—nor those of the men's chorus, nor those of the women's chorus,
It is nearer and farther than they."

Perhaps the above is suggestive of a profound analysis of the "divine art" on my part. Far be it from me to inflict anything so commonplace on the music-loving public, and thereby make myself a laughing-stock for all time. Besides there is music that defies, or rather, ignores analysis, and goes its way heedless of admiration, disapproval or applause.

Of late, there had lurked in our secret hearts a desire to hear a Phonograph—a big-souled little instrument that seems to understand all humanity and satisfy its wants. Never, indeed, had the genius of Edison been happier than in its invention. That this wish would ever materialize was the farthest thing from our thoughts, when, to our surprise and delight, Mr. Black—bright be the skies above him—accompanied by his friend, Mr. H. Carter, the owner of the Phonograph, devised a means of gratifying our ambition and appeared in our midst with the musical treasure.

"Literature demands a cultivation of the intellect, a degree of intelligence, to be enjoyed thoroughly; but if one has only 'temperament' he can derive the keenest pleasure from music." Yes, the tiniest tot applauded to the echo the marvellous powers of the weird tone-revealer, and it was comforting to see the disciples of Chopin, Schuman, Bach, Beethoven, etc., come down from their pedestal of classicality to enjoy Sousa's marches; although quite as classical in their way as the waltzes of Strauss are in theirs—in this we venture to express the courage of our musical convictions.

Truly, the evening will long be remembered as one of the most enjoyable of the season. We are gratefully appreciative of the kind courtesy of our esteemed friends, Mr. Black and Mr. H. Carter, to whom we return our most sincere thanks through the medium of the Rainbow.

Mabel Kean.

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## To Lillian.

(*Addressed to our dear companion, Lillian McDonnell, Chicago, Ill., by Gussie Packard du Bois.*)

Live to learn, O sweetest maiden,
Life a school must ever be,
Aim to learn each lesson wisely,
And its hidden meaning see.

Live to learn; not one year's schooling
All life's mysteries can teach,
Every year will bring new meanings,
Now beyond your eager reach.

Live to learn; for life has failures,
And we learn from them to know
That to Him who is our Master,
We must still like children go.

Live to learn; from each swift moment,
Gather all it has to give,
Then, with all the earth-school finished,
May you gladly learn to live.

---

Never anticipate an evil. The dog does not suffer so much as the man, because he does not feel any pain until the blow that hurts him has been struck, while the man fears that he will be struck, and so suffers twice instead of once. An Eastern proverb says: "He is miserable once who meets with ill-fortune, but twice who fears it before it comes."

# Niagara Rainbow.

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NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.



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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1898.


On Monday, the 21st inst., Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well-known Canadian author, paid, as he so graciously expressed it, his "annual visit to this shrine of learning, culture and prayer," and delighted all with a scholarly lecture on Canadian Poets and Poetry.

Dr. O'Hagan has made this subject peculiarly his own, and his study and presentation of our Canadian singers in the academic groves of song was highly interesting and highly entertaining.

The learned lecturer began by brief reference to the beginnings of poetry in other lands—in Greece, Italy, France, Germany, England, and United States—pointing out that in every instance the poet preceded the prose writer, "that poetry was the lisping language of national childhood."

The dawn of Canadian poetry was next very happily limned, and the background of Canada's national historic canvas—the soil of heroic deeds and romantic achievements—presented to our view.

"The minstrels of our dawn," said Dr. O'Hagan, "sang in a common key of love and labor. They struck their harps beside the firesides of the early settlers, kindled like altar lamps in the great temple of majestic nature. With them it was the Benedictine motto changed from *laborare est orare* to *laborare est canere.* They had little time for the polishing of each lyric and sonnet like the bosom of a star. Each rude ballad and lyric caught up the swing of the axe, the verve of the axeman, the roll of the handspike, and that atmosphere which is wont to wrap early life and settlement."

The pioneer work of Hon. Joseph Howe, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Moodie, Charles Sangster, Mrs. Leprohon, and Alexander McLachlan as first colonizers of Canadian literature, was next touched upon, and the spirit and method of the old and younger school of Canadian poets compared; the older school drawing their inspiration more largely from Wordsworth, Scott, and Burns; and the younger from Keats, Swinburne and Tennyson.

As exemplars of patriotic poetry, descriptive poetry, dialect poetry, and elegiac poetry, the lecturer read Roberts' fine poem, "Canada," William Wye Smith's "Second Concession of Deer," Dr. Drummond's unique French Canadian *habitant,* from the "Wreck of the Julie Plante," and J. W. Bengough's in memoriam lines on the death of Tennyson.

Dr. O'Hagan closed his admirable lecture with the following prophetic glance at our Canadian poet yet to come: "Not yet has our Canadian Browning, our Canadian Tennyson or our Canadian Longfellow appeared. When he does come, he shall come dowered with the fullest gift of inspiration, and shall catch up in his song something of the sublimity of our mountains, the ardor of our Canadian skies, the light and glow of our northern star; something of the breath and freedom of our blossoming prairies, the sweep and dash of our mighty rivers, the music and murmur of our rich and graceful forests; something of the honest manhood of our marts and farms, the strong virtues of our homes and firesides, the tenderness of our mothers' prayers, the sweetness and purity of our maidens' hearts."

*

There is only one refuge for the "literary woman" from the world's current hostility to her

as a type, and that is, to write—not Sunday school pamphlets for it, nor, above all, *risqué* novels; but what is much harder than either, for her temperament and endowments—the cleverly farcical, or witty book. To laugh is a better hygienic precaution in our distorted times, than the daily bath. The sense of humour, active or passive, is the moral liver of humanity; and, whoever neglects it puts himself in peril of many evils, not excluding suicide itself!

One of the latest stimulants to the healthy action of this organ, is a publication from Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, Warwick Lane, London, *"The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore,"* by *Hal Godfrey*. The name sounds like a ruse: we suspect, and hope the author is a woman!

The theory of a rejuvenation Elixir is not original, nor does this clever writer claim it; but her handling of it in a light and all but likely manner has given more than two hundred pages of unhackneyed fun to the tired reading-world. We will admit that unmarried ladies of the Miss Semaphore age might miss the best points; and see no possible verisimilitude in "the lurid but delightful vision" of Miss Augusta, contemplating herself "young, gay, beautiful, famous—with offers of marriage coming by every post," and resent, too, the aspersion that she could have "come to think" in her respectable maturity "that it was rather a pity she had not a past to reflect upon," and that she "would try the delights of an impeccable but more frivolous existence when she had another opportunity. But everyone else will and must enjoy them, and find them aimed, with a practised eye, at some of the most amusing weaknesses of very virtuous women.

The Boarding House at 37 Beaconsfield Gardens, is another good butt for the impish arrows of the obviously experienced author; so good, that the barbed satire not only helps us to recognize more than one passing acquaintance, but brings back a few of our own absurdities, that we were glad to think were forgotten by ourselves and every one else. Mrs Dumaresq, we all know, though in an English book, her passion has a local color peculiar to the country. She is "an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales;" and as intimate with every living celebrity of less note, as a lady intimate with the Prince, would condescend to be. The allusion to her "recent and painful refinement" is one of a few touches that give the book a good flavour of epigram.

The book is altogether delightful, and will repay not only one but many readings.

*

A PRIVILEGE and pleasure which it is our good fortune to enjoy from time to time, is a visit from our beloved Rev. Mother, who is again in our midst, and whose gracious presence fills every corner of our hearts with a deep and peaceful joy.

She has honored our classes, during her stay, —we trust we were able to show her what her children at the Falls could do—and her words of kindly approval and encouragement, brimful of cordiality, goodness, and sound, practical, common sense, spoken during these brief hours, are our best incentive to renewed effort, for we could not but observe her deep interest in all that concerns our advancement and happiness.

The festivities which were in progress in honor of dear M. M. Eucharia's Feast, were greatly enhanced by the presence of Rev. Mother, to whom, after the entertainment, the young ladies were presented. The ceremony was quite informal, indeed there was something of the sweetness and ease of home in it all; and we felt as if we were a family rather than a school.

Think what a new impulse to earnestness such visits must give us! Though our words are but a poor index to our hearts, yet we wish dear Rev. Mother to know that she will always be remembered with love and gratitude by her children at the Falls, for the high ideals she has set before them, and for the influence of her bright example.

*

A VISIT from one of the "old girls" is always a subject of vital interest to us, particularly when, as in the case of Mrs. Wolf, née Molly Bourgoyne, she happens to be a bride of two months. We

were all delighted to see dear Molly, who reciprocated the feeling, judging from the zest with which she entered into the games and pastimes of the recreation hall.

May the merry music of her wedding bells ever vibrate as joyfully, may her skies be fair, and all good angels guide her footsteps.

*

RECENTLY our lovely statue of the Infant of Prague has been adorned with a costly crown, richly jewelled and ornamented, the gift of our kind friend, Mrs. Gerin, who has also contributed twelve magnificently bound volumes to the juniors' library, and a volume of the Ave Maria to the Reading Circle.

We doubt not that dear Juliette will be the recipient of many favors from the Divine Infant, and that He will repay a hundredfold the precious gift presented by her mother.

*

WE desire to convey, through the columns of the RAINBOW, our most sincere thanks to Mr. Ashley Cole for his elegantly-bound edition of Ruskin's works—so dear to all lovers of musical language, and from the perusal of whose pages we have gained such an insight into those sources of character that ennoble life.

How truly does this master of pure English prose define the real meaning of a book: "A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence.... not to multiply the voice merely, but to preserve it."

Of his tribute to woman, in "Queens' Gardens," what can we say! How fully he recognizes her mission and power, how nobly he appreciates her strength and influence! Would that a Ruskin-world might exist!

*

To MISS CUNNINGHAM, Chicago, we are indebted for that soul-elevating work, "Jesus the All-Beautiful," to the Staff for "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra," by Dr. Ware; to Miss Hayes for a handsome ink-stand for the library table; whilst many of our companions—notably, Miss Marmion, M. Kean, M. Ryan, G. Flaherty, M. Parkes, A. Lawlor, and M. Hayes—have shown their zeal for the advancement of literature in our midst, by contributing some very interesting books.

*

WHENEVER an unusually bright day occurs at this season, a walk is proposed as the best means of enjoying it. On the last occasion of the sort we had not been out very long before a party of strangers, alighting from a carriage, attracted our attention, among whom I recognized an uncle of mine. He had been deputed to accompany President and Mrs. Dole, of the Hawaiian Islands, to Niagara, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced. Both impressed me most favorably, and I regretted that time did not permit their visiting the convent, for of course a visit to the Falls is always incomplete without a glimpse, at least, of their crowning beauty.

*

THE introduction of acetylene gas into the building has proved a veritable boon. Our books have become transformed beneath its soft rays—our complexions, also—whilst its clear, steady light seems to effect a general elucidation, solving all difficult problems in a noonday flood of evidence, and making us the brighter and happier for it. Just try its potent spell.

The girls of '98 unanimously unite with me in singing its praises, and extending a vote of thanks to the Faculty, and the Acetylene Gas Co.

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## The Catholic Church.

Upon her feet the dust of fallen nations lies;
  The tombs of tyrants, scoffers, crumble 'round
    her way;
A light not of this world is shining thro' her eyes;
  She walks thro' time untouched by its decay.

---

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 Reading of Richard II.

A SUGGESTION was made not long ago, to the effect that an evening with Shakespeare would afford very delightful entertainment to both Faculty and school. Recently we had been engaged in the perusal and analysis of Richard II., or "the king who fell and the king who rose," and were now prepared to add fresh laurels to the crown of the immortal English bard; so without further delay, and with that amiability characteristic of the members of the Staff of '98, we immediately acceded to the reiterated requests and selected our parts,—not, of course, without feeling just a little timid about undertaking a rendition of the well-known historical play.

Miss Fenlon, after some preliminary remarks, opened with a summary of the history of English Literature, from its origin to the time of Shakespeare. Speaking of the qualities of English poetry, she quoted the eminent critic, Matthew Arnold, who says:—"If I were asked where English poetry got those three things: its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn of style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic." She then traced most accurately the progress of English Literature through the different centuries, dwelling upon its greatest luminaries, such as Bede, Gildas, Caedmon, St. Aldhelm, Alcuin, Chaucer, Spencer, Sir Thomas More, etc., down to the sixteenth, known as its "Golden Age." This produced a succession of great masters who have moulded the language into grace, and tuned it to harmony, enlarged its vocabulary, made it perspicuous, and rendered it adequate to the expression of the finest shades of thought and feeling. Nor did she omit the rise of the Drama and the performance of the first English tragedy before Queen Elizabeth, in 1562, thus inaugurating "the glorious day of the English Drama, whose sun was to be Shakespeare, the productions of whose pen remain the unrivalled masterpieces of our language."

Miss Krumholz followed with an exhaustive account of the poet's early life and surroundings together with a brief description of his dramas. She quoted appropriately Cardinal Wiseman, who maintains that "The essence of Shakespeare's genius consists in what constitutes the very soul of the dramatic idea, the power to throw himself into the situations, the circumstances, and the nature of every character which he introduces, and the power to give life to the inward conception." Miss Krumholz lent a new charm to her subject and deserved the unstinted praise which crowned her efforts.

To myself was allotted the analysis of the first Act—you will admit that I had "wrath-kindled gentlemen" to dispose of—

" Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly."

What a lesson the poet has sent down the ages in the words of Mowbray—

" The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

The touching words in which old John of Gaunt, addressing King Richard, laments the sentence of banishment imposed upon his son, Bolingbroke, especially appealed to the audience—

" . . . ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless flight;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son."

Not less pathetic is the paternal yearning of the noble Duke to console his exiled son—

"Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure."

Bolingbroke—

Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a Journeyman to grief?

Gaunt—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow has less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bolingbroke—

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no: the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Miss Kean continued at the second Act, and, in a thoughtful and beautiful speech, depicted the death-bed scene of John of Gaunt—

" ......the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain."

At the close of the Act, the pathos of defeat and always invincible hope were portrayed in Salisbury's soliloquy—

" Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes."

Miss Hardin's theme—the third Act—was considerably enhanced by her elocutionary ability, as with a clear, well-modulated voice she gave expression to King Richard's sentiments on his return to his native land—

" ................I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands."

Scarcely less was the praise bestowed upon Miss Lawlor who, by her intelligent interpretation of the fourth Act, gave promise of a brilliant literary career. In this Act King Richard is deposed, and conducted to the Tower while Bolingbroke accepts the crown. We were particularly impressed by the words of the king, surveying himself in a mirror—

" No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds! O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face.
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
(Dashes the glass against the ground)
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face."

Miss P. Hawk was at her best in her touching description of the interview of the Duchess of York and her son with Bolingbroke.

" An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon', king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short and sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet."

Miss Denman disposed of the last two scenes. The assassination of King Richard by Exton was intensely real at her hands. Her calm self-possession and clear insight into matters of State fitted her particularly for the part, as was proved by the general verdict of the audience. In conclusion Miss Denman dwelt upon the rebuke of Bolingbroke to Exton—

"They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor."

ALANNA MARMION.

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PORT LOUIS, Mauritius.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Your journal, which Rev. Mother never fails to lend me, and which I always read with pleasure and interest, contains, I see, letters from former pupils, who give either an account of their travels, or a description of some noteworthy place; and it has occurred to me, why should not I also contribute and say something about ourselves, or about our little Island? But the difficulty is, what to write about. We are not a celebrated people, as far as I know, yet, our Island certainly possesses some curiosities, and I might venture to write about them. One, the "Tamarin Falls"—but it would be mere spray beside Niagara—then the "Caverns" are curious also—a subterranean passage of about a mile and a half in length, that would lead the unwary visitor who did not know when he must cease satisfying his curiosity and retrace his steps, into the deep blue sea. There is also—but no—I must avoid descriptions, I am not good at them, and speak of what is dearer to my heart—our loved convent of Loreto. What now is sweeter to us girls who have spent several happy and peaceful years in that blessed abode, than the occasions when we are allowed to return and spend some delightful hours with the good nuns, our teachers, our models, and our best friends. Such had been my privilege during the Christmas holidays, and for what feast, you will ask. Oh, it was not "to sing, laugh, and dance," nor was it any mundane rejoicing that lured me to its peaceful precincts. It was to have the much-appreciated happiness of assisting at midnight Mass, and communicating at that hour, when the solemn Sacrifice has a greater solemnity, when God's great love for us seems to be a greater love, when we feel in our hearts a something that approaches to that love and joy which St. Joseph and His Blessed Mother must have felt when they folded in their arms the Divine Babe, their Savior and their God.

This anniversary brings to the convent many of the pupils who have completed their studies and returned to their homes. What words can express our joy when the longed-for invitation comes! For each year a fear lurks in our hearts —"Shall I be among the favored ones, this time?" But whilst acknowledging the justice of the fact that the more recent generations have the first right, the hope lives to the last, that a bed may, perhaps, be unoccupied and that "I shall be remembered." And then the bliss of sleeping again in that dormitory, with its long rows of daintily-curtained beds. How sweet the sleep and how happy the dreams! There in the same place is the well-known little corner—Sister B's—with its screen, plain washstand, and straight-backed chair. What memories does it not evoke! Many a time had my poor aching heart, broken by some futile schoolgirl wrong—what would now be but the shadow of a grief—well-nigh despaired; or my body, tormented by pain, refused refreshing sleep to my heavy eyelids, when a sigh inaudible to any other than such kind and tender Mothers, would draw Sr. B. to my bed, and there, by my side, to comfort or to relieve would she remain till all sorrow or pain had disappeared.

Next morning witnesses the preparations for the Christmas tree which is gotten up in the large school room assigned to the girls of the poor school. Cards have been given to over one hundred children. The young ladies who are members of the Sodality of the "Oeuvre de l'Enfant Jesus" are its chief organisers, but as one of the nuns, Sr. E——, is the president, she has the largest share of the work, and we are happy to assist her. The members, who are all young ladies, and most of whom have been pupils of the convent, have been very busy these last few months, sewing garments for the poor, making subscription, and working in other ways to give these poor destitute children the treat of receiving toys and cakes.

At one o'clock precisely the opening of this juvenile fête is announced by the firing of "crackers," this small cannonade is the joy of the young fry, for to them, the more noise, the merrier the

entertainment; no music could be more delightful to their ears, and even the youngest bear the shots without flinching. Then they all file into the building and take their places, children of all sizes to the age of seven, some still babies in their mothers' arms. Now comes the busy time for the girls who are chosen as "commissaries." Some lead the children. They are first taken to those who distribute clothing. In less than a minute his or her measure is taken, and a nicely-made-up bundle is received. Then the happy recipient is taken to the tree to choose a toy, and lastly to the table where cakes and refreshments are served. Now music of a very discordant kind is heard, for as the babies are taken from their mothers' arms, they set up a lusty scream that would daunt less intrepid apostles than we show ourselves on this occasion, for we hold to our duty to the end, and, in spite of their resistance, carry them off heroically, bearing with their cries till we have satisfied our generosity, and gratefully restored them to their safest asylum—their mothers' arms.

Begging to be excused if my letter is too long, allow me to assure you that I shall always remain a well-wisher of your interesting journal.

M. M. P.

## Our Gala Day.

THE joyously-anticipated event—the Feast of our dear Mother Eucharia—brought sunshine and merriment and music and song and all good things to us. At an early hour we were astir, the members of the orchestra particularly active, the strings—good supporting harmonious factors that they are—displaying a laudable determination to ascertain if they are all in accord before being called into requisition for the solemn High Mass.

Precisely at eight o'clock all was ready. Rev. Theodore McDonald, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, was celebrant. With the paternal benignity and eloquence characteristic of this typical son of Carmel, the Rev. preacher discoursed on the power and efficacy of prayer, making our hearts glow with a love for this holy and consoling exercise, and pointing out the transcendent advantages to be found therein.

During the day we were, of course, en fête, and its close was marked by a most entertaining lecture from Dr. O'Hagan, followed by a unique soirée, expressly prepared for the occasion. Even the juniors and little ones contributed their quota to the entertainment—for was it not our mother's Feast?—and surprised us in a new rôle—Winter Fairies. Usually the sprites assume the airiest, gauziest costumes, but this time, their elfships were robed in brightest scarlet capes and jauntiest caps trimmed with royal ermine—the distant effect of sheet wadding touched up with spots of ink, that looked like the tails of the small animal. Indeed, we, graduates, under-graduates, and seniors had to submit with good grace to the general verdict, that they brought down the house. Baby Rosina, too, had a part, and did it well. It would be difficult to say which one of us enjoyed the festivity most. All hearts seemed to overflow with kindly feeling and gratitude to those who have given up all things to devote themselves to us, and who feel an ever-new joy in adding to our comfort and happiness.

AMANDA HAWK.

### THE PROGRAM.

Opening Hymn, "Victoria," . . . . . Giorza

Military Polonaise, . . . . . . . Chopin
MISS HARDIN.

Song, "Love's Old Sweet Song." . . . . Molloy
MISS WAIT.

Nocturne, . . . . . . . . . Chopin
MISS LAWLOR.

Vocal Quartette, "Come, Dorothy, Come," . . .
MISS MARMION, J. HARDIN, D. DENMAN, H KRUMHOLZ.

Piano Solo, "The Flatterer," . . . . Chaminade
MISS FENLON.

Chorus, "O Home, I Love Thee Dearly," . . Abt

Mazurka, . . . . . . . . . Chopin
MISS E. KEAN.

Violin Solo, "Romanesca," . . . . . .
MISS C. KEAN.

Our Winter Fairies, . . . . . . . .
THE LITTLE ONES.

Semi-Chorus, Scotch Melody, . . . . . .
Sopranos—MISS FLAHERTY, E. PEIRANO, A. MARMION, R. JORDAN.
Contraltos—MISS DENMAN, J. HARDIN, H. KRUMHOLZ, P. HAWK.

Piano Solo, "Harpe Eolienne," . . . . Leybach
MISS NASH.

Chorus from "Dinorah," . . . . . Meyerbeer

## Lamartine.

(CONCLUSION).

FEW realize their youthful dreams, but Lamartine was born for an exceptional destiny. His most glowing visions were more than fulfilled. He became the first poet of his time; he wrote his great work, the *History of the Girondists*, which combines the fascination of romance and the dignity of history; he mounted the tribune as a political leader, and became the foremost orator of France. A few years before, on his return from the East, he had written his *Oriental Journeyings*, a work which enshrines the soul of both a poet and an artist, and is a masterpiece of word-painting.

When, in 1848, the French populace rose in insurrection, Lamartine proved the only man in France who could still this tempest. Like Orpheus, who charmed wild beasts with his lyre, he soothed the most desperate of all mobs, a French mob, with the charm of his presence and the magic of his eloquence. During the furious bread riots when the rabble demanded his head, he came forth boldly and faced this surging, irresponsible multitude which stood ready to re-enact the horrors of the first French Revolution. The sublime courage of this man, who had thus risked his own life, saved thousands of other lives. Assuaging the worst passions of an infuriated people, he stood at the helm of government, calm, collected, fearless, while the angry waves of a turgid ocean of revolutionists roared around him. Who can read without a thrill of horror and a glow of admiration, his encounter with the deputy Lagrange! This maniac, whom the events of February had literally deprived of reason, rushed up to his colleague, and demanded not only proscription, but the guillotine.

"You shall have neither," calmly retorted Lamartine.

"You refuse to concede proscription—then die!" shouted the deputy, drawing a couple of loaded pistols from his breast pocket.

"Your demands shall not be granted, and you dare not fire at me," quietly responded the poet-statesman, as he stared at Lagrange, who was howling like a wild beast, actually tearing his clothes and the very flesh from the bones in his mad excitement. But Lamartine proved to the world that he had as much courage in his soul as poetry in his heart. In presence of the fatal red flag and revolutionary mob, the orator evinced neither cowardice nor fear.

"Citizens," he exclaimed, as he addressed the multitude from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, "that red flag which you are now promenading about the streets of Paris, has only been round the Champs de Mars, dabbled in the blood of the people; whilst the tri-colored standard has gone round the world, carrying within its folds the name, the glory, and the liberty of our country."

Lamartine had become at a single bound the most popular man in France. In April, 1848, he was sent to the Assembly as the representative of ten departments and backed by two million votes. He was the people's choice for the presidency, and if the elections had then come off, he would have received an overwhelming majority. As minister of foreign affairs, he was, for ten months, virtual director of his country.

The masses, fickle everywhere, are proverbially so in France. Louis Napoleon, the man of all others most hated and distrusted by Lamartine, was elected president, and France placed her destiny in the hands of another dreamer, whose dreams, unlike those of Lamartine, were all of self and self-aggrandizement. The statesman fell from the giddy height where popular acclaim had placed him. His day was over, and after the coup d'état he retired from public life.

Lamartine was never content with his achievements. He sighed to be something for which nature had not designed him. At the height of his renown, he declared that he would prefer above all things else to be a great musician, adding: "I have always felt that the language of words lacks power to render the resonance and color of all that vibrates within the soul, while the language of sound is infinite. The alphabet is soon exhausted; the orchestra has no limit. I would give a thousand poems like my *Lake* for one 'Pastoral Symphony' of Beethoven's."

He thus expresses his poetic creed in the *Confidences:* "Verse is the language of the childhood of nations, poetry that of their maturity. Poetry is no empty jingle of sounds; it consists in the idea, the sentiment, the figure, that trinity of speech which constitutes the *Word.* Rhymsters

will say that I blaspheme; real poets will feel that I am right."

At the age of seventy-six, this "demigod, with reminiscences of heaven," was forced to live in a miserable abode in Paris, to work day and night with the hope of preventing rapacious creditors from seizing acre by acre, wall by wall, the antique manor of St. Point, where his ancestors are buried, and which estate the old man clung to with the tenacity of age and former associations. To preserve this remnant of the family property, the worn-out laborer worked at a time when it was no longer easy to write, when age had well-nigh frozen the sources of thought, which now ceased to flow with the clearness and rapidity of earlier days.

Madame Lamartine, the most admirable of women, died in 1867. "I am growing old in my solitary house, surrounded by the graves of my loved ones," wrote the poet despairingly. "Cato himself could have felt no more satiety with life, and I would a thousand times die his death of a suicide were his religion mine." Happily for him the light of a higher life illumed his darkness—his belief in Christ and immortality. "That incommensurable space between man and God which has no name, seems filled up with the mystery of the Incarnation," he says in the *Confidences*.

This man into whose soul God had put so much of Himself, died unmissed and unlamented, by the world in which he had borne so brilliant a part. He sleeps at St. Point, the scene of so much happiness and of a prosperity greater than often falls to the lot of mortals. His career illustrates the fickleness of human fortune, and gives yet more melancholy significance to the old Greek adage: "Count no man happy until his death."

D. DENMAN.

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## Books.

WE notice a new publication in the list of Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Title, "Confession and Communion for Religious and for Those Who Communicate Frequently," by the author of "First Communion," with a preface by Father Thurston, S. J.

It is a neatly gotten up Manual of two hundred pages, bound in cloth. It has the Imprimatur of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

This volume is admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended, that is, to aid Religious and frequent communicants in their preparation for Confession and Holy Communion, and to excite in their hearts, as far as possible, that fervor which the reception of these august mysteries demands.

The arrangement of the subjects follows the old well-trodden and well-approved track, but the manner in which the matter is presented gives it a freshness that is seldom found in works treating of the same subject.

In our opinion, if the table of sins for the examination of conscience were more extended, the work would be of great value to Catholics in general, even to those who go but seldom to Communion. As it is, the examination of conscience is so contracted, that it mentions only faults and imperfections that people living in the world would look upon as mere scruples. But this deficiency can be conveniently supplied, as the above-mentioned class of people can easily find an extended form of examination of conscience in their prayer books, and in that case the work will reach all classes of communicants. The Manual is of the greatest advantage to those who go but seldom to Communion. Such persons require a work that brings sin, in all its deformity, before the mind of the penitent, and that produces a deep and abiding sorrow in the soul, by the vivid display of the motives for contrition, which are found in this little book.

THEODORE J. MCDONALD, O. C. C.

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### "Vocations Explained."

***An Admirable Little Book on the Four Principal States of Life.***

WE have received a copy of an admirable little book entitled "Vocations Explained: Matrimony, Virginity, the Religious State and the Priesthood," by a Vincentian Father. The reverend author has evidently grasped the mind of the Church and the teaching of the fathers on the important subject of vocations. He briefly explains the four principal states of life—matrimony, virginity, the religious state and the priesthood. He then proves that a special call from God is required in order to

secure salvation in any state of life, even the married state. In a brief but excellent chapter he shows that mixed marriages are not vocations, at least "not from God; that these marriages are suggested by 'the world, the flesh and the devil,' the three great enemies of man's salvation. The children in the higher grades of the school should be taught the mind of the Church on this matter."

The chapter explaining the evangelical counsels is excellent.

The explanation of vocations to the religious state and to the priesthood is the clearest and the most satisfactory we have seen; it makes the matter quite simple. Page 42 explains the obligation of some persons to enter the religious state; page 43 explains the privilege of others to embrace this state.

The chapter on the duty of parents regarding the religious vocation of their children should be read by every one who has charge of a family. The author proves that parents who prevent the higher vocations of their children are guilty of mortal sin, because they overturn the designs of God; they endanger the salvation of their children and they will be responsible for the damnation of the numerous souls that their children would save if they had been allowed to embrace the state of life to which God called them.

The reverend father proves that God has marked out some special state of life for each one of His children, and, therefore, that it is an obligation for each one to find out and to follow the vocation to which God calls him. He proves from the teachings of the fathers that to neglect one's vocation wilfully is to run imminent risk of losing one's soul.

This little book is highly recommended by nearly all the bishops of the country and also by Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Satolli.

Many bishops, priests, and religious teachers intend to introduce it into the schools. It is in catechism form, and hence the more simple and interesting.

We would like to see a copy of this excellent little book in the hands of every parent and child in the land. It is published by Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay street, New York. It is sold at 10 cents a copy, retail, and $5 per hundred.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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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 travail; and Jesus hears with a loving, tender compassion. He does not always heal—for sorrow has its mission—but He always consoles and encourages.

## My First Retreat at the Convent.

Retreat—what did that word at first convey to my mind? Nothing very agreeable, I must confess—a feeling of awe, as of undertaking something far beyond me.

But now that Retreat is over, how happy the memories that these days of prayerful seclusion and silence evoke!—days of indescribable enlightenment, of soul-rest, and peace, fraught with lessons of faith and morals from the lips of Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., to whom my readers need no introduction, whose name is loved and cherished by many, but by none more truly than his children at the Falls.

What more favorable time could have been selected for this all-important event of our school life than the season set apart by the Christian Church for penitential exercises, prayer, and meditation, commemorative of our Savior's mysterious fast, when our hearts and minds are open and ready to receive the salutary lessons inculcated by the Divine Penitent of the desert, and to make practical application of them.

The keynote of the Exercises, so to say, was sin—its enormity, the hatred God bears to it, as evinced by His treatment of the once beautiful angels; hence the oft-repeated injunction of the Rev. preacher—"No more sin! No more sin!" The soul-thrilling words found a generous response in every heart, and, I think, I might venture to add, prompted such firm resolve as might one day be our passport through the heavenly portals.

The system upon which the moral teaching of Father Halpin is based, is not of the disheartening kind—no, he looks for the good in human nature—hence the evident purpose of amendment in his hearers, the determination to rectify whatever had been amiss in the smallest details of life—the words that drop unheeded in the course of a day—the actions, half involuntary, some of them, that make or mar the peace and happiness of our lives. When we consider how much may be gained by reflecting for a few moments, before beginning the duties of each day, upon the hours that lie before us like blank, unwritten pages, waiting for the impressions to be made on them; by looking steadfastly ahead at the difficulties

which we know must arise between the dawn and the darkness, we bless the gentle wisdom which has these days been guiding us, pointing out the grand possibilities which lie within the reach of our personal action in this world, and the importance of living for something every hour of our existence, and for something, too, "harmonious with the dignity of our present being, and the grandeur of our future destiny."

The pleasantest part of the Retreat was the "Conferences." Here, in a friendly and informal manner, Father Halpin spoke to us of our daily routine, leading us from chapel to refectory, from refectory to recreation hall, thence to study. His "talks" were not alone for our school life, but extended to the period when we should take our place in the world, "where," he said, "there is great need of good and virtuous women, and where, if you employ well your time now, you may have great influence and do much good."

At the close of the Retreat, the Papal Benediction was given, and I feel that the blessing of God descended upon us and upon our humble efforts to please Him.

Dear, kind Father Halpin, how shall we thank you for all you have done for us! What can we say to testify the gratitude which we feel, but know not how to express? In vain would we attempt to do so! Be it ours then to put in practice the lessons which, by precept and example you have given us, that at some future day we may not shrink from a retrospective glance, but that turning the pages of our life, our grateful prayers may arise to add new lustre to the starry radiance with which those shall shine who have instructed us "unto justice."

MARY FENLON.

## The Masquerade.

WHAT a really brilliant affair it was! Quite the most gorgeous mingling of noble dames and courtly knights and gayly-adorned representatives of many lands, I had yet seen—I did not witness the Royal Jubilee Procession, last summer. So perfect was the disguise that companions passed each other by unrecognized, and, during the procession, to my intense amusement, I heard some one making frantic efforts to ascertain the identity of a richly-dressed patrician—"Well, who are you?" The lady thus addressed maintained a rigid silence, to the utter aggravation of her interlocutor. By the way, what a good moral lesson is here for us all. How many times might we have safeguarded something more precious than a mask by pursuing a similar line of conduct.

The grand promenade, which made the circuit of the hall, thus affording the spectators ample time to admire, applaud, chatter or laugh, according as they felt disposed, was headed by "America" (Miss Goodspeed), Washington (Miss Fenlon), accompanied by the gentle Martha (Miss Lillian McDonnell), followed, then the many grave and gay promenaders that were to grace the scene. During the cotillion we found Dr. Nansen (Miss M. Kean) and Cleopatra (Miss Rogers) dancing together, and it quite upset our idea of the fascinating Egyptian beauty to see her and the Arctic Explorer on such intimate terms. The "Normandy peasant" (Miss Twyford) and Mrs. Nansen (Miss P. Hawk) tripped through the modern dances with as much grace as the two city belles (Miss O'Keeffe and C. Engelking). In the Minuet we noticed an intermingling of "Priscilla" (Miss Lawlor) and "Trilby" (Miss Denman), the "Pearl of the East" (Miss McNulty), "Espanita" (Miss Freeman), "Black Mammy" (Miss Waite) and her charge (Miss Goodrich). The Highland lad and lassie (Miss Crysler and C. Kean) gave up their hornpipe and Highland fling to join in the waltz. "Starry Night" (Miss Ryan) almost outshone our friend "Acetylene." Queen Margharita (Miss Peirano) favored the "Summer Girl" (Miss Fletcher) in such a manner that we thought she rather forgot her rank. "The Yachting Girl" (Miss Hawk) and "Charlotte Corday" (Miss J. Smith) were seen in close companionship, whilst the "Flower Girls" (Miss McCann and J. Schleissinger) were busy showering their treasures upon the founder of our nation and his guests.

During the course of the evening "Svengali" (Miss Hayes) treated the audience to a *pas seul*, "Bo-Peep" (Miss Nash) sang her little song charmingly, and "The Little Colonel" (Miss Merle) and his partner "Mignon" (Miss M. Parkes) were tireless votaries of Terpsichore. "America" executed a very pretty *Spanish Dance*, which we

considered just a little peculiar, if not portentous. Was there not something shockingly indiscreet in this rash act? We thought so.

Their "Celestial Majesties" (Miss Krumholz and J. Hardin) were present in all their Oriental glory, and my Celestial spouse, who is now at my side, has just remarked that if our pictures could only find a place in the RAINBOW they would attract more attention than any that have hitherto adorned its pages. Indeed, there may be some truth in the assertion, judging from the admiring glances that were given to us (or our costumes?) on the 22d. One of our number, whose name we dare not divulge, masked in a white robe and a sweet, slumbering smile—some one has unkindly remarked—in the arms of Morpheus! ! ! Miss McCafferty, in her green robe and wealth of shamrock-crowned tresses, was an ideal "Erin," witching enough to capture the stony heart of old John Bull. "Evangeline" (Mabel O'Brien) impressed us as having lost irretrievably her "Gabriel," so tranquilly sad and pensive was her mien, and Rosina Merle made such a charming "Red Riding-Hood" that none but a wolf of the most determined depravity would dream of injuring her.

The masquerade is now a thing of the past, the glittering pageant has disappeared from our gaze, but it will live in the memories of those who took part in it, as one of the unique features of school-life that are never consigned to oblivion.

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

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THE great Molière always set aside a portion of his income for the poor. One day his favorite pupil, Baron, went to him and told him that an old acquaintance, now a poor strolling player, greatly needed help, being penniless, and deterred from joining his company.

"How much shall I give him? asked Molière.

"Four pistoles would, I think, be enough for the present," answered Baron.

"Well, here are four pistoles for him," said Molière; "and here are twenty more that you can give him as coming from yourself. And you may tell him to buy himself a good suit of clothes, and I will pay for it."

## Maugendre's Hopes.

*(Translated from the French)*

MAUGENDRE has a son! Seated opposite the lad in the railway carriage which bears them with a roar toward Nevers, he gazes affectionately at him.

It was a veritable abduction. The old man took his child away with hardly a word of thanks, like a churl who has won the prize in a lottery and makes off with it.

He had no wish to leave his boy a moment longer under the strain of old friendships.

There are misers of affection, as there are misers of gold.

No more borrowing, no more lending, but his treasure to himself, with no peering eyes to witness his passionate greed.

Maugendre has a roaring in his ears like the thunder of the express train, and his head is as hot as a locomotive. His dreams fly more rapidly than locomotives or express trains, bounding, at one sweep, over days, months, and years.

In his dream he sees Victor at twenty, clad in dark green, silver-buttoned—a student in the Forestry School! One might fancy, too, that young Maugendre wears a sword at his side and a two-peaked hat over his ears,—like a student of the Ecole Polytechnique;—for the schools and the uniforms are a trifle mixed in the dreams of Maugendre senior.

What matter! Gold lace and such frippery are inexpensive trifles to the carpenter.

There's "stuff" enough to pay for all that. Victor shall be a "gentleman," tricked out from head to foot. Men will take off their hats to him, fair women will go crazy after him. And standing aside will be an old man with toil-hardened hands, who will say proudly—"That's my son! Well, son!"

"My son" also has his dreams, as he stands with his little cap drawn down over his eyes,—in default of the gold-laced hat. He does not wish his father to see his tears. That separation was so sudden! Clara's kiss still burns upon his cheek. Père Louveau turned away. Mère Louveau was very pale. Mimile brought his soup spoon as an emblem of consolation. All! even Mimile! How will they live without him?

How will he get along without them? And the future student of the School of Forestry is so confused that he keeps saying,—"Yes, Mr. Maugendre," all the time that his father is talking.

The little skipper of the *Belle-Nivernaise* is not yet at the end of his troubles. It not only costs money to be a "gentleman," but it also costs many trials and sorrows.

Victor feels this as the express rolls with a shriek over the bridges above the suburbs of Nevers. It seems to him as if he had somewhere seen in a distant and mournful past the narrow streets, and the small windows, like the breathing holes of a prison, with their decorations of frayed rags.

Now the pavement is beneath their feet. Around them circles and buzzes the crowd of arriving passengers, a curious throng, people with boxes elbowing and jostling one another, and as the cabs and the heavy railway omnibuses roll up, travellers with strapped rugs take them clamorously by assault.

Victor and his father seat themselves in a carriage and are whisked through the station gates. The carpenter does not lose sight of his idea for an instant. He insists on a transformation scene. He takes "my son" straight to the college tailor.

The shop is new, the counters glitter, and well-dressed attendants, bearing a resemblance to the figures in the colored fashion-plates on the wall, open the door to patrons, with a conciliatory smile.

Under the eyes of Père Maugendre they spread out the colored plates of the *Modes Illustrées*, and show him a collegian smoking in company with a woman in riding habit, a gentleman in full hunting suit, and a bride clad in white satin.

Of course, the tailor has in stock "just the thing in tunics," embroidered front and back, with square skirt and gilt buttons. He dangles it before the gaze of the carpenter, who exclaims in radiant pride,—"You'll have quite the military look in that!"

A man in shirt-sleeves, with a tape measure around his neck, comes up to young Maugendre and measures his hips, his waist, and the length of his back. This operation recalls to the little skipper memories that blur his eyes with tears! Poor old Louveau's whims, the sharp-tongued outbursts of Mère Louveau, and all he had left behind him. However the business in hand is soon over, and the "exquisite" in military uniform whom Victor beholds reflected in the large show-mirror has not much in common with the boy-sailor of the *Belle-Nivernaise*.

The tailor, with the tip of his boot, disdainfully thrusts the discarded jacket under the counter, as if it were a bundle of rags.

Victor feels as if his entire past has been taken from him. "Taken?" Yes; he is forbidden even to remember!

"You must break at once with the mistakes of your early training," says the principal, severely, not concealing his distrust; and to facilitate the process of regeneration it is decided that the pupil, Maugendre, shall be permitted to go out only on the first Sunday of every month. Oh, how he cried that first night, lying in the cold and gloomy dormitory, while the other students snored in their iron beds, and the under-master devoured a novel on the sly by the light of a night lamp.

How he suffered during the dreaded recess hours, when his school-fellows hustled him about and teased him!

How sad he was at study hour, his nose in his book, trembling at the wrath of the master, who pounded with all his might on his desk and continually repeated the same phrase,—

"A little more silence, gentlemen!"

That shrill voice stirred all the latent memories within him and poisoned his life. It recalled the dark days of his early youth, the squalid tenements of the Temple quarter, the blows, the angry words,—all that he had forgotten. And he clung despairingly to the images of Clara and the *Belle-Nivernaise*, as so many sunbeams in the darkness of his unhappy existence.

That, no doubt, was why the stupefied master was always finding pictures of boats on the pages of Maugendre's text books,—always the same boat, reproduced in every detail with zealous obstinacy. Sometimes it ascended slowly the canal-like limits of the narrow margins; sometimes it sailed heedlessly straight through a theorem, obscuring the diagrams and the corollaries in fine print; sometimes it sailed under full sail on the oceans of the maps.

The principal, worn out with frequent reports

of these delinquencies, finally spoke to Maugendre senior about the matter. The carpenter could not get over his surprise—

"Such a gentle lad!"

"He's as stubborn as an ass."

"So bright and quick!"

"We can't teach him anything."

And no one understood why young Maugendre, back in the woods, learned to read so easily over Clara's shoulder, and was not able to acquire the elements of geometry under the rod of a whiskered master. Consequently, Victor was dropped from the "middlers" to the under class.

Now, the truth is that there was a marked difference between the instruction given by the teacher at Corbigny and that given by the professors in the Nevers College. It was a difference as great as that between a rabbit-skin cap and an ermine one.

Old Maugendre was in despair. He seemed to see the forestry pupil in two-peaked hat running away as fast as his legs would carry him. He scolded, he supplicated, he promised.

"Do you want private lessons? Do you want tutors? I'll get them for you,—the best, and the most expensive."

Meanwhile young Maugendre became a dunce. The quarterly reports recorded pitilessly his shameful lack of progress. He was himself conscious of his stupidity. Every day he sank deeper into the shade and grew more melancholy.

If only Clara and the others could see what had befallen their poor Victor, how quickly they would hasten to open wide the doors of his prison-house! With what hearty good will they would offer to divide with him their last crust, and to share with him their last corner of shelter! For things are not going well with the Louveaus, either. Their business is going from bad to worse, and the boat becomes more and more rickety. Victor knows this through Clara's letters, which reach him from time to time, marked "Seen" in large, red, furiously-scrawled letters by the principal, who detests this "interloping correspondence."

"Ah, if you were only here!" Clara's tender and always more solicitous letters kept saying,— . . . "If you were only here!"

Were they not right in declaring that all would be well in those trying times, and that all would yet be saved if Victor would come back?

Very good! He will save them. He will buy a new boat. He will console Clara. He will reclaim the business. He will let them see they have not cherished an ingrate and cared for a useless fellow.

But to accomplish all that one must be a man; one must earn money; one must get learning,—and Victor sets to work in earnest. Now the little paper bullets may fly, the master may pound on his desk and rehearse his hackneyed phrase which he repeats like a parrot: "A little more silence, gentlemen!"

Victor never lifts his head. He draws no more boats. He scorns the bullets that flatten against his face. He works away.

"Letter for young Maugendre."

This reminder from Clara comes like a benediction in the midst of his tasks, as if to encourage and solace him with the perfume of liberty and affection.

Victor bends his head to kiss the superscription, written in a sprawling, faint, and trembling hand, as if the heavy rolling of the boat had shaken the table on which Clara had written it. Alas! it was no rolling boat, but emotion that had agitated Clara's pen.

"It's all over, my dear Victor. The *Belle-Nivernaise* will sail no more. She is done for, and we are ruined. They have hung up a black sign on her:—

" 'To be Demolished.

" 'Wood For Sale.'

"People have come and made estimates and taken an inventory of everything, from the crew's boat-hook to the baby's cradle. They are going to sell everything, and we shall have nothing left. What is to become of us? Mother is dying of grief, and father is so changed. . . . ."

Victor could not finish the letter. The words danced before his eyes; he was stupefied, and there was a buzzing in his ears.

Studies were far from his thoughts now. Worn out by work, grief, and fever, he became delirious. He was drifting down the Seine. The broad, rolling stream carried him onward. He wanted to bathe his brow in the cool water. He seemed to hear the sound of a bell. Probably it

was a tug-boat going by in the fog. Then the sound was like that of high water, and he called aloud,—

"The flood! The flood!"

He shuddered at the very thought of the darkness beneath the arch of the bridge; and in the midst of these visions the hairy, frightened face of the master appeared close to him under the lamp-shade.

"Are you ill, Maugendre?"

Yes, Maugendre is very ill. The doctor shakes his head very doubtfully when the poor father, who has accompanied him to the college door, asks in a tone of stifled anguish,—

"He won't die, will he?"

It is easy to see that the doctor is not confident. His grey hairs give solemnity to his opinion. He says "No," but softly, as if he feared to commit himself.

There is no more talk about the dark-green coat nor the two-peaked hat. There is now simply question of preventing young Maugendre from dying. The doctor has said distinctly that if the lad recovers they must set him free.

If he recovers! The thought of losing his child whom he has just found puts an end to all the ambitious projects of the anxious father. It is all over; he renounces his dream. He is ready to give up the forestry student and he promises himself he will bury him with his own hands, and not wear mourning for him, but the other—the real Victor Maugendre—must live.

If he would only speak, rise up, throw his arms around his father's neck and say,—

"Don't worry, father. I'm going to get well."

The carpenter bends over Victor's bed. It is over. The old tree is split to the core. Maugendre's heart has softened at last.

"I'll let you go, lad. You shall go back to them and be a sailor again. I'll be content just to see you as you go by."

ALICE LAWLOR.

---

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.

## Old Friends.

THE first requisite for the formation of an attachment is time, time for the friend to be an old friend. The process is one of years, and is hurried at its peril; moreover, it is rarely satisfactory unless begun in youth, before we have become critical. The friend, whether fellow-creature or book, must be to us altogether admirable; we know there must be faults—perfection is unattainable—but we do not see them. We must know our friend in many circumstances, we must take down our book at many seasons.

Perhaps it is the approaching separation from my old friends that has led me to consider the subject so seriously. Books—are they not the best friends or the worst enemies? To me they have been good old friends—hence the pang of parting—I must confess the *enemies* were not of my acquaintance.

"Books, dear books,
Have been, and are my comforts, morn and night,
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report,
The same firm friends; the same refreshments rich,
And source of consolation."

There are those, mayhap, who do not approve of my choice of friends nor yearn for the intellectual companionship afforded by them, but a glance at their nature reveals the "friend" characteristic.

Beginning with the most familiar books—school books—have they not led me with kindly hand into many a secret nook, where mysteries unknown to me were lying? Have I not learned from their pages the nature and character of the heavens, and grown to both love their beauty and wonder at the laws which rule them? Again history has conducted me from camp to court—from princely hall to rural cot—shown me the remarkable political struggles which have shaped the destinies of civilization—the mighty upheavals which have stirred the great pulse of humanity. And in the pursuit of scientific investigation have not books been my friends, pointing out the quicksands upon which false science has ship-wrecked, the mirage which modern philosophers have conjured up to the imagination, the wild theories which float for a

time over the surface of human intelligence like huge icebergs floating in the mighty main, wrecking the souls of men; and—unerring guides that they have been—demonstrating the harmony between science and religion, for does not religion hail every new discovery and every new invention as a fresh voice, adding its harmonious notes to that grand choir that is ever singing the praises of the God of nature?

What a source of refined enjoyment my books have taught me to find in the contemplation of nature.

"Each opening bud and care-perfected seed,
Is as a page where we may read of God."

With the poet I love to imagine that to Eve was assigned the pleasant task of giving names to flowers.

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?
................Oh flowers
That never will in other climate grow,
.... which I bred up with tender hand,
From the first opening bud, and *gave ye names;*
Who now shall rear ye to the *sun, or rank*
*Your tribes?*

Without books life must become narrow, dull, and frivolous. What shall I say of those productions of noble brains and human hearts, which it has been my good fortune to study at those delightful reading parties which have beguiled the evening hours—of the pleasantly-given information on current topics, acquired—they have all the charm of that "truth which lies between two extremes" and the value of a permanent benefit.

"Books *are* friends, and what friends they are! Their love is deep and unchanging; their patience inexhaustible; their gentleness perennial; their forbearance unbounded; and their sympathy without selfishness. Strong as man, and tender as woman, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress. They can be relied on, whoever else, or whatever else may fail."

HELEN KRUMHOLZ.

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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.

ONE hears surprising opinions nowadays regarding the sphere and the rights of women. Some of these opinions are more than surprising, considering the position of those who express them. It is asserted that woman is the equal of men in mental qualities, that she is physically capable of performing nearly all the business and professional duties of men; she is urged not to consider marriage her destiny, or the home her special sphere, but to enter the doors of commercial and professional life—to engage in the strife for gain and renown. Her rights, she is told, are the same as those of men, and she is exhorted to demand them. Times have changed, it is said, and an era of emancipation for woman has dawned,—emancipation from what is termed domestic servitude.

To the oft-discussed question of the superiority of either sex, Ruskin gives the answer:—"We are foolish to speak of superiority. Each has what the other has not. Each completes the other . . . the happiness and the perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving what the other only can give."

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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."

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## SPRAY.

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

Mary is suffering from *Adverbial Phrases,* which are epidemic among the members of the fourth grade. Yes, she is laid up—or rather lying very low. In the meantime the honor of her presence is requested down stairs, and a breathless messenger apprises her of the fact—

—"Mary, they are looking all over the house for you. You've got to come down at once."

Mary—"Can't. Have only just enough life left to know that the adverbial phrases answer the question—*When? Where? How? Why?*"

The Dufferin Islands.

Maud—"This room is like a refrigerator."

Madge—"I thought that is where they kept the animals."

Hallie—"Please give me a book—a love story—and I want them to be married in the first chapter."

Molly—"Oh, then there would be no more love in it."

Hattie (juvenile masquerader)—"May Annie and me be the Zahn and Zahina of Russia?"

Elsie—"There's a picture of him up stairs and he's awful homely."

Alice—"Then you can be him, Annie."

Christine—"And may I be the man of Turkey that has a hundred wives all hanging after him? And I'll make all these youngsters my wives."

Youngsters protest indignantly—"We won't be your wives!"

Christine—"Why, you'll all be queens."

Youngsters—Oh, all right."

The crew of *La Belle-Nivernaise* has challenged a larger craft—

Captain Lawlor—"Ship ahoy! Look out!"

Lieutenant Marmion—"I am not afraid. The idea of a little tug like *La Belle-Nivernaise* challenging an ocean steamer. Look out for squalls!"

"Here is your ticket. The intention for the month is *Catholic Seamen.*"

Mabel (sympathetically)—"Sister, are they all *drowning?*"

—"No."

Mabel—"Then why does the Pope ask us to pray for them?"

—"What are you doing, Mamie?"

Mamie—"Writing the rules as a punishment, but I don't see anything down here that I did."

Fanny—"Has *she* got the three skins that the rest of us have?"

Lucille—"Of course, she has. If she hadn't she would bleed to death every day of her life."

Amy—"Pass the cinnamons (synonyms), please."

—"Now I must tell you something about Beethoven."

Mary—"No, don't tell us anything about him. When you're sittin' there at your practice, he's lookin' down frownin' at you, as if he had no use for little children. Oh, no, he doesn't like them; so we don't want him. Make us up something else about Mozart, *he* likes us."

—"There are just as many kinds of notes as there are days in the week. Now, how many are there?"

Mary—"Six—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

—"Where is Sunday?"

Mary—"Sunday ain't in the week."

—"Where is it?"

Mary—"You know there would not be enough Sundays to have one for each week, so they put one in between every two weeks."

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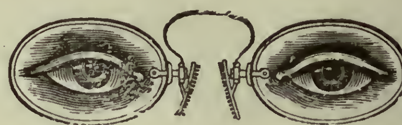

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As we pause beside the lonely grave, where reposes this true daughter of "the Isle of Saints," we feel that her mortal presence sanctifies our cemetery.

IDRIS.

---

## Why is it That My Friend and I Look Forth on Life so Variously?

THAT is a significant passage in the letters of Frederick Denison Maurice in which he refers, as quaintly as graphically, to the hollow in his head where the organ of hope should be. Since we are "saved by hope," he said, the consciousness of being without any natural tendency to it or capacity for it had been more crushing to him than any one could tell." "But how deeply does one learn by this very misery that it is hope which purifies, hope which delivers! How is one obliged to feel the force of the words—'The God of Hope'! How thoroughly one knows that Satan is the Spirit of Despair!" True the hopeful temperament has its drawbacks where it so predominates as to be the conspicuous attribute, as in political dreamers and enthusiasts of all kinds, is seldom accompanied with prudence, and is, therefore, rarely attended with worldly success.

Why look to the dark side? I never do. As with Shakespeare's Hastings, disposing of the misgivings and precautionary hesitation of the Lord Bardolph—

> But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
> To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

But my Lord Bardolph declines to accept that sanguine argument as applicable to the matter in dispute; for, to his thinking, the present action

> Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
> We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit
> Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
> That frosts will bite them.

In our school days we note that between two students of equal ability and ambition, the odds of success in rivalry are always in favor of the one least sanguinely confident of succeeding; and obviously, for this reason: that she who distrusts the security of chance takes more pains to effect the safety which results from labor. But to be an unhopeful general is apt to be a bad thing for himself, if not for his army. It is one thing, we are reminded, to be the braggadocio of hope, and it is another thing to be the craven of fear; and a good general, before fighting a battle in which he cannot choose his ground, makes all the provisions in his power, and never reveals to his soldiers any fear of the issue. It was the misfortune of Nikias—so desirous of peace, both for the sake of Athens and on his own account—to be naturally timid and prone to superstition, and from the very beginning of his public life he seems to have been constantly haunted by a secret foreboding of some calamitous reverse. This was not the kind of man to avert the catastrophe of Syracuse. Of Sir John Moore it has been remarked, by those who admit his having to confront difficulties under which any but the commander of marvellous ability and unshaken confidence in the resources of his own comprehensive intellect was sure to sink, that the victor of Corunna wanted, in fact, that perfect undoubting trust in himself in every adversity which is characteristic of the greatest commanders, and belongs to the highest order of minds. Hazlitt somewhere sketches the sort of people whose imaginations from their want of spirit, or from habit, cannot rise above the low ground of their self-estimation, cannot reflect the bright tints of fancy, flag and drop into despondency, and can neither indulge the expectation nor employ the means of success. Even where it is within their reach they dare not lay hands upon it, and they shrink from unlooked-for bursts of prosperity as something of which they are both ashamed and unworthy. Others are as changeable as the weather, all-susceptible to skyey influences, like Fleming in Longfellow's *Hyperion,* on that bright day at Interlachen which made him feel as if he could take the great world in his arms and kiss it, though he knew the gloomy hours would return when all without and within would be dismal, cold, and dark—a susceptibility that might be taught a lesson from Landor's lines—

> The wisest of us all, when woe
> Darkens our narrow path below,
> Are childish to the last degree,
> And think what is must always be.
> It rains, and there is gloom around,
> Slipp'ry and sodden is the ground,
> And slow the step; within our sight
> Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.

Meanwhile the sun on high, altho'
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his pow'r,
And, when the cloud is past again,
Will dry up ev'ry drop of rain.

David Hume did well to congratulate himself on having ever been more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things—a turn of mind, he says, which it is "more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year." Even during his last wasting illness he never suffered a moment's abatement of his spirits, and retained the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. Contrast his temperament with that of his fellow-countryman, historian, essayist and philosopher, Thomas Carlyle. The latter contrasts his with his friend Edward Irving's, who, in life's morning march, when the spirits of both were young and the world was all before them, would not hear of doubting Thomas's gloomy prognostications, and called it all nonsense that he should never get out of those "obstructions and impossibilities" of his. Poor dyspeptic Thomas writes: "Irving and other friends always treated the 'ill-health' item as a light matter which would soon vanish from the account; but I had a presentiment that it would stay there, and be the Old Man of the Sea to me through life, as it has too tragically done, and will do to the end." Later, in his *Reminiscences*, we read, "My life has not wanted at any time what I used to call 'desperate hope' to all lengths; but of common 'hoping hope' it has had but little, and has been shrouded since youthhood in continual gloom and grimness." These constitutional contrasts of close friends are of frequent occurrence in literature and life. Take Johnson and Goldsmith, for instance—the latter buoyant, heedless, sanguine, tolerant of evils and easily pleased; if easily cast down, rising again with indomitable good humor, and still carried forward by his talent at hoping; Johnson, on the other hand, melancholy and hypochondrical, and prone to apprehend the worst, yet sternly resolute to battle with and conquer it —making his way doggedly and gloomily, but with a noble principle of self-reliance and a disregard of foreign aid.

All too truly Cicero described himself when, in one of his letters to Ligarius, he wrote: "If any man be timorous in great and dangerous events, and fearing always the worst, rather than hoping the best, I am he." The truth of the description was soon after accentuated with an unmistakably acute accent when the loss of his daughter, Tullia, added so appreciably to his griefs—occurring, as it did in what Middleton calls the "most comfortless season of his life," and affecting him as it did with all that grief which the greatest calamity could imprint on a temper naturally timid and desponding. Cowper writes to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, in 1788: "I have learned in the school of adversity, a school from which I have no expectation that I shall ever be dismissed, to apprehend the worst, and have ever found it the only course in which I can indulge myself without the least danger of incurring a disappointment." This kind of experience, he tells her, continued through many years, had given him so habitual a bias to the gloomy side of everything that he never had a moment's ease on any subject to which he was not indifferent. The absence of hope was a still more strongly marked characteristic in Charlotte Brontë. She never dared to allow herself to look forward with hope; she had no confidence in the future. Mrs. Gaskell supposed, on hearing of the sorrowful years through which Charlotte had passed, that it had been this pressure of grief which had crushed all buoyancy of expectation out of her. But an inspection of her letters in early life sufficed to show that the despondent disposition was constitutional; though perhaps the pang of losing her two elder sisters may have combined with a permanent state of bodily weakness in producing her hopelessness. Her father was charged with considering distrust of others a part of that knowledge of human nature on which he piqued himself; and his precepts to this effect, combined with Charlotte's lack of hope, made her always fearful of loving too much. "I hope and expect little in this world, and am thankful that I do not despond and suffer more," she wrote towards the end. There is a passage in one of Dean Swift's letters to Archbishop King, in which he very much applauds that prelate's "sanguine temper." But the world, he goes on to say, is divided into two sects, those who hope the best, and those who fear the worst. "Your Grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler and more pious principle, and, although I endeavor to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I have sometimes strange weaknesses." Placid, pleasant Jane Taylor may seem sadly out of place in

juxtaposition with Jonathan Swift; but, because of her recognition of the two sects of whom he speaks and her characterization of them in general, we may find room for her here and with her testimony end.

E'en should the self-same path be ours,
Set with alternate weeds and flow'rs,
You, from its entrance to its close,
Would point at these, and I at those.
In gathering clouds that o'er us form,
I greet a shade, you bode a storm—
Still choosing to expect the worst,
Since clouds are clouds, and often burst.
Yet soon, I say, they pass, and, oh,
How cheering is the faithful bow!
Thus argues each; and all the while
You weep—and I persist to smile.

IRENE DUCEY.

## Compiègne and Its Memories.

THE château of Compiègne, one of the most extensive and magnificent structures of the kind in France, situated on the borders of the forest, surrounded by beautiful park land and well laid out grounds, and which underwent such a thorough renovation for the reception of the Czar and Czarina, on the occasion of their recent visit to France, is famous as having been a favorite residence of the French Kings from a very early period. Though large and pretentious, it is not in itself a picturesque building, being of the cold, unornamental classic style prevalent in the eighteenth century, from which the existing château dates, but its gardens are beautiful, and, in the neighborhood is the celebrated forest of Compiègne, which covers an area of thirty thousand acres—including the site of the camp constructed by Cæsar in his campaign against the Bellovaci—ever since the days of Clovis the hunting ground of the early Frankish kings. Nor is it the first time that this *château* has been visited by a Czar, for it was here that Alexander I. met Louis XVIII. during the brief reign of the latter.

The château, originally built by Louis IX., rebuilt by Louis XIV., and greatly improved by Louis XV., Louis XVI., and by Napoleon, who had a particular liking for Compiègne, and in whose time several splendid entertainments were given in it—indeed the fêtes and shooting parties there enjoyed a high reputation in the fashionable world—has been the scene of many brilliant incidents. It was here that Louis XVI., when Dauphin, received Marie Antoinette; here, too, Napoleon I. met the Archduchess Marie Louise, and had a shady avenue made to remind her of Schoenbrunn; Charles IV., ex-King of Spain, resided some time within the walls of this château, and Charles X. spent many a day shooting in the forest. The marriage of Princess Louise of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, with King Leopold I. of Belgium, was celebrated in the little chapel at Compiègne. Lady Randolph Churchill, as Miss Jennie Jerome, was one of the famous group of young American beauties whom Napoleon III. invited to Compiègne at the time of the celebration of the Prince Imperial's tenth birthday. It was there that she gained the friendship of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were among the guests—a friendship that greatly helped her social career in England, and, in turn, increased her ability to promote her late husband's political success. Immediately after her stay at Compiègne she met Lord Randolph.

Charles the Bald enriched Compiègne with a Benedictine Abbey, the monks of which retained, down to the eighteenth century, the privilege of acting for three days as lords of Compiègne, with full power to release prisoners, condemn the guilty, and even inflict sentence of death. It was at Compiègne that Louis le Debonnaire was deposed in 833, and, at the siege of the town, in 1430, Joan of Arc was taken prisoner by the English, the spot of her capture, marked by the ruined *Tour de la Pucelle*, being still pointed out. The Abbey church received the dust of Louis II., Louis V. and Hugh the Great; and, for a long time, it had the distinction of possessing the oldest organ in France, a gift from Constantine Copronymus to Pepin the Short. In 1624, the town gave its name to a treaty of alliance concluded by Richelieu with the Dutch, and in 1871, it was an important post of communication between France and Germany.

The château contains some magnificent rooms, rich in paintings from the brush of Girodet, especially the Salle des Fêtes, which is luxuriously decorated in the style of the First Empire. The ceiling is supported by twenty gilded Corinthian columns, and the room lighted by eleven windows. In the recesses are several paintings by well-known artists, and statues of Napoleon I. and Letitia Bonaparte by Canova. The Emperor's bedroom—which was occupied by the Czar

during his late visit—has a painted ceiling representing War, Justice, Might and Eloquence, and Girodet's art again appears on the walls. This room also contains a bust of Napoleon I. by Barre. The Empress Eugénie's sleeping apartment—which was occupied by the Czarina—contains panels representing the four seasons, by Girodet, who also painted the ceiling, Aurora being the subject. The salon for the reception of sovereigns contains two fine pieces of tapestry.

Compiègne was selected as the residence of the Czar because of his expressed desire to sojourn for a while in rural France. M. Loubet, when President of the Senate in 1896, had conversations on two occasions at the Luxembourg with the Czarina, who told him that her dearest wish was to return with the Czar among the French people, freed from the rigorous fetters of the protocol, so that both could enjoy the charms of the country. Consequently no pains were spared to furnish and equip the château for the comfort of its august guest. The main building was given up to their Imperial Majesties, the right wing was reserved for their suites, while the left wing was occupied by the President of the Republic and his suite.

The Czar, Czarina, and President Loubet reviewed one hundred and forty thousand troops on the Plain of Bethany, which is about six miles wide, two miles deep, and is surrounded by rising ground, which formed a sort of amphitheatre of pasture and woodland, and was taken as a coign of vantage by a great concourse of the general public, who thus dominated the review ground, but, from a considerable distance. The pavilion of honor which faced the plain on the south side, was covered with an awning of red and white stripes. The interior was hung with purple velvet, embroidered in gold, and adorned with military devices of swords and bayonets, while breastplates were fixed on the outside walls. A dais jutted out in the centre of the pavilion, on which the Czar, Czarina, President Loubet, M. Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Falières, president of the Senate, and their wives, took seats. The whole was profusely decorated with flags and the French tri-color and Russian standard waved from masts at both ends. A small area in front of the pavilion was converted into a sort of tropical garden planted with palms and flowers. There were four heavy cannon at each corner of the garden, with their muzzles pointed upward, as though defending the dais. Three immense stands, covered with bunting, were placed at both sides of the pavilion of honor, from which ten thousand invited guests witnessed the review. The spectacle was intensely imposing as the infantry went by one hundred files deep with fixed bayonets. The march lasted two hours and a half, and terminated in a magnificent charge of twenty thousand cavalry.

During their sojourn in France, the Czar and Czarina might have been seen driving like ordinary people, in a landau, through the forest to Pierrefonds, to visit the historic château, quite unattended, and apparently unguarded—but, as a matter of fact, the whole forest was swarming with police, detectives and soldiers, who allowed nobody to approach the road along which the Imperial visitors drove. On one of these occasions after their return from Pierrefonds, the Czar acted as godfather at the baptism of the infant daughter of the Count de Montebello, the French ambassador to Russia, which took place in the hall of the château, thus adding another happy memory to historic Compiègne.

GERTRUDE MADDEN.

## To-Day.

What will to-morrow bring to me,
The morrow that no one has seen?
Will it come to me with its woe and care,
With its doubts and fears that I must share?
Or, will sorrow and pain be all outgrown,
Will Love be the token by which we are known,
In that morrow that's yet unseen?

O never a thing will to-morrow bring
But belongs alone to to-day;
And the present doth make the morrow fair,
Or load it with many a weary care.
To-day is all; and to-morrow is naught
But the vaguest vision that's vainly sought,
To-morrow is ever to-day.

EMILY TUPPER-BENDIT.

True culture carries with it an atmosphere of breadth—the world and not the village. A woman lacking it is said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.

## Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Ecclesiastical Title of Loretto Nuns) Mindelheim, Bavaria, Founded by Elizabeth Rantienne, 1701.

THIS Institution is one of the oldest establishments of the "English Ladies" in Bavaria, and has just celebrated the bi-centenary of its existence.

For some years, Mauritia Febronia, Duchess of Turkheim, wife of Maximilian Philip of Bavaria, a son of Maximilian I., had desired to found a house for the "English Ladies" at Mindelheim, one of the chief towns of the Principality. She pressed her suit with success and also obtained her petition, that Elizabeth Rantienne, who was then Superior at Augsburg and whom she greatly loved, should be sent to take charge at Mindelheim.

With maternal solicitude the pious Duchess cared for her protégées of the newly-established convent, presented them with a house, settled a yearly revenue upon the community, assisted them in all their necessities and built a church, which was dedicated to the Sacred Heart and solemnly opened on that Feast, with many Masses from the Jesuit Fathers of the place, and other priests. Their noble benefactress and her consort, with many members of her court and a countless number of the faithful, were present on the occasion. Here, after her death, the gentle Duchess was buried.

Elizabeth Rantienne was one of those gifted and saintly souls with whom the Institute was, as we have seen, so abundantly adorned. She was English by birth, and had been educated at Paris by Winefrid Wigmore. She accompanied Mary Poyntz to Bavaria. Her mental powers were far above the ordinary measure, and her ability in governing great. So remarkable were her virtues that she had been permitted to take a vow of perfection of the same kind as that made by St. Teresa. She died at the age of eighty-four, having followed the exercises of the community to the last, even when blind and suffering great infirmities. She learned to spin at the age of eighty, when unable otherwise to occupy herself, in order not to spend her time in idleness. The house at Mindelheim had not been long founded when the War of the Succession broke out, and the Duke of Marlborough with his troops occupied the town. The "English Ladies" received many courtesies from him. Their house was spared by the soldiers, and when the Dukedom was bestowed upon him, he put them in possession of the lands and revenue which had been promised them when they went to Mindelheim. The house flourished, and all the children of the town were sent to the schools of the community. Letters from the Duke of Marlborough to the nuns at Mindelheim are in the Archives at Nymphenburg.

The secularization of religious houses in the early days of the nineteenth century made a sad change in the quiet lives of the "English Ladies," who, like all the other communities, were not allowed to receive new members nor to wear a religious dress, and finally, by order of the King, in October, 1809, were forced to leave Mindelheim and join the community at Augsburg. Their convent and chapel were used for purposes very different from those to which they had consecrated them.

Although the nuns at Augsburg received the poor exiles most hospitably and with true sisterly affection, they yearned for their old home—founded one hundred and thirty years before. At last, after twenty-two years of weary waiting, the welcome news came that the Mindelheim house of the Institute might be restored. Only seven of those who had left it survived. To replace the deceased, members from Augsburg reinforced the community there, and all were royally welcomed. The day after their arrival, the convent, chapel, etc., were blessed by Rev. Angelicus Fisher, D. D., the Blessed Sacrament was again placed in the Tabernacle and Mass celebrated.

With renewed zeal and energy the schools were reopened in 1832, and a branch for the higher education of young ladies established. But the wounds which had been inflicted by the secularization did not heal quickly, and many privations had to be endured, but the balm of God's blessing was poured on them, prosperity followed, and the efficiency of the teachers recognized to such an extent that several schools were placed under their charge by the State, which necessitated, in 1892, the erection of a new wing.

Through sunshine and storm, Mindelheim has had an existence of two centuries and nobly braved the tempests that well nigh shook its very foundations; on the threshold of the third and during this its year of Jubilee, it only remains for us to say *ad multos annos* to this venerable branch of the Institute of Mary!

## Adelicia of Louvaine—The Fair Maid of Brabant.

TRADITION, and her handmaid, Poetry, have spoken bright things of the "Fair Maid of Brabant," and the surviving historical records of her life, though brief, are all of a nature tending to confirm the good report which the verses of the Provençals have preserved of the virtues and accomplishments of this second queen of Henry I.

The good Queen Maude died in 1118, and in 1120 Henry Beauclerc took unto himself another wife, Adelicia of Louvaine, daughter of Godfrey of Louvaine, called Barbatus, or "The Bearded," because he had made a vow never to shave his beard till he had recovered Lower Lorraine, the patrimony of his ancestors. In this he succeeded in the year 1107, after which he triumphantly displayed a smooth chin, in token that he had fulfilled his obligation ; and finally obtained from his subjects and contemporaries the more honorable appellation of Godfrey the Great.

Adelicia boasted the most illustrious blood in Christendom. Through both her parents she was descended from "Charles the Great," or "Charlemagne," as the Franco-Latin historians have rendered the name of this most illustrious monarch and conqueror, and she inherited the distinguished beauty and fine talents for which the Lorraine branch of the house of Charlemagne has ever been celebrated. Robert of Gloucester, when recording the fact in his rhyming chronicle, says:

> "He knew no woman as fair as she
> Was seen on middle earth."

King Henry seems to have been tenderly attached to his first wife. Her gentle manners and pious spirit greatly checked, though they could not wholly control, the fierce disposition of her lord. After the death of Queen Maude, it was speedily discovered by the immediate attendants of the king, that his temper had undergone a change for the worse. Instead of the smooth and politic, though stern and unrelenting, monarch, which he was before, they had now to deal with a sullen, moody and capricious man. Much of this evil growth in the character of the king was attributed to his grief for the death of his son and heir, who was drowned when the White Ship was wrecked. Fortunately Adelicia was no unfit successor to the good queen Maude. Like her she was meek and gentle, pious and benevolent. She was also liberal in her benefactions to the minstrels, who repaid her patronage by eulogies on her beauty and her virtue. Some of these are worth perusing, both from their own intrinsic merit, and their historical importance. Henry of Huntington, the chronicler, celebrated her praise in Latin verse, which Campden has thus beautifully translated:

> "When Adelizas's name should grace my song,
> A sudden wonder stops the muse's tongue;
> Your crown and jewels, when compared to you,
> How poor your crown, how pale your jewels show!
> Take off your robes, your rich attire remove,
> Such pomps may load you, but can ne'er improve;
> In vain your costly ornaments are worn;
> You they obscure, but others they adorn.
> Ah! what new lustres can these trifles give
> Which all their beauty from your charms receive?
> Thus I your lofty praise, your vast renown,
> In lowly verse am not ashamed to have shown,
> Oh! be not you ashamed my services to own!"

When Henry had defeated his enemies at the battle of Terroude, near Rouen, he sent for his young queen to come to him. Adelicia obeyed the summons, and sailed for Normandy. She arrived in the midst of scenes of horror, for Henry took a merciless vengeance on the revolted vassals who were so unfortunate as to fall into his hands. Queen Adelicia returned to England, in 1126, accompanied by King Henry and his daughter, the Empress Matilda, the heiress presumptive of England, then a widow, in her twenty-fourth year. Matilda, after the funeral of her august spouse, to whose memory a stately monument was erected in the cathedral of Spires, took possession of his Imperial Diadem, which she brought to England, together with a far greater treasure—the hand of St. James. She was reluctant to leave Germany, where she was splendidly dowered, and enjoyed a remarkable share of popularity. The princes of the Empire were so charmed with her prudent conduct and stately demeanor, that they entreated the King, her father, to permit her to choose a second consort from among their august body, promising to elect for their Emperor the person on whom her choice might fall. King Henry, however, reclaimed his widowed daughter from the admiring subjects of her late consort, and brought her with him to England. Soon after their arrival he summoned a parliament, for the purpose of causing the Empress Matilda to be acknowledged as the heiress presumptive to the

crown. The people of England joyfully acceded to Henry's proposition; and the nobles and prelates of the Norman aristocracy, assembled in council on this occasion, swore fealty to the high and mighty Lady Matilda as their future sovereign. Stephen, Earl of Montague, the King's favorite nephew—being the third son of the Conqueror's fourth daughter, Adela, Countess of Blois—was the first who bent his knee in homage to the daughter of his liege lord as the heiress of England, and swore to maintain her righteous title to the throne of her royal father.

As queen, wife, and even as stepmother, the fair Adelicia was irreproachable. When all circumstances are considered, it can scarcely be imagined, however, that her splendid marriage was productive of happiness to the youthful wife of Henry I. To say nothing of the disparity of years between this illustrious pair—he was old enough to be the grandfather of his bride—the morbid sorrow to which Henry was a perpetual prey after the loss of his children in the "White Ship," and the irascibility of temper to which he gave way in his old age, must have been most distressing to the feelings of his gentle consort.

Adelicia frequently attended her royal husband on his progresses. Her presence was, doubtless, of medicinal influence in those fearful hours when the pangs of conscience brought the visitations of heaven upon Henry, and sleep either forsook his pillow or brought visionary horrors in its train. Towards the latter end of the summer of 1133, Henry embarked on his last voyage to Normandy. The day was remarkable for a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by storms and violent commotions of the deep, and followed by an earthquake. These two phenomena were, according to the spirit of the age, regarded as portents of horror and woe, and it was predicted that the King would never return from Normandy. There is no reason to suppose that Adelicia was with her husband at the time of his death, which occurred in 1135, at the Castle of Lyons, near Rouen, a place in which he much delighted.

What degree of happiness Adelicia enjoyed during the fifteen years of queenly splendor which she passed as the consort of Henry Beauclerc, no surviving records tell. A third *trouvère* or troubadour, in his dedication of the wondrous voyage of St. Brandon, praises her for the good laws she had instituted. But the second Queen-Consort of Henry could have had little opportunity for the exercise of her legislative talents, save in the gentle influence of her refined and virtuous example, and the establishment of civilizing etiquette. It was one of her best points, that she sedulously trod in the steps of her popular predecessor, Matilda of Scotland. During the life of the King, Adelicia founded and endowed the hospital and conventual establishment of St. Giles, near Wilton, and, according to a Wiltshire tradition, she resided there during some part of her widowhood, in the house which is still called by her name. She was likewise dowered by King Henry, in the fair domain of Arundel Castle and its rich dependencies.

Adelicia was in her thirty-second year at the time of King Henry's death, in the very pride of her beauty; and she contracted a second marriage in the third year of her widowhood—1138—with William de Albini with the Strong Arm, son of William de Albini, who was called Pincerna, being the chief butler, or cup-bearer, of the Duchy of Normandy. To him Adelicia conveyed a life interest in her rich dowry of Arundel, and he accordingly assumed the title of Earl of Arundel, in her right, as the possessor of Arundel Castle. It was at this feudal fortress, on the then solitary coast of Sussex, that the royal beauty who had for fifteen years presided over the splendid Court of Henry Beauclerc, voluntarily resided with her second husband—the husband, doubtless, of her heart—in the peaceful obscurity of domestic happiness, far remote from the scenes of her former greatness. Adelicia chiefly resided at Arundel Castle after her marriage with William de Albini, but there is also traditional evidence that she occasionally lived with him in the noble feudal castle which he built after his marriage with her, at Buckenham, in Norfolk. It is still designated in that county as New Buckenham, though the mound, part of the moat, and a few mouldering fragments of the walls, are all that remain of the once stately hall that was at times graced with the Dowager—Court of Alix la Belle.

By her marriage with Albini, Adelicia became the mother of seven surviving children—William, Earl of Arundel, who succeeded to the estates and honors; Reyner, Henry, Godfrey, Alice—married to the Count D'Eu—Olivia, and Agatha. The two latter were buried at Boxgrove, near Arundel. Though Adelicia had so many children, her tender affection for her father's family caused her to send for her younger brother, Joceline of Louvaine, to share in her prosperity and happiness. Two ducal peers of England are now the descen-

dants of the Carlovingian line—namely, the Duke of Norfolk, the heir of Queen Adelicia; and the Duke of Northumberland, the lineal descendant of her brother, Joceline of Louvaine. The two most unhappy of all the Queens of England, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard, were the lineal descendants of Adelicia by her second marriage.

At the age of forty-eight, about eleven years after her second marriage, Adelicia died. The place of her sepulture is not satisfactorily determined. According to one tradition, Reading, where Henry I. was by some said to be buried in a silver shrine, had the honor of being the last resting-place of his second Queen. Another account was to the effect that Adelicia was interred in Fuggleston, a village about a mile from Wilton. The most probable supposition is that she was interred in the Convent of Affingham, near Aost, in Flanders.

CATHARINE HUGHES.

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So very few beautiful women consider it worth their while to be gracious! They rely so entirely on their charms of person to attract that they do not put themselves out or exert themselves to please, except by their beauty. The spell of gracious womanhood, however, lasts as long as life remains, and the charm depends not upon beauty of face or form, but upon a grace of mind that puts self in the background and endeavors to bring out the best and brightest in all those with whom it comes in contact. A regard for the feelings of others, and a gentle though not fulsome flattery that stimulates rather than inflates, are the weapons which, when used by a clever, kindly woman, make her a power in any circle she chooses to move, though never for a moment does she give evidence that she is aware of the influence she wields through the all-conquering sceptre of her own gracious womanhood.

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In vain do we think we walk in private paths unseen; some eyes are forever there to peer through the thickest hedge; some lips are forever ready to say what they do not know, and magnify the harmless mouse-ear to a wonder-flower with a poisoned root. Those of whom rumor thus discourses with bated breath and comprehensive gesture, are seldom or never aware that they are the subject of whispers; they are always the last to imagine that their acts are put under the magnifying lenses of public speculation.

## The Mystery of Thought.

We comprehend all Nature's fairest face
In field and forest, and we wisely trace
The wondrous workings of a great design
In flower and fern, in tree and trailing vine—
We understand the language of the storm,
The vagaries the circling winds perform,
The rolling thunder, and the lightning's leap
From angry clouds that through the heavens sweep.

We turn from these and rapturously scan
That "Living Temple," marv'lous, matchless man;
His beaming eye—the spiral seat of sound—
The glist'ning bands, the bony frame around—
The moving muscles, and the hushless heart—
The crimson jets that from that fountain start.
Anatomists have all the organs traced,
And unto each, design and uses placed;
But when we leave the field by Nature wrought,
And strive to understand the realm of *Thought*,
Illusive mists with all our gropings blend,
We face the mystic—may not comprehend.

And back of thought—the impulses of soul
That make or mar, and destinies control!
Ambition, that with dazzling flag of Fame
Pursues a phantom to adorn a name—
Revenge, that dares all hell's dark depths profound
To crush a brother, or a victim wound—
Religious zeal, that braves auto de fé,
Rather than cringe, or cast its faith away—
And avarice, grov'ling after godless gold,
Foregoing heaven, to earthly treasures hold—

And love, ah love! with witchery divine,
Around the heart that does so sweetly twine
The flowers of soul, whose fragrance everywhere
Subdues all other passions, foul or fair,
And seems a link between the earth and sky,
The finite and the infinite on high.

This strange commingling of the fair and dark
Challenges all our wonder, as we mark
We dwell on it, but never comprehend
The mystery of thought, as on we wend
Our pilgrimage to that mysterious sea,
Which we must cross to reach Eternity.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

### Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Ecclesiastical Title of Loretto Nuns) St. Pölten, Austria, Founded by Maria Anna Von Kriechbaum, 1706.

ST. POELTEN was the first place where a foundation was made after the Papal Confirmation of the Institute, which gave a fresh impetus to its work. It was thus that Austria, in the year 1706, rewelcomed the "English Ladies," as of old in the days of Mary Ward. The Emperor Joseph gave a ready consent to their settlement in his dominions, and the Empress Elizabeth laid the first stone of their church, the interior of which was decorated by the distinguished painter, Karl Rösselfeld. The younger Altomonte contributed two frescoes, and Baroness von Pfeffershofen left nothing undone to beautify this house of God.

In 1742, the houses in Austria and its dependencies were, by a Bull of Benedict XIV., made a separate Province of the Institute, and placed under a separate Superior-General.

Through all the vicissitudes of alternating peace and war, the nuns applied themselves to the noble work of education. Between them and their pupils the kindliest relations existed, they were as one family—a holy one. Of this we find proof in an old picture presented to Rev. Mother von Hayden, on the occasion of her Jubilee, accompanied by the following lines: "Holde Priesterinn, schon nährest Du durch fünzig Yahre. die Flammen der Tugend, deren wohlthätige Strahlen auf uns liebreich zurückwirken. Nun da Du heute durch Erreichung der fünfzigsten Stuffe im Tempel der Tugend zur Oberpriesterinn derselben eingeweihet bist. O so nimm zum Symbol unsrer Freude und Dankbarkeit unsre Herzen als Früchte Deiner hellen Tugend an!" (1798.)

On the twenty-second of April, 1782—ever memorable in the Annals of the Institute—Pope Pius VI., on his way to Vienna, visited the convent and gave his Apostolic Benediction in the chapel. "Hic Genuaflexit—Ovicula Benedixit!" a marble memorial tablet near the high altar records.

The Archducal House of Austria was always well disposed to the Institute. Elizabeth von Wolfenbüttel, wife of Charles VI., presented the church with costly vestments and altar linens, the Empress Maria Theresa visited the community frequently—Countess St. Julien, who was Superior for thirty-six years, had been her companion in youth and later her lady-in-waiting. An exquisite water color painting, the work of the great Empress, may be seen at the present day in the blue parlor of the convent. Joseph II. also favored the "English Ladies," so the storm of 1780 left their quiet home untouched.

Worthy of record are the visits of the Queen of Naples, Francis I. and his consort Theresa; as well as Marie Louise, who, on their bridal journey to Paris, accompanied by their royal father, paid a visit to the Institute. Later the Empress Carolina Augusta, Emperor Ferdinand and Empress Marianna honored the religious with their presence. Once, the coming of the royal party was announced so late that preparations had to be made during the night; nevertheless, the entertainment proved excellent.

The Emperor Francis Joseph I. conferred a special favor, in 1851, when he presented a gold Maltese cross to Countess Majlath, then Superior.

Glancing over the list of names in the Institute Annals, we find among others those of Countesses Auersperg, Khevenhüller, Herberstein, Hoyos, Starhemberg; of Baronesses von Kielmansegg, Schell, and Scherzer; later on, of Anna, daughter of the painter, Daniel Le Gran, whose works may still be seen in the churches of Klagenfurter and St. Pölten, in the *Karlskirche* in Vienna, and in the Belvedere Gallery.

Among the many daughters of the nobility educated at St. Pölten, were Maria Countess Joyeuse, who bequeathed to the convent a picture of the Madonna by Cranach; Countesses von Majlath, Chorinsky, Sardagna, Lamberg, Castiglione di Gonzaga, Kinsky-Brandis, and two members of the well-known family Hormayr von Hortenburg.

The artistic decoration of the white salon is worthy of note. In a fresco on the ceiling our Lord appears amid roseate clouds, and with outstretched arms, blesses a barque whose pilot is a religious—bearing a striking resemblance to the venerable Superior whose picture adorns the wall, together with those of Maria Anna Baroness von Kriechbaum, sister of the Viceroy of Lower Austria—1706-1739—Maria Carolina Baroness von Asseburg—1739-1748—Maria Katharina Countess St. Julien—1748-1784—Maria Theresia von Wamberg—1784-1789—Maria Francisca von Hayden und Dorff—1789-1813—Maria Julia Countess Majlath—1813-1863—Maria Mariacher

von Friedenstern—1863-1879—who was succeeded by the present Superior Maria Josefine Countess Castiglione von Gonzaga. Nearly every one of these names is connected with a new foundation—Krems, 1722; Prague, 1746; Pest, 1770; Meran, Brixen, and Roveredo, founded in the eighteenth century and united to St. Pölten in 1816; Lodi, 1831; Vicenza, Erlau, 1852; Vesprim, 1860; Eperies, 1882.

Mit Segeln, sanft geschwellt vom Morgenwinde,
An Schätzen reich seh' ich ein Schifflein zieh'n.
Ruh'voll schwebt es ob Wogenkämmen hin,
Indes der Sturmwind wuhlt durch Meeresgründe.

Ein Chor von Mädchenstimmen tönt gelinde
Jungfräulich betend, fromme Melodie'n:
"O schütze, Herr, den Kahn und leite ihn
Sanft an den Port, trotz des Orkans der Sünde!"

Es schwinden Jahre; ewig unverletzt
Prangt ob dem Schiff die hehre Kreuzesfahne;
Heil dem, der auf den Herrn sein Hoffen setzt!
Ist Gott mit Euch—wer schadet Eurem Kahne?
Nur Vorwärts, treue Schar, mit ems'gem Schaffen;
Ein Stern aus Sion leuchtet dir zum Hafen!

EIN MARIENKIND.

## Thoughts.

Do you know that your thoughts rule your life,
Be they pure or impure in the strife?
As you think, so you are;
And you make or you mar
Your success in the world,
By your thoughts.

Are your thoughts just and true every hour?
This your life will attest with great power.
If it's Love fills your heart,
Then all hate must depart;
You will find all success
In good thoughts.

Are you kind in your thoughts towards all?
Then but kindness to you must befall.
As you sow, so you reap,
In a measure so deep,
Either pleasure or pain,
By your thoughts.

EMILY TUPPER-BENDIT.

## Egypt to the Holy Land.

LEAVING Cairo by rail at noon, Port Said was reached in seven hours, and in less than an hour after my railway journey, I left the harbor in one of the Messageries Maritimes Company's steamers. At seven next morning the good ship anchored in the open roadstead off Jaffa.

Shortly after dropping anchor, the large boats belonging to the various hotels came alongside, and the vessel was boarded by a score or more noisy boatmen, who kicked up such a row over the baggage that nearly an hour elapsed before the passengers could get into the boats. With a heavy sea on, the disembarking had more than a disturbing effect on the newcomers, but the dreaded landing was forgotten and conversation changed when breakfast ashore was announced.

At home, Jaffa is best known for its trade in oranges. From the ship's deck it presents a picturesque appearance, but, upon landing, it is found to be as dirty as other towns in the East. There was a heavy downpour of rain the night before we arrived, and, in consequence, the streets and lanes were passable only for bare-footed pedestrians.

Jaffa, anciently called Joppa, is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, and has historical associations. It is said to have been built by a son of Noah, and that the Ark was reconstructed there, the cedars of Lebanon sent for Solomon's Temple were landed there, and Jonah embarked from that port when told to go and prophesy against Nineveh.

After breakfast, and accompanied by the indispensable dragoman, I went the rounds, visiting the bazars, the house of Simon the tanner—the scene of Peter's vision—and other places of interest. On the road to the German Colony and the orange groves, Turkish troops were encamped. Here I was haunted by Bonaparte, and reminded how bravely the Turks defended Jaffa, when, in 1799, the great general crossed the desert with ten thousand men, and stormed the town. The Syrian campaign, the retreat of the French through Jaffa, the massacre of the Garrison, and the victims of the plague, are not pleasant reading.

Towards the end of his life at St. Helena, Bonaparte is reported to have expressed disappointment at the check he met with in Syria, and to have said:—"Possessed of Acre, the Army

would have gone to Damascus and the Euphrates. . . . With a hundred thousand men on the banks of the Euphrates, I might have gone to Constantinople or to India; I might have changed the face of the world. I should have founded an Empire in the East, and the destinies of France would have run into a different course." It is just as well Bonaparte did not have all his own way.

The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem was opened in 1892. The journey of fifty-four miles through Lydda, the Plains of Sharon, Ramleh, and the mountains of Judea, is accomplished in three hours and a half.

It is customary for writers to describe their impressions upon nearing the Holy City, and beholding for the first time its towers and domes, and the distant mountains. Well, mine are soon told, for it rained during the greater part of the journey, which spoiled the look out, so I had to be content with feeling that I was in a land sacred to holy memories. Then came the disquieting news that the hotels were packed with long-faced pilgrims and some globe-trotters, put ashore from an excursion steamer for forty-eight hours, with orders to visit, or tick off, all the sights of the Holy Land in that short period. Of course, I looked forward to no better fare than sardines and soda water, but things changed when I reached my hotel near the Jaffa gate, for there I found not only comfortable quarters and good fare, but the pilgrims were as cheerful a lot of sinners as one would care to meet. The majority were enjoying a busy time of it, buying curios for their country cousins, while quite a few who got called to the bar of the house, might be heard trying a bar or two of that once popular song, *Partant pour la Syrie.*

Many books have been written about the Holy Land, so I shall not attempt to describe it. In any case, it would not be possible to do more in this short sketch than mention a few of the principal sights of Jerusalem.

I commenced my visiting rounds with a donkey ride outside the walls. During the hour's ride around the city, I was, of course, reminded of our Lord's time on earth, and that Jerusalem is not a city of yesterday. The grey battlements and towers brought to mind the destruction of the city; the many sieges it sustained, and the chivalric deeds of the Crusaders. What stories could not those walls tell, could but the breath of life be put into them!

Passing through the "Via Dolorosa," where our Saviour bore the Cross on His way to Calvary, I visited the most sacred locality in Christendom, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the body of our Lord was laid. Under the roof of the church there are chapels belonging to various denominations. The presence of Mahometan soldiers, under arms, to keep order in the church, is not a very edifying spectacle; but one need not travel far from home to learn that Christians can hate one another for the love (?) of God.

Among the many sights shown to me were some relics of the first Christian King of Jerusalem. I took in my hand the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon, which are still used in the ceremony of investing the Knights of St. John; and the dragoman placed the Great Crusader's collar round my neck.

I journeyed on to the valley of Jehoshaphat, passing the Pool of Siloam and the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Mount of Olives, for the splendid view of the city to be obtained from the Tower of the Mosque, and, in the distance, the Dead Sea.

Another half-hour's ride along the road, so often trodden by our Lord and His Disciples, and the village of Bethany, the place of Christ's Ascension, is reached. Here are pointed out the tomb of Lazarus, and the house of Mary and Martha.

Another day was spent in Bethlehem, the home of the family of David, and the birthplace of our Lord. The village is about six miles' drive from Jerusalem; and, on the road, I met parties of Jews and Moslems in their loose robes, of the same pattern, no doubt, as worn in the time of the patriarchs, and trains of camels and donkeys slowly wending along. En route were pointed out the tomb of Rachel, the plain of the Shepherds, and the house of Joseph.

The Church of the Nativity and its Crypt, the Manger, the Milk Grotto, the Grotto of the Innocents massacred by Herod, and the Cell of St. Jerome, were duly visited.

There is quite a morning's work in visiting the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah. Upon payment of baksheesh—a present—for admission, slippers made of felt were placed over my boots, and, attended by a Sheik and military escort, I was shown over the holiest place in the world—to the Mahometan—except Mecca. The Mosque is built on the site of Abraham's Altar, and of Solomon's Temple. The rock of prophecy in the

centre of the great building whence Mahomet ascended to Heaven, and other interesting features, were pointed out by the dragoman.

Until recent years, the Mosque was accessible only to followers of the Prophet. Christians had much difficulty in seeing it, and the line is still drawn against the Jews.

On a Saturday morning I visited the Jews' Place of Wailing, at the outer wall of the Mosque of Omar. The stones there are said to be a portion of the foundations of Solomon's Temple, and the Hebrews kiss them, and weep over the fallen greatness of Zion. It is evident that the passionate love of the Jew for Jerusalem is no whit diminished.

In the afternoon, I rode on a donkey back to the Garden of Gethsemane where our Saviour passed the night of agony. The Garden is enclosed and neatly kept. There were groups of Christians in meditation and prayer at the Stations of the Cross, a devotion to be seen any day in a Catholic Church, at home or abroad.

And now, a long farewell to the Holy Land!

I have mused in the arena of the Colosseum at Rome and on the old Acropolis at Athens, but neither of these silent ruins moved me as the presence of the troubled souls at the Wailing Place, and Gethsemane did. The sight touched me to the very finger tips. It haunts me still.

J. J. C.

## The Trumpet of Jubilee.

A SERMON preached at the Double Golden Jubilee of Rev. Mother Alphonsa, Loretto Convent, Manchester, by the Very Rev. Dr. Casartelli, M. A., rector of St. Bede's College, July 18th, 1901:

"Thou shalt number to thee seven weeks of years, that is to say, seven times seven, which together make forty-nine years: and thou shalt sound the trumpet in the seventh month . . and thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year . . for it is the year of Jubilee."—Leviticus xxv., 8-10.

Exactly half a century ago, my Lord Bishop of Salford, your first predecessor upon the Episcopal throne which you now so worthily occupy, was on the eve of his consecration and of his long and busy episcopate of one and twenty years. To-day week, the 25th instant, will be the 50th anniversary of William Turner's consecration at the hands of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, in St. John's Cathedral, Salford.

One year after that auspicious event, his Cathedral Chapter was canonically erected, 24th July, 1852.

It may thus be affirmed with substantial accuracy, my Lord, that, whilst gathered here to-day to acclaim the joyful event of the double golden jubilee of this religious house and its venerable Superior, we are also celebrating the like jubilee of your Lordship's own See and of the thrice-blessed beginnings of the history of this important diocese of the north.

I referred a moment ago to the erection of its first Chapter. It must ever be one of the chief merits of our first bishop that he surrounded himself from the beginning with a body of able and zealous men as his Chapter, men whose ability, strong common sense, and devotion to the cause of religion, have left an indelible impression upon Catholicity in Lancashire. A Chapter is to a Bishop what a Cabinet is to a Monarch. Bishop Turner grasped this fact from the first, and to this we must fairly attribute much of the success of his administration. I venture to say his first Chapter was a remarkable body of men, only one of whom in extreme old age still remains with us, a blessed link between the old and the new.

I have referred at some length to the members of the first Chapter of Salford, and I am glad to see that several of the chief of their successors are with us to-day, because I feel it a sacred duty on this occasion to say a word of one of their number.

Lawrence Toole, one of the original members of the Salford Chapter, will ever be held in hallowed memory in the Catholic Church of this country as a foremost champion of Catholic education. He was, if I may venture to continue a preceding metaphor, the Minister of Education in Bishop Turner's Cabinet. It is a matter of common knowledge that many years later he was the very first member elected on the Manchester School Board at the first creation of that body, in consequence of the Education Bill of 1870, and not only was he for twenty years afterwards the protagonist of Catholic interests on that important board, but he all along enjoyed the esteem of all his fellow-citizens of every party, as a genuine and sound educationalist and a true friend of popular education.

But Canon Toole's great services in the cause of primary education must not be allowed to obscure his merits in the promotion of secondary education, and especially of secondary education

for girls, with which this house is so prominently identified.

At the very time that William Turner was consecrated first Bishop of Salford, Lawrence Toole, already in charge of the important mission of St. Wilfrid's, was negotiating an important departure in the Catholic educational work of this district. This was the bringing over from the celebrated Rathfarnham Abbey, near Dublin, of a colony of the Loretto Order, or, as it is officially styled, the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The present is neither the time nor the place to retell the romantic story of the origin and vicissitudes of this remarkable educational society. From the troubled days of Mary Ward, the Yorkshire squire's daughter—whose portrait, a most interesting canvas, still hangs in one of the parlors of this house—in the era of persecution under Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts—on through a period of rapid development abroad, in Austria and Bavaria, where the "English Ladies," as they are called, still flourish as a large and powerful society—backwards and forwards from England and France—from court favor to persecution—from the foundation of the famous old Micklegate Bar Convent at York (1680) to the coming of that remarkable woman, Mary Teresa Ball, who first brought the English Institute into connection with Catholic Ireland, and thereby eventually transferred the centre of gravity from York to Dublin—then onward through an era of still more wonderful expansion throughout Ireland and England, Canada, the United States, India, Spain, South Africa, Australia, as well as in Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Roumania; the history pursues its providential course amid every vicissitude of sunshine and storm, in every clime of this world-wide Empire, and it lands far beyond its bounds. It is a history, indeed, which you must read elsewhere, but which cannot fail to cast the glamour of great and glorious traditions and inspiring memories over our jubilee celebrations to-day.

If York gave Ireland its Rathfarnham, Dublin generously repaid the debt in giving Manchester its Loretto. And so, to resume the thread of my narrative, the far-sighted and enlightened policy of Lawrence Toole had its reward, when, on October 3rd, 1851, the celebrated Mother Mary Teresa Ball sent over a tiny colony, consisting of Mother Anne Hickey, with two choir nuns and three lay sisters, to make the foundation in Manchester. I have called Canon Toole's policy far-sighted, for fifty years ago the higher education of girls was by no means as general, or even as widely approved of, as in our days. Canon Toole was, therefore, in advance of his times in desiring to endow the Catholic girls of this district with the highest and best kind of secular, as well as religious, education, that could be provided at that day. And he was wise, too, in looking to the historic congregation of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary to supply what was needed. For, through all its vicissitudes, that Institute had remained true to its original vocation—the higher, or, as we should now style it, the secondary, education of Catholic girls, and, later on, side by side with this work, the education of the children of the masses in the elementary schools.

And more than this, it has all along given proof, not only of wonderful vitality and fecundity, but also of adaptability to the changing needs and circumstances of the times, and has kept well abreast of the successive developments and improvements in every department of educational progress. Nowhere, I think, has this been more evident than in Rathfarnham and its daughter, the Manchester Loretto.

Amongst those who watched with interest, not unmixed with anxiety, the departure of the little pioneer band of scholastic missionaries for the unknown land of heretical England, on that eve of St. Francis, in 1851, was a young Postulant, who had entered Rathfarnham Abbey less than two months previously, on the preceding Feast of the Assumption. Need I say that this was the religious who, five years later, succeeded Mother Anne Hickey as Superior of the Manchester house, and who ever since has filled, with the untiring energy and rare ability known to all of us, that responsible post? Hence it comes about that we are to-day celebrating with joy and gratitude the rare event of a real double jubilee, the jubilee of the opening of this Convent, and the jubilee of the entrance into religion of its venerated Superior.

I have spoken of Canon Toole's enlightened and far-sighted policy in bringing over the Loretto nuns. But his wisdom in this step was equalled by his unexampled generosity. For, in order worthily to house the little community, Canon Toole and his curates became voluntary exiles for two years—from 1851-1853—dwelling in rented lodgings and giving up the handsome and commodious Presbytery of St. Wilfrid's to

the nuns, who therein at once opened a small boarding and day school, and thus inaugurated their excellent work for secondary education. I can think of no stronger proof than this of the practical earnestness, the self-denying zeal, of Canon Toole in the interests of education. At this time, also—twenty years before the name of the board-schools was heard in the land, and when public aid to our own schools was almost *nil*—Canon Toole was building the fine public elementary schools attached to his mission of St. Wilfrid's, and, in the January of the year following the coming of the nuns—1852—they were completed, and the Loretto nuns took charge of them. In the course of the next year—1853—the nuns transferred their home to the present property in the Moss Lane, which, in those days, was worthy of its rustic name, and which some of us here present can still remember as a pleasant suburban lane of green hedges and trees. But then, it was not so long before this date that a visitor to Pugin's newly-erected church of St. Wilfrid had to open a country gate and make his way across a green field to reach the sacred edifice!

And now what remains for me to recite is little more than a bare catalogue of dates and facts. And yet it is a catalogue that is wholly gratifying and inspiriting—for it tells of a steady, unbroken success in work for the sacred cause of Catholic education, both secondary and primary—a work singularly blessed by God.

In 1856 the nuns opened, in Clarendon Street, St. Alphonsus' Public Elementary School, so called after the Patron of Mother Alphonsa Ellis, who, as above said, had that year become, after only five years of religious life, the second Superior of the community.

In 1864 the property was enlarged. Up to that year only two houses and their grounds had been obtained by the nuns, but now the adjoining houses and ground were purchased, and so the convent estate was completed as it now stands.

The year 1870 was marked by the erection of the concert hall.

1875 the community had the great consolation of seeing the erection of the beautiful and devotional chapel in which we are now gathered for our present act of thanksgiving. The same year they undertook the charge of St. Lawrence's publice Elementary School at the chapel of ease attached to St. Wilfrid's Mission. The following year—1876—the Fathers of the Society of Jesus intrusted to the nuns the teaching of the large public elementary schools of the Holy Name Mission. In 1879, the fine new day school, a higher-grade school, was built on the convent property. In 1881, the very handsome and commodious new wing was built for the boarding school.

In 1882, came a somewhat new departure. That year Bishop—now Cardinal—Vaughan, intrusted the teaching of the little boys of our neighboring College of St. Bede to the Loretto nuns—probably one of the first steps of the kind at any boys' college. The preparatory form, as it is styled, was, in the September of that year, put in the care of Mother Mary de Sales (Clegg) who, for no less than eighten full years, from 1882 to 1900, taught our little beginners with unremitting care and skill. During that period, no less than one hundred and sixty little boys, many now grown men, passed through her gentle, motherly charge. And, at her task, she labored unremittingly until the Master called her to her reward. By a striking and unforeseen—may we say, Providential?—coincidence, this very day is the first anniversary of her saintly death. Wonderful are God's ways! He did not will that she should live to see in the flesh this joyous celebration to which, like the rest, she had long been looking eagerly forward. But surely we may hope that her gentle spirit is allowed to be with us to share our jubilation, to keep our feast in a still more glorious manner, perhaps to pray before the throne of God for still further blessings upon the house and Superior she loved so well. Let us give her the sweet tribute of our prayers: May she rest in peace!

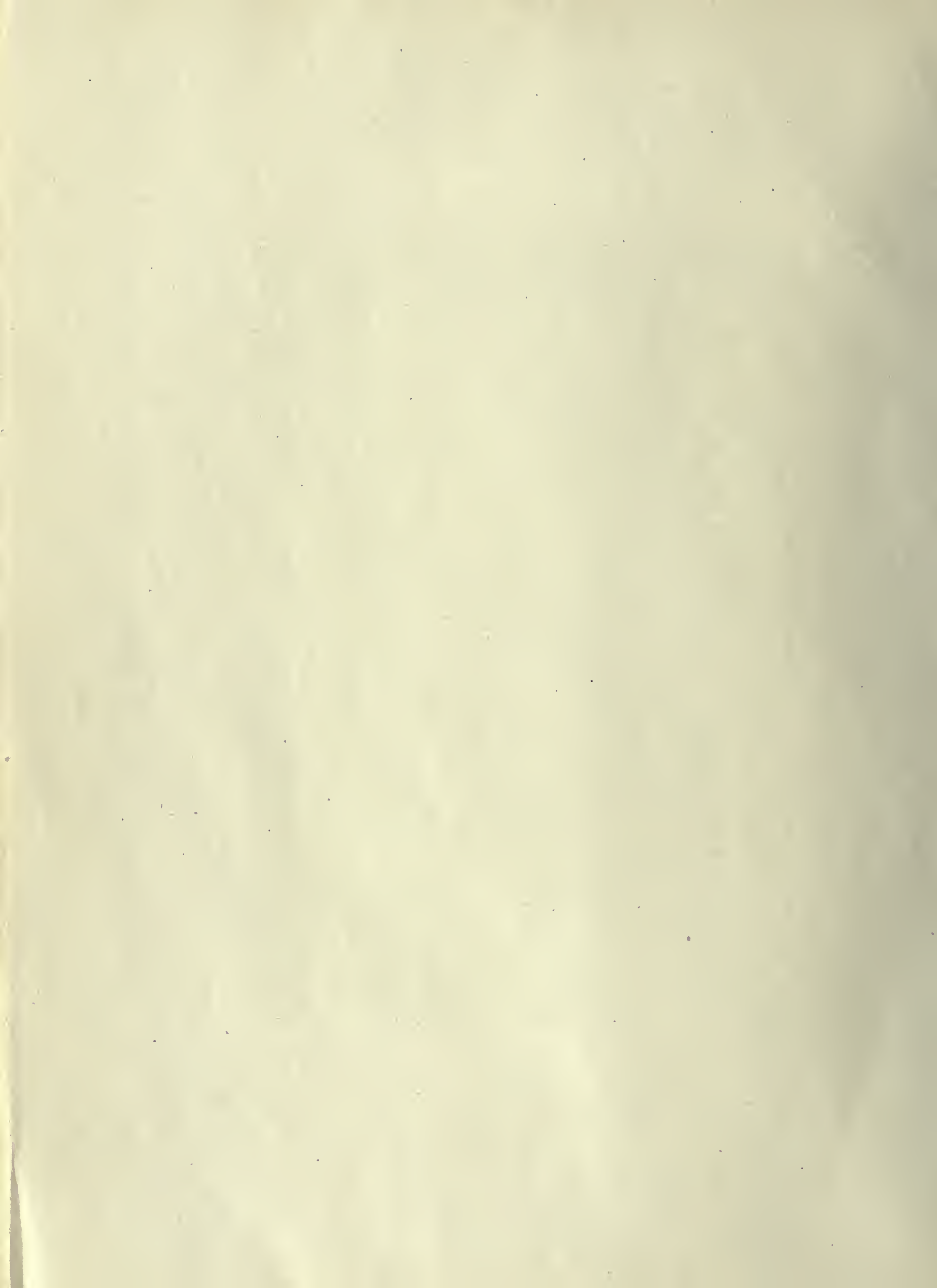
In 1893. St. Alphonsus' School was transferred to its new building and its name was then changed to that of the Holy Family, by the side of which church it is built.

Last year, 1900, was marked by the erection of the admirable new wing of the Higher Grade School—a model of modern educational installment. And the same year the nuns undertook the charge of the Holy Family Girls' School.

At present, therefore, the Loretto Community, in addition to the important Boarding School and large Higher Grade Day School on its own property, has charge of the important public Elementary Schools for girls and children of St. Wilfrid's, St. Lawrence's, the Holy Name, and the Holy Family, and a total of over 2,300 children in its care.

And now this house hath already num[illegible]d to

INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MINDELHEIM, BAVARIA.



INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
ST. PÖLTEN, AUSTRIA

itself "seven weeks of years, that is to say, seven times seven, which, together, makes forty-nine years," and, in this present year of the General Jubilee of the whole Catholic Church *in orbe*, it is sanctifying "the fiftieth year . . . for it is the year of Jubilee." (Leviticus xxv., 8-10.)

And of this half century of progress blessed by God, there has been one faithful and constant witness and participator, or, rather, standard-bearer and leader. In a few minutes, my Lord Bishop, you will place upon her brow the symbolical white rose-crown of Jubilee. It would be unbecoming of me, in the presence of the venerable Jubilarian, and certainly would be painful to her modesty, if I were to attempt any thing like a panegyric of her whom so many of us have known all our life long as "Rev. Mother," but ordinary justice, as well as interest in the great cause of education, requires that I should say this much: During her long administration of this house, and its manifold activities, Rev. Mother has from the first shown herself fully alive to all the demands of educational progress, and ready to crest the rising wave of scholastic development. She has shrunk from no new departure, no bold experiment that the times have seemed to call for. . The course of teaching here has been consistently abreast of the best methods of the day. When public examinations began to assume, twenty years ago, their present great importance in the public mind, the pupils of Loretto were among the earliest Catholic girls to enter, and with success, into this public arena. The important question of the training of secondary teachers has met with intelligent sympathy in this Institution. It was within these convent walls that an influential meeting was held, at the kind invitation of Rev. Mother, and under the presidency of the Bishop of Salford, to encourage a most promising scheme for the training of Catholic women teachers at Cambridge, an undertaking which, although unfortunately short-lived, has produced most gratifying results, and left an indelible impression upon Catholic secondary teaching, especially convent teaching in England, Ireland, and the Colonies.

How much of all this intelligent educational policy is due to the broad-minded sympathy and wise statesmanship of Rev. Mother, it will not be necessary to indicate.

Rev. Mother and community, Almighty God, when he commanded His chosen people in the words of my text to sanctify the year after the seven weeks of years, the year of Jubilee, bade them celebrate it by the "blowing of the trumpet." I take it this was no mere vain trumpet-blowing of self-complacency and self-praise. It was to be rather in the spirit of the Psalmist's exhortation:

"Blow the trumpet . . . on the noted day of your solemnity" (Ps. lxxx., 4). "Praise ye the Lord . . . with sound of trumpet; praise Him with psaltery and harp; praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs; praise Him on high-sounding cymbals; praise Him on cymbals of joy" (Ps. cl.,3-5).

That is to say, the Jubilee is a time of exultation in the goodness and mercy of God, a time of public thanksgiving to Him for all His graces and blessings during the past "seven weeks of years." During those weeks of years, dear Rev. Mother and community, you have indeed had your share of trial and trouble, of anxiety and disappointment, of death and separation, but how plentiful have been the favors God has showered upon you and your works! How much prosperity has attended you! How abundant the sheaves of the harvest you have brought home rejoicing, even when the seeds may sometimes have been sown in tears! How rich the fruits it has been your privilege to reap and garner during half a century! But though Paul may have planted, and Apollo watered, you know full well that it is God alone who hath given all this increase.

And therefore, I understand, you have, in consonance with the Divine command, in this the seventh month of the year, "sounded the trumpet," and bidden your friends come around you from afar and near, that they may join with you in raising the canticle of joy and thanksgiving to Him who is the Giver of all good gifts. And you have invited us to unite with you in the Holy Sacrifice that is celebrated upon your altar, so that we may help you to "sanctify the year of Jubilee."

## Thinking.

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

If we'd live lives of perfect peace,
We'd think just right, you know;
We'd watch our thoughts,
And then our deeds
Would be like gardens stripped of weeds,
Where only flowers grow.

EMILY TUPPER-BENDIT.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.


## OCTOBER, 1901.

Brilliant October, reminiscent of Aves, sweet spiritual friends, splendors of forest foliage, and gardens radiant with the brilliant tones of chrysanthemums and dahlias, has almost gone, but the garland of Aves daily twined for our Blessed Mother still exhales its fragrance.

As the first week of October passed, we learned from the gentle saint of Assisi many a lesson of that most wonderful of all virtues, true humility; whilst the life of St. Bruno told us of the rise of the great Order of Carthusians, of which he was the founder. On the tenth, the noble St. Francis Borgia showed us the nothingness of human dignities and worldly glory; and England's royal Saint—Edward—whose history is told in the bas-reliefs of his chapel in Westminster Abbey, drew our hearts to a greater love of God. The Martyr-Pope—St. Calistus—to whom our Ember Days are ascribed, and whose Catacomb is celebrated for the number of martyrs it contains, excited our admiration by his heroic struggle for the erection of lasting structures for Christian worship. Carmel's glory was revealed in the virgin-saint—Teresa—the patroness of our late beloved Rev. Mother Teresa Dease, whose precious remains repose in the cemetery of this Loretto—the anniversary is enshrined in golden memory. On the twenty-first, we welcomed St. Ursula, the patroness of schoolgirls, and to-day, Blessed Margaret Mary, the sweet lover of the Sacred Heart. May she help us to be true children of that Divine Heart, generous, and brave!

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*"Les Pensées d'une Reine,"* by Carmen Sylva—the charming pen-name of the poet-queen of Roumania—an interesting gift from Rev. Mother Candida, of the far-off Roumanian Lorettos, to the staff, is prized not only because of the thoughtful donor, but for its intrinsic worth—this book of aphorisms won a medal of honor from the French Academy—and the insight it gives into the thoughts of a queen—"d'une véritable reine, d'une vraie femme, tant la grâce et la plénitude du sentiment attestent l'intensité des facultés féminines, tant la mélancolie active, la bonté, sans illusion mais sans défaillance, la dignité simple et haute, affirment la raison et les vertus royales," as the preface tells us.

We would wish to say more than the words "thank you" express, to dear Rev. Mother Candida for her valued gift.

A poem to Carmen Sylva, written by a member of the Institute, Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, appears in the pages of the current issue.

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We are indebted to Miss Shanahan, Cincinnati, Ohio, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the convent, this summer, for the beautiful pieces of Rookwood pottery—glazed and unglazed—that adorn the mantelpiece in our library.

The rich brown and green glazes of the Rookwood potteries are peculiar to them, even if they do suggest Limoges, while the decorations are delicate and often beautiful, a sound taste leading

to the use of colors that blend with the glaze, instead of staring out from it, and to the avoidance of sharp edges. The pictures melt into the environing tint, as they ought to do. Porcelain is not canvas, and it is poor art to attempt to imitate the effects of canvas on a different medium. That the Rookwood cups and vases are the most American and original of our fictiles is undoubted. They are recognized as such abroad, and that flattery which is betokened in imitation has been attempted by the Japanese, though rather crudely for so clever a people, it must be confessed. The shapes that come from this pottery have the charm of simplicity, the decorators never undertake too much, the color schemes are of modest range, and the attempt to constantly startle or dazzle has never been made, even in the beginning of this institution, which dates back less than twenty years. Mrs. Bellamy Storer is the creator of the Cincinnati pottery that bears the name of Rookwood. She was one of the few women who took up porcelain painting, about the time of the Centennial, as other than an employment for idle hands and a passing fad which was to be dropped in another year for burned wood work or embroidery or tatting or lace or crocheted sofa cushions. Mrs. Storer is the granddaughter of the man who supplied Hiram Powers with the means to study sculpture, and her father was the founder of an art museum and a patron of the arts. It was he who established her in an old school house, that he had bought at sheriff's sale, and that afterward became the famous pottery.

We desire to express our gratitude to Miss Shanahan, through the columns of the RAINBOW, for her lovely specimens of the ceramic art.

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Referring to the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Mother Alphonsa and the Loretto Convent in Manchester, the *Harvest* says: There was no bunting or bustle. It was a convent Jubilee, a double Golden one, all the same. To get to it you had to pass through a newly-erected stately portal, which might have reminded you of the gates of Paradise, had you only previously seen them. It began in truly Catholic festive style, with a Solemn High Mass, in presence of the Father and Shepherd of the Diocese, Bishop Bilsborrow, who was attended by Monsignor Wrennall, Canon Richardson, and Dean Walshe. The celebrant was Canon Corbishley, assisted by Fathers Rothwell and Irwin. Dean Lynch was Master of Ceremonies to the Bishop, and Father McCarthy to the clergy and congregation. There were present also, Right Rev. Mgr. Gadd, V. G., Right Rev. Abbot Geudens, Monsignor Hill, Provost Clegg, the Rev. J. Ullathorne, Rev. F. Newton, Rev. J. P. Klein. The music of the Mass, Ebner's Missa SS. Trinitatis, was rendered by the convent choir. The sermon, preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Casartelli, Rector of St. Bede's College, was afterwards described by the Bishop as a brilliant address—it was a rare treat to those who had the privilege of listening to it. After the sermon, the Bishop gave the usual indulgence, and then performed the most touching ceremony of the day. The Rev. Mother, the Jubilarian, was conducted to the altar by two seniors of the community, where sat the Bishop. His Lordship, full of emotion, placed a wreath of white roses on her head, to be worn for the rest of the Golden Jubilee Day. During this portion of the proceedings, the choir sang Könen's "Veni Sponsa Christi." The Mass then proceeded, the Offertory piece being Singenberger's "Jesu dulcis memoria," and ended with the solemn *Te Deum*. At the luncheon which followed, Dean Lynch proposed the health of the Bishop. The Bishop, in acknowledging the toast of his own health, expressed how strong was the support afforded him in his labors by his reliance on his clergy, on the teachers, especially the nuns of the diocese, and on the laity, and he followed by proposing the toast of the day, "The Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Mother and the Convent," and paid a fitting tribute to the work which had been and is being done in Loretto Convent. In the afternoon there was a reception and gathering of old pupils and friends, and a musical entertainment by present pupils, equal to anything ever done by their predecessors. The central items of

the programme were an address to the Rev. Mother, read by Miss Noble; a presentation, and a Jubilee Chorus.

It remains for the future community and pupils to perpetuate the good repute of Loretto, and to celebrate its centenary. Through the kindness of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, and the instrumentality of Archbishop Stonor, the Apostolic Benediction of the Holy Father was obtained for Rev. Mother Alphonsa and Loretto Convent, Manchester, on the occasion of the double Golden Jubilee.

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The remarkable success achieved by the Orchestra of Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, at the competition which recently took place, has elicited warmest congratulations from the many friends and admirers of the dear old Abbey. Fifty-four of the pupils compose the Orchestra, with ten male players of the wind instruments. Mr. Myerscough, music professor at the Abbey, conducted. The test piece was Haydn's Symphony in D major, which was sufficient to try the capacity of any band. "The young players," says our *Correspondent*, "some of whom were tiny girls, played it with unfailing accuracy and remarkable intelligence. With players so young some degree of roughness in the strings might be looked for. There was, however, none perceptible. The tone was excellent, and where strength was needed, it was forthcoming. There was naturally a little weakness in the bass, but so slight, it would be hypercritical to notice it. In the violin and viola, and also in the 'cello, the tone was full and ripe. This was especially evident in the second movement, the greater portion of which is assigned to the strings alone. Another striking feature in the performance was the precision and accuracy of attack. The phrasing was perfect. While each performer showed individual intelligence, unity of expression characterized the performance as a whole, and all seemed to be animated by a thorough appreciation of the music. The playing of the four movements was singularly vigorous, spirited, and accurate. The drums and brass were sometimes a bit too loud, and the minute movement was perhaps taken at somewhat too slow a tempo; but on the other hand, it was gratifying to observe the freedom with which the young ladies drew their bows, and still more gratifying to hear the effects produced thereby.

The other band which entered for the competition withdrew.

At the close of the performance Mr. Atkins said that he and his brother judges, Mr. Berringer and Mr. Fuchs, had heard the performance of such young people as those who composed the Loretto Orchestra with unfeigned delight. It was rarely that they heard a performance by players so juvenile, but though young, there was a maturity about their playing that was quite surprising. They regretted that the other band did not put in an appearance, but he and his brother judges found this much satisfaction, that it would be difficult indeed to beat the performance to which they had listened with such interest.

Mr. Berringer said that he should also pay his tribute to the merit of the performance. It showed what splendid material there was in this country for building up a great musical future, and he was so struck with many points in the playing that for a time he found it hard to persuade himself he was not back in Prague.

The judges unanimously recommended the Loretto Abbey Orchestra for a first prize though there was no competition.

Miss Carmen Alperiz, a pupil of the Abbey, was awarded first prize for performance on the double-action harp.

Not in music alone do the students of the Irish Lorettos excel, for we learn that "the B. A. degree was conferred on nine of the University girls of Loretto College, Stephen's Green, and Mary Bowler, M. A., carried away the Studentship Prize, £300. Mary was the guest of the evening at a party given in her honor and that of the other successful students."

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A copy of "But Thy Love and Thy Grace," by Rev. Francis Finn, S. J., published by Benziger

Bros., printers to the Holy Apostolic See, with illustrations by Charles C. Svendsen, has reached us as we go to press. We regret that time does not permit us to review the book, but Father Finn's name is a sufficient guarantee for its readableness. Everything that comes from his pen is sure to be perused with interest and profit.

## I Think of Thee.

When fairest dawn with rosy smiles
Dispels the gloom o'er land and sea,
And lovingly my soul beguiles
From doubt to sweet expectancy,
I think of thee.

When sunny morn steals slowly on,
And nature's minstrels warble free,
Dwelling each lovely note upon,
My soul in raptured ecstacy,
I think of thee.

When afternoon's delightful hours
Come with their lingering spell round me,
Their lotus and sweet scent of flowers,
Filling me to satiety,
I think of thee.

When golden sunset's varied light
A beauteous vision is to see;
Sweet birds and fair flowers say good night—
I cannot say good night to thee—
I think of thee.

When twilight shadows gently steal
In their mysterious way round me,
Whispering in a fond appeal
Thy name and loving thoughts of thee,
I think of thee.

When sombre night fills all the land
With darkest of obscurity,
My thoughts seem still at my command,
For even then I dream of thee,
I think of thee.

—S. M. D.

The gospel of happiness is one which everyone should lay to heart. Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens and not impose them. Whether the sun shine or the rain fall, show a glad face to your neighbor. If you must fall in life's battle, you can at least fall with a smile on your face.

## The Sanctum Register

IT S always an object of more or less interest—shall I say curiosity?—to the returning editors, ever eager to scan its pages, being sure of finding thereon names already recorded in that larger book of well-deserved Fame.

This year an unusual interest attaches itself to our time-honored register because of the autograph signatures of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—future King and Queen of England—and those of their suite; which will chronicle as well the event in the convent annals as historic, and make an epoch.

Conspicuous among the late autographs is that of the charming southern writer of historic romances, Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, Washington, D. C., whose acquaintance we first made through the sparkling and amusing pages of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," which won her not only fame but the three thousand dollar prize for the best novelette in the *New York Herald* competition, 1895. How heartily its heroine—to us—Madame Schmid, was enjoyed, with "her gorgeous red bonnet, all flowers; green mantle, all spangles; purple gown, all stripes; and yellow parasol, that made her look something like a bird of paradise;" and "into whose honest heart Marsac's delightful impudence had won its way." Indeed, many a peal of merry laughter echoed from the cosy *sanctum* those winter evenings when Madame Schmid appeared.

Later we followed the fortunes of the "Children of Destiny," "Throckmorton," "Little Jarvis," and not less did the captivating and ennobling "History of the Lady Betty Stair," with its dainty illustrations by Thule de Thulstrup, and set in a century-old environment, win our admiration. Recently "The House of Egremont"—illustrated by C. M. Relyea—has claimed our attention as "a genuinely good and artistic story, tripping lightly over its historic paths, enlivened by humor, and made radiant by romance, filled with the two great qualities of loyalty and love. Of it Agnes Repplier says, in *The Saturday Evening Post:* "Miss Seawell's novel is a bravely written story, full of honest, simple emotion. It reflects that charming fidelity to the Stuarts and their lost cause which is the very essence of romance. To people who did not have to live under the Stuarts, they were a delightful family. They stand for all that is most interesting in history and in the human heart. They were served with a passionate loyalty, as beautiful as it was inexplicable. They

were unsatisfactory from beginning to end, yet they hold the love of men now as easily as they held it in life. Not all the biographies of Cromwell with which we are inundated can rob them of what should never in justice be theirs." As we write, press announcements of "Papa Bourchard" predict good things in store for us. The fact that the illustrations are by Glaschen, one of the four medallists of the Pan-American, makes us doubly anxious to see them.

A pleasing souvenir of one of Miss Seawell's visits to us, this summer, is presentation copies of her works with the author's autograph, and which are now among the treasured volumes of our library.

A Canadian author, Miss Lizars, whose works have a local flavor—several towns in Ontario are claiming or disclaiming it as distinctively their own—was also among our literary visitors.

Miss Eva Roblyn, of London, Ont., one of Canada's best sopranos, delighted us for an all-too-short afternoon with her magnificent singing and her very pleasing manner. Her selections showed the marvellous fullness and compass of her fine soprano voice and deserved the enthusiastic applause with which they were received. She does not simply sing her solos—she interprets them. Speaking of her singing in London, England, where she studied with Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, *The Chronicle* says: "The concert of Monday evening last, at Westbourne Park Chapel, was notable for the reappearance of Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, who gave in his inimitable manner selections from his extensive repertory. . . . Then followed a very fine rendering of Mr. Thomas' song, 'The Maiden and the Sunbeam,' accompanied by the composer. Miss Eva N. Roblyn, a young soprano from Canada, with a finely balanced and cultured voice, sang the plaintive ditty in an irreproachable manner. We bespeak for this young lady a high position in the proession when she returns to the land of her birth." The prediction, we rejoice to say, has been verified.

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It is rarely indeed that a woman is an exponent of the sublime art of sculpture; however, it is true in the case of Miss S. Cecilia Cotter, another of our summer friends, whose work at the Pan-American Exposition merits a place beside that of St. Gaudens and other of our American sculptors. Her creations show not only a mastery of technique, but positive inspiration and originality.

From many critical notices of Miss Cotter's artistic achievements we select the following from the pen of the late Eliza Allen Starr, because she was a recognized authority on matters of art; and furthermore, because the expression of her criticism was sincere, as her judgment was profound.

Speaking of Miss Cotter's representation of the Sacred Heart, Miss Starr wrote:

"At the first look at the photograph, it won my heart. That is the best and only word one needs to say of it, for if it does not touch the heart, of what avail to a subject is technical skill and anatomical knowledge? I do not mind where Miss Cotter studied or where she has not studied; she has produced an ideal representation of our Lord under that most touching aspect of His benignity:—the giving of His Sacred Heart to the souls He came on earth to redeem. It is the only ideal representation of the subject which I have ever seen—and I have seen a great many; the only one which embodies the Litany of the Sacred Heart with the music which accompanies it, as sung in convent chapels. All other representations have looked to me cold, unfeeling; in fact, purely academic—mere studies. This is, as I have said, an ideal. We have not waited for it quite as long as I declared I supposed we must wait; for it takes two or three hundred years, generally, to give an ideal atmosphere to any event or devotion. Of course, having seen only a photograph and a newspaper reproduction, I cannot say that everything is perfect; but it has the most essential quality, religious ideality. Allow me to congratulate Miss Cotter, the artist, and Miss Hannon, the donor, and the congregation, recipients of such a work."

"This is high praise," says the *Union and Times,* "coming from one of the most gifted art critics in the land, and must prove a source of pride to Miss Cotter, as well as a further incentive to the aspirations of her genius."

Mr. Wilson, in *The Register,* has this to say: "One cannot look upon the noble work without being impressed with a sentiment of divine meaning. There is an expression in the statue that touches one with more than human power. It has what every masterpiece must have: a presence to be felt. . . . Some statues of Christ that we have seen are grandly human: but in this one there is with noble humanity, a mysterious something, deeply felt, but undefined. . . . The energy of the action, the mobile character of the flesh,

THE SACRED HEART.—By Sara Cecelia Cotter.

SAINT JOHN.—By Sara Cecelia Cotter.
In Cincinnati Art Museum.

the sense and feeling of life expressed by the symmetry and proportion in all details of face and form, declare the statue as one that is 'every inch a king.'"

The *Catholic Columbian* comments as follows: "This latest achievement, a full length and life-size figure of Christ, is, so far, the masterpiece of Miss Cotter's hands. The modeling of the head, shoulders, arms, and hands, gives evidence of thorough anatomical study. The pose of the head is difficult and unusual; slightly thrown back and yet gazing downward as though compassionating the world which claims Him as Creator and Redeemer. The eyelids droop, and the mouth is sad and sweet. The forehead bespeaks breadth and depth of character, and is beautifully framed by the waving hair; the curling beard, too, accentuates, rather than hides, the fine oval of the lower face. The right hand is slightly extended: as though offering the priceless gift of His Sacred Heart to the world; the left draws from His bosom the drapery, which falls in long and beautiful lines to the ground, hiding all of the figure, except a portion of one foot. Nothing could be more graceful or pleasing than this drapery, which, though generally in long, straight lines and folds, is free from stiffness or conventionality."

The *Irontonian* remarks: "The statue stands six feet two inches in height. The pose of Christ is majestic. His head is thrown back as though He were breathing heavily from the consciousness of the generous gift to human kind of His heart; betokening His love. The eyes are looking down at the earth; but yet, because of their mystical dreaminess, seem not to have lost sight of heaven: to be centered on the Divinity wherewith they glow. The whole face is infinitely handsome. It is a face not refined by mere material beauty, but by the expression of gentle authority and limitless intellectual power."

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelley's poetic address to Miss Cotter, on her completion of the statue of the Sacred Heart, is worthy of her theme:

Blest be the chisel that the Sacred Heart
Hath consecrated to its love alone!
Blest be the magic of that potent art
That bids the God-Man live in deathless stone!
Others may carve their mundane deities—
Their sages, statesmen, heroes: world-renown'd.
Thy genius naught save the Divine could please,—
It leaps to Heaven at one rapturous bound:
And there it hath beheld so fair a dream,
(Delight of angels, joy of Paradise!)
The very Godhead hath become its theme:
Life, light and love from the cold marble rise.

'Twas well to give it place on holy ground,
This grand, majestic statue of the Lord:
It bears the impress of faith profound:
Whose fruits must be its artist's best reward.

The saint may worship at its hallowed base,
And from that open Heart fresh gifts may win:
The sinner there may find Conversion's grace
And full remission from the chains of sin.

The while God's sweetest benison shall rest
Upon the temple where the image stands:
Its gentle sculptor shall be doubly blest
In the pure labor of her gifted hands.

For those who spread this cult by any art,
(Said Christ unto His handmaid meek and chaste)
Shall have their names engraven on My Heart,
Engraven, nevermore to be effaced.

The *Union and Times*, Buffalo, is enthusiastic in Miss Cotter's praise: "Though young in years, the laurel already wreathes her brow; her fame is secure, while her face is still towards the morning. Yet, with the feverish longings for loftier achievements which ever burn the soul of the true artist, Miss Cotter has never been satisfied with what she has thus far accomplished, and probably never will. 'Excelsior' is her motto—a soul-hunger for the possession of the ideal—and which—alas!—through all the wistful years, is fed only with a sigh.

"Miss Cotter is the only artist from the West whose work is exhibited at the Pan-American; and we have read with pleasure the high eulogies passed upon it. One little piece, Head of Christ, sends one away softened and subdued; its full meaning reaches only the responsive soul, but it gives to all in sotto voce the fragrance of sweet consolation. It expresses sorrow, mingled with merciful, loving power. Here masculine strength is veiled in the sensitiveness of divine features, and the Head broadly portrays infinite intelligence. That portion of one's soul that in everyone remains unexpressed, could be stirred into speech in the presence of this sensitive piece of sacred marble.

"Miss Cotter makes her home in Ironton, Ohio,

with a priest brother who has achieved wide fame as a lecturer and in other literary lines. Needless to say that the tenderest affection exists between the two, and that the sunlight of happiness is never quenched in that home.

"Miss Cotter is a typical Irish girl, full of genius and enthusiasm, and the breeze of 'Bantry's bright hills' keeps her fresh and fair in her adopted home."

Speaking of Miss Cotter's latest—and, in the opinion of many critics, her best—work, "Saint John," the Catholic Union and Times of Oct. 17 says:

"St. John," herewith illustrated, came from Miss Cotter's hands only last April—just in time to secure for it a ready acceptance at the spring exhibition of the Cincinnati Art Museum, where it has since remained to have daily renewed the praises of the critics who first passed judgment upon it. While for me the "St. John" has not the aesthetic beauty and depth of tenderness of Miss Cotter's "Christ the Rejected," it is said by those better qualified to judge to be her best work, and to more clearly indicate the promised greatness I predicted for her four years ago. The meaning of the "St. John" may, perhaps, best be learned from these words of a critic in the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"It remained, however, for a young artist, and a woman at that—Miss Cotter, of the little town of Ironton, Ohio, to attempt what is seldom essayed by the masters, and then with misgivings, so difficult is it to get the spirit that distinguishes religious sculpture, the highest form of art, and hence the most difficult to execute. Her 'St. John,' a life-size seated figure, is superb. It has a character with a distinction that cannot be defined. This character removes it from its surroundings and wraps it in an atmosphere of simplicity, nobility and spirituality. The work is bold, broad and profound. Unlike most St. Johns that we have seen, the holy scribe is here represented as looking within for his inspirations. Not only mind, but muscle and bone, bend their energies to the one purpose of *thinking*. And he thinks—thinks from the massed hair of his finely developed head to his sensitive foot. Unity of purpose is in the composition; no part goes astray; there is no display; everything goes into expression. There is here a delicious calm, a quiet dignity; there is a silent eloquence speaking the moral lesson to all that, in art or out of it, there is nothing so attractive or so beautiful as the scholar devoting his mind to the Most High. . .

"The 'Head of Christ,' shown in the Western Artists' exhibit in Cincinnati about a year ago, promised a 'glorious morrow' for this lady, but nevertheless one is surprised at this masterpiece in the exhibit of 1901, where names to conjure with are so numerous—MacMonnies of Paris, Borglum of London, Adams of New York, and our own Barnhorn."

Here we are most concerned with and, if I may say it, more interested in Miss Cotter's "Christ, the Rejected," for we have it in our incomparable Pan-American Art Gallery, where the best work of the greatest of America's painters and sculptors is shown. That this young sculptor was able to secure entrance to our gallery at all is a tribute to her art. The force of this remark will be better appreciated when it is recalled that the abandonment of the Albright Gallery, which was originally intended for the Exposition exhibit, necessitated a large curtailment of space, the temporary gallery erected being very much smaller than the Albright Gallery.

That Art Director Wm. A. Coffin would establish the first great American salon was anticipated when the art world began to get an inkling of his plans, hence it is but natural that the demand for space was extraordinary, and many painters and sculptors of recognized standing were denied the much-coveted representation in the Pan-American gallery.

Were it my purpose to go into minute details, I would cite the fact that Miss Cotter has the only bit of Catholic art in the Exposition gallery; of the nine women sculptors represented she is the only one from the West, and she alone of all the exhibitors has not studied abroad. The whole progress of sculpture in all the Americas, from the beginning to the present day, is depicted by some sixty-one artists. To be one of these is an honor not lightly won.

The selection of the title "Christ, the Rejected," was an inspiration, it so happily fits the theme she essayed to interpret. One cannot look upon this bit of majestic marble without being impressed with the originality of the conception, nor fail to note the power which portrays the anguish expressed in every lineament. Still it is not quite the suffering that strikes one at first; to me the predominant expression is weariness—an utter weariness. Turning to the title, one understands the dominant characteristic of this face—the tense agony of "The Rejected;" through all the ages of the world—rejected, and by His own. As one studies the face there seems to pass over it a look of supreme resignation—that resignation which cried aloud, "Father, not My will, but Thine, be done."

Miss Cotter has succeeded admirably in the chiseled flesh. The lower part of the face seems drawn until the scarf-skin appears breaking, so life-like is it, while the sweat of agony is oozing

from the brow, which is smooth save for a slight corrugation showing the sublimity of mind conquering the physical Christ-man.

Another critic interprets the portrayal of "The Rejected" in these words: "It is a type commanding respect and reverence. The whole face is infinitely handsome. It is a face not refined by mere material beauty, but by the expression of gentle authority and limitless intellectual power. The eyes are looking down on the earth, but, because of their mystical dreaminess, seem not to have lost sight of heaven, to be centered on the divinity wherewith they glow. The forehead bespeaks breadth and depth of character, and is beautifully framed by the waving hair. The beard, too, accentuates, rather than hides, the fine oval of the lower face. It is ideal."

The discerning mind intuitively feels that there must have been a more than ordinary sympathy between the sculptor and her subject, for the "soul of the artist" is too manifest in the *feeling* of the piece to be itself unfelt. I was looking at "The Rejected" one day, when a lady paused beside me and gazed long and lovingly upon it. Her only comment was, "The sculptor must have experienced some great sorrow"—which, indeed, was true, for this work was done while the artist's heart was sore unto death over the loss of both her beloved parents within a few days of each other. The light had gone out of her life, and she turned for solace to the All-Sorrowful and mingled her grief with His; this was the time when "The Rejected" was conceived.

The Art Magazine for September has a crowning compliment for Miss Cotter. Edgar Cameron, the great philosopher of art, in a learned article on "Convention in Art," uses "Christ, the Rejected," to illustrate one of his thoughts, and "The Head of David," by Michael Angelo, the other. Grand company, that gives promise of immortality in no hesitating voice.

High praise, indeed, is all this for one so young, but the fire of genius burns brightly in her artist soul, and it requires no prophet to foretell that from her strong young hands will yet come work which will cause the whole world of art to ring with her fame.

It may not be without interest to say that at the close of the Pan-American Exposition, Miss Cotter's exhibit was the only piece of sculpture that bore the magic legend, "Sold." Just now she is engaged on a bust of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes of Covington, Ky. For ourselves, we hope some day, not far distant, that her unerring chisel may carve in imperishable marble the features of our venerated father and benefactor, the late Archbishop Lynch, of holy and happy memory, whose name shall live as long as the Loretto he loved so well towers above Niagara's sounding deeps.

GERTRUDE HEFFERAN.

## Miss Mildred Coffey's Letter from Sydney, Australia.

I—AN ex-pupil of Loretto—have had the pleasure of perusing some numbers of your very interesting publication, which have reached me at my antipodean home. It occurred to me that a few lines from my pen might be interesting, so I will give you a short account of my recent trip to New Zealand.

In January, I, accompanied by my aunt, an old pupil of Loretto, in Guelph, made a tour of the Hot Lakes of New Zealand. We left Sydney in the good ship "Sonoma," and arrived in due course at Auckland, a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, on the North Island. We spent most of our time in the Hot Lake country, making Rotorua our base, and there we had a good opportunity of seeing something of Maoriland.

The aborigines of New Zealand are Maoris, explained by some writers as the finest race of aborigines to be found in any country in the world. Rotorua lies on the shores of Lake Rotorua, commanding a splendid view of the Island of Mokoia, to which the Maoris have attached a very pretty legend.

On both sides of the town there is a Maori village. The one on the left, bearing the pretty native name of "Ohinemutu," is generally known as the "old settlement." It is there the Maoris have their sacred house of Tama-te-Kopua, and, two nights in the week, they give entertainments in the meeting-house for the public. The lengthy programme consists of two native dances, the "Haka" and "Poy." The Haka is in itself a very interesting item, but the noises made by the performers (evidently intended for an accompaniment) almost deafen one. They twist and turn their bodies into all shapes and forms imaginable, and shriek and yell and roar like wild beasts. The "Poy" is a rather graceful dance, and, to be an adept in it requires a great amount of practice and perseverance. In fact, two years' hard practice are required before they are considered fit to appear in public. It is done with what is called a "Poy," something the shape of a corn cob with

a string attached, and they twist and turn it in all possible directions as fast as lightning. The village about two miles to the right of Rotorua, is called by the appalling name of "Whakarewarewa," and it is there that all the great geysers are. The New Zealand Government has bought most of the land round there from the natives. One of the most famous geysers is called "Pohutu," and plays only once a day. It has what is called an Indicator, in the shape of a large boiling caldron, which overflows when the geyser is about to play. One afternoon, a party of us went out and waited two or three hours for an indication. At last, the caldron rose, overflowed, and, all of a sudden, Pohutu sent forth an enormous column of boiling water, accompanied by a terrific amount of steam, to the height of a hundred feet or more. The afternoon's sun, shining on the water, made it sparkle like myriads of diamonds, and a lovely rainbow shining through it completed this gorgeous scene. It was a magnificent sight and one not soon to be forgotten. A little beyond "Pohutu" there is a minature terrace of rainbow rock, which was formed by the boiling water pouring down on it from a geyser that shot up in the center some sixteen years ago, but ceased to play last October. If this geyser had remained in action, the terrace would have developed like the Pink and White Terraces of Roto-Mahana, which were destroyed by the eruption of Mount Tarawera, in 1886. While the geyser was working, anything put into its waters would petrify in the short period of three weeks, and the Maoris used to amuse themselves by throwing in dead animals.

The great attraction of Rotorua is the Hospital and Sanitarium. The latter is enclosed in a beautiful garden, tastefully laid out, and carefully cultivated, with fountains, tennis lawn, arbors and pretty, shady walks. The most remarkable of the curative springs and baths are the "Te Pupunitanga" or The Priest's bath, the "Whangapipiro" or Madam Rachael's bath, and "Waikorihon" or The Postmaster's bath.

The Priest's bath cured poor old Father Mahony, who was crippled with rheumatism and unable to move, of many an ache. As his was the first reliable cure, and he scraped the hole a little larger, it was called after him. This bath consists chiefly of sulphate of soda, lime, iron, magnesia, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid and sulphuretted hydrogen. Madam Rachael's bath is really a pleasure bath, and supposed to make the skin beautiful. The Postmaster's bath is almost intolerable, and very few people can take it. It is the strongest acidic water in the district, and most valuable in cases of rheumatism or such like complaints, but, for immersion of the whole body, requires great care and caution.

Some ten miles' drive from Rotorua is a thermal center of deep interest. It is a desolate valley of solfatara mud holes, and boiling springs in furious activity, and usually covered by dense clouds of steam. In the center of the valley lie two boiling lakes, separated by a narrow piece of land, upon which the spectator can stand and realize the mighty forces that make the earth tremble, and confuse his senses. This narrow bridge bears the appropriate name of the "Gates of Hades." The repulsive odor of the sulphuretted hydrogen is wafted in the dense steam clouds, through which the boiling waves on both sides can occasionally be discerned. The temperature of these lakes is 230 degrees. A little to the north is the "Inferno," a precipitous, yawning, black pit in which a great mud geyser is tossing and dashing its seething contents in a fury, well worthy of its name. Beyond the "Inferno" is a track leading to the Hot Water Falls, where a warm stream leaps down over the primrose-shaded rocks, in a series of small cascades. About a mile's walk from Tikitere, through a most picturesque bush, is a beautiful sapphire-colored lake, generally known as the "Blue Lake." The waters of this lovely lake are always a deep sapphire blue, no matter how black may be the sky overhead. Tall fern-covered cliffs tower above it, on every side, and it is surrounded by a beach of the purest white sand. From Tikitere can be seen the dreadful Tarawera, which wrought such destruction sixteen years ago. Since the eruption, it has become one of the sights of the district. The view from its summit is a magnificent one, a chain of eight lovely lakes being visible to the naked eye. The New Zealand ferns are wonderful, both in size, variety, and beauty.

One of the inconveniences of living in this thermal district is, that people are never certain that a new geyser will not surprise them at any moment. In a cottage, back of where we were, one night a geyser shot up in the kitchen, bursting through the floor and ceiling.

During our stay at the Lakes, we made the acquaintance of an old friend of Loretto, in the person of His Grace Archbishop Redwood, who, you remember, visited Niagara a few years ago. He

spoke in glowing terms of the convent and its inmates, and of how much he enjoyed his stay there.

His Grace is really one of the most charming gentlemen I have ever met, and he was kindness itself to auntie and me. His violin is simply glorious—a Stradivarius, worth a thousand pounds sterling. He very graciously allowed me the honor and privilege of playing on it to him, one evening that he called. You have heard His Grace's sympathetic performance on this queen of instruments, and can understand the treat we had when he played.

I have a very fine instrument myself—an Amati, two hundred and eighty years old, presented to me last year by a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, who was kind enough to show his appreciation of my playing in this way. He had had the fiddle for twenty-two years, and, I assure you, it cost him something to part with it.

The Catholic Church in Rotorua is a quaint little old building on the brow of the hill, between Rotorua and Ohinemutu. It covers an area of about forty square yards, and is curiously ornamented inside by the Maoris, the exterior is stained with yellow sap, which the Maoris use for painting their dwellings, and extract from the trunk of a tree of New Zealand. Nearly all the Maoris that are not heathens are Catholics, and the mission belongs to an Order of Dutch priests.

In conclusion, I am somewhat apprehensive as to whether these lines are of interest. My father (who was born about eighty miles east of Niagara, at Warsaw, N. Y., and who is generally known to the "Rainbow" as "The Australian Duke,") tells me of your immense waterfalls, your icebergs ,and your frigid climate. Think of it! I never saw natural ice or snow in my life! But I have seen the temperature 120 degrees in the shade. I left Loretto (Hornsby) last December. My Alma Mater is seven hundred feet above sea level, and some twelve or thirteen miles from the Southern Pacific Ocean. I feel I almost know the homes of Loretto in Niagara, Guelph and Toronto, from letters and descriptions that my family receives from that far-away northern land.

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## What We Found in Our Letter-Box.

DEAR GIRLS:

Many thanks for the interesting copies of the NIAGARA RAINBOW. The pleasure derived from them will remain with me for many moons. Loretto's pure atmosphere rises as incense from the shrine of memory, and, while reading, I live again the calm, soulful life of the convent.

Fondly,

JUANITA.

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DEAR SISTER:

Please accept my tardy, though all-sincere, thanks for the RAINBOW. It is ever fresh, and pure, and beautiful to me, bringing also the dearest memories of Niagara.

Perhaps some coming number of the Magazine may find room for the enclosed thought, should you think it worthy of the light. I have not much time for rhyming now, but occasionally a stray idea comes during my long country rides, and when not too weary from work, I dot it down.

I at one time cherished the hope of visiting the Exposition—and, of course, seeing my Niagara friends—but the prospect seems waning. As ever,

Very truly yours,

CLAUDE BAXLEY.

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DEAR SISTER:

It was like shaking hands with an old friend to see your familiar chirography and read once more the dear old RAINBOW which brought us a real breath of home, and made us wish for the time to hasten which would bring us back to our dear native land and the loved ones there. We have been in Europe nearly a year and a half, and have seen many new sights this time, for, besides the wonderful Passion Play, we had the privilege of following the steps of our Lord in the Holy Land, and of visiting the marvellous antiquities of Egypt and Greece.

The winter in Rome was a delightful one—barring the fact that, toward the end, one of our party took small-pox through a visit to Naples, and was sent to the Lazaretto for a month, though, fortunately, the case proved a light one. We had the happiness of visiting Subiaco and the veritable monastery founded by St. Benedict, in 392. It can never crumble because of being cut in the solid rock. The walls of the ancient chapel form a real history of art, being decorated by all successive painters from the earliest known to Giotto and Tintoretto. Just across the valley from this convent is one of those old, old towns of the Middle Ages, perched on the very summit of a high hill. The monk who escorted us around told me that up there the people have no water except what is brought from the river below, and it takes the women *one* hour to walk down and

*two* to climb up again with their heavy burdens. We went to Siena, too, and saw the home of the famous Catharine and the places where the wonderful miracles were worked for her. The reputation of this great Saint is all that keeps this ancient city from falling into utter decay, for though it has many of the finest works of Sadoma and other great artists, and some wonderful old palaces, yet the difficulty in reaching these, together with miserable railroad connections, causes the city to be avoided by the greater part of travellers. Though only twenty-five miles from Florence, it took us *four* and a half hours to reach Siena by *train* from that city.

Another of our pleasant pilgrimages was to Assisi and the tomb of the great Francis. That is a spot full of pious associations and interesting places. We saw the body of St. Clare—dead five hundred years, but still perfectly preserved, with smiling face and supple limbs as if only lately laid in her golden chasse. Of course, we heard Mass in the little Portiuncula, enclosed now in the centre of a church almost as large as St. Peter's in Rome—and visited the garden of miraculous thornless roses, and the fig tree—or one on the same spot—from which the grasshopper used to sing in concert with St. Francis, and everything else of interest round and about Assisi. The drive from there to Perugia by carriage is one never to be forgotten, for the roads are like floors, and the beautiful Umbrian hills and smiling, fertile valleys offer enchanting prospects on every side.

We have spent the past seven weeks in Brittany, with our headquarters at Dinard—the beautiful—and while you have all been groaning with heat, we have been sleeping under blankets and wearing winter underclothes. This is a real English and American colony, and on every side, one hears one's own language, and from many of the elegant villas floats the Britsh or American flag. From here we have made many pleasant expeditions, the most interesting of all being that to Mt. St. Michel, the grand old rock that has been surmounted by a church almost ever since France has had a history. This rock also shelters about two or three hundred people whose houses cling to it like swallows' nests to a big barn; and, until the past two decades of years, it was entirely cut off from the mainland at high water. But now, with modern progress, they have built a dyke, so that our horses landed us under the very shadow of the ancient barbican when we drove from Portorson—the nearest railway station. The paternal government of France has wrested from the hands of its owners the curious old cloister and the really wonderful church which crowns the summit of the rock and is rightly called "la Merveille," so the sounds of praise and chanting of monks are no more heard there; but the State is slowly restoring the old church building which has been fourteen times struck by lightning and each time burned in a greater or less degree. They have also recently put up, on the pinnacle, a new statue of St. Michael, which is forty feet high, but which looks to us, who gaze at it from below, about the size of an ordinary man.

All the cities in Brittany—with few exceptions—and those in our immediate neighborhood particularly, are called for the saints, and we have taken pleasant jaunts to St. Malo, St. Servan, St. Pain, St. Enojat, St. Lunaire, St. Briac, and many others whose names are not familiar to our calendar. The people are honest and self-respecting, and the women continue to wear the picturesque cap of their ancestors, though I have often seen it accompanied with kid gloves and gowns of the finest material. Dinard has little of antiquity about it except the tombs of Simon de Montfort and his brother and the du Guesclins, but they are in the old priory, over which a new and not at all beautiful church has been built. The views, however, are enchanting on every side, and not the least interesting is that of the old walled city of St. Malo, with its ancient château and thirteenth century houses, while just below, at St. Servan, stands the massive tower of Solidon, that Browning sings of in one of his most interesting poems.

Next week we shall bid farewell to this charming "Emerald Coast" and go to London for a month, before taking our final departure for home. I must not forget to tell you that, last winter, I often heard Mass in the church of San Andrea del Frate, where there is a beautiful statue of your dear patroness, which I never passed without a little prayer for your intentions. It was in this church, you remember, that the Jew, Ratisbonne, was miraculously converted.

Affectionately,

Julia Ward.

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My Dear J.—

Only I know you love to hear news from the Eternal City, I would be tempted to think

that my great sheet of paper might bore you. Some day you may come with Rev. Mother to Rome and see all that I describe. How lovely that would be!

The Holy Father is well, but we do not see him so often since the close of the Holy year. The last time I saw him was at the Consistory, and on a previous occasion I had a very delightful audience when the "Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches" was received by His Holiness. Altar linens, vestments, and everything necessary for church purposes, were given by the members of the Association in every part of the world, as a Jubilee offering. Each member was presented to the Holy Father, and as I was the only American, I enjoyed a few special words.

An account of the celebration of one of the greatest Roman Feasts—that of Sts. Peter and Paul, Protectors of the Eternal City—will interest you. For nine days previous to the occasion, the great bells of St. Peter's rang three times each day for an hour, in honor of the Prince of the Apostles, in every Basilica, church, monastery, and convent in which the Novena was made, preparatory to the Feast. In the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter's, especially, was the celebration beautiful and solemn. In the central iron entrance a huge net of the Fisherman hung, made of fresh myrtle entwined with gold braid, and beneath passed men of every description—patriarchs, bishops, religious of every Order, princes and beggars, old and young, all sorts and conditions of men. On the eve, the beautiful First Vespers were sung, attracting great crowds, but the early morning of the Feast was more religious, as thousands from every part of the city came to the shrine of the Apostles to receive Holy Communion in their honor. Masses were continuously celebrated at the many altars of the grand Basilicas, and countless were the Communions received in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Lights burned on every altar all day; on the Papal Altar were the treasures of the Basilica, the golden crucifix and candelabra of Benvenuto Cellini, the magnificent antependium—one mass of heavy gold embroidery; around the eighty-nine ever-burning lamps of the Confession lovely fresh flowers from the Vatican Gardens were entwined, shedding a delicious perfume. At the foot of the Papal Altar—at which only the Holy Father may offer the Great Sacrifice—a temporary altar was erected, and, at eleven o'clock, His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, Archpriest of the Basilica, pontificated, his Mass being accompanied by the beautiful music of the Papal Choir. The crowd present was so great that one scarcely saw His Eminence, the Assistant Bishops, Monsignori, and Canons of the Chapter of St. Peter's, but there were so many Masses, one might assist and also listen to the sweet music.

The great statue of St. Peter was in gorgeous Pontifical vestments—the Cope, the Tiara on the head, the Ring of the Fisherman on the finger. Every Roman wishes to pay homage to St. Peter, so a file of guards marshalled the great crowd advancing to kiss the foot of the first Vicar of Christ. In the afternoon, at six o'clock, Grand Vespers were sung—this service attracts an enormous crowd, for the 29th being a holiday of obligation and universally observed, all may attend. A countless multitude filled the church all day, one met one's friends and acquaintances—indeed devout strangers were probably shocked at the talking, but the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is like a separate church, so no one scruples the apparent irreverence. The music was again superb. All anxiously waited for the hymn, "Felix Roma"—sung only on this Feast in St. Peter's—"Happy Rome," because in this Holy City is the treasure of the Relics of the Prince of the Apostles. The music, arranged by the venerable Mustapha, for more than fifty years Direttore of the Papal Choir, was certainly most impressive. During this exquisite hymn all hearts thrilled with devotion, and silence fell on the multitude. Compline followed, and just as the Office ended and darkness was falling on the great Basilica, suddenly from its mighty roof came a burst of electric light which illuminated the whole edifice. Now all turned to the five grand entrances thrown open during the day, two for exit and three for ingress. As the crowd filled the Piazza, the façade was illuminated—a very simple display compared to the grand, artistic beauty of that before the sad year eighteen hundred and seventy, since when the Dome of St. Peter's has never been illuminated. In the Borgo—the district of St. Peter's—all the houses were decorated with colored draperies from the windows. Magnificent carriages, cabs, electric trams and omnibuses bore away numbers of people, but the majority walked, so the streets leading from St. Peter's were crowded. After this Feast one realized for a time that Rome is still faithful to

St. Peter, and trusted that, through the intercession of the holy Protector of the Church, the Vicar of Christ may have his own restored.

We made quite a day at St. Peter's, by going out very early for Communion, then to a Ristorante in the Piazza, where many little white-covered tables were set on the sidewalk, for our coffee and roll, then back to the Basilica for the later Mass. We returned home for luncheon, and 6 p. m. found us again in St. Peter's.

We shall leave Rome very soon for our "Villegiatura" and go to the sea till October, when you will hear from me again. Affectionately,

MARY D. HART.

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DEAR SISTER:

What a glorious place Rathfarnham is! I never saw such gardens! And the pretty lake within the grounds, spanned by a bridge! Rathfarnham is a spot one may read of, but must see in order to realize its beauty. The chapel, with its two marble altars—the high altar has a marble screen—is magnificent.

Our reception at the dear Abbey was most cordial. The nuns showed us everything, and afterwards entertained us at tea. How proud I felt of being a Loretto pupil!

While in Dublin we visited All Hallows College—its founder was grandpapa's cousin, so you may imagine how heartily we were welcomed, and what a pleasant afternoon we spent there.

On our way to Glasgow we remained at Ayr for a day. It is a most interesting place. The cottage in which Burns was born is about two miles outside the town. In it are many articles connected with him and his family—a bed, an old-fashioned "dresser," which we would call a sideboard, chairs, mugs, &c. At a short distance is the monument to Burns, an immense stone structure surrounded by well-kept gardens; in it are the Bible which the poet gave to Highland Mary, and Jean Armour's wedding ring. In a sort of grotto close by are statues of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny" drinking. What impresses me particularly is the way in which these places are taken care of by the government. As we stood on the "Brig o' Doon," an old man played on the violin and sang "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?" with the strongest Scotch accent I ever heard. At the point where we stood, the Doon seemed its prettiest.

We have been to the Glasgow Exhibition twice. The Art Gallery is exceedingly enjoyable. There are not many Americans here—at least, not as many as we expected. To-day, Sunday, it is pouring rain, and Glasgow is dull enough on Sundays, without rain. To-morrow we start on a trip through the Trossachs and Walter Scott country. We expect to sail on Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and then go on to Melrose, thence to York and Cambridge before reaching London in time for the Regatta. I shall hope to hear from you there. Fondly,

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

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DEAR RAINBOW:

Just a few lines from your old friend who so delights in your visits from far-off Niagara, and who loves to send you her views of other lands and people—whenever she has any to send. To begin with: just now the English public are very indignant over the dastardly attempt on the life of President McKinley and its fatal consequences.

To my mind, this has not been a pleasant summer in England, there is still the shadow of mourning over the land, intensified by the continuance of the war, in its guerilla phase, and so many families have been bereaved that a settled gloom is everywhere visible.

During the month of June I was in France—Paris never looked so lovely. The new bridge over the Seine—Pont Alexandre III.—is a work of real art, and altogether the improvements made previous to last year's exhibition, were probably more in evidence this year because of the absence of the crowds and bustle of the past season. I spent most of my time at Maison Laffitte, a lovely village on the borders of the forests of St. Germain, with my cousins. The scenery in the neighborhood is very pretty, and the beautiful Seine meanders through the district, so that boating is a pleasant feature of a holiday passed there. I paid a visit to Malmaison for the first time and was much interested in the tombs of Josephine and Hortense, which are in the village church. There is a life-size figure of Josephine, in a kneeling posture, over her tomb, and an entrance to the crypt beneath the tomb of Hortense. Many tributes of affection are to be seen there, as well as remains of souvenirs, placed within it at the time of the interment. The guide told us that the ex-Empress Eugénie generally visits these tombs when she comes to Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Law, of San Francisco, with their sons, were in Paris when I was there, and all, ex-

cept the Doctor, were with me on most of my peregrinations. We visited St. Denis, but, as I have already written you my impressions of that fine old cathedral and its tombs, I shall make no further comment.

I must ask you to correct an error that appeared in my letter relating to Switzerland. *Matterhorn,* I think, appeared whereI should have written *Rothhorn.* The position and localities of these two are so different that the substitution of one name for the other makes subsequent and preceding remarks as to views, &c., seem out of place.

I very often visit the convent of the Holy Child, at St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, which so much reminds me of dear Loretto, the dress being similar, and the regulations, &c., equally so. There is a fine boarding school attached to St. Leonard's branch, attended by many pupils from abroad. The convent is built on one of the heights overlooking the sea, and has a large piece of ground attached to it. Some of the older pupils, assisted by the nuns, edit a small Magazine, which, I understand, is confined to the convent precincts, instead of going abroad and around to brighten the universe like yourself, dear RAINBOW. May your brilliance increase, and your arc never grow less! With love and sweet remembrance,

Your devoted friend,

JOSIE O'DOWDA.

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O SISTER MINE—MARGARET—

Thy missive, perfumed with the fragrance of thy presence and the scent of the flowers of fair Canadian meadows, bringing with it memories of happy days passed amid scenes of quiet loveliness and splendid grandeur, brought also to the weary spirit of thy brother, peace and happiness.

Thy wish, which to me is a command, that I send thee some tin wherewith to buy some cosmetics for thy toilet—but, O maiden, whose skin is of the softness and whiteness of drifted snow, and whose cheek is like unto the blushing petal of a rosebud, what need hast thou of cosmetics? As the immortal poet has written:

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Nevertheless, O Gul-Bahar, thy commands would be obeyed and even now a trusty guard would be convoying bullock-carts laden with tin to thee, had not my store of this metal consisted of but two or three empty tobacco boxes, which, I fear me, the mercenary tradesmen would not accept as currency. On next Saturday, when my salary as minor chief of the body-guard of the house of G— falls due, I shall fail not to send thee two lahks of rupees. Last salary day my creditors descended upon me in their tens of thousands and left me but barely enough wherewith to purchase refreshment in the bazars in the noon hour. I shall attain my majority, O Rose of Spring, one month from to-day, but of this—more anon. A messenger has arrived from M—— whose palace is on 17th Street, asking our presence there to meet some visiting nobles. I go to make excuses for our father, who is attending the christening feast of a prince born to the Royal House of McKenna, in the Kingdom of Brooklyn.

May thy pathway be strewn with flowers and the sweet music of birds attend thee wherever thou goest. Thy Brother,

DAVID.

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## To Carmen Sylva.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
  Wien's sweet bud in noontide bloom,
Twining memory's softest garlands
  On a white, rose-wreathed tomb;
Summer sunbeams, wooing, sought thee,
  Then the death-pale shadows wove
Silver veils of mourning round thee,
  Lingering on thy harp of love.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
  Singer of the woodland ways,
Sorrow-guided, sorrow-lifted,
  Tenderly I watch thy lays;
Watch the love, all love excelling,
  Ringing through the "fairy" strain,
Watch thee, childless mother, chanting
  Joys that faded into pain.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
  Thou hast jewels and a throne,
Yet the golden glory paleth
  Near some treasures all thine own;
When thy spirit-pearls are scattered
  Over many a far-off scene,
Let not sadness ever greet them,
  Care these jewels, poet queen.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
In thy gentle woman heart,
Musing on the power that healeth,
Praise the wise physician's art;
Yea, but own the nobler mission,
Given to those whose wise control
Guides the weak and heavy-laden,
Binding up the wounded soul.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
Life is lone, forbid us not,
Trust unfaltering, trust supernal,
Pause before our sheltered spot.
Pause! The soul with grief o'erburdened
Oft hath learned the peace of tears
Where, beside the Sacred Fountain,
Stays the Comforter of years.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
Not for thee the veilèd shrinè,
Not for thee its inner breathings,
Not for thee its power divine!
Bend we not in earthly homage,
Bend we at a viewless Throne,
And a voice is answering ever,
Still to thee, alas! unknown.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
We who tread another road,
We who through the mortal shadows
See the Spirit-light of God,
Leave us in the Temple foldings,
Leave us to the peace we know,
Carmen Sylva! where we're resting
Thy free footsteps cannot go.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
Why with yearning goeth forth
All my soul, in pleading accents,
Seeking the Roumanian earth?
Why? Because thy harp, entoning
Love and sorrow, sought this scene,
And my spirit, space forgetting,
Calls thee sister, poet Queen.

M. G. R.

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While we are young life is always inviting us somewhere, and we accept the invitations without thinking whether they will lead us to Bicêtre or to a quiet cottage in our old age.

## Our Games.

BASKET-BALL continues its hold on our young athletes, who avail themselves of this brisk October weather to indulge in its delights, and even forego for its sake their walks to historic Drummondville—to those who are familiar with its manifold beauties, the name is associated with pleasant reminiscences of scenic loveliness, but to those to whom that enjoyment has been denied, it conveys no indication of its real character. Think of it! Sacrificing those delightful rambles to this city of the dead, fraught with such old-time memories! And, by the way, I wonder why there is such an expression of hostility in the face of the solitary cow, grazing so peacefully by the roadside? When she spies my red jacket, it positively changes to anger—the said red jacket has excited the ire of others than the cow, but that is another story. We are not cowards—far from it—still when such a ferocious specimen of the bovine kind crosses our path—or we cross hers—the first impulse is to seek safety in flight—in every direction! Ah, me, what tales those fences, sacred to convent memories, could tell! But they will not.

Well, I must let my readers, and especially the "old girls," draw on imagination, and hasten to the games, though half reluctant to take part, when deep down in my heart I know that Drummondville is sacrificed. Thank goodness there is some excitement at last, though no competition—except in the exercise of the lungs. The air is filled with the pleasant hum of conversation from the by-standers, the little ones shout from the teeter, free as the birds that wing their flight above them—and what pen wielded by human hand can describe the light-hearted ringing laughter of children on such occasions. A courteous solicitude for their respective teams is manifested by Captains Perrin and Ducey, which induces a feeling of satisfaction, and, in proportion as the day grows colder, our spirits mount higher, we enter more heartily into the game, the excitement increases, and the "brown ball" is seldom seen in the same pair of anxious hands.

This year, our season has opened with good promise and a marked improvement in knowledge of the game—one of the players has had a well-established reputation, besides the experience of last term, in fact, we might well be excused for entertaining the hope that this, our second year,

"CHRIST, THE REJECTED."—By Sara Cecelia Cotter.
Exhibited at Pan-American Art Gallery.

SARA CECELIA COTTER.

will be still more successful than the last. All work energetically and are on the way to become excellent Basket-Ballers.

Another game in which the juniors have become quite skilled, is Base-Ball. The older students do not encroach upon their ground for fear of a selection from their midst of a referee!!

Tennis, though not madly exciting, is still popular, and has the advantage of permitting its players to stroll leisurely to Drummondville, bask in its sunshine, gaze upon its picturesque landscapes, and keep *au courant* with the proceedings of the age!!!

EDYTH QUINN.

The great Napoleon was never a literary man, nor even a correct writer. French orthography ever remained a great mystery to him, and the desire to hide this weakness caused him to employ an undecipherable chirography well adapted to cover his orthographical defects. It is said in connection with this that in the early days of the Empire a man of very modest aspect presented himself before the Emperor. "Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Sire, I had the honor, at Brienne, for fifteen months, of giving writing lessons to your Majesty." "You turned out a nice pupil!" said the Emperor with vivacity. "I congratulate you on your success!" But, nevertheless, he conferred a pension upon his old master.

There is always someone to smile at, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or even an old paper will be a boon. These small attentions will open the way to confidence, will make it possible that in need these friends will give you opportunities to help them, which, unless you had shown thoughtfulness and regard for them, they could never have done. A quiet, sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs the help which you can so efficiently give.

When we dream of fame we little know what it is—the eternal adieu to privacy, the eternal self-surrender to the crowd. Alcibiades loved the crowd. There are many like him in all countries, but *les sensitives* hate it, shrink from it, try to bar it out with their bare arm, which gets broken in the struggle, like the Scottish maiden's in history. The price paid is too heavy. All the shade, and the freshness, and the leafy by-paths of life are denied us forever. There are only the great high road, the crude, hard light, the gaping multitude that slaves and grins till we give up the ghost!

## School Chronicle.

September third—Opening Day and a cordial "welcome back" to Loretto. Many new students replace the old, all determined to act well their parts, but dear "Peggy's" gentle presence, the merry twinkle in Julia's black eye, stately "Lady Macbeth"—Edna, as we saw her on Commencement Day—Kitty's sweet smile, and Mabel's ever-helpful hand are missing, alas!

Tennis, Basket-Ball—in fact, all sports—are abandoned this week, as the girls *unselfishly* give all their energy to the exercise of one important—if sometimes unruly—member, the tongue!!! The grounds present an unusually animated appearance, with their groups of happy girls wandering beneath the shady trees, each one relating to her bosom friend her delightful experiences of the vacation. Much interest is felt in the conversation of a certain little lady from Lynn—but this is a digression, and "quite another story," as our friend, Kipling, says.

September thirteenth—A visit from Alice Lawlor, member of the staff of '98 and '99. Alice always avails herself of an opportunity to visit her Alma Mater, and we admire and appreciate her spirit of loyalty. The reunion is mutually enjoyed, and the present staff wishes Alice much success in her efforts to obtain an honorary A. B. in the near future.

September eighteenth—Old Sol smiles! The seniors are in a state of high felicity, for, owing to his prolonged period of gloom, our annual trip to Toronto had been postponed till to-day. From Queenston across the lake the sail has been serenely enjoyable—the Fates were less kind to the class of '01, that saw so little of the ever-widening expanse they had invaded, with such disastrous results—but, though the tempest-swept waters are at rest, the much-dreaded *mal de mer* has a few victims, whose condition, however, is not alarming, for just now they seem to be realizing the necessity of sustaining their weakness.

Our destination—the Abbey—is reached, where we are charmingly entertained, and meet a former classmate—dear Mary McHale, now S. M. Immaculata. How happy she looks in her cap and veil! We almost envy her the peace she knows.

A thankful, reluctant good-bye to the religious and young ladies, who have made the day delightful in every detail, and we turn our faces Niagara-ward.

September twenty-second—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in the convent chapel by Very Rev. C. C. Morrison, M. A. O. C. D., Jerusalem, Palestine. Apart from being a highly cultured gentleman, Father Morrison's extensive travels make his conversation most interesting. We hope to give our readers the benefit of his notes, at no distant day.

September twenty-seventh—Reorganization of St. Catharine's Literary Club. Officers elected for the coming year. President, Berenice Golden; Vice-President, Gertrude Hefferan; Secretary, Sadie Bell; Treasurer, Gertrude Madden. Margaret Fitz-Gerald's name proposed for membership, and unanimously accepted.

October first—A reunion of "old girls" is always a delightful feature of the scholastic year. On the first, we welcomed the Misses Smith, Kean, Formosa, and Mabel O'Brien.

October second—A "sweet surprise!" the schoolgirl's foible—the doctor's abomination?

October seventh—"The Battle of The Strong," fought last evening, will be passed down to posterity as the most glorious victory recorded in the annals of St. Catharine's Literary Club. Into the *sanctum*, the scene of conflict, marched twenty gallant maidens, armed with literary weapons and shields, bearing the device, "We conquer or die." It was evident from the start that the contest would be an exciting one. The leaders fought bravely to the last, but after an hour's action, Gertrude Madden's Company was compelled to "pass under the yoke." The victors, led by Josephine Foster, in this memorable battle, in which that powerful weapon, the pen, played such an important part, were most generous—in fact, *sweetly* so.

October tenth—The chime of distant wedding bells had prepared us for a visit from Mrs. Harry Cafferty—née Alpha Ford—and Mr. Cafferty, whom we so warmly congratulated to-day. Alpha, who was a general favorite at school, retains all that simple, winning personality that endeared her alike to teachers and companions, and we fondly hope her path may be as rose-strewn as our dearest wishes would make it.

October seventeenth—We rejoice to find by the "Union and Times," just received, that the Art Magazine for September has a crowning compliment for Miss Cotter. Edgar Cameron, the great philosopher of art, in a learned article on "Convention in Art," uses "Christ the Rejected" to illustrate one of his thoughts, and "The Head of David," by Michael Angelo, the other. Grand company, that gives promise of immortality in no hesitating voice.

Before closing the Chronicle, I have been requested to enter a plea for the "Letter-Box Department" of our Magazine, and solicit contributions to it from the readers and friends of the RAINBOW, who may adopt a *nom de plume*, or use their own, as it suits them best.

BERENICE GOLDEN.

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The saddest way of wasting time is by needless criticism of others. You do not know the environments of your neighbor's life that force her to look shabby, or appear, on the other hand, to dress beyond her means. Perhaps by self-sacrifice, of which your and my selfish soul never dreamed, she is denying herself that someone else may have the good gifts of the gods; or, perhaps, the finery you criticise is the donation of rich relatives made over with good taste to look like new. It is the worst sort of misspent time to try and see running water through a stone wall, and yet that feat is not so difficult of accomplishment as to judge a person's life behind a bulwark of circumstances.

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A charming story is told of Queen Alexandra, which serves to prove the beauty of her character. When she was yet Princess of Wales she was once shown through the museum of Scotland Yard, containing the photographs of countless rogues, and also some of the methods, scientific and legal, for tracing crime and for punishing it. "It is all very clever," said the kindly Princess, with a sigh, "but if the world were as anxious to discover and reward the good men as it is the bad, what a pleasant place it would be."

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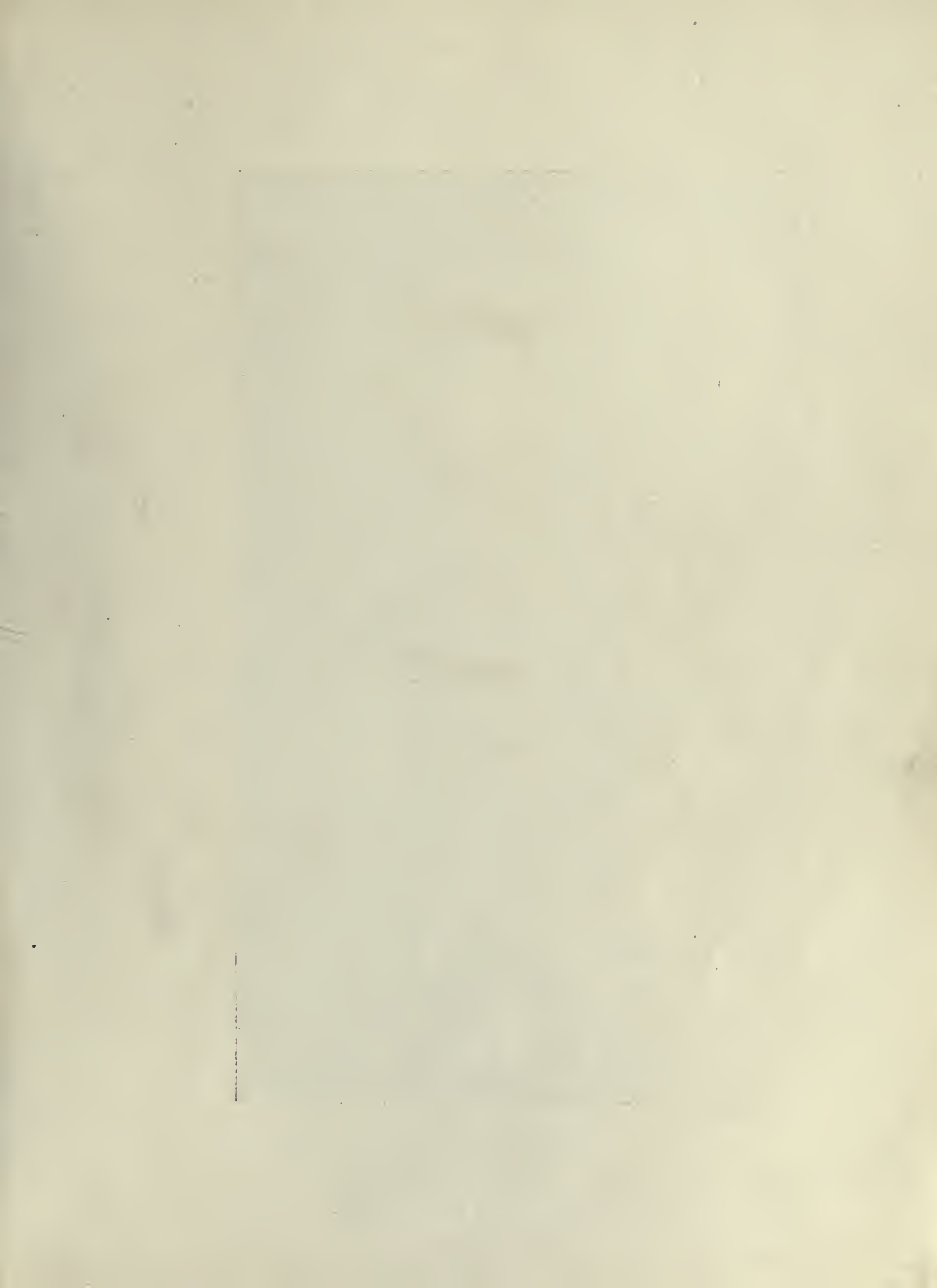
Fashions of dress come from some obscure room, in some luxurious and corrupt city, where, by a sort of secret society of folly, rules are laid down, and decrees come forth year after year, which are followed with a servility and, we may say, with a want of Christian dignity, so that the foolish fashion that some foolish person has foolishly invented is propagated throughout the civilized world. Women of another age did not bend and undulate with every wind that was wafted over the sea.



Prospect Park from the Tower.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. V. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., OCTOBER, 1898. No. 4

## Loretto.

My birthday dream is a dream come true!
The luminous blue of the August noon
Is purpling the light of the diamond swirl.
The surf's white soul, in symphonious tune,
Is thrilling the air and the opal whirl.
My Niagara dream is a dream of you!

August 14, 1898. CLARA CONWAY.

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## A Run into Bavaria.

(CONTINUED.)

THE time was early in November, the weather mild and for the most part fine, and I was the guest of the *Englischen Fräulein* at Nymphenburg, near Munich. They entrusted me with all the papers in their possession that tell of the English origin of the Institute of Mary, and I threw myself into the work of deciphering and transcribing with all my heart. My quarters were with Herr Beichvater, the confessor of the Convent, and Herr Inspector, whose duties in the school are evident, without any translation of his official title. At once they made me feel thoroughly at home, and it would not have been possible for them to have been more hospitable. But the kindest and most hearty hospitality cannot make a place agree with you, though in the retrospect, happily, the remembrance of the kindness remains and the upsetedness gets forgotten. If my friends could have prevented it, they would have done so; but in spite of them I could not help recalling the answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" "That depends on the liver." Perhaps it was the climate, perhaps the diet; even the bed may have had something to do with it. I was thoroughly amused when my reverend hosts attributed my miseries, not to the *cuisine*. but to my not smoking after meals. It is a custom of the country, and by force of a universal habit it seems no excess to them. The meal is not over before the cigars are lighted, and everything to eat or to drink creates a craving for smoke. Of course, some Englishmen smoke as much, but with us the natural consequence of a nervous breakdown seems to follow more often than with the Germans. This they accounted for naturally enough, by saying that the cigars are better in Bavaria than in England.

Another national usage which Bavarians consider beneficial, but which would soon put an end to me, is the consumption of beer by the *litre,* and sometimes by more litres than one. It is true that it is not at all heady, and I imagine pure and unadulterated. It was curious to see the number of vans on the line at Munich, specially constructed for *bier-transport.* At a station on the railway where there was a refreshment-room, a little shelf was put round the lamp-posts, on which beer glasses could be left. There is no doubt a wide demand for Bavarian beer in other countries, so that the vansful are not all for home consumption. Years ago, on the Rhine I think it was, I remember an English lady asking her maid how she got on at the servants' *table d'hôte,* and she said: "Very well, ma'am; but they call the beer *parish beer.* I'm sure I don't know why, for it was very good." I cannot see the words "Bayerisches bier," without thinking of it.

A German bed—I must put down a word or two about it, just as if no one had ever seen one before. First of all, three pillows or four, piled

up, occupy one-third of the space. Why the head of the sleeper is not allowed to go nearer to the head of the bed, I cannot imagine. But it has been so from time immemorial, for there is our Blessed Lady in all those old carvings and pictures with pillows just like these, except that hers are gilt and mine are not. Next comes a sheet sown to or buttoned on a quilt or blanket, just the width of the bed, so that tucking in is impossible; and on the top of all the famous *plumeau*, the eider-down pillow, which you so often see hanging out of windows in the day, and which at night puzzles the stranger, how with this thing over him, he is to get to sleep, or to keep asleep, when he has got there. Certainly I knew all about it before, but experimental knowledge brings a thing home.

One day, when thoroughly out of sorts, Herr Inspector carried me off to Tölz, a little place at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. I should find it well worth while to come, he said, as it was the feast of St. Leonard, and all the farmers of the neighborhood brought their horses to St. Leonard's Chapel on a hill-top to be blessed. We started early on a very unpromising morning, and this was the more enterprising as the train from Munich was advertised to start, like our stage coaches long ago, "weather permitting." The railway officials were weather-wise enough to think that it would clear, as indeed it did; and so we started with a train full of people bound on a religious excursion. The clouds lifted as we approached Tölz, and let us see the background of mountains fairly covered with newly-fallen snow. Tölz itself is a large picturesque village, with a great stream dashing through it, joining the River Isar, just below, two or three churches, the one that we were searching for behind a much bigger one on a steep hill. As we got into the principal street, the procession was already passing on its way, so after a glimpse at it, we dived through backyards and byeways till we came out again on the road taken by the procession. Choosing a convenient place, we stood there to see a certain portion of it pass. There were no less than thirty-nine wagons, each drawn by four horses, and in between them were the farmers' sons or farm servants on horseback. The wagons were very long, with sloping sides, and they were packed with seats as close as they could be put. In one there would be thirty or five and thirty children; in another eighteen or twenty young women, in another as many men; and all were engaged in saying their Rosary aloud—the children with such shrill voices and such good lungs that you could hear them half a mile away. The carriages were painted and decorated on purpose; and one of them had on it the prayer, "God bless our industry." The harness was as gay as bright brass-work could make it, and it gave one the impression that the Bavarian farmers must be well to do, to keep this handsome harness and these gaily-painted wagons for use on this one day of the year. There was a postillion to the wheelers in each case, and he drove the leaders with a pair of reins. It was not easy driving, for the wagons were heavily laden, the road steep and bad, and the way by no means clear.

After getting a good idea of the procession, we made our way up a steep Via Crucis that gives the hill the name of Calvariensberg, and, at the top, beyond the church that surmounts the Calvary, we found the parish priest and all his staff in surplice and stole, standing before the door of St. Leonard's Chapel holding a relic of the Holy Cross in his hand, with which he blessed each party as it halted before him. We stood not far from him, and saw them all at our ease. The parish priest had led in the procession in a car drawn by four white horses, and in it when all was over he led the way back again. There was much variety in the wagons. One gave us St. Leonard's Chapel in course of construction; another was taken up with a landscape scene, where two children in the foreground knelt before a crucifix, and this on its appearance drew forth admiring murmurs from the crowd. One wagon had for charioteer a village maiden as an angel with a pair of swan's wings; but this was the only case of fancy dressing. The local costumes were far prettier than anything they could have fancifully devised. The men were in grey trimmed with green, their huge buttons, slices of a deer's horn, and each one had a feather in his hat. The women in a wagon were all dressed alike, with light gay handkerchiefs over their shoulders, and they wore their

chains and trinkets. It was a shaking, jolting ride for them, but they looked recollected and attentive. Now and then there was a recognition of some friend in the crowd, but there was no mistaking the religious character of it all in their eyes.

When the last had passed, the parish priest went into St. Leonard's Chapel to say Mass, and after a vain attempt to get in, we moved out amongst the people, who were gathered on the broad hill-top behind the chapel. It was very picturesque. On one side an abrupt precipitous fall to the River Isar beneath us, on which the sun was now shining brightly, the village of Tölz below us with its bridge, and the fine mountains beyond. Here were all the teams of horses resting themselves after their exertions, for indeed they had earned their blessing that day. The two crowds of riders and spectators mingled together, a taste of Kirschwasser made from their own cherries the favorite refreshment, and a hum rising from their quiet talk suddenly hushed to silence as the Elevation bell rang.

After Mass the whole cavalcade, headed by the clergy and choir boys in their surplices, returned down the long hill to Tölz, and then away they all started in various directions in the midst of a cracking of whips, that sounded like a *feu de joie.* A good dinner is provided at each farm for all those who have ridden to St. Leonard.

The chapel of the Saint had a chain looped round it outside, and his statue represented the Saint as carrying fetters, to commemorate, I believe, the charity that thirteen times over obtained from King Clovis leave to liberate prisoners. How the devotion to the French Saint came to be so popular in Bavaria, or why his feast was chosen for the blessing of horses, I could not learn. St. Leonard was the disciple of St. Remi, and his monastery was Noblac, near Limoges, where he died in 559. Many churches in England were dedicated to him, but I do not know that he blessed our horses. In Rome the horses are blessed on St. Antony's day.

When my work at Nymphenburg came to an end, I next visited the Convent of the English Ladies at Alt-ötting. As I had been fortunate hitherto in finding those who could talk to me in English, I was still more fortunate here. Two of the religious are English, and they seemed in their proper place in the English Institute. As far as documents were concerned, my visit was not profitable. Those that were to be found here I had seen before; but alas! I heard tell that as recently as 1868 a box full of original letters and papers in English were destroyed. There are some things from which it is necessary to turn one's mind speedily, and a bit of news like this produces a feeling akin to a physical pain

But Alt-ötting has attractions enough to make you forget any disappointment. The sanctuary of our Blessed Lady there is a place of pilgrimage visited yearly by as many as 150,000 pilgrims, and innumerable are the favors, spiritual and temporal, that our dear Lady obtains for her clients. It dates back to the time when St. Rupert, Bishop of Salzburg, came to evangelize this part of Bavaria, in the beginning of the seventh century, and the statues of this Saint represent him with Our Lady of Alt-ötting in his arms. This most devout sanctuary well deserves its name of the Bavarian Loreto. In September last, when the Catholic Congress was held at Munich, some five thousand gentlemen made a pilgrimage to Alt-ötting together. The chapel of the Blessed Virgin is small, and can hold but very few; but all the large square in which it stands was crowded, and the Rosary was said aloud, and the Mass joined in by the thousands kneeling all around. The chapel within and without is cased in *ex voto* pictures, a long series of which belong to the early years of the sixteenth century. These are allowed to remain, but the more modern pictures are frequently removed to make way for others. Amongst the pictures are here and there inscriptions, sometimes the pleading *Maria, hilf!* "Mary, help," more frequently the triumphant and grateful *Maria hat geholfen*—"Mary has helped." Different nations have different ways of marking the pictures and offerings that indicate their gratitude. In Italy it is usually by the letters P. G. R.—*per grazia ricevuta, pro gratia recepta*—"for favor received." It would be hard, however, to find a more fitting formula than the joyous "Mary has helped." When will our own church walls bear testimony to the cry of faith and its answer? "Jesus will give if thou wilt plead." We know it: no one knows it

better than we do; but why should we hide it when others show it so lovingly?

The little chapel has a sort of cloister round it with a lean-to roof. In this the faithful are constantly going round the sanctuary on their knees, and they have worn long furrows in the stone pavement. It is touching to see the simple country people, with a perfect unconsciousness of any beholder, performing this act of devotion, and not unfrequently with a large wooden cross on their shoulders. Half a dozen such crosses lie there that any one may take up, and the way in which they are worn shows how much they have been used.

In the sanctuary within is a little image of our Lady with the Infant Jesus, made of black wood, surrounded by silver ornaments; and amongst other things, the statute of a young prince of his weight in silver. The chapel itself is an octagon with a little nave attached to it, and in the wall opposite to our Lady is a recess in which the hearts of the successive sovereigns of Bavaria are enshrined. The last but one whose heart has been brought here is that poor King who was found drowned in the Lake of Starnberg, and the last of all is his mother, whose heart was lately brought hither with the greatest solemnity. The Catholicity of the Royal Family is not so striking that one could afford to lose this mark of their devotion to the Mother of God

In the evening we had Benediction in the sanctuary, with the Rosary and other devotions. The Capuchin Fathers have charge of it, and nothing could have been more devotional than the way in which all was conducted. Benediction is, however, not quite what we are used to The ciborium itself is exposed on the top of the tabernacle, and Benediction is given when it is first taken out for Exposition as well as at the end. No humeral veil was used. The ciborium, in Bavaria, is surmounted by a handsome crown, from which the veil of the ciborium hangs, and the effect of this is very noble. The Rosary one would hardly recognize, as there is no pause to announce the mystery before each decade; but the voices go on continuously from the beginning to the end. The application of the decade to a particular mystery is secured by its interpolation after the Holy Name in each Hail Mary.

Every day Mass is sung in the sanctuary at seven o'clock, and again at eleven; and in the intervals, and before and after, there are Low Masses in unbroken succession. This reminds one of Loreto, and, as at Loreto, priests who visit the sanctuary are permitted to take the place of those who ordinarily say Mass there. The sung Mass was very charming, and the Capuchin Father was religiously Roman in his singing.

The sanctuary of our Lady is isolated in the piazza, around which are three churches. The largest is the parish church, a grand old Gothic place, which claims Carloman as its original builder, and has a stone in its choir that is said to cover his bones. Another stone, now in an aisle wall, must have once been in the nave floor; and it says of Carloman with unusual exactness, *hic fuit aut fuisse dicitur*. The church is full of interesting things—altars, pictures, tombs; a treasury with a few grand old things in the midst of which much that is modern and poor; a cloister with singular chapels of the Passion; and Tilly's chapel with the pious Field-Marshal's body visible through glass in the coffin-lid. A splendid old font in the church is given over to holy water, and so it generally is in a Bavarian church. The supply of holy water everywhere must be trying to him whose hatred of it is proverbial. One use of holy water is specially pretty. At the foot of most graves you find a holy water stoup with a sprig of box for a sprinkler. In the open air the supply must be mainly the rain from heaven; but in the cloisters many of the tombs have projecting stoups. Human nature must be unlike what it is elsewhere, if sacristans keep them filled. The parish church at Neu-ötting, which you must pass in coming to the sanctuary from the railway station, is also a Gothic building full of interest. I never saw before a nave and lofty aisles covered by a single roof with one gable. The aisle walls are unusually high, for there are large windows *over* the side chapels.

The piazza at Alt-ötting has at one end of it the Franciscan Church, the floor of which was covered with loose boards laid side by side, marked and numbered. This is a common way in Bavaria of providing against the coldness of a stone floor in winter. At the other end of the piazza is a church, from which first of all the

Jesuits who built it have been expelled, and then their successors, the Redemptorists. It is curious to see on one side of the church an altar of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, and on the other side an altar of St. Alphonsus, speaking for the two religious orders that have been successively driven away. A Bavarian Bishop was good enough to say to me that his country needed the Jesuits "Ah, my lord," I answered him. "You must recall the Redemptorists first" And for that the Bavarian Catholics are calling out. How it comes that so large a majority of the population do not succeed in making their voices heard is a mystery to an Englishman. In their Parliament they were demanding that the *placetum regium* should no longer be required for Acts of the Holy See relating to faith and morals, and we have yet to see the result The spirit of *mon frère le sacristain*, as Frederic of Prussia called Joseph the Second, still reigns in Bavaria, and that to a rediculous extent. Every offering made at our Lady's sanctuary at Alt-ötting passes through the hands of a State official, and even the washing of the altar linen can only be paid for through him. Yet some mediæval usages still remain in Bavaria, and I learnt with surprise that a Bishop on his appointment pays his *annates* or first-fruits to Rome. The Bishop of Passau, who is now to be Archbishop of Munich, paid, I was told, about 300l on the first of these appointments and, perhaps, 800l. on the last, in each case it being reckoned as a third of a year's income.

This, of course, must mean that the Church retains some at least of her ancient endowments, and the Church property in the hands of the State is, I believe, mainly the result of the confiscation of the possessions of the religious orders. The parishes that depended on the monasteries will thus be paid by the State. I asked a parish priest, whom I met near Munich, whether the Government paid him a *traitement* like the French clergy. He said no, that his income was derived mainly from glebe lands that he let, and his predecessor had preferred to farm. He said that his people all made their Easter, and that the vast majority of them went to Communion four times a year. I asked him how many people he had, and his answer was, a thousand; but this must be below the mark, as his baptisms for a little more than ten months amounted to sixty.

From Alt-ötting back to Nymphenburg, and then a fresh start homeward bound by way of Augsburg. The house of the Institute of Mary in Augsburg is interesting as having been in the hands of the English Ladies since Mary Pointz, afterwards third General Superioress, began it in 1662. The original house is very distinguishable, but it has been added to at various times till it has become a very large establishment. It has a chapel that has been beautifully decorated, the baldacchino over the big altar being really fine. Of this chapel a singular story is told. Now and again at night a bright light shines in it, for which no one can account. People have been known to ring the bell at the gate, thinking from the reflection in the street that the place was on fire. The servants, who live on the opposite side of the quadrangle, have been awakened by it. I asked when it was seen last, and I was told last July; and on my inquiring of my informant whether she had seen it, she said yes, and that she was so frightened that she ran away to her own cell.

I was so fortunate here, also, as to find one of the English Ladies who spoke English excellently, and I need not say that it made all the difference to my visit to Augsburg. This religious was a great friend of the sacristan of the Cathedral. I was very anxious to see the church and its cloister, but above all its treasury. It so happened that the Cathedral was being prepared by a general sweeping and dusting for a coming feast of the Bishop's consecration. The sacristan was a dear old man between seventy and eighty, and he was finely cross at being called away from his cleaning, but I had no time to spare, and his friendship for my friend, the religious, prevailed. His work was left to his subalterns, and the old man came over to the treasury. "Come for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes," we urged. "Twenty minutes!" he scornfully rejoined; "it will take you three hours to see it properly." His very amusing irritation soon subsided when he saw that his treasures were appreciated: pictures, curiosities of many kinds, amongst other things the finest collection of port-

able altar stones of mediaeval times that I have ever seen. After a careful examination of these very interesting things, giving a last look round the place, my eye caught three oval pictures of Jesuits, on the top of one of the cupboards. The light was waning, but I could just make out the names, and my heart jumped to see that one was P. EDMUNDUS CAMPIANUS The other two were German Jesuits. The three were pictures from some German College, which, of course, had been knocking about ever since the suppression of the Society. The old man got a ladder, and Blessed Edmund Campion was in my hand for a nearer inspection at the window. Poor enough as a work of art, and, of course, having no pretence to be a likeness, I was drawn to covet it greatly. It, and a long inscription at its foot, had spoken of Campion's life and death to generations in a Jesuit College in Germany. *Spiranti cor eruitur,* the inscription said, and the martyr was painted with a blazing heart in his hand, no inappropriate emblem of the loving soul of Edmund Campion. In a few minutes—what induced the old sacristan to be so complaisant I do not know—we were trudging through the streets, and he was carrying the picture and leading the way to the Bishop's palace.

It was a cool thing to do. I was thoroughly conscious of that, and my fear was lest the Bishop should be conscious of it also. I deposited my picture outside the door of the Bishop's reception-room, and while waiting for his lordship I polished up my Latin. I introduced myself, and he was paternal and very gracious. I took courage and said I had come to ask a favor. "I had seen a picture in his treasury,—in fact, I had it at hand—would he allow me—there it was—our recently beatified Martyr—of not much interest to his lordship but of great interest to us—might I hope for permission to take it with me?" The Bishop looked puzzled, and asked me who had told me it was in the treasury. "No one," I said; "I had found it myself." "Well, but," he said, and I thought I saw a frown; "who brought it here?" "The *custos Cathedralis,*" said I; "he brought it from the treasury for your lordship to see." A smile greeted me after this, and I saw that the day was won. The Bishop was evidently more and more amused as I argued my claims, and at last he said that if his canons felt as he did, the picture was mine. "O, my Lord, I must leave to-morrow morning early, and I can hardly afford all that packing and carriage would cost." Three hours, he said, would enable him to consult his canons, and I should have an answer in the evening, and, accordingly, after supper the picture arrived, together with the Bishop's card, on which he had written his hopes that Blessed Edmund would see safely back to his country the possessor of his picture. The nuns sewed it up in canvas for me, and I carried it off in triumph. The old sacristan would not take a half-penny, and I left him, promising to say a Mass for him, and I have not forgotten my promise. He was a great contrast to a young sacristan in a Roman collar in St. Ulrich's Church, who waited impatiently while I walked round the church and gave a hasty look at the interesting frescoes in the choir, and who hurried me out and locked up the church at ten o'clock in the morning, quite deaf to every request that I might see the shrine of St. Afra. A leisurely visit to the Cathedral was a consolation—a venerable old nave with square columns and round arches, to which Gothic aisles have been added; interesting old pictures and sculptures over the altars and everywhere, freshly painted and gilt; in this respect the Cathedral at Augsburg exceeding the Frauenkirche at Munich, but surpassed in its turn by the newly-restored Cathedral at Eichstätt.

Augsburg has much of the mediaeval city left, and it reminded me, to some extent, of Nuremberg. The great hotel of the Drei Möhren—Three Kings, of course—presents its long side to the street, all covered with frescoes, which, though not of the oldest, yet are bright and beautiful. But the time when the street looked the quaintest to me was early in the morning, when I crossed from the Confessor's house where I had slept, to say mass in the convent chapel. The Reverend Confessor himself, Herr Praeses they called him here, accompanied me, and as it was a dark morning and the hour early, he lighted me across with a taper that he carried. The light on a face full of character made a fitting foreground to the old gables and variety of house fronts dimly showing themselves all round. That good priest

interested me much. I began by thinking Herr Praeses a funny name, but I soon found out it was a title drawn from his Confraternity of young workmen—*quia princeps sum juvenum opificum,* was his explanation. "This is a noisy house up to eleven o'clock at night," he said, as he showed me to my room; and sure enough, songs and cheers and rapping of tables indicated much recreation for the *juvenes opifices.* They were very welcome, for I was tired enough to fall asleep in the midst of it all, and I was glad to think that the young workmen were in such good hands.

In the convent chapel it was pretty to see the children, each with a lighted taper of her own. The same I saw in the churches. The tapers were rolls of wax, thicker than I should have thought could possibly be unrolled, at all events in cold weather, without breaking. What a temptation to children, though, to drop the hot wax, to twist and untwist the tapers, and to snuff them with their fingers.

One sight I saw in the English Institute at Augsburg was worth the journey to me. The Life of Mary Ward was painted, no one knows when or by whom. There were originally fifty-two pictures, and of these forty-six now remain, some injured, but most of them in good condition still. One of them I should liked to have carried away with my Blessed Edmund Campion. It represented our English martyrdoms in their full ghastliness; but a second visit to the Bishop on such an errand was not to be thought of, nor could one picture be detached from the series. Talking of martyrs, here in this very house in Augsburg the relics of two venerable priests martyred at York, in 1642, Lockwood and Catherick, remained under the infirmary altar for two hundred and twenty-five years, from the day when Mary Poyntz brought them there in 1662, to the time when the community gave them to Dom Gilbert Dolan, O S B., who went there on purpose to ask for them. They are now amongst the precious relics collected at Downside.

On the second morning at Augsburg I was lighted by a bright moon across the road to say my Mass, and lighted by the same moon later on to the railway station on my road home. It was cold and frosty weather, but Bavarian railway carriages are the best warmed I have ever seen. The steam passes from end to end of the train, under each carriage, and escapes from the very last carriage. A handle in each compartment can be set to "Kalt" (cold), or "Warm," and thus the passengers can regulate their temperature.

A stoppage on the way at Eichstätt, and once more the hospitality of the English Institute. You leave the station on the main line and are carried by a steam tram up the winding valley some two or three miles, past Willibaldsburg, once a palace, now a fortress, to the town of Eichstätt. There the Cathedral is worth visiting, if only to see what one Bishop can do, when supported by the hearty love and loyal affection of his flock. An old Gothic church, fine but not one of the finest, a few years ago filled with Renaissance altars, in those days would have been visited with a sigh, and have left no impression worth remembering. But now, there is the hand of a master everywhere. The cloister was a miserable ruinous charnel-house. Two sides have now been restored, and a fine vaulted hall built, but there all the fine old tombs and monuments are properly cared for. In the church the fabric is untouched, but the Renaissance altars are sold to other churches, and in their stead the finest set of Gothic altars erected that I have yet seen. With rich German variety, not too florid, with carvings and pictures in abundance, any one of them would be a treasure beyond price over here. In the corner there is the chapel of the Bishop's family, the Barons von Leonrod. The tombs of his ancestors are there, but no need to see to the restoration of altar or chapel. A few years ago he kept the jubilee of his priesthood, and his diocesan clergy presented the altar to the Cathedral as their jubilee gift. The painting of the organ it is a pleasure to see, and it is flanked by two long panels that are all pictures. St. Willibald's relics are in a Renaissance altar in a western apse, in due time to be supplanted by an altar in better keeping with the church, but showing meanwhile what the Bishop has parted with elsewhere. Over the high altar in a splendid triptych stand vast figures of our English Saints, SS. Willibald, Winnibald and Walburga, St. Richard, the Saxon King, their father, and their mother, of whom I never heard before, St. Wuna. The

stately figures are old, and are now worthily restored to their place of honor. That high altar is, I think, the finest I ever saw; but when I told the Bishop so, he said, "Ah, you should see Ingoldstadt."

I went to pay my respects to the Bishop, and, to my relief, I found that he spoke Italian fluently. He was extremely kind, and showed me the pictures in his long suite of rooms, and in his double chapel. In his inner chapel, besides a fine series of some twenty old pictures of the Passion, he has a magnificent triptych, if I may so call it when each *volet* or wing is double; not one folded, but two, one behind the other. You may thus close one pair of wings, hiding the figures of the central part, and yet have two wings showing their fine pictures on either side. At Bamberg, the Bishop said, there is a triptych with wings three deep. In the Bishop's outer chapel is a Coronation of our Blessed Lady by Holbein.

The Bishop had something to show me that had greatly excited my curiosity. It was an episcopal vestment, called a *rationale*, worn when vested for Pontifical High Mass, by the Bishops of Eichstätt and Ratisbon, and I think he told me by a Bishop in Sicily, also. It consists of a richly-embroidered straight piece across the breast and back, with shoulder-pieces that descend lower, in which the names of the virtues are worked, and to which all along metal pendants hang like a fringe. It is put on one shoulder first, and then fastened on the other.

The Bishop gave me a line to take to the Benedictine Father who is in charge of St. Walburga's Church, and I thus came to visit under favorable auspices that which I cared the most to see in all Bavaria. When I saw the oil of St. Walburga as it flows from the resting-place of her bones, I felt that I was in the presence of one of those standing marvels that proclaim God to be wonderful in His saints. It is a sight never to be forgotten, like the similar marvel at the tomb of St. Nicholas at Bari, or the diverse miracles of St. Januarius at Naples, St. Clare at Montefalco, and St. Catherine at Bologna.

The body of St. Walburga rests under the high altar of the Church of the Benedictine nuns, and the Blessed Sacrament is over her. At the back of the altar there are two floors, one on the level of the sanctuary, with a semicircular opening behind the altar, and the other floor lower down, which is reached by a stair. On this lower level there is an altar, which is much below the tomb of St. Walburga. At this altar I was allowed to say Mass. Above it is a gilt metal door, or rather two doors, one within the other, which inclose a hollow space about four feet wide and three feet high, immediately under the tomb of St. Walburga. There above, on a thick slab of marble, rests the body of the Saint, and there it has rested undisturbed for six hundred years. And through that slab of marble, during the winter months, from October to April, the oil that exudes from her bones finds its way into the hollow space beneath which it fills with a sort of mist, that then settles in drops on the doors and walls, and runs down along channels prepared for it into silver vessels placed there to receive it. The Benedictine Father was so good as to open the doors that guard this space. When he had opened the first, he struck the second door several sharp blows. I thought that the lock perhaps was stiff, but as soon as he opened the second door I saw why he struck it. It had been to cause the drops that were collecting to fall; and yet the moment that the door was opened, he had quickly to reach his hand for one of the silver receptacles within, or some of the oil would have fallen on the altar below. I had long heard of St. Walburga's oil, and I had often seen the little bottles in which, mixed with water, it is distributed to the faithful. At length I had seen it flowing with my own eyes, and the most interesting sight that I had seen in Bavaria had come last. The walls of the sanctuary on both levels, and indeed of a third and higher level or gallery, were all covered with votive pictures or with the grateful inscription, *Walburga hat geholfen*—"Walburga has helped" Some jewels and chains offered to St. Walburga are shut up in the hollow place beneath the tomb where the holy oil so mysteriously flows.

Before I leave Bavaria, there are two places in Munich that I want to mention. The first is the "Alt-pinakothek," the collection of old paintings. In it I found old friends, well known for years by engravings; and there I have made new friends,

never seen before, and never to be seen again, but which I am the better for having seen. There are rooms full of the grand old religious pictures, that confer a far deeper impession on me for good than the more skilful and more artistic work of much later times. Rubens in plenty, but I shut my eyes. I was disappointed not to find more examples of Fra Angelico, and Perugino and Francia; but, as all the world knows, there are there some lovely pictures by Raffælle, though somehow they did not charm me as I expected.

The other is the National Museum, the ground floor of which surpasses any museum of early Christian art that I have seen. As at South Kensington, casts and originals are mingled together, a wonderfully instructive collection—a place to spend a month in, instead of a couple of hours. Old pictures on the walls, in such abundance that they are crowded even into dark corners, or skied to the tops of lofty rooms, Gothic altars complete, frontals, reredos and all, and many of them. Old ironwork, old goldsmith's work, old embroidery, old carving, all painted and gilt. What are those vestments? The robes of St. Henry the Emperor. What is that ivory box? The jewel-case of his wife, St. Cunegunda. There is a *rationale* like the Bishop of Eichstätt's, but centuries older. There a low mitre with the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury. There —yes, they are all *there* in Munich, seven hundred and seventy miles away, and my chance very small of seeing them again.

One more reminiscence, but no longer of Bavaria. Homeward bound, at Mainz, a long talk over night with the Superioress of the "English Ladies" of that city—they were spared by Napoleon, and it is said that he wrote the decree on parchment taken from a drum-head. In the morning Mass in that venerable Cathedral. It was dark when I entered it, and the few lights scattered about set the Cathedral off with wonderful effect. In the sacristy my English *Celebret*, which had come by post, brought me a few kind words in excellent English from a venerable priest, which made me regret that I was leaving by an early train, and so could not avail myself of his kind offer to be of help. For the first time in my life my chasuble was not put over my head, but it was open, and was placed on one shoulder and then brought over and fastened on the other. My Mass was in the beautiful chapel in which Mgr. Ketteler lies buried Details were half visible in the morning light as I left the church, and the impression on my mind was that the colouring of the roof surpassed in beauty and in delicate taste anything I had seen of the kind in Bavaria —in this respect Mainz was finer even than Eichstätt. The colors of the vaulting are the one weak point in that great church full of beauty. And now good-bye to it all, and back to London. Good-bye to it all, excepting to what I carry back with me in my memory. Antiquity and beauty combined—that it is that has for me a perfect charm, and of that delightful combination I have many a remembrance that I shall never lose, thanks to my run into Bavaria, for which I am indebted to the hospitable invitation of the good *Englischen Fräulein* They will let me say in gratitude, *Floreat Institutum Mariae.*

JOHN MORRIS

## The Late Archbishop Walsh.

BUT a few months have elapsed since we had to deplore the heavy affliction which befell the Church, in Canada, by the removal by death of the learned and illustrious Archbishop of Kingston; and, now again, before that wound is healed, while it is yet open, another severe blow has fallen upon us.

On Sunday night, 31st July, shortly before eleven o'clock, the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., calmly breathed his last and entered into his rest and reward, at his archiepiscopal residence, St. John's Grove, Toronto. The sudden death of the eminent and beloved prelate came as a great shock to the whole community, Protestant and Catholic. It was a severe blow to the Church in this province.

Early in July His Grace met with a painful accident to his knee, while inspecting the new cemetery, north of the city, which confined him to bed and to his room. Though he suffered considerably, no apprehension, whatever, as to a fatal result, was felt. On the contrary, his progress towards recovery had been favourable up to the hour of his death, and the attending physicians were sanguine that His Grace would, in a short time, be restored to his ordinary health.

On this point, he was himself hopeful; so much so that he intimated to one of the Carmelite fathers his intention of attending the annual retreat of the diocesan clergy, which was to take place, in a few weeks, at Niagara Falls.

The shock to the nervous system, caused by the serious injury he had received, the great heat of the weather and the long confinement, to which he was unaccustomed, so trying to one of his active temperament and habits, contributed, no doubt, to hasten the unexpected and deplorable event. Till within one hour of his last moment the Archbishop had been conversing, in a cheerful and pleasant manner with some visitors who had called. Soon after their departure when about retiring for the night, he complained of faintness, and said to his niece that he felt he was dying. He asked to have the last rites administered, which was done by his nephew, Father James Walsh, who had been providentially at hand. In a few minutes he became unconscious and death ensued.

Thus painlessly and peacefully, the faithful servant rendered up his soul into the hands of his Creator. The sad news, telegraphed in all directions, was heard with genuine sorrow. Seldom in the history of Toronto have there been so many manifestations of regret on the part of the general populace.

The secular and religious press of Canada and the United States has given full and accurate details of the early life and ecclesiastical career of the deceased Archbishop, a brief summary of which only will be, here, necessary.

He was born in Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, —a parish so prolific in furnishing priests and religious to the Church—on 24th May, 1830, of highly respectable parents, who, on both sides, came of a good old stock. In obedience to a decided call to the sacerdotal state he entered St. John's College, Waterford, at an early age. Upon the completion of his course of classics, science and philosophy, he came to Montreal, where he finished his ecclesiastical training, under the Sulpician Fathers, in the Grand Seminary. After a brilliant college career, he was ordained priest, in Toronto, by the venerated Bishop de Charbonnel, who, at once, appointed him to the parish of Brock, bordering on Lake Simcoe, then in its infancy. The solitude and loneliness amid which the young missionary lived, could be, so to speak, palpably felt, as the writer can attest, from his own experience of the place, in later years It may be added that Father Walsh, while in Brock, was a stranger to all congenial companionship and society. In 1856 he was called to Toronto, where he became, successively, pastor of St. Paul's, for a short time, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, and, finally, Vicar-General and parish priest of St. Mary's.

On 10th November, 1867, he was consecrated Bishop of London, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, in succession to Bishop Pinseneault, who had resigned the see from impaired health. In this field he laboured zealously for twenty-two years, completely reorganizing the affairs of the diocese. He paid off a very large debt, built a magnificent Cathedral and a substantial and capacious episcopal residence, and left no legacy of liabilities to his successor.

When Archbishop Lynch of Toronto died, in May, 1889, Dr. Walsh was deemed the most fitting dignitary to fill the vacancy Accordingly by a Brief from the Holy See, dated August 20th, 1889, he was appointed He took leave of his former London subjects on 27th November of that year. For nine years His Grace administered most successfully the Archdiocese of Toronto.

These are the melancholy particulars of the death and the salient features in the life of the lamented Archbishop.

It is not easy when one's heart is charged with poignant sorrow to say much or to say the fittest thing on a subject of this kind. Alas! To think of it. He whom we loved so well, who was our chief pastor, our leader, our friend, the joy of our hearts is no more! His eloquent voice is no more to be heard in our churches and in our halls, or in friendly converse; his sublime lessons of wisdom, his counsels and his earnest exhortations we shall hear no more!

Great, great is our loss! Irreparable is the loss to the Catholic Church in this province, and to the well disposed of every creed. Yes, to all, for all feel it; as instance the manifestation of deep and sincere regret when his death became known, from those even who are not of our belief. Instance the reverence with which crowds

of people went to pay the last tribute of respect to his cold remains; instance the innumerable messages and tokens of tender love and regret from his hosts of friends.

And why is the loss so universally felt? Because he was a great and good man. He was, first and foremost, our chief pastor here, a noble pillar of the Church. And in that office and in the discharge of the duties of that office he won all hearts to himself by the practice of the golden rule of charity.

*Charitas omnia sustinet*—"charity beareth all things," would seem to have been his motto, and how faithfully he walked in the path marked out by those blessed words, his priests can tell, who have lost in him more than a pastor, a tender father; his people can testify, who never appealed to him in vain; and his works remain to be everlasting monuments of the sterling love which he bore to those whom God confided to his care.

He was, from the first, emphatically a true priest, deeply impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his office, ever loyal to his ecclesiastical superiors and devoted to the discharge of every branch of his priestly work. With great natural abilities and sagacity he combined great simplicity of character, a transparent openness which seemed to reveal his inmost soul, and which always showed him honourable and straight-forward in obeying every call of duty. All those who enjoyed his acquaintance know well that nothing was more foreign to his kindly and genial nature than a tyrannical act of authority. If ever sternness appeared in his manner, it was the sternness of a father, and underneath there beat a true and faithful heart. He was always ready to sympathize with others.

As a priest he gave his Master thirteen years of careful, steady, untiring service, and the flock of St. Michael's and St. Mary's and the clergy of the diocese recognized, long before he became bishop, a man who had taken up his work in order to do it well and thoroughly. As a Bishop, for nearly thirty-two years, his eye was on every portion of his diocese; his word and his help reached every priest, and his heart felt all the wants of his flock, all their struggles, all their sacrifices, all their success.

In the Christian priesthood a man's personal character counts for less than in any other profession or condition of life. The reason is that priests, more than any other men, must submit, if they are to succeed, to an effective process of chastening, correcting and moulding. Or rather, in a true priest, the merely selfish, the petty, the frivolous tendencies of character should be got rid of by mental and spiritual training—just as rain and rivers wash the soil from the ancient rocks—and should leave bare the grander and deeper qualities of courage, justice, energy and self-sacrifice to be acted upon and elevated by supernatural grace. Archbishop Walsh was one who by temperament, perhaps, as well as by training, subordinated natural impulses to divine ideals. But he was of a nature in which the simple, the childlike and the affectionate largely predominated. Policy on a wide or elaborate scale was not congenial to him. His arrangements were for plain and evident needs; and any man might know his mind. He loved cheerfulness; he loved to smile himself and he also liked others to smile. He had a humour which was soft and dry—a true Celtic kind. He thoroughly enjoyed such recreation as fell in his way—a gathering of his clergy, the society of friends whom he met at a religious function, or a few days with one more intimately loved, such as the late Archbishop Cleary. He had a genial pride, far removed from any of the seven deadly sins,—a pride in a fine body of clergy—gathered together, fired with the same zeal that burned in his breast, in a model diocese, in the flock among whom he lived and laboured, and in that strong and deep Catholicity which had supported him so generously and so nobly during the forty-five years of his life as priest and bishop.

Add to this the sweet traits of his character. With his richly stored mind, his varied acquirements, his deep learning, he was ever ready to dispense his knowledge and his gifts to his flock with a marvellous patience, as gentle as a mother who teaches her little ones the first syllables of the Christian doctrine.

And what a staunch defender of the faith! He was ever ready to defend the sacred gift entrusted to his care. With convincing eloquence as an orator, with close logical arguing as a writer, in the pulpit and in his pastorals he was the un-

daunted soldier of Christ—a gallant knight who lowered the colours of many an enemy of his lady-love, the Church. Well may the Spouse of Christ, in Canada, mourn for the death of a great champion

As a preacher he was distinguished even in the earliest years of his ministry: for the well-known dignity of his demeanour, the impressiveness of his style gave him the command of the minds and hearts of his hearers as he taught them the truths of the faith and exhorted them to the practices which modelled his own life. And if his sermons were so impressive then, they became far more so when he spoke to his people with all the influence and authority peculiar to the Catholic Episcopate. Of late years, when the sunset of life was approaching and threw around him a halo of veneration and respect, his sermons and pastoral letters became far more impressive still, for he spoke not merely with the authority of a pastor, but of a father of the Church, who, looking back through the long vista of nearly seventy well-spent years, knew full well how to instruct his flock as to what they must pursue, what they must avoid, if they would realize to themselves the ideal of a true Christian.

It is yet too soon to realize the loss which religion, education, charity and general good works have sustained, in the archdiocese of Toronto, by Dr. Walsh's death. Time alone will reveal this; and, although his office be occupied by another equally qualified and popular, the place of the late Archbishop can never be filled. His was an unique personality, the personification of kindness and amiability, which with rare intellectual gifts, zeal and energy were his distinctive characteristics.

Throughout his life the Archbishop was singularly beloved by all with whom he chanced to come in contact, and there is more in the phrase than it might be supposed to contain; for he seldom sought out the applause or even the love of the many. His character was so refined that the temptation of aggressiveness or the allurements of seeking large and facile popularity were alike unknown to him. His, on the contrary, were the qualities of mercy and generosity—qualities, which in, one holding a position of responsibility and authority are doubly desirable and delicate. Withal he had no weakness of character about him whatever; but his strength was the elastic and unobtrusive strength of steel rather than the strength of brute force and brute assertiveness If he desired to carry out a design that seemed good to him—and otherwise he was scarcely capable of a desire—he pursued it with a pertinacity and a resolution that suffered no obstacles to oppose them Witness the persistent and triumphant manner in which he restored the diocese of London to a condition of prosperity and good order. Witness also the progress of the archdiocese of Toronto in every direction, which has steadily attended the efforts of his personal organization.

For a very personal organization it was which, with unceasing care and quiet vigilance, directed those important affairs very keenly, very resolutely, and, above all very holily.

Can one doubt that God has blessed the diocese of Toronto in its fourth bishop? It is not so much that we can observe with the eye—not so much the new churches, convents, charitable institutions, or the hospitals or the schools for the poor and the orphan, or any other work of national progress, but rather the hope for the future. It is the confidence that the work is that of a man of God—which will never perish—that is to say will infallibly result, has resulted, and is resulting in the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls.

Archbishop Walsh took no part in any public questions, nor in any matters outside his own special sphere, and mixed but little in general society. He found that the discharge of the duties of his position, which he ever attended to with scrupulous exactitude, were sufficient to completely occupy his time and mind. Study was his favourite relaxation. As a reader he kept himself well abreast of the literature of the day. His life was a shining example of solid virtue. His death—the echo of his life—was that of a saint

Among the multitude of mourners over the death of the venerated Archbishop there are none who have greater cause for sorrow than the community of Loreto and their pupils. From the time the convent was opened, near by St. Mary's Church, more than forty years ago, till the end

of his life he proved himself a true and steadfast friend He never ceased to take the liveliest interest in the progress and welfare of the parent house, at Toronto, and the several outlying institutions. The superb Academy, occupying the most gorgeous and picturesque site on the Continent of America, within sight and sound of the "thundering waters" of Niagara Falls, had always the warmest corner in his heart. He loved to visit this abode of peace, piety and serene contentment when duty required, or when he felt the need of a day's recreation after arduous labour.

To have clustered around him, in one of the parlours or on the lawn, a crowd of the pupils, the tiny, lisping little ones, seated at his feet, listening to him in rapt attention, the more grown with their chairs close to his, to enjoy their fun, frolics and merriment, to answer their many and ofttimes puzzling questions, to tell them pleasant and edifying stories and anecdotes, to narrate the experiences of his missionary life, to speak of his travels and adventures, in a word to afford them all manner of amusement, gave him unspeakable delight. It was the constant play of innocent child-like humour, which could find amusement in the simplest things that endeared him to the hearts of his young protégées. Then, there were the impromptu concerts, which they gave him, and which he enjoyed so heartily, especially when they included some of Moore's touching and entrancing melodies, for which he had always the greatest admiration.

The pupils, at the Falls, in fact, believed themselves to be the children of His Grace's predilection. They could never imagine that he felt the same interest in any others. How much they will miss his presence, his kindly words of praise and encouragement!

"The Rainbow," too, has lost its staunchest friend and most enthusiastic admirer, he who never missed an opportunity of bestowing on it his approval and commendation. It were needless to say with what pleasurable anticipation the young lady editors looked forward to His Grace's visits to the Falls.

But, alas! No more will they listen to the soft cadence of his kindly and sympathetic voice; no more will they gaze with glee and rapture upon the merry twinkle of his laughing eyes; never again will they join in joyous laughter at his comic sayings and humorous anecdotes! The tongue is silent and the eye is dark. Let us hope that the former is now joining the the celestial choirs in singing the praises of his divine Master, and that the latter is being dazzled with the beauty and splendour of the heavenly Jerusalem and with the crowning glory of the beatific vision.

The approaching Golden Jubilee, to commemorate the foundation of the Loretto Order, in Canada, will be less joyful because of the death of the two—Rev. Mother Teresa Dease and Archbishop Walsh—who had witnessed and shared, from the beginning, the struggles and trials, the labours and success of the community. The celebration will lose much of its éclat and soul, owing to these lamentable occurences.

The memory and virtues of Archbishop Walsh will be long cherished by the Ladies of Loretto and their pupils, who had the privilege and pleasure of knowing him so well, and many a fervent and earnest prayer will be daily offered by them for the repose of his soul, until they meet in the home of his Master, Whom he had so long, so nobly, and so faithfully served.

Heaven has left the succour of the departed to us on earth. It is our duty—a duty that will be cheerfully and piously performed—to pray and beseech God's mercy upon the soul of the departed prelate. For, although in our esteem and veneration for him, we think so highly of the virtues we have seen in Archbishop Walsh, yet, let us remember it is God Who has to judge and Who has found sin even in His Angels. Eternal rest give unto him O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him! Amen. J. G. M.

Ottawa, September 14, 1898.

## A Message.

Beloved friends, let us not homage pay
To base and sordid ends. Though dull as stone
This life may seem to half-closed eyes, and lone
The grey waste plain, be sure this azure day
Our God will send His loving Word to say
That we are His, if through the years, we own
His Fatherhood. We'll reach at last the home
Where sun and star the law of love obey.

CLARA CONWAY.

## The Gun Shops of the Washington Navy Yards.

AT the close of this eventful period in the history of the United States, it will probably be of interest to most of our readers to know, in a general way, something about the manufacturing of Uncle Sam's artillery, a factor which has figured so prominently in the late war.

By way of a preface, I might say that all the gun mounts and equipments of U S naval vessels are manufactured at the Naval Gun Factory of Washington, D. C.

On entering the yard, the attention of the visitor is attracted to a large, imposing-looking structure surmounted by a dark placard, on which are the words:

"Commenced May, 1887.—William G. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy.
Captain Montgomery Sicard, U. S N. Chief Bureau of Ordnance.
Completed September, 1892.—Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of Navy.
Commander Wm. Folger, U. S. N.—Chief Bureau Ordnance.

This is known as the principal gun shop, and is 630 feet long and 85 feet wide. Owing to its vast dimensions it has been divided into north, south, east, and west factory. In each division one might watch with interest the development of the 4-inch guns as well as that of the large 13-inch guns, the latter of which have served as the most destructive element in the recent national disturbance. To be more explicit, let me say, that all guns are measured by the diameter of their bores, and the 13-inch gun is therefore the largest of its kind manufactured. When completed it weighs 63 tons, and our modern warship floats four of these, two at her bow and two at her stern. It fires from four hundred to five hundred shots a minute, and if the gun is properly fed, the rapidity frequently exceeds a thousand shots in the same space of time, within a range of a few thousand yards. In the late war Lieut. Parker was called to fire upon a Spanish cruiser, at San Juan, a distance of two thousand five hundred yards. This he did most effectively, and entirely demolished the vessel.

The material used in the building of the guns is what is known as homogeneous oil-tempered forged steel, the most serviceable as well as the most durable metallic composition yet discovered, while the modelling is almost exclusively confined to the Gatling gun.

This famous mechanical cast is a product of the inventive genius of Richard Jordan Gatling who, in 1847, completed a gun twenty feet long, weighing fifteen tons, with an eight-inch caliber, the largest high-power gun ever cast in one piece. In 1861, this invention gave precedence to the great revolving battery gun which bears his name; the appearance of which marked the beginning of the development of rapid-firing artillery, which, during the life of the present generation, has completely revolutionized the methods of warfare.

Mr. Gatling, speaking of his own gun, says: "Congress, in 1896, appropriated forty thousand dollars to pay for building and testing a sample eight-inch gun, built according to my designs and in one piece. There is always one difficulty with the 'built-up guns'—those that are reinforced with hoops or bands Of course, it is evident that the elements necessary for a gun are great cohesive and yet great elastic strength Many experiments have been made to bring this about. Low steel has been used a great deal, and nickel steel has been much in vogue. But the trouble with the 'built-up guns' is that though they will fire a few shots successfully, afterwards the seams between the bands or hoops will open. The expansion from the centre, where the greatest heat is, causes them to open, so that one might easily adjust a half dollar piece between the seams. My gun will fire several shots at a time without getting out of alignment. Perhaps the best description of the casting of the gun is to say that it is cast in one piece in a circular flow of metal—a sort of metallic whirl. The air cannot mix with the metal during the flow. The gun is forged by a mandril internally, and cooled from the centre, which gives it additional strength. It is twenty-four feet long and weighs fifteen tons. It was built at the works of the Otis Steel Co., in Cleveland, and has been finished in the Washington Navy Yard."

To attempt to eulogize the inventive power of Dr. Gatling would be but a revival of an exhaustive newspaper narration. His guns are, of

course, his hobby, yet no one would connect the death-dealing weapons with the venerable octogenarian who forms such a unique figure in his elegant apartments overlooking the Hudson and the Palisades. Free from all the eccentricities commonly ascribed to genius, his pride in his pets is indicated merely by a straightening of his shoulders and a latent sparkle in his deep blue eyes. Contact and conversation with most of of the crowned heads of Europe, added to his extensive literary attainments, have made him a delightful raconteur, keenly alive to all the leading questions of the day.

And now let me conduct my readers through the different departments connected with the manufacture of this marvellous piece of ordnance. The first shop we pass on our circuit is what is known as the breech-mechanism shop, in which is done all the sighting and breech-work of the guns, the foundry in which the bronze and iron materials are cast in their respective forms; then the Pattern Shop and Shell House, the work of which includes the manufacturing of all patterns, the collection and preparation of outfits for ships, and packing and shipping of all leather work, cartridge bags, and powder and gas-check bags. Passing on, we come to the Chemical Laboratory, in which an experienced chemist tests all metals used by the government; and in the building adjoining, known as the Pyrotechnic Department, fuses, rockets, and signal lights are made.

The most interesting features of the gun factory are the three-power travelling cranes, the one in the north gun shop has a hoist of forty-two feet, a travel of two hundred and thirty feet, and a capacity of one hundred and ten tons. These cranes, like the other machinery of the building, are propelled by steam and are controlled by a single individual. They are principally used for the purpose of transporting heavy metal from one part of the shop to another. By a complex arrangement of machinery, two iron hooks are lowered from which is suspended a stout rope. This is slipped through a noose over the object to be removed, the signal is given, by a similar arrangement the ropes are tightened, and the entire mass, which frequently consists of sixty-three tons, is elevated to a proportionate height, and, after traversing the required distance, is lowered to the desired position. All this is accomplished in a few minutes, and requires the instrumentality of a single mechanic.

The boring of the guns and the chiselling, in fact, all the refining work is done by means of small electric motors, known as butts. These are controlled by the one thousand mechanics employed by the government in this important operation. To each man is assigned his individual work on one of the many composite parts of the gun, and the perfection with which he accomplishes his task is often the fruit of years of hard study and application to that particular branch in the art of gun-making. One may judge of the refinement necessary in the rifling, for instance, by the fact that the one thousandth of an inch left uncut from the interior of the cap, would derange the whole mechanism.

This is, in brief, a description of the origin and development of our Navy's guns, which have served to immortalize the names of Admiral Dewey, Generals Shafter and Sampson, and all the other heroes of the late Spanish-American War.

ALANNA MARMION.

## Notes of Irish Travel and Scenery.

WE have requested permission to publish the following interesting extracts from letters, written to her family, by a former pupil of the Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Writing from London, under date 6th, Sept., she says:

Fancy my Killarney letter giving you so much pleasure; I wrote it under great difficulty as there were several "female women" chattering loudly in the room. However, I was so impressed with the beauty of the place that, somehow, my pen ran on into a description altogether inadequate. And, now, we have left the dear old land far behind us. Last Thursday morning, we watched her mountains fading into a mere outline, which was finally lost in the mist, as we steamed from Kingstown (Old Dunleary) to Holyhead, in one of those world-famed "mail boats," belonging to the London and N. W. Railway Company. We then felt very sad to think we had seen the last of the "Island of Saints."

We spent nearly every day in Dublin of the

final week, as M— was very keen on hunting out "Old Curiosity Shops," in quest of rare specimens of Irish relics and *souvenirs*. But, on Tuesday, we took a day off to see Glendalough. Leaving Kingstown at 10 a. m. we went by train to Avoca. The line from Dalkey runs close by the sea. At first one looks down on it from cliffs or through openings in great rocks. the view as you pass round Bray Head being exquisite, including Bray, Dalkey, Killiney, and Howth in the distance guarding the northern extremity of the far-famed and much-admired Bay of Dublin. From Greystones to Wicklow the train is on a level with the water, only a few feet away.

At Wicklow we left the sea behind us and got into the valley and mountain region. We ended our railway trip at Avoca, and, after a little conversation with a "jarvey" stepped (up) on his "outside car," and began our drive,—first to the "meeting of the waters," in that "valley so sweet." We alighted there and went down to the rivers' edge near the stone bridge, ivy-clad and arched. stood a few minutes under Tom Moore's oak tree, repeating the words of that charming melody of his, so worthy of the Vale of Avoca It was such a delightful morning, the sun shining on the rivers, the valley rich in emerald verdure, and the mountains ever changing as the clouds passed across the sun; M and P. were delighted with it We joined the car at the top of the hill, to the right, and proceeded on our way to Rathdrum, where we lunched at Foley's Hotel. It was nine miles from Avoca and nine more on to Glendalough, through the Vale of Clara, our road was high up and the Vale to the right below us. As we came near Glendalough the clouds were getting darker until the sky was almost black, and, then, down came the rain. We pushed on for the lake, having "collected" a very talkative guide, who was much more of a hindrance than a help—as he wanted to show us and to describe all sorts of legendary stones and objects that were not particularly interesting, and quite tried to prevent our going to the lake, just to save himself the journey. But we did go and were well repaid. There was a very high wind which drove the mist and rain down from the mountains in sheets. The upper lake was most stormy, and turbulent and "gloomy," beyond words, with high waves beating on the shore. It was a magnificent panorama. Coming back, we were blown in every direction and my "brolly" (umbrella) inside out and back again in a twinkling! Our garments were saturated, but it was wildly exciting, and, when we got into the church-yard, close by the Round Tower, and looked back and up at the frowning mountains, it was a scene never to be forgotten.

The guide's description of the Tower was very funny. He kept on repeating over and over again "it's one of the hidden mysteries, and no one knows its "anquitity" (antiquity); it was so many feet high and 49 in "circumfens." He also told us that Ireland was divided into four "Providinces" and that there were three inland cities, "Kilkenny, Limerick and Glendalough; Kilkenny and Limerick are up-standing cities but Glendalough is in ruins." All with expressive gesture and calling us "me lady!" at every second word. We rested and refreshed at the hotel, sitting in a nice corridor with glass on both sides and over head like a conservatory. We saw the signatures of the Royal party who visited Glendalough in 1871, including Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne; they are framed over the principal entrance Before we left, the clouds had cleared off and the evening was beautiful. We got to Rathdrum shortly before 7 o'clock and were very glad for some food and delicious tea. Our train left at 8, and, as we sped along the sea, the scene was so changed from the morning,—"as moonlight is to sunlinght." A silver radiance broke out every little while, for there were many clouds, and, consequently dark shadows. My best and favourite bit, Bray to Killiney, with its horse-shoe curve, the Head standing out so clearly defined in the moonlight, and Dalkey, at the other end, was lovely for a last remembrance.

The journey through Wales is very pretty. but the country lacks the lovely green, so pleasing to the eye, that one sees everywhere, and at all seasons, in Ireland. Here—in London—everything is burnt up in the parks and all the leaves falling off the trees. We miss the sea breezes and delicious coolness of Kingstown, as it has been very warm here since our arrival. We are not far from the British Museum, where we have

Prospect Point, Present Artificial Condition.

spent several mornings. On Sunday we went to the Jesuits' Church in Farm Street; the music excellent, the church beautiful. We are quite close to one of the oldest Catholic churches in London, built in penal times, in Sardinia Street. Lincoln Inn Fields. It is so concealed away one would never suppose it to be a church. Yesterday we mostly spent in Westminster Abbey. I shall not, in a letter, attempt a description of this grand and imposing monument of the faith and liberality of our co-religionists in pre-*reformation* times. I shall defer that, and the impressions I received, for the home circle, by the fireside, during the approaching winter evenings. I may say, briefly, that the incongruous uses to which this once sacred and venerable pile has been converted, and the desecration of its interior and outside precincts caused me a bitter pang and shocked all my Catholic sensibilities. It was a renewal of the pain I experienced upon visiting those splendid cathedrals, in Dublin, St. Patrick's and Christ Church, which are now Protestant through the process of spoliation.

## To A Friend.

Dear heart—long swept of useless fears
By peace that follows sorrow,
Clear eyes—long grown too brave for tears,
Look out beyond the shortening years
And bear the brief tomorrow.

See where the light of heaven streams
Across the fields Elysian:
How tenderly for thee it gleams
On faces lost except to dreams
And to the Open Vision.

A. A. B.

## The Ensigns of France and The Sainte Ampoule.

THE most diverse theories have been broached by thinkers and historians concerning the origin of the Fleur-de-lis. Long works have been written on the subject in Latin, and two very interesting volumes compiled by M. Key. In fact it has been the theme of more discussion, both as regards its actual meaning, and the history of its adoption, than any other heraldic device.

Legend says that the soldiers of Clovis made crowns of it after the battle of Tolbiac; whilst many are of opinion that the early Franks chose the lily of the marshes because they came from a country full of bogs. Others go further back and assert that the fleur-de-lis has been found on Egyptian tombs, and that it is a relic of the devotion which the ancient inhabitants of Lutetia had to the goddess Isis. A learned Jesuit maintains that this device represents the union of three sceptres, bound together to resemble an iris; which is probable, because Dagobert united the kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy.

At first the kings of France bore on their escutcheon an indefinite number of golden lilies on a blue field; but eventually, either out of respect to the Holy Trinity, or to symbolize the three different races—the Merovingians, the Carlovingians, and the Capetians—from which the royal line was descended, Charles VI. reduced the number to three golden fleur-de-lis emblazoned on an azure field. Louis VII., when setting out for the Crusades, took with him an azure banner, *semée de fleur-de-lis.*

Again we find another and totally different explanation which connects the emblem with the River Lys. Quaintly the old French poem expresses it:

"Au noir Lyon la fleur-de-lis
Priest la terre deça de Lys,
Et déserita de tous poins."

This was the Black Lion of the Flemings. Bertrand du Guesclin, the famous Breton hero who lived in the reign of Edward III., declares that men "devoyent bien honorer la noble fleur-de lis plus qu'ils ne faisaient le félon liepard." The leopard represented England.

Charles V. adopted the device of a fleur-de-lis withered by blasts from winds blowing from the south, in allusion to the house of Austria, and to a passage from one of the Fathers, which says, the "lily fades when the south wind blows."

A very pretty story of the early days of France is frequently represented in manuscripts and on tapestries, and may be chosen from amongst legends of the lilies as a fair guess at the origin of the royal banner.

Clovis was fighting against the Saracens; Clothilde was praying in the forest of Joye-en-

valle. A holy hermit had built his cell in the depths of the forest glades, and here the queen, tired of the gay revels of her husband's court, used to come for advice and consolation. One dark morning when the hermit was kneeling absorbed in devotion, his cell was illuminated by a stream of rainbow colors, and in the midst of the rays of light stood an angel with gentle face, and wings all brilliant with heavenly radiance, holding in his hand a shield of wondrous beauty. Its color was the deep blue of the sky at midnight, and emblazoned on it were the three fleur-de-lis, that shone like stars when there is no moon in the heavens. Awe-struck, the hermit waited reverentially to hear the angel's message. He was told to give the banner into the hands of Clothilde, and to tell her that under that banner her husband should fight and conquer in the name of the Holy Trinity. "The same device," continued the angel, "shall henceforth adorn the royal escutcheon of the sovereigns of France, and never shall victory desert their standard unless it be turned in pride or anger against their brethern in the faith." The angel vanished, the holy man still knelt in meditation and in happy anticipation of the future glories of France till Clothilde came as was her wont to his cell to pray for the success of her consort's arms. Then he told her of the angel's message, and she hastened to fulfil the divine command. The three crescents which Clovis is said to have borne upon his shield were effaced, and in their place the fleur-de-lis were emblazoned. The queen presented the royal standard to the king, revealing to him its heavenly origin, and bidding him march boldly against the infidels, in perfect confidence of victory. The precious gift was joyfully received and hailed as an omen of future greatness. The Saracens were routed, and, in gratitude for the angelic mission and the pledge of the divine favor which it conveyed, a religious house was founded near the fountain beside which the hermit dwelt, and was long known as the Abbey of Joye-en-valle.

The banner presented by the angel was reverentially preserved, and, as an old poem says, the royal houses of France "ont porté, et portent encore, sur champs d'azur les trois fleur-de-lis d'or."

Saint Martin's mantle, or La Chape de Saint Martin, is said to be part of the mantle which the Saint shared with the shivering beggar. In the early days of the Capetians the kings were humble and timid men who did not dare to place a crown on their heads, and were contented on days of great solemnity to wear the Cope belonging to the Abbey of St. Martin. From this custom they derived the name of Capet.

The Oriflamme of Saint Denis appears to have been adopted later than the Chape de Saint Martin. This ensign was supposed to have been first used in the time of Charlemagne, to whom it was sent by the Patriarch of Jerusalem as an acknowledgment of the great services he had rendered to Christianity, by which he earned the title of "Souverain protecteur et défenseur de l'église." This banner was present on the field of Narbonne when Charlemagne vanquished the Saracens, and was conveyed to the field by twelve monks, enclosed in a shrine and resting on cushions of purple velvet, embroidered in gold by the Princesses Emma and Rosamond. On this occasion it was confided to the care of Dudon de Lys and a hundred chosen warriors.

The Oriflamme was originally the especial banner of the Abbey of Saint Denis, and by order of the Abbots it was borne by the *avoués* or Protectors of the Abbey in all the wars undertaken for the defense of their rights It was made of red silk attached to a gilded lance, and the name Oriflamme probably came from the color of the flag and from the lance on which it waved.

When the kings of France had become Lords of the Vexin (a country between the River Oise and the Epte) they were also the Protectors of the Abbey of St. Denis, and, in this capacity, they took the Oriflamme from the altar of St. Denis and had it borne before their armies beside the royal fleur-de-lis. Louis VI. was the first to adopt this custom.

Froissart says that the Oriflamme was displayed at the battle of Rosbecq, in the reign of Charles VI., and no sooner was it unfurled than a thick fog cleared away, and the sun appearing "shone on the French alone." Another author asserts that all infidels were blinded by looking at it.

The Oriflamme was carried before the French armies until the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. This was its last appearance on the battle-field,

but it was preserved at St. Denis, and was held sacred by the French nation, for the best and bravest of its chivalry had rallied round it, and triumphed over the infidel like true sons of France, that eldest daughter of the Church.

The unfurling of the Oriflamme in the Abbey of St. Denis, where it was kept in time of peace, was an imposing ceremony. The King, surrounded by his courtiers and warriors, was received at the entrance of the cloisters, by a procession of the clergy, robed in their most splendid vestments. He approached the altar amidst strains of martial music, laid aside scarf and belt, and kneeling with discrowned head before the altar, implored the aid of heaven.

Then followed the raising of the Standard, which was brought in wrapped in linen cloths, and separated from the lance. After Mass was celebrated, the banner was laid on the altar. The king approached, took it, and delivered it to the cavalier whose honor it was to bear the precious ensign, each exchanging the kiss of peace. The Porte-Oriflamme confessed, received Holy Communion, took a solemn oath to preserve the Oriflamme, wrapped himself in the banner, and then the nobles were bidden to kiss the sacred ensign *"comme reliques et choses dignes."*

Poets and romance writers have sung its story. Historians have recorded the glories of France as she went to the wars with her sacred ensigns waving, and her warriors strong in the faith they had learned from Saint Denis.

It is singular that the French monarchy should have been hedged about with tradition, and have received so many marks of divine favor. "Three sacred emblems," says an old Chronicle, "were sent down from heaven as pledges of the eternal duration of the French monarchy. The *Scutum Liliatum,* the *Philia odorata,* and *Vexillum splendidum purpuram oetherum."* The Shield of Lilies, The Holy Chrism contained in the *Sainte Ampoule,* and the Oriflamme or crimson banner of St. Denis.

The *Sainte Ampoule* or vessel of holy oil, said to have been brought down from heaven by a dove to Saint Remi for the coronation of Clovis, has been interwoven with French history from its earliest days. It was said that the holy oil never diminished although a little was used for the consecration of each king. It was kept in St. Remi's tomb in a silver gilt reliquary studded with diamonds and other precious stones, and existed until the Revolution, when it was destroyed by command of Kuhl, a member of the National Convention.

The Chevaliers of St. Michael and the *Sainte Ampoule* had charge of the phial, and conveyed it from the Abbey of St. Remi to the Cathedral for the grand ceremonies of the *Sacre du roi.* These knights were created only for a day, and the people of Rheims will tell you that the coronation was quite subordinate to the procession of the *Sainte Ampoule,* and that the magnificent canopy held over the Chevalier bearing the precious balm to the Cathedral and back again to the Abbey, attracted as much attention as the king's crown.

No European nation can boast of so ancient an emblem as the fleur-de-lis of France. Yet it has been rejected, and the link which could bind its present glories to the past has been broken. The lilies which once inspired the noble deeds of the great and good have been trampled under foot and mercilessly torn from their sanctuaries.

Ministers decided that the time-honored escutcheon should be abolished, and the royal fleur-de-lis were effaced from the shield of France. To please Napoleon, as they thought, the citizens of a town he was to visit had covered the windows of their ancient Cathedral with paper; he inquired the reason and was told that they feared to offend him by the sight of those old royal emblems. "What," he exclaimed, "the *fleur-de-lis?* Uncover them this moment. They once guided the French to glory as my eagles do now, and they must always be dear to France, and held in reverence by her children."

A great man, a true patriot, he had no need to blacken the memory of his predecessors that his own star might shine more brightly. There was in the heart of this colossal man no petty jealousy of these ancient standards which had waved over France for centuries. The lilies were laid low, but the Imperial Eagles spread their broad wings over the land of heroes, and sheltered it during the chaos period of transition from the old *régime* to the new. The Eagles were still . . . . .

"jeune, il est vrai, mais aux âmes bien nées
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années."

Fit emblems were they of the great conqueror who was worthy to lead the French nation he loved so well.

M. WINEFRIDE BEAUFORT.

## Blind Authors.

IN the accumulated wealth of the world's literature lies many a gem, pure and sparkling, that emanated from the gifted brain of some genius, to whose eyes the glorious light of day had been forevermore obliterated.

Heading the list of these blind singers, in ineffaceable characters, stands the imperishable name of John Milton, who lost his sight about the year 1650, at the time when he was occupying the position of Secretary of Foreign Tongues to the Council. His duties were to prepare and translate into Latin, all despatches to and from foreign governments. Afterwards when the learned Salmasius published his defence of Charles I., Milton was ordered by the Council of State to "prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius." At the time one eye had become altogether useless, and a like fate threatened the other. He knew this, but, regardless of his physician's advice, determined to do what he considered to be his duty. "The choice," he says, "lay before me of a supreme duty and a loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Esculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary; I could not obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spoke to me from heaven." World-wide fame was his reward; blindness the penalty.

How pathetic is the exquisite sonnet that he writes upon his blindness—lines that have touched the hearts of so many sufferers who can "only stand and wait."

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide:
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

Two hundred years before the birth of Milton, at a time when the rude yet poetic minstrelsy was passing away, lived "Blind Harry" of Scotland, a wandering poet, or minstrel. His poem on the *Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, rendered into the modern Scotch, is still a favorite among the peasants, and was one of the works whose perusal so kindled the poetic flame of Robert Burns. The history of Wallace, down to the year 1297, is entirely legendary, and only to be found in the rhymes of "Blind Harry" whose work confesses itself not to be limited to the strict rule of history. "Blind Harry" professes, however, to translate from a Latin account, written by Wallace's friend and chaplain, John Blair.

Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Scotland, born in 1721, became blind when but six months old; his knowledge of literature, theology, and music attracted much attention; although the son of a brick-maker he received a university education, preached some years, and wrote sermons, poems, and treatises original and translated. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish colors by it, and his poetical skill in correctly depicting nature's varied charms was wonderful. Who would imagine these lines were composed by one to whom the whole vast universe was but a blank, and yet they are not unusual specimens of his descriptive skill.

"Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow:
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beautie's fairest dyes."

In Yorkshire, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, lived the blind scholar, Nicholas Sanderson, learned in mathematics and astronomy, and the author of a treatise on algebra. Half a century later, we read of John Gough, who became blind at the age of three, but lived to be a clever writer upon botany and philosophy.

The celebrated American historian, W. H. Prescott, wrote many of his volumes with darkened eyes. In the last year of his student life at Harvard, a crust of bread playfully thrown at him by a classmate, inflicted a serious injury on one of his eyes, and excessive use of the other almost deprived him of sight for some time. For more than twenty years before his death he could scarcely see to write at all. The most eminent oculists of London and Paris were consulted in vain, no effectual relief was obtained.

Having made, with much expense and labor, a collection of materials for his first work, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," his eyes became gradually worse. The reader whose assistance he had obtained knew no language but English. "I taught him," says Mr. Prescott, "to pronounce the Castilian in a manner suited, I suspect, much more to my ear than to that of a Spaniard; and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble history. I cannot even now call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary. But in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement; and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos, I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English."

Mr. Prescott, at a later period, obtained the assistance of a reader acquainted with Spanish, which facilitated considerably the prosecution of his studies. After more than ten years' labor the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" appeared, was most favorably received by the public, and procured for its author the honor of corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid. Six years were devoted to the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," four to the "Conquest of Peru," the "History of the Reign of Philip II." was never finished, for the unremitting toiler was stricken in the midst of his work by an attack of paralysis, from which he did not recover.

One of Mr. Prescott's secretaries thus describes his mode of writing. "He wrote with an instrument made for the blind, consisting of a frame of the size of a sheet of quarto letter paper, traversed by as many brass wires as there were to be lines on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus he traced his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks on the white page below. He wrote with great rapidity, in a hand so illegible that none could read it but himself and his secretary. The latter copied the manuscript as fast as written, in a large and legible hand, on paper so ruled that there was twice the usual space between the lines to afford room for interlineation. When the chapter was finished, it was read to him several times, carefully revised, and again copied before being sent to the printer."

Among the ancients we find Homer, Diodatus, Eusebius, and many other names of classical renown, whose only light was that of genius, and, who, bearing the cross of a darkened life into which no ray of sunlight can enter, have "gathered up the fragments" and made of them "a thing of beauty" that more favored mortals can but wonder at and admire.

ALICE LAWLOR.

## Leaves and Lives.

Autumn's tints are on the trees;
As last year's leaves have fallen,
So will these.

Like golden showers from heaven descending
Softly, their rainbow hues,
In radiance blending,

So falls each well-spent life;
In God's own time, to "Rest in Peace,"
From toil and strife.

Memories of those whose work is done
Are flashes from the golden glory
Round them flung.

Still shining, through the darkest night;
Until at last they stand
In heavenly light.

MARY WINEFRIDE BEAUFORT.

## The Average Hostess, from an Average Guest's Point of View.

APPARENTLY but few women realise the difficulty of the task they undertake when they venture to play the hostess. Like Emile Girardin, they go to war with a light heart. If they grasped the fact that their duties included something more than collecting a certain number of people in one place on a given date, surely their guests would have a better time than usually falls to their lot.

As it is when a matron invites her acquaintances to her house, crams them into drawing-rooms too small for their comfort, provides a crush on the staircase, a draught in the corridor, light refreshments in the dining-room, and indifferent artists to sing, play, or recite all over the place, she not infrequently says that she has "entertained" her guests.

Confident creature!

One invitation may bring a man to an "At Home," but twenty cannot make him be entertained unless he finds the wherewithal.

Truisms are truths that nobody acts on. While theoretically everybody knows that to the hostess —to her tact, sympathy, good sense, good breeding, and power of attracting an agreeable circle round her—is due the success of any party, in practice we assume that a crowd and a supper constitute an agreeable evening, and that the hostess may be either a block or a busybody. Wealth cannot ensure enjoyment, except in so far as it facilitates matters, and enables the wheels to run smoothly, and experience proves that it is not at houses where the most money is spent that one always has the best time. Herein is to be found one of the compensations of comparative poverty.

What is more galling than to be rich, ambitious, and a social failure? If poor people are dull they have at least the consolation of fancying that, if they were rich, things would be different. To be rich and dull, however, forces the conclusion that the fault must lie with oneself, and nothing is more disagreeable than to have oneself to blame.

So far as entertaining in its real sense goes, the average hostess is a failure. If she succeeds now and then, it is not by premeditation but by a happy accident. She has not studied the alphabet of her business, nor learned the simple secret that people are best entertained by meeting those who to them are entertaining, and by doing such things as they desire to do. Only this and nothing more. Of social commandments this is the first and greatest. Ignoring it, she continues to invite unmusical people to her musical parties, and non-dancers to her balls, introduces the clever to the stupid, and the gay to the dull.

Too many hostesses please themselves but not their guests, and provide amusements that to them individually may be charming, but that to their acquaintances are a weariness of the flesh. They have yet to realise that one should go to other people's entertainments for enjoyment. In one's own house it is the enjoyment of the guests that must at all cost be secured. Too often a hostess is to be seen amusing herself immensely, while round the room sit many of her acquaintances seeking to divert themselves with photographic views. It is not to look at photographic views that one spends money on white gloves, patent leather shoes, and cab hire. They may be seen in Regent Street any day for nothing.

The average hostess goes so far as to endeavor to equalise the number of men and women invited. Let it be accounted to her for righteousness, though she does not always succeed. As individuals, however, she rarely considers them, nor decides the main point as to who would like to meet whom. She is satisfied with herself and thinks that her "At Homes" are all that can reasonably be desired. If she could she would constrain people to be happy, for she feels that after her exertions, after her expenditure, after her daughter's music, after her excellent tea, coffee and ices, only an ingrate could go away uncheered. Much work and little wind, as the Spaniards say. She provides everything except the essentials, and confounding good cheer with good company, considers a costly supper of greater importance than congenial society.

Not for her claret-cup, and *petits fours*, her quails in aspic and champagne, agreeable as these undoubtedly are, not for these alone does the *blasé* party-goer accept her invitation. Generally speaking he can get as good at home. What he hopes for is to be amused, to meet men and

women who will interest him, at least for the time. We all desire to add acquaintances to our circle who will be agreeable, or useful, or both, and even venture to think that amongst them we may find some one who will in time become friends. In this often-deceived expectation we accept invitations only to be disappointed. That we go to the same houses again and again, proves, like a second marriage, the triumph of hope over experience.

A story is told of the landlady who remarked acidly, "You seem to be very fond of coffee, Mr. Smith," to the boarder who passed her his cup for the sixth time. "I must be, Madam," was the reply, "since I am willing to drink so much hot water to get a little!"

To discourage conversation between her guests would seem to be the aim of the average hostess. To this end she introduces the wrong people, abstains from introducing the right, and arranges, as often as she can, for such forms of amusement as impose silence on the audience. If some feminine Napoleon would arise to provide music for the musical, conversation for those who like to converse, dancing for those who prefer to dance, and recitations for the stage-struck, who might perform in turn, and endure each other in the intervals, she would be the social conqueror of her time. That this would involve many small parties instead of one large, most people would consider an advantage, since the large party, except under unusually favorable conditions, is the dullest show on earth. As things are, we get, not what we like, but whatever our hostess thinks is good for us.

Of course, I am dealing here only with hostesses who, either through their own talents, or charms, or position, or the talents and position of their husbands, get interesting people to come to their houses. Dull people with dull friends may do as they like, but I hate to see good material wasted.

Bad hostesses may be divided into two great classes—those who do not introduce at all, and those who introduce too much. And first I hold that in a vast society like that of London, and with shy, cold-mannered people like the English, introductions at large gatherings are indispensable, save within a limited circle. It is absurd to take it for granted that every guest who comes to your house will know every other. The chances are that amongst them each may know one or two, or five or six, not particularly congenial people; and to their society he or she will be confined for the entire evening if the hostess does not introduce. No matter what ridiculous ideas as to "good" or "bad form" may obtain at any given time as to introductions, everyone knows that where you meet no pleasant acquaintances, and are not introduced, you have not a very enjoyable time.

As for saying that when people meet at the house of a "mutual" friend—pardon the adverbial adjective—they should take each other for granted, at least for the time being, and talk without more ado—that may answer on the Continent, but in England it does not work. English people cannot, or will not, talk to strangers. They naturally hate strangers; and the impulse to " 'eave 'arf a brick" is still strong, even in civilised breasts. And anyhow, one is at a disadvantage in conversing with a bystander whose name, position, and antecedents are unknown A remark on some topic of the day, a railway accident, a Government crisis, a *cause célèbre*—may have the most painful consequences if addressed to the wrong person.

Amongst the exclusive aristocracy of Vienna or St. Petersburg, where the *nouveau riche* is practically unknown, and where most of the members are related, not to know argues oneself unknown. In provincial society, too, where everyone is familiar with everyone else, at least by sight, introductions may be out of place, and result in forcing an undesired acquaintanceship. In London, however, these conditions do not exist.

It is the merest affectation to pretend that one knows all the nice people and desires to know no more. In Upper Bohemia especially, men and women are forever "arriving," and yet among the literary set, who are individually the most sociable and eager to talk "shop," no introductions is often the rule of the evening. But literary people, and literary hostesses in particular, should remember that for the most part it is not as aristocrats but as writers they are known. Few of them have any other *raison d'être*. Their invitations are accepted simply because they are ex-

pected to be interesting. Their guests hope to converse with them, or, if that be impossible, to meet entertaining people at their house.

The literary hostess, however, is not always a good hostess. She talks to the lions herself and allows the shy stranger to mope in a corner. Sometimes she tells him of the number of interesting people who are assembled in the same room. He can only stare around him, wondering who is who, and wishing they were labelled. One may go to half a dozen different houses and not make a single new acquaintance, meeting over and over again the few indifferent folk with whom one is already acquainted.

If this were said to one of the hostesses in question, she would probably reply that as everyone would want to know celebrities, it is for the protection of these she refrains from introducing. She would be mistaken. To many, if not to most, a celebrity is a rather alarming personage, while the Mesdames Leo Hunter and their kind are sufficiently pushing to scrape up an acquaintance with or without introduction. Celebrities apart, there are numbers of interesting people who would be pleased to meet, but who never get a chance because hostesses are at no pains to consider their guests individually.

As bad as, if not worse than, the indifferent hostess, is the too anxious hostess. She precipitates people one upon the other. She prowls about with restless eye and hurried smile on introductions bent. She cannot let well alone. It would really seem, that if she perceives by any chance a man and woman getting on nicely she interferes to separate them, hastening to bring up another man who will not suit, till each individual has met everyone in the room As well might she insist on her guests partaking of a single spoonful of every dish on the supper-table. She is not infrequently, moreover, a woman who collects around her a very miscellaneous assortment of guests. Her large-hearted charity embraces all the doubtful people, and she is sympathetic to everyone, unless she believes them to be "respectable" and "good," which with her are terms of reproach. To impeccable virtue, however amiable, she is openly antagonistic, so that if anyone of unblemished reputation wanders through her halls, he or she must have been invited by accident. Such stray sheep find themselves at times in very strange company, and before they know where they are, discover that they have been presented to the heroine of the latest society scandal, a man of fascinating manners who lives by his skill at cards, a lady who writes immoral pamphlets in defence—save the mark!—of morality, a shady company promoter, a damaged countess, and others of the same stamp. Now people should have some say in the matter of whom they will or will not know.

A hostess with the introduction mania upon her never consults either party. She springs them on each other like so many Jacks-in-the-box, hurrying them into the arms of their dearest enemy, and forcibly making people acquainted who have hitherto spent their lives in avoiding each other as a calamity.

There is a hostess who combines the faults of the other two. She introduces a stranger to one person and leaves each to the mercy of the other for the evening. Now this may be very pleasant, but generally it isn't.

A friend of mine once told me that when she was utterly bored she always abused the royal family. I felt sorry for the royal family. At the same time the idea has merit. If a code of signals could be arranged between guest and host or hostess, a little private flag of distress, as it were, run up when one has been boarded by a pirate, some friendly craft might steer to one's relief. When no such signal was displayed the hostess might know that all was well, and refrain from interfering.

The ideal hostess is the woman who gathers round her a small, but not too small, party of people who suit each other. If the party is very small, conversation must be general, and this is not always agreeable. She remembers just what each person likes, and in so doing delicately flatters. She does not worry overmuch about her refreshments, while seeing that these are the best of their kind and abundant. She allows no one to feel neglected. Bores she does not invite.

The ideal hostess has no easy time of it. Her eyes and ears must be everywhere She must monopolise no one, and be prepared to fill every gap. The only enjoyment she need expect to get out of her entertainments is that arising from the consciousness that everything has gone off well, and that her guests are pleased.

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR-ECCLES.

Ah, faces! What power is theirs. They lead us through the realms of light and darkness; they twine around our brow sharp thorns and sweet roses. A sympathetic look carries us on, on into a dreamland of warm, pure happiness; a frown often clutches us painfully and drags downward until dust and seaweeds cling about the aching soul.

Every life is filled with the memory of faces, which loom up bright with gladness, or shadowed by sorrow. A fragrant blossom may soothe for hours, a strain of sweet music may haunt for months;—but a face,—the memory of a face travels with us through the long, long years. The faces of dead or absent friends crowd about us. The twilight hour brings thoughts of a golden-haired child—an angel face; the dark, lonely night ushers in remembrance of a gray-haired man with dear, tender face, or a woman with a countenance all bright with soul glory.

But these are but dreams of faces that are no more. Life is a reality, and swiftly in the mighty rush onward thousands of faces pass us, each bearing the stamp of a soul—a soul, which, beautiful and shining, reaches out toward a rose-tinged future, or a writhing and bloody thing, lowering slowly into the shades of night. It is for these living faces that smiles and tears are needed. What are the blossoms to the form beneath the sod? All too soon may the dear living join the procession of beloved dead. Perhaps one of the saddest things in life is the memory of a face, which, through our lack of sympathy, was white and sad—a soul all lonely. Ah, the faces and their stories! Some so full of love and hope; others darkened by despair. Faces lighted with gleams of heaven, though features all so plain; wrinkled and childish faces; kindly faces; honest faces. Onward, ever onward, o'er life's path these faces go Angel and demon faces mingle, but—comforting hope—happy thought,—as long as life lasts there are opportunities to tear from the face the unnatural mask never destined to cover aught so fair. Yes, the darkest brow; the soul whose chord-strings snapped ere its music was ended, may yet revibrate until the notes die softly away in the

"Eternal melody."

MABEL KEAN.

## The Genius of Language.

HOW close a kinship does there not exist between the genius of a people and the genius of their language. If we would know the character of a people we should study their lanuage, for language is the embodiment of thought, and thought the mirror wherein is reflected the life and character of a people.

It should, however, be remembered that as language is but a symbol of thought, it falls short of the full expression of an idea, for the symbol must be always less than the thing symbolized. As Brother Azarias says: "Genius, in its brightest moments, may approach a rounded expression of an idea in all its relations, but it is beyond the power of inferior intellects to do so.

The greatest gift God has bestowed upon man —only second to the immortal gift of the soul—is the gift of speech Without it what were the splendor of intellect? Without it the human family would simply be *mutum et turpe pecus.* "Speech," says Professor Fowler, "is the deliverer of the imprisoned soul. It brings it into communion with another soul, so that the two become one. It leads the thoughts and the emotions into light and liberty. Words reaching from the speaker's tongue to the listening ear are the links of that electric chain upon which thought flies from mind to mind, and feeling from heart to heart, through the greater and the smaller circles of human society."

Literature being the immortality of speech, it goes without saying, that this immortal thought of a people suffers more or less in its translation from language into language. An idiom is the soul-mark of a language—it belongs to the genius of thought and expression, and really defies translation. Scholars, however, having command of the great capabilities of language, have, at various times, translated with rare fidelity and skill, some of the great literary masterpieces of the world. The greater the production—the more genius-endowed, the more difficult the work of translating. Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakspere are housed and tabernacled in a world of their own, and, when removed from their literary homes, lose much of the charm of their genius. Suppose we take here the "Myriad-minded" bard of Avon, and glance at the product of his genius

housed in a strange tongue Take, for instance, from *Romeo and Juliet,* Juliet's reply in the balcony scene, "Thou know'st the mask of night." This, of course, is not a literal translation but a French adaptation of the play, as presented in Paris some time ago.

O! si la nuit propice, en son chaste mystère.
Ne couvrait pas mon front d'une ombre salutaire,
Et ne m'abritait pas de son voile indulgent,
Tu me verrais rougir, amè, rien qu'en songeant
A ce que je disais, lorsque tu m'as surprise.

In Berlin, German scholars make very admirable translations of Shakspere—yet it is not Shakspere. It is Julius Caesar or Macbeth or Hamlet reincarnated with the Teutonic spirit of sentiment and sausage.

It is said that Macaulay studied all the modern languages of Europe through the medium of translations of the New Testament. These are always necessarily faithful. Suppose we examine a few of the verses of the 7th Chapter of St. Matthew, translated into Latin, German, French, Spanish and Italian. I regret that I do not possess an Irish Testament, otherwise we might get a peep, too, into the language of beloved Erin with all its ravishing beauty and wealth.

1. Judge not that you may not be judged.

2 For with what judgment you have judged you shall be judged: and with what measure you have measured it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why seest thou a mote in thy brother's eye and seest not a beam in thy own eye?

Latin. 1. Nolite judicare, ut non judicemini.

2. In quo enim judicio judicaveritis, judicabimini, et in qua mensura mensi fueritis, remetietum vobis. 3 Quis autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui et trabem in oculo tuo non vides? O

German. 1. Richtet nicht damit ihr nicht gerichtet

2. Denn mit welchem Urtheile ihr richtet, mit dem werdet ihr auch gerichtet werden: und mit welchem Maasze ihr messet, mit dem wird euch wieder gemessen werden.

3. Was siehest du aber einen Splitter in dem Auge deines Bruders, und den Balken in deinem Auge siehest du nicht?

French. 1. Ne jugez point, afin que vous ne soyez point jugés.

2. Car selon le jugement d'après lequel vous aurez jugé vous serez jugés; et selon la mesure, avec laquelle vous aurez mesuré, il vous sera aussi mesuré.

3. Or, pourquoi vois-tu une paille dans l'oeil de non frère et ne vois-tu pas une poutre dans ton oeil?

Spanish. 1. No querais juzgar, para que no seais juzgados.

2. Pues con el juicio con que juzgaréis, seréis juzgados; y con la medida con que mediéreis, os volverán á medir.

3. Por qué pues ves la pajita en el ojo de tu hermano, y no ves la viga en tu ojo?

Italian. 1. Non giudicate, affine di non essere giudicati.

2. Imperrochè secondo il vostro giudicare sarete voi giudicati, et colla misura onde avrete misurato, sarà rimisurato a voi.

3. E perchè osservi tu una pagliuzza nell' occhio del tuo fratello: e non fai riflessione alla trava che hai nell occhio tuo?

It is exceedingly interesting to study languages by this comparative method, but the student before entering upon it should have already acquired a good grasp of the vocabulary and grammar of each tongue

A synthetic language in which the relation of words is indicated by case endings is always a more accurate, precise, and less ambiguous language than an analytical language. Hence it is that so much of the valuable thought of the world is entombed in Latin. All languages whose substantives, adjectives, and articles are declined, are, in a measure, at least, synthetic. The Anglo-Saxon language was synthetic, and so is the Irish language. A peculiarity about the Irish or Erse language is, that when certain adjectives precede the noun which they qualify, the adjective undergoes no change, whereas when adjectives follow nouns, they must agree with these nouns in gender, number and case. Here is an example: An copall ban. A white horse. Na copaill bana. The white horses. Ban cnoic Eireann. The fair hills of Erin. The Irish language—is rich in the vocabulary of imagination and emotion. Its wealth of figurative expressions is unsurpassed,

its terms of endearment sweet and true as the accents of an angel.

How beautifully this tenderness—this heart-power of the Irish language—is set forth in the following poem entitled *Avick Machree,* which I came across a few evenings ago:

Across a continent and sea,
  Through fifty years of memory
I hear the words *avick machree.*
  A wintry night:—the flaming peat
With knots of resinous fir combine
  To fill the air with fragrant heat,
To make the bog-oak rafters shine,
  And this and love suffice for me;
  The love that breathes *avick machree.*

Some soft white rolls of carded wool;
  A spinning wheel set near the hearth;
A mother seated on a stool,
  Drawing the spiral fibres forth
To shape the downy-coated thread—
(God bless the hand laid on my head—
  A freckled five years I)—and she
  Breathes low the words;—*avick machree.*

"My darling son" on English tongue;
"Mon cher fils" mellow as the sun
In vineyard of the broad Garonne;
  Or deeper-toned *"Ach lieber sohn!"*
On Weser's shores are sweet and strong;
  But 'mong the slopes of Irish hills
The heart's deep wells appear to be
  Diminished into slender rills
Invoked by other tongue than thee—
O tongue that breathes *avick machree!*

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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WHEN our crosses come, instead of carrying them away reasonably, we make others and pile these above the heavy load already placed upon us. We are like that famous maiden, Jocrisse, who drowned herself to escape the rain.

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AND what is work? Is it only some task of hand or brain? Is it only accomplished when we see tangible evidences of our toil? Or is it, too, the checking of a petulant or thoughtless word, the subduing of an unworthy desire, the rising above the subtle temptation that woos us to spiritual indolence, the striving to keep fresh and blooming the garden-plot God has given us all for our own, and where only by heart-work the fair flowers of "Love," "Joy," and "Peace" can be brought to bloom?

# Special Correspondence

DANESBURY HOUSE,
EASTBOURNE, England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

As I promised to write you something about Eastbourne, I shall begin by stating for the benefit of your readers who have not yet visited it, that it is the very prettiest seaside place in England.

Eastbourne is called the "Empress of watering places," and I think it well deserves its name; Bournemouth is picturesque, and nature has given it many great advantages in its pine woods and undulating landscape, but there is in Eastbourne something unique that puts it beyond comparison with any other of the great English watering places I have seen. It is comparatively new, and, in this feature, resembles Bournemouth; but Eastbourne has an old town as well, quite apart from the new and recherchés boulevards and esplanades which form the attractions that are so thoroughly appreciated by the English upper ten, as well as by numerous foreigners, for Eastbourne is a favorite resort for French and continental visitors.

It is difficult to understand why this lovely spot is named "Eastbourne," as it directly faces the south, and is sheltered by Hastings and St. Leonards from the bitterness of the east winds, and yet, strange to say, I have known people who hesitated to make it their winter quarters, simply because of its name, though statistics prove it to enjoy more clear sunshine in the winter than any other place on the south coast; and it is so dry and mildly bracing that it is preferable as a climate for those in search of health to any other seaside place in England. I believe the original name was *Essbourne*, but it was changed in the first syllable, by whom I do not know.

The founder of the new town was the late Duke of Devonshire, and, to him, I understand, is owing the credit of the truly artistic and beautiful arrangement of streets and avenues, boulevarded so exquisitely, and with residences and buildings in such perfect harmony, that my first impression of Eastbourne was that it quite represented a miniature Paris.

The present Duke and the charming Duchess, who are this year, and I trust, shall continue to be, the Mayor and Mayoress of Eastbourne, take still a vital interest in the place, and frequently visit their lovely old residence, Compton Place, which is situated here, and is one of the ancestral homes of Old England. The romance connected with this noble couple is not the least of the attractions of this Eden by the sea. The Duke was very much in love with the Duchess before her marriage to the late Duke of Manchester, and, although many years passed by, he never swerved in his devotion to the memory of, what must have seemed, a lost love, and remained unmarried until Fate made the Duchess a widow, when he gained the reward of his constancy, and proved to the world that there are such things to be found as fidelity and true love, even in the midst of the English aristocracy.

Within a short walk of Eastbourne is Beachy Head, which is a most interesting promontory, and the winding drive, called "The Duke's Drive," which forms the easiest method of ascent, is quite charming, as well as picturesque. The cliffs facing the sea are of a very peculiar mixture of chalk and flint stone, and are 575 feet above sea-level. From here a magnificent view of the Channel and Downs may be had, and sometimes the Cliffs of Dover and the coast of France are quite discernible; a glimpse of the Isle of Wight coast may also be had. On a continuation of the Head is situated Belle Font lighthouse and also a very fine coast guard station. From the sands beneath a grand range of white cliffs form a view that is simply superb, until gradually the level country is seen again, showing along the coast, Seaford, Newhaven, and Brighton. About five and a half miles from Eastbourne, is situated the interesting old ruin of Pevensey Castle, which is, I think, the very oldest I have seen in England. It was built by the Romans, at an unknown date, and must have been an immense structure for the outer walls cover an area of ten acres.

It was at Pevensey Bay, just opposite the Castle, that "The Conqueror" landed, and, failing in the attempt, declared that he had seized the land with his hands, etc. The building was old even then, and had been previously given over to the Abbey of St. Denis, in Paris. A few months after his conquest of England, William sailed from Pevensey to revisit Normandy, and afterwards bestowed the Castle on his half brother, Robert, who, it is believed, added some part to it, which is of Norman design. The Castle was again besieged by William and Stephen, in turn, but both found it too strong to be taken In the early part of the fifteenth century, Edward, Duke of York, was imprisoned here, as was also Joan of Navarre, and James I. of Scotland, whose death, I think, took place at Pevensey.

The name is derived from a forest that formerly existed in the vicinity, named "Pensavel," and "Caler Pensavel Cait," or the fortress by the wood, was the original designation. The ruin forms part of the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, having descended to him from Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, who was also created Viscount Pevensey.

About four or five miles from Pevensey, is the ruin of Hurstmoncientt, which was evidently a very lovely residence, of Norman construction. It seems peculiarly modern when compared with its, to me, much more interesting neighbor, and also with the other ruins I have seen in Britain. It is the only one of its kind I have ever seen which was built with brick, the only stone used is in the framework of the windows, which are quite as large as those of our modern structures, and not merely peepholes, as the openings in the walls of ancient castles, suggest.

Hurstmoncient, is by many considered the more attractive ruin, as it retains its lovely gardens and ivy-clad walls, which present a most picturesque appearance; but, to me, it did not appeal much, beyond its decided claim to classic harmony, which commanded my admiration; while Pevensey still lives up to its first impression—massive, lovely, deeply interesting.

May I be permitted, dear Rainbow, to quote from, and reply to, through your charming medium, some remarks which the very delightful and interesting letter of "Your Irish Correspondent," contained in your last issue? "It is decidedly a novel experience for 'Paddy' to become the centre of attraction to our high and mighty sister, 'Britannia;' but 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' &c.

Now, dear Rainbow, I am only one person—and

a very insignificant one at that—but so far as my knowledge of the views entertained by the English people of Ireland goes, I should have much pleasure in endorsing, through a slightly extended experience, the sentiments already expressed, and assuring your charming correspondent and my admired fellow-countrywoman, that *never* before in any country, have I known the Irish characteristics, and the Irish in general, to be so sought after, so admired, and so thoroughly appreciated as in England. Probably this is because we are such near neighbors, and the influence of the Blarney Stone is only freshened by the breezes off St George's Channel, and not lost altogether by *mal de mer* followed up with disappointments, like the manuscript which contained the character of the servant girl, who arrived without one in New York—of course, the *only* Irish girl who ever landed there without such a necessary appendage—hence the record.

True it is that England is waking up to the fact that the Isle of the West is the brightest jewel in the crown, and that a welcoming smile greets every son and daughter—out of Parliament—of Erin who desires to favor John Bull by a short or extended visit to his domicile; Irishwomen are the favorites of London society, and Irishmen are the heroes and the representatives of the British Crown everywhere. A few weeks ago, we had here at Eastbourne the Lawn Tennis Tournament for the south of England. I attended many of the meetings at Devonshire Park, and heard many of the comments on the game and the players. We had several of the Irish champions, notably, Mahony and Dougherty, and some others; but whether the Irish won or lost, it was easily seen they were the *favorites*, and all *expected* them to win, simply because they were Irish, for let me tell you, England has a vast amount of veneration for Irish capabilities.

During the tennis week referred to, I frequently heard such remarks as, "How gracefully he hits!" "Oh, but you know he's one of the Irish players, all Irish players are graceful!" Then, "How good-tempered he is, I thought that would have put him out a bit!" Still the refrain, "Oh, he's Irish, you know, bound to be a good fellow, if an Irishman."

Another thing I notice in England, is an absence of that bitterness with regard to difference of religion, which exists in other countries—without being, perhaps, always broad, although to this rule I have met some splendid exceptions—the Englishman or woman is generally tolerant, and that they are drifting steadily nearer Rome is an undoubted fact. A short time ago I happened to be in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen, who were discussing religious tendencies toward Ritualism. I being the only Catholic of the party, the merits and demerits of High and Low Church were dilated upon, when a gentleman remarked in reply to something which I now forget, "We're not all Roman Catholics in England, yet." A lady at once retorted, "Ah, but we *soon* shall be!" Of course this was merely a *jeu d'esprit*, but it nevertheless illustrates a point.

Before concluding, dear Rainbow, I would like to chronicle a story which was told me not long ago, by one of the most charming old ladies I have ever met, and whom I have the happiness to call my friend; an Irishwoman (with a Scotch name), a Mrs. McMillan, widow of a Methodist minister; and sister to a former Lord Mayor of London, think of that! an Irishman (Sir William McArthur) Lord Mayor of London—I think, in 1881—and it is now reported that in all probability another Irishman, Sir Thomas Lipton, will, in the near future, occupy a similar position. Well, to return to my story, as related by my friend, who, although now over eighty years of age, is still a splendid-looking woman, with faculties as bright and fascinating as might be expected in a lady of half her years

In the year 1852, after the famine, Mr. McMillan was required, in his capacity of Wesleyan minister, to take up the district surrounding Clew Bay, in the west of Ireland, and remove there with his family. Near their residence lived a poor family (Catholics) whose breadwinner was a boatman, and in whom Mrs McMillan soon became interested. One day her son was playing with the other children, and having stood upon a barrel to deliver some childish oration, he fell through the frail platform and cut himself severely. There was no car in the neighborhood, and the greatest consternation prevailed

as to how to procure medical aid. Molly, the mother of the poor family, took him up in her arms—although a rather big boy—and ran to Westport, a distance of over two miles. The doctor declared that she had saved his life, for he was very badly cut, and lockjaw quite imminent. Not long after this Mrs. McMillan, her husband and family went to live in Westport. One day she happened to meet Paddy, Molly's husband, who, after her usual greeting to him, approached her, saying, "May the Lord bless you ma'am, we're ruined!" "What is the matter?" demanded my friend. "Oh, wirra strhu! wirra strhu! there's nothing now for us but the big house!" (poorhouse). "Shure we've lost the boat!" Then he explained how their sole means of subsistence had gone to pieces from the effects of old age and a recent storm. Extreme want and misery, the result of recent famine, having depleted the always slender means of the entire population, no hope was looked for or expected from any quarter. Mrs. McMillan at once set to work and collected ten pounds amongst her friends, with which she bought a new boat, presented it to Paddy, and the day it was launched took all her children and some friends to a neighboring island, on a picnic, in order to patronize and establish poor Paddy, whose gratitude was boundless, and whose success later was beyond his most sanguine expectations. Let it not be for a moment imagined there was a thought of proselytism, in this noble act there was not the smallest, and from all I have heard of Paddy, I am convinced he would have refused the favor if such an idea had existed.

Some months after Paddy's re-establishment, Mrs. McMillan took her son to Dublin in order to place him at school, where he was stricken with typhus fever, during which she watched and nursed him in the greatest anxiety. At home all were in deep distress, awaiting news from Dublin, when one day Molly walked in, and with the most firm conviction, declared he would recover, adding, "Write and tell the misthress there is not the least fear of him, for I've gone all around the Holy Well of Rossbeg on my bare knees, and the *two* fishes jumped up and stared me in the face, so tell the misthress to make her mind aisy at once, for the boy will recover!"

"And so he did," added my friend, "from that very day he got a change for the better."

In a drawing-room in which were assembled many people, a few months ago, Mrs. McMillan related this story as a proof of the fidelity and attachment of the Irish peasantry; she and I were the only Irish *members* present, and she has lived the last half of her life in England. I was the only Catholic, and yet when she declared that she always attributed the recovery of her son to the direct answer of God to poor Molly's prayer and pilgrimage to the Well at the foot of Croagh Patrick, and related in her quaint, fascinating way the legend, which states that there are two fishes in the Well, which, if the prayer is to be granted, jump up and look at you, while, if the request is to be refused, remain still, there was not one dissentient smile in the room. Indeed, the universal verdict was that there are no people in the world like the Irish,—so kind, so content, and so true, when treated properly. All England asks, "Why is it our Queen has not had a residence in Ireland?" "Why has she not even visited the country, which is the most attractive in her dominions?" I have heard English men and women, without exception, declare that that omission or neglect is the one blot on Her Majesty's reign.

Now, I would like once more to assure my fair Irish contemporary that, although I am quite well aware of the grievous wrongs of the past, I do not think there shall ever again be danger of

"Hanging men and women
For the wearing of the green."

There is a change in the affairs of Erin—a tide which, taken at the flood, will lead her on to fortune. And as to ignoring her sons and daughters, it has been done, but that is all past and gone.

Your friend,

JOSIE O'DOWDA.

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IN shutting none out of our sympathy, in the willingness to help all and to be helped by all, we are here beginning like children to climb the foot-hills that lead to immortality. The self-absorbed, the unsympathetic, the unloving have lost their way, and are on the downward path; no light from the eternal life is reflected from their faces.

## Unwritten Historic Reminiscences of Niagara.

AMONG the many historic spots of North America, none, perhaps, is more famous not only for its unique magnificence, but also for its historic ground, than Niagara; for it was around this district that the greater number of the engagements of the war of 1812, 1813, and 1814, and of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, took place.

There were many skirmishes, of which we have no record, among the Indians, who were at one time the sole inhabitants of Niagara; and numerous traditions are retained of the early settlers, among whom were my great-grandfather and grandfather. These stories are of little importance, though they form a never-ending topic of conversation for some of the old residents, who occasionally chance to assemble, when, each in his turn, relates some oft-told anecdote of an ancestor, the others looking on and listening with as much interest as though it were some very exciting tale, told for the first time.

During the war of 1812, my great-grandfather, Mr. M. Crysler, had been home on furlough for a few days, and on his way back to join Captain Fitzgibbon's company, then at Beaver Dams, he met three of the enemy, armed with pistols and swords. One of the party leveled his pistol at my great-grandfather's head, with orders to lay down his musket. Now that musket was prized very highly by the latter, as it was one which he had captured at the battle of Queenston Heights, where General Brock fell; so instead of laying it down he placed it on his shoulder, and, in a voice like thunder, demanded that they should lay down their arms and march on before him. Seeing that he was thoroughly in earnest, they thought prudence the better part of valor, and obeyed orders Thus he marched them into camp. One proved to be a British subject and was shot as a spy; the other two were Americans, who afterwards regained their country, being exchanged as prisoners of war. My grandfather did not take part in that war, being only thirteen years of age at the time, but he helped others to do so by carrying food and ammunition to the camp. Many a time, in the autumn of life, he would relate tales which he heard his father tell, concerning the war, and would generally conclude by describing the fearful sight which Lundy's Lane presented, the morning after the battle. The dead were so numerous that the people could not bury them as quickly as was necessary, owing to the intense heat of that July, so, many a gallant youth was thrown into a ditch with some of his comrades and covered with a row of rails, over which a little earth was thrown. Not a few of the faces were familiar to him, and recalled the shattered air castles which the voices now stilled in death had built so short a time before. Others had distinguished themselves in a never-to-be-forgotten way, but, alas! "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The population of Niagara then was about ten thousand, consisting chiefly of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits and various kinds of housewifery. On one occasion it happened that a young woman had just completed a beautiful piece of weaving and doubtless was admiring the perfection of her handiwork, when the door of her dwelling suddenly opened and an Indian appeared. At once his keen eye fell upon the cloth, and knowing its value he proceeded to take it from its owner, who refused to relinquish her grasp upon it, therefore it was a matter of strength as to which should gain the victory. The Indian put his to the utmost test, and the matron hers; the victory seemed evenly balanced, when the red man raised his sword, and, with one stroke, severed the treasure in two and took his departure. This example of bravery is praiseworthy, for I am inclined to believe that not many women of to-day would be so heroic.

Last, but not least, is the story connected with Laura Secord, who, hearing of the approach of a large army of Americans, set out to inform the British, then stationed at Beaver Dams. In case of a challenge being given, she bethought herself of carrying a milk pail on her arm, as though she were in search of a cow which had strayed from its pasture. After several hours' rough walking she succeeded in reaching the small station, and made her statement to Lieut. Fitzgibbons, who, by calling out his forces and skillfully arraying forty-nine Indians in advance, in scattered order, and about two hundred of the militia at a short distance in the rear, captured two

hundred American troops, twenty cavalry and two field pieces, under Col. Boerstler. A monument erected on the site of the battle of Lundy's Lane (which has been converted into a cemetery), marks the resting-place of the brave woman who thus turned the tide of war.

It is recorded in history that during the Patriot War, a small steamer called the *Caroline*, was set on fire at Navy Island and sent over the Falls. The following is the explanation: Two very staunch friends—Taylor and Usher—lived, at the time, in Chippewa. The former belonged to no particular political party, the latter was a Tory. Taylor was suspected of knowing some of the secrets of this side and of having learned them from his friend. The Whigs, therefore, took measures to force them from him, but not being able to accomplish their design, they determined to punish him. Accordingly, one night after Mr. Usher's household had retired, a party of men came to his residence and rang the bell. The master of the house rose to answer, but his wife suspecting danger, besought her husband to remain where he was. At that moment he heard his friend's voice, and, thinking no evil, went down stairs and opened the door. Immediately a loud report was heard, and the next moment Mr. Usher lay dead upon the floor. Mr. Taylor had been brought and forced to speak, the better to accomplish the enemy's design. It seems that the Whigs were under the impression that Usher's party was concerned in the plot to burn the *Caroline*, and, noting the intimacy which existed between Taylor and his friend, they were not slow in thinking that he was cognizant of the facts. Their scheme, however, was a failure. I am happy to state that not many deeds of this character were perpetrated during the Rebellion.

My grandfather was at that time proprietor of the Clifton House, and had among his guests Lawyer Terten, of Liverpool, England, and a friend of his. A discussion arose as to who was the best rifle shot in America. One said the Indian, the other the white man. Not being able to decide, they applied to my grandfather, who said: "Well, I have never met an Indian whom I could not equal as a marksman," upon which they were determined to put his skill to the test, and had a target erected. Each time the bullet struck the mark. The guests were highly delighted, and, after congratulating my grandfather most heartily, returned to the hotel. Not many moments had elapsed before it was announced that an officer wished to see the proprietor. He went down at once to his office, and there, to his surprise, met Col. Crayton—a gentleman who bore the strongest dislike to my grandfather. The Colonel rose and coming forward, inquired if there had been any shooting going on around the premises, and if so, by whom. My grandfather answered in the affirmative, stating that he was the offender. "Then you must come to prison," continued the Colonel, "for celebrating the fourth of July in Canada." My grandfather refused, saying, "I have done nothing worthy of punishment." At these words Col. Crayton became enraged and left the hotel, muttering as he did so that he would bring up the guard from the Ferry. Lawyer Terten saw him pass out, and, judging from portions of the conversation, which he had accidentally heard, that something was wrong, thought it only just to inquire into the matter. On being informed of what had occurred he said, "Well, I know English laws thoroughly, so if the guard comes up, go with it, but before doing so, ask by whose authority," and he continued, "if this is the conduct of the people in Canada, no wonder they have rebellion. I am Lord Durham's legal adviser, and am out here merely to investigate its real cause." My grandfather was greatly surprised, and, accordingly, when the guard came up, went with it, but first asked the question as directed, and was told by Colonel Foote that it was by Colonel Crayton's authority. The guard moved away, taking my grandfather prisoner Lawyer Terten, however, informed the men of their rash deed, and before the party had gone many yards, the prisoner was released

On his return Lawyer Terten wrote to Lord Durham, acquainting him with the incident, and the latter furthermore wrote to Sir George Arthur, who said that as he was about to make a trip to the Falls, he would look into the matter. Consequently, on his arrival he notified Colonel Crayton that he wished an interview with him. He came, and Sir George was not long in discov-

ering the cause of the Colonel's dislike of my grandfather. He brought three charges against him, which were: Mr. Crysler is a British subject, he did not take part in the late war, and he is the most deadly rifle shot in America. The accused, on being asked if the charges brought against him were just, replied: "I am a British subject; I have not fought in the late war, owing to a severe illness which I had about the year 1832, I received an honorable discharge from the army—the last statement I cannot really verify."

Sir George Arthur reproached Col. Crayton with his misconduct, and, turning to my grandfather, inquired what he wished to have done to this gentleman. My grandfather replied: "I am not a man of revenge, and do not desire to have him harmed." Thus this officer did not receive the punishment his conduct deserved, but was made to understand that his action was most blameworthy, in fact deserving of banishment.

These are but the fragments of what I have heard of the many scenes that have been enacted around the Falls.

HARRIET CRYSLER.

## School Chronicle.

SEPTEMBER the Sixth. Re-opening of school, under most auspicious circumstances. Vacation days, like all things else, must have an end. Wisely has it been thus ordained, for, as Shakespeare says, "If all the year were playing holiday, we would soon grow tired of play." There are, of course, home and friends to be left behind, summer haunts to be forgotten, and great salt tears, perhaps, to be brushed away by the hand of Hope; for home and its memories will rise up, no matter how wide-thrown the gates, how loving the welcome that awaits us. Yet our sacrifice is a noble one, and those who are privileged to return to their convent home, invigorated by sea breeze or mountain air, must feel that they are under corresponding obligations to show their sense of the favors they have enjoyed, by increased attention to their studies, and by availing themselves to the fullest extent of the golden opportunities before them.

September the eighteenth. The feast of the Dolors of our Lady. Rev. J. Hughes, Liverpool, England, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and preached one of the most eloquent and instructive sermons that it has ever been our good fortune to hear, taking his touching similes from the great wonder of nature before us. The calm surface of the river, the rocky channels through which it sometimes makes its way, the surging, boiling waters madly rushing and raging between perpendicular walls of stone, the great white offering rising and reaching to the stars, the beauteous rainbow spanning the torrent from shore to shore, were symbolic of life to the mind of the preacher, whose impressive words have taught us how fruitful in grace is devotion to the sorrows of Mary.

September the twenty-fifth. Silence reigned in the reading room. Each young lady was apparently absorbed in her book, and the Sabbath quiet of the convent grounds seemed emphasized that Sunday afternoon, when suddenly the voice —not only of many waters—but of the well-known Salvationists, broke upon the ear. Could it be possible that they were attempting to evangelize the inmates of Loretto? Alleluia after Alleluia came through the open windows and words of warning issued forth in basso tones. One by one, the readers looked up from their books, and questioning glances were exchanged. At last a few brave ones ventured to glide noiselessly across the room and look out of the window to satisfy the minds of the listeners. Turning towards us, they whispered—juniors!—then we knew the imitative faculty of the school had been brought into requisition when those dreadful juniors started out to burlesque the ubiquitous street missionaries. As silently as possible all managed to reach the windows, for ocular demonstration seemed absolutely necessary in order to credit our ears. The inimitable Maud had taken a chair, and standing thereon, was delivering a discourse that must surely have penetrated deeply into the hearts of the little ones gathered around her. Fervent and loud were the Amens that rang through the air. Another speaker was introduced as having once been a renowned vocalist, but who had been rescued from this downward course by the untiring ef-

forts of the Army! Soon it was time for the collection to be made, and this proving a failure, the Army disbanded, bent, to all intents and purposes, on some other scheme for enjoyment.

October the first—A trip to the American side whilst the autumn glory was bathing the tree-tops in crimson and gold. Green as the Emerald Isle is the verdure of the Islands, except for a harbinger of winter here and there, wooed by the October sun, and attracting the lingering tourist to single out a maple from the restful, verdant foliage of the sister trees. We were in search of a strange freak of nature, recently discovered on Goat Island—two cedars joined by a long connecting limb, of the Siamese twin type. Like the Knight of the Holy Grail, we wandered out to the rushing torrent's edge, back to the silver stream in quiet nooks, into the sylvan glades around, yet no *brothers* could we find; disappointed but undaunted, we persevered. From the primeval forest came a shout: "Here it is! Here are the Siamese twins!" And we scrambled (in a most undignified manner for botanists) to the point where, overhanging the water's edge, grew two red cedars, believed to have the longest natural connection of any two trees which have yet presented themselves to observation. The larger of the two is about forty feet high, and the connecting limb shoots out from it at a height of about two feet from the ground, where the tree is thirty-nine and one-half inches in circumference. About thirty inches distant from the larger tree, the connecting branch passes through the crotch of a white birch tree, and this tree is fifty-seven inches in circumference, just below the crotch. The length of the connecting branch is nine feet and one inch. The second tree is about thirty feet high and twenty-seven inches in circumference. There is nothing to tell the cause of this strange union. That it has existed for many years is evident from the size and height of the trees, especially the birch.

The location of the "Siamese twins" is not far from the well-known spring, clear as crystal, on Goat Island. Being informed that it is a fountain of beauty, all were anxious to quaff the sparkling water and invoke its magic power. To lookers-on, it seemed "painting the lily," for the thirstiest maidens were the fairest of the party. Over the spring is a rough arch of stone, which resembles an old Irish style of architecture, in which stones are heaped pell-mell, and not cemented The "gauze walls of Galway," for instance, which prove the truth of an old adage, that one can see through a stone wall sometimes—even without the X-rays.

A surprise awaited us on the bridge between the Islands. Lads were quietly dropping their fishing rods in the stream, and, in answer to an inquiry, if the current were not too rapid for any fish to have time to see a hook, we were politely informed that black bass was frequently caught there. Poor fish! Foolish little fish! far better to follow the torrent in its mad leap over the brink into the yawning abyss than to be served up à la française to a Niagara tourist.

It was time for home and for reflection on the mental pleasures of our afternoon ramble. We were content that we had discovered new treasures in the fountain of perennial beauty, and the contemplation of eternal brotherhood.

October the eighth. Mrs. Beaufort's closing lectures. The Louvre and Luxembourg galleries were visited; Notre Dame from crypt to tower reverently explored; we prayed in the Sainte Chapelle with St. Louis, and followed the royal Bourbons from palace to guillotine; wept over the fate of Madame Elizabeth, and learned to love the lilies of France.

The lecturer, in her last *Causerie,* "Imperial Violets," gave us a glimpse of Napoleon Bonaparte in the palaces of Paris, the interest centering in his historic farewell to the Old Guard, at Fontainebleau. In spite of ourselves, Mrs. Beaufort won our sympathy for the exile at St. Helena by the interesting manner in which she treated an ever-interesting subject, and the strong element of the pathetic which she so happily introduced.

October the twenty-first. A most interesting letter from Loretto, Darjeeling, India. Our correspondent writes: "The first public procession of the most Blessed Sacrament will take place in the convent grounds, about the middle of October. We intend to have it on a magnificent scale, and I expect it will do much good among the native population, they are usually so im-

pressed by ceremonial. More than one hundred of these are already Christians, through the zealous efforts of our saintly curate, Father Scharlacken, S. J. Our only Irish Jesuit, who hails from Limerick, Rev. Vincent Naish, S. J., is our parish priest, and it is a great treat to hear him preach, although we do not in the least wish to depreciate the devotedness of our Belgian Jesuits.

The plague is raging at Bombay, and is rife in many other parts of India; it is even still threatening at Calcutta, but so far there have been but a few cases fatal. We trust in our good God that we and our pupils may be preserved."

October the twenty-seventh. "An Evening With the Colonial Writers," given by the Juniors. Mary Merle opened the proceedings with a paper on "The Dawn of American Literature," "Jonathan Edwards" served as a subject for Juliette Gerin, Lucille McGuire graphically described the "Puritans," Christine Barrett's original composition on "Cotton Mather" was remarkable for a child of her years, whilst Florence Murray's "Benjamin Franklin" appealed to every admirer of the distinguished philosopher.

If the "young idea" continues to shoot any higher than it did on Thursday, the editors will have to see to their laurels.

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

## "The Melancholy Days are Come, The Saddest of the Year."

BRIGHT, happy, beautiful summer with its glad life and daisy-dotted fields, has departed, and, autumn, gorgeous in decay, outvieing summer in its late sunshine and soft blue skies, is here.

The heart must be very full of sorrow or a very poor sort of a heart, that has no joy in the summer, for summer means all of joy there is in life —light, and warmth and color, and growth and fruition.

In the tender notes of every rivulet, in the emotional cadence of every fall, Nature sings of God's bounty and glory, and unfolds to view in the refreshing verdure of the woodland, lessons of gratitude and good will. In vain the regally-robed forest displays its transcendent beauty of sumach and maple, ablaze in their Indian summer dyes; its glades but echo the farewell songs of our tuneful minstrels, its flowers, so faintly redolent, but lift their languid heads to look at the weary world once more.

The seasons are too closely a reflex of our life to escape having an influence over us. We are creatures of our environment and owe much to our surroundings; the moods and tenses of the mind assuredly become attuned to a sympathy with the course of that nature which encompasses us, and of which, in truth, we ourselves are part. If, as the poet puts it, every flower enjoys the air it breathes, so much the more must humanity be depressed by "melancholy days" and gladdened by the days that are bright and sunny. At times not the smallest cloudlet floats in our clear, blue sky of happiness, then, suddenly, heavy, black clouds obscure the horizon and our sun is lost in the darkness. Not even the wished-for silver lining is there, and, as we gaze, it seems that our sun will never again shine so brightly, or our sky appear so fair and serene. With longing hearts we watch for one small ray of light, one tiny beam to light our way upon the sea of depression into which we are sinking fast, and, behold! ere long the star of hope appears.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Though the freshness of summer no longer fills the earth, and sere and yellow leaves take the place of sweet-scented roses and honeysuckles, the summer of the heart may be always ours—full and perfect in the proportion in which we extend its blessings to others. And who is more fitted by nature to communicate happiness than woman? Who, like her, has the tact to anticipate wishes or discover wants? Who, like her, has the self-forgetfulness which is ready to sacrifice all personal convenience for another's sake, thus exercising her special charm of self-denying considerateness?

Summer, poetically, is thought to be the time of abundance and luxury; but is it not often the time of general discomfort and great distress? To neglect charity in warm weather is a strange

mistake; charity and kindness are ever needed, and cannot, unhappily, be regulated by the thermometer. It may be very inconsiderate for the homeless, friendless and outcast to be hungry, to need work, to be in pain, to have empty pockets when the sun shines brightly and the skies are blue, when the fields are green and the harvests are ripening, but, alas! they cannot help it. They can no more command their fortunes than they can command the seasons. It is not their fault that it is summer. Indeed, there is no summer for them. Even when nature is most resplendent with affluence and beauty, it is still winter with them; it is, in truth, winter, cold, dark, dreary winter all the aching year.

Let us, then, garner the treasures of sunshine into human lives and help to make them as rich and profitable as our bountiful summer life is for us all.

CYRENA KEAN.

## The Falls and the Fallen.

IN AUTUMN, the Falls and their surrounding scenery present some of nature's grandest pictures, pictures which pass daily before our gaze, each in itself beautiful enough to make a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the mind.

Stretching away in the distance, is a vast reach of blue, calm and tranquil, but as it nears the precipice, gradually there appear upon its surface tiny ripples which, growing into large and rushing waves, flow faster and faster, and at last plunge into the thundering abyss. A floating cloud of mist, pale as driven snow, rises high into the air, and the waters rush on, on, until, mingling with a calmer element, they seem to breathe for a moment before joining the ever-hurrying rapids on their way to the Whirlpool.

There is something grand—sublime—awful—but nothing saddening in the impetuosity of the torrent that is hurled in splendor and speed over the wondrous precipice; perhaps it is that our sympathies are not aroused by things which apparently do not cease to exist after one great *fall*.

Surrounding our beautiful home are majestic trees, now arrayed in their gaudiest colors. The leaves are clinging with a gentle but determined tenderness to the swaying branches as if impelled by some mysterious influence. And sometimes they talk, too. There is no sound in nature

> "Like that old measure in the boughs,
> The phraseless melody
> The wind does,"

for when the wind and trees unite they make a song of wonderful power to move the soul. Others again *fall*, for a moment lie stunned, then pick up courage and travel for a time on the wings of the passing breeze. They, like the waters, seem to retain some life after their *fall*, and although we feel lonely as we watch them depart, to a certain extent, they do not excite our sympathies.

Directly in front of the sanctum, surrounded by a forbidding fence, appropriately termed the life mark, and which, if passed, means certain punishment to the transgressor, stand many trees. Their beauty far surpasses that of their more aristocratic neighbors, whose stately forms adorn the front lawn and grounds. What maple, oak, or pine can boast of such ruby-tinted treasures? such tempting souvenirs of Eden, displayed in brilliant contrast to the outcast leaves? As Herschel says, that to view the Southern Cross in the heavens is like gazing into a casket of precious gems, so does every school girl feel, if not utter, the same sentiment, as she gazes at these heavily-laden trees. Here there are *falls* innumerable, and here it is that the *fallen* excite our sympathies, as they lie pitifully lifeless, making no attempt to regain their places. If they would only gain enough heart to find a way to the fence, how many hungry eyes would brighten! Some of the *fallen* have been badly bruised, and oh, how many loving souls there are who would willingly be Sisters of Charity on this small battlefield! How often does the fate of the *fallen* bring tears of deepest sympathy to our eyes, and how relieved and overjoyed we feel to find that a certain merciful life line, in the shape of a hook, is long enough to assist them in reaching their destination!

The gorgeous setting sun is lighting up the old orchard with rays of violet, red and gold, enhancing the fame of the heroes who have not yet *fallen*. Here a ray of gold is softly tingeing a large pippin, there a deep red light blends with the deep red of a snow apple. I doubt if the

fruit on the forbidden tree in Paradise was ever more tempting to Eve than this is to her daughters. Heaven grant that some beautiful evening the *angel on guard* may smile as she watches the last faint rays of the dying sun lighting up the stooping forms of the brave-hearted maidens, who are hastily but tenderly lifting, for sweet charity's sake alone, as many of the *fallen* as their aprons, baskets, or caps can contain!

ETHEL KEAN.

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## A Monument to Don Bosco.

(Published at the Request of the Committee in Connection with the Inauguration of Don Bosco's Monument )

CASTELNUOVO D'ASTI, a pretty and flourishing little town picturesquely situated on the side of one of the many hills in the neighbourhood of Turin, Northern Italy, was the scene of an interesting and sympathetic ceremony on the 18th inst., to honour the memory of Don Bosco, one of its most distinguished citizens. A few years ago the Municipality of Castelnuovo d'Asti proposed the erection of a statue to Don Bosco in recognition of his great services on behalf of poor, abandoned children and the benighted savage. It is consoling to relate that the project encountered the sympathy and received the generous support of the good priest's admirers all over the world. The plans of the monument were accordingly drawn up and their execution entrusted to Sig. Stuardi, a promising young member of the *Academia Reale Albertina* of Turin. The announcement that the statue would be unveiled on Sunday the 18th inst., attracted an immense crowd to Don Bosco's birthplace, to witness the event. The festivities opened with Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated, in the principal Parish Church, by his Lordship Monsignor Cagliero, Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia, one of Don Bosco's first disciples and, like him, a native of Castelnuovo. In the sanctuary were present his Grace the Archbishop of Turin (who preached *infra missam*), their Lordships Monsignor Rossi, Bishop of Pinerolo, Monsignor Re, Bishop of Alba, Monsignor Filipello, Bishop of Ivrea, Monsignor Bertagna, Titular Bishop of Capharnaum, Monsignor Costamagna, Vicar Apostolic of Mendez and Gualaquiza; Very Rev. Michael Rua, successor of Don Bosca, Very Rev. Canon Sorasio of the Turin Cathedral; several members of the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Congregation, the representatives of several Religious Orders, and a large body of the clergy from various parts of Italy. The Church was literally packed.

Immediately after Mass a procession, headed by the clergy and Bishops, moved towards the *Piazza San Rocco* where the inauguration was to take place By the side of the monument, which was as yet veiled from the public gaze, a pavilion had been erected for the Archbishop, Bishops and clergy, the nobility and various dignitaries.

Among the nobility and gentry who took a prominent part in the proceedings were, the Honble. T. Villa, ex-President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Colonel Musso, Mayor of Castelnuovo, Baron Manno, President of the Committee of Sacred Art and Catholic Missions in connection with the Turin Exhibition, Chevalier De Morra, the representative of the Mayor of Turin, Chevalier P. Negri, Sig. Tabacchi, the distinguished Italian sculptor, his pupil, Sig. Stuardi, the author of the monument, etc., etc.

At this point, the *Piazza* presented the appearance of a vast sea of heads that stretched far down the roads and by-streets on all sides. Drapery and innumerable flags of many colors adorned the balconies and walls of the houses, whilst the balconies and windows were crowded with eager faces; many of the more daring had even ventured on the roofs of the houses in order to catch a glimpse of what was taking place. The number of that immense crowd is calculated to have passed 20,000 The band of the Salesian Oratory of Turin now played the Introduction March, and then the veil which hid the statue from view was withdrawn amid the enthusiastic applause of the multitude.

The monument stands about twenty feet in height It consists of a granite pedestal ten feet high, and a group in Carrara marble, which represents Don Bosco standing erect with his arm resting lovingly on the shoulder of a little European boy on the right, whilst on his left kneels a youthful Patagonian in the act of kissing his hand. A smile lights up the amiable features of Don Bosco which, all present who knew him

are unanimous in declaring, has been faithfully reproduced. It cannot, moreover, be denied that the just proportion of the parts, and the æsthetic correctness of the whole monument, concur in making it a masterpiece.

As soon as the applause which greeted the unveiling of the statue had subsided, Colonel Musso, the Mayor of Castelnuovo, rose and, amidst repeated cheers, said that the town was proud to possess such a magnificent work of art, which would serve to perpetuate the memory of a great man and a great work, and be a stimulus for them to imitate his virtues.

Don Rua, the successor of Don Bosco, visibly moved by the demonstration of affection for the Apostle of Youth, then came forward and, in a few appropriate words, gave expression to the joy and gratitude that filled the hearts of the Salesians on that happy occasion. He tendered his thanks to the Committee, to the Archbishop and Bishops, to the Representatives and all present, not forgetting the distinguished sculptor "who," he said, "has reproduced with exquisite art the features of Don Bosco, and by this monument has given us a lasting record of the eminently religious and civilising work of our Founder." He concluded by thanking the Promoting Committee who, with so much love and sacrifice, projected and successfully carried out the work. The words of the Superior-General of the Salesian Congregation were received with prolonged applause.

At this point, whilst the "Old Boys" of the Salesian Oratory, Turin, deposed a wreath of palms at the base of the monument, Sig. Fabre, late Professor of the University of Turin, addressed the multitude. In a really elegant discourse he showed how Don Bosco won the palm in every field of action he entered. The good priest had contended with, and overcome, the great difficulties of his position, he had successfully combated the incredulity of his age, and succeeded in creating a great organization, the influence of which is felt in both hemispheres. This discourse received a well-merited ovation, at the conclusion of which the choir of the Salesian Oratory sang a *cantata*, accompanied by the band.

The list of adherents was then read, amongst whom were: Cardinals Rampolla, Parocchi, Vaughan, Logue, Sarto, Richard, Capecelatro, Ferrari, and Manara; the Bishops of Birmingham, Cork, Raphoe, and Waterford and Lismore; nearly all the Italian Archbishops and Bishops; Prince Torlonia of Naples, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Martin; and a large number of distinguished prelates and eminent personages from all parts of the world.

His Grace Monsignor Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin, afterwards arose to close the proceedings. With his winning and inspired eloquence he brought out in bold relief the greatness of Don Bosco, and showed that his greatness is to be attributed to his sacerdotal office, since therefrom he drew the inspiration of accomplishing those works at which the world has been forced to gaze in astonishment. He concluded with a vote of thanks to the Committee.

The band here struck up the *Marcia Finale*, and little by little the crowd began to disperse.

## Wilhelmina and Her Kingdom.

HOLLAND—that conquest made by man over the sea—has become one of the wealthiest, most fertile, and best regulated countries of the world. It is clear that miracles of courage, constancy, and industry must have been accomplished by the Hollanders, first in creating and afterwards in preserving such a country; for its existence, notwithstanding the great defensive works constructed by the inhabitants, demands an incessant and most perilous struggle.

Holland is in a great part lower than the level of the sea; consequently, everywhere that the coast is not defended by sandbanks, it must be protected by dikes. If these interminable bulwarks of earth, granite, and wood were not there to attest the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Hollanders, it would not be believed that the hand of man could, even in many centuries, have accomplished such a work. Around the city of Helder, at the northern extremity of North Holland, extends a dike ten kilometres long, constructed of masses of Norwegian granite, which descends more than sixty metres into the sea. The whole province of Friesland, for the length of eighty-eight kilometres, is defended by three rows of piles, sus-

tained by masses of Norwegian and German granite. Amsterdam, all the cities of the Zuyder Zee, and all the islands, which are strung like beads between Friesland and North Holland, are protected by dikes. An accidental rupture, an inadvertence, may at any time cause a flood; the peril is unceasing; and the sentinels are at their posts upon the bulwarks, strengthening, fortifying, or throwing out new dikes when necessary to break the impetus of the waves.

Of all the nations of Europe, this land of dikes and meadows and canals is most in harmony with itself. It is the one land where the people are as placid as they were three centuries ago—advancing, though by slow degrees; acquiring gradually but never losing what they have gained; holding stubbornly to their ancient customs; preserving despite the neighborhood of three great nations, their own originality; preserving it through every form of government; remaining, in short, of all the northern races, the one which has kept its antique stamp most clearly.

Except England, Holland is the largest owner of islands in the world. Her properties in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the hundreds of lesser islands in the Sunda, Molucca, and adjacent groups are immensely valuable, and have been held in the past at a great cost in war. In this country her possessions are limited to Dutch Guiana.

In Amsterdam (the Dam or Dyke of the Amstel) at the south of the Zuyder Zee, and built on ninety little islands, which are linked by three hundred bridges, diamond cutting is a characteristic industry, carried on mainly by Jews. This city is also celebrated as the birthplace of the philosopher Spinoza, and the home of the great painter, Rembrandt. Near Haarlem, to the west, in the centre of the flower gardens, where tulips, hyacinths, and other plants are grown for export, sixteen thousand people live on the rich grass-land that formed the bottom of Lake Haarlem until 1853, when it was pumped dry. In Utrecht, on a branch of the Rhine, is the University where Grotius taught. Here also, is the noted Cathedral of St. Martin, with its spacious choir and transepts of the thirteenth century. The Peace concluded at Utrecht, in 1713, between France on one side, and Great Britain, the Netherlands, Prussia, Savoy, and Portugal on the other, together with the subsequent treaties of Rastatt and Baden, put an end to the War of the Spanish Succession. The more famous University of Leyden was founded in 1574 to commemorate the siege in which the invading Spaniards were defeated by flooding the surrounding country. The Hague (S'Gravenhaage, i. e., the count's park) is the political capital, where the Queen resides. A railway thence runs past Delft, from the potteries of which delf ware was named. At Rotterdam Erasmus was born. The Church of St. Laurence, the Bourse and Boyman's Museum are amongst its interesting buildings.

Such is the kingdom over which the youthful Wilhelmina rules to-day. On September the sixth, the eyes of all Europe were turned toward the dignified, unaffected girl-Queen, who, with simple ceremony and amid imposing surroundings took possession of her throne at Amsterdam and received the pledged allegiance of her Ministers, Council, and people, during which she bore herself with the simple dignity which has characterized her from childhood and won the affection of her people.

The honest, industrious little kingdom of Holland—which, we are told, has no enemies—has a fresh cause for pride and satisfaction in its fair young Queen. PEARL HAWK.

## A Cutting Sensation.

TO some natures there is not much to choose between the sensation of being cut by an acquaintance and that of being cut by a surgeon's knife; to very sensitive spirits the former is probably the worse. Miserable, indeed, is the state of those who suffer from over-sensitiveness; a trifling word, a reproachful glance from even a companion, will cut them to the quick, and, for days, nay, I might add, for weeks they are wretched.

As we hear of people who have an inordinate fear of infectious diseases being more susceptible of them than others, so those who are always dreading a *cut*, are most vulnerable to that kind of an attack; insomuch, indeed, that those who live in perpetual fear of slights from others become so constrained in their manner that it is extremely difficult for their friends to treat them with geniality.

By no means is sensitiveness confined to school girls. The greatest and most heroic generals, who, in their country's cause, can brave the shot and shell of the battlefield, forgetful of their own personal danger, are cowards, so to speak, on the battlefield of life, and wince perceptibly under a *cut.*

It is quite possible to endure a *cut* with such becoming dignity that the aggressor comes off decidedly second best in the encounter. Amused indifference is suggested as forming, perhaps, the most effective armor in such cases, for few things so disconcert an enemy as to find his attacks affording diversion to his antagonist—the probability being that he will either lose his temper, and thus put himself immediately in the wrong, or else surrender unconditionally on perceiving the absurdity of the situation.

By the active part he took in the Free Kirk agitation, Doctor Guthrie incurred the resentment of one who had been a bountiful benefactor to his church, the Scottish Judge, Lord Medwyn, who wrote him an indignant letter of protest on the subject. A spirited reply to this letter his lordship left unanswered. A few days later the minister met the judge in York Place, and raised his hat in passing, but got no acknowledgment of the courtesy. "It was," he writes, "the first time in my life that I had been fairly *cut;* and it was not a pleasant sensation." However, respecting the judge's sterling worth, and grateful for the interest he had taken in the poor of St. John's, Doctor Guthrie resolved, if occasion offered, to repeat his experiment a second and even a third time, though it should be attended with no better success. Nor "was it; I mentally saying, as I passed him, and submitted to *cut* the third, 'Three times is fair play. You'll get no more hats from me, my lord.'" It is pleasant nevertheless to know how soon afterward the ill-feeling was removed, and in a way honorable to both.

Even so large-hearted a nature as Sir Walter Scott's could be provoked by, what he thought, a malicious attack by certain Whig peers on the claims of his brother Thomas to a retiring allowance, into affronting demeanor towards so genial and generous a nobleman as Lord Holland. "Lord Holland has been in Edinburgh," Walter writes to Thomas, in 1810, "and we met accidentally at a public party. He made up to me; but I remembered his part in your affair, and *cut* him with as little remorse as an old pen." Lockhart was told by some who were present at this dinner of the Friday Club, at Fortune's Tavern, that the scene was a very painful one, for which, knowing Scott's habitual good nature and urbanity, they had been wholly unprepared. Jeffrey was one of these informants, and he could add that this was the only instance of rudeness he ever witnessed in Scott in the course of a lifelong familiarity. Lockhart deemed it due to truth and justice not to omit this disagreeable passage in his great father-in-law's life, as showing how even his mind could, at times, be unhinged and perverted by the malign influence of political spleen. It was consolatory to the biographer to add that Sir Walter enjoyed much agreeable intercourse in afterdays with Lord Holland, despite that, the unkindest *cut* of all.

Mr. Blackmore makes his most noteworthy hero incidentally observe of the phrase "to cut," as in vogue among the upper classes two centuries ago, that, whether this low phrase was born of their own stupid meanness, or whether it comes of necessity exercised on a man without money, he knew not and he cared not; but one thing he knew right well—to wit, that any man who "*cuts*" another, except for vice or meanness, should be quartered without quarter—a sentiment which I heartily endorse.

JANE SMITH.

## An Old Italian City.

PADUA, the mediaeval *Padova la Forte*, at the south-eastern corner of the rich Lombard plain, and distant only twenty miles from Venice, is one of the most interesting as it is one of the most ancient cities of Italy. According to the legend, of which Virgil makes mention in the Æneid, it was founded by Antenor, after the fall of Troy, and the inscription upon one of the gates of the modern city gravely announces this to be a fact Padua was famous in Roman days for being the birthplace of Titus Livius, the historian, whose monument in white marble stands in the town hall. The first botanical garden in Europe was established here, in 1543.

Padua plays an important rôle in the pages of Shakespeare. The very name brings to mind at once the speech of Lucentio in the opening lines of "The Taming of the Shrew":

"Iranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave, am arriv'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe, and happy institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies."

Here lived the beautiful shrew, Katherine Minola, "called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst, but Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom," "renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue." In one of these quaint street, if the poet's tale be true, stood Signior Gremio's city mansion,

"Richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basins and ewers, to lave the dainty hands;
And hangings all of Tyrian purple."

One by one they all come up before the mind's eye—that group of laughing damsels, gay lovers, servants and gentlemen, now rendered immortal through the dramatist's characterization. Indeed, so vividly and naturally did Shakespeare depict these scenes of humor and action, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained in the play, that they become associated in the mind with the facts and personages of real life.

Not the least among the historic cities of Italy is Padua. Its university, founded early in the thirteenth century, was the great focus of literary thought and culture in mediaeval Europe. To it thronged scholars from all lands, and its teachers were recognized authorities in every department of human thought. Chaucer, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More attended the lectures of its professors. It was from Padua that Portia, in the guise of a doctor of laws, came to Venice to decide in the case of Shylock and Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice." Galileo was for years one of the professors (of mathematics) in the university. The greatest of Italian lyric poets though born at Arrezzo, was early taken to Padua, where he spent four years at school. Often in his subsequent life he passed months here as the honored guest of the gentle Carrara princes. The *biblioteca capitolare* or cathedral library owes its foundation partly to Petrarch, who was a canon of Padua, and whose portrait, cut from the wall of the house in which he lived, is now in the library building.

What shall I say of Padua's crowning glory—"Il Santo"—as the people affectionately call him—known to us in our colder tongue, as the great Saint Anthony, whose efficacious power and name at the present moment fills the earth Painter and sculptor have lovingly portrayed with exquisite art his ecstatic vision of the Holy Child, which occurred in Padua whilst the Saint was staying with a friend, who witnessed the tender caresses of the wondrous Visitor, and whom he enjoined to "tell the vision to no man" as long as he was alive.

In 1231, the Saint's brief apostolate was closed, and the following year, the church bells of Lisbon rang without ringers, while at Rome one of its sons was inscribed among the Saints of God.

MARY FORMOSA.

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GOD has placed us here to grow, just as He placed the trees and flowers. The trees and flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can educate himself. He can, by effort and thought, acquire knowledge, become accomplished, refined, and purify his nature, develop his powers, strengthen his character. And because he can do this he ought to do it.

THERE are in life no commonplace duties, no mean services; there cannot be such in the service of the Most High. To serve God infinitely dignifies the service, whatever it be, whether the hand hold a spindle or a sceptre. But it is enough to say that the lowest place is equal to the highest. Has not Christ blessed poverty, and did not Mary and Joseph work with their hands? Ever since kings knelt before the manger in Bethelehem we behold by the eye of faith the whole order of things reversed, and glory rests on those things which the world despises.

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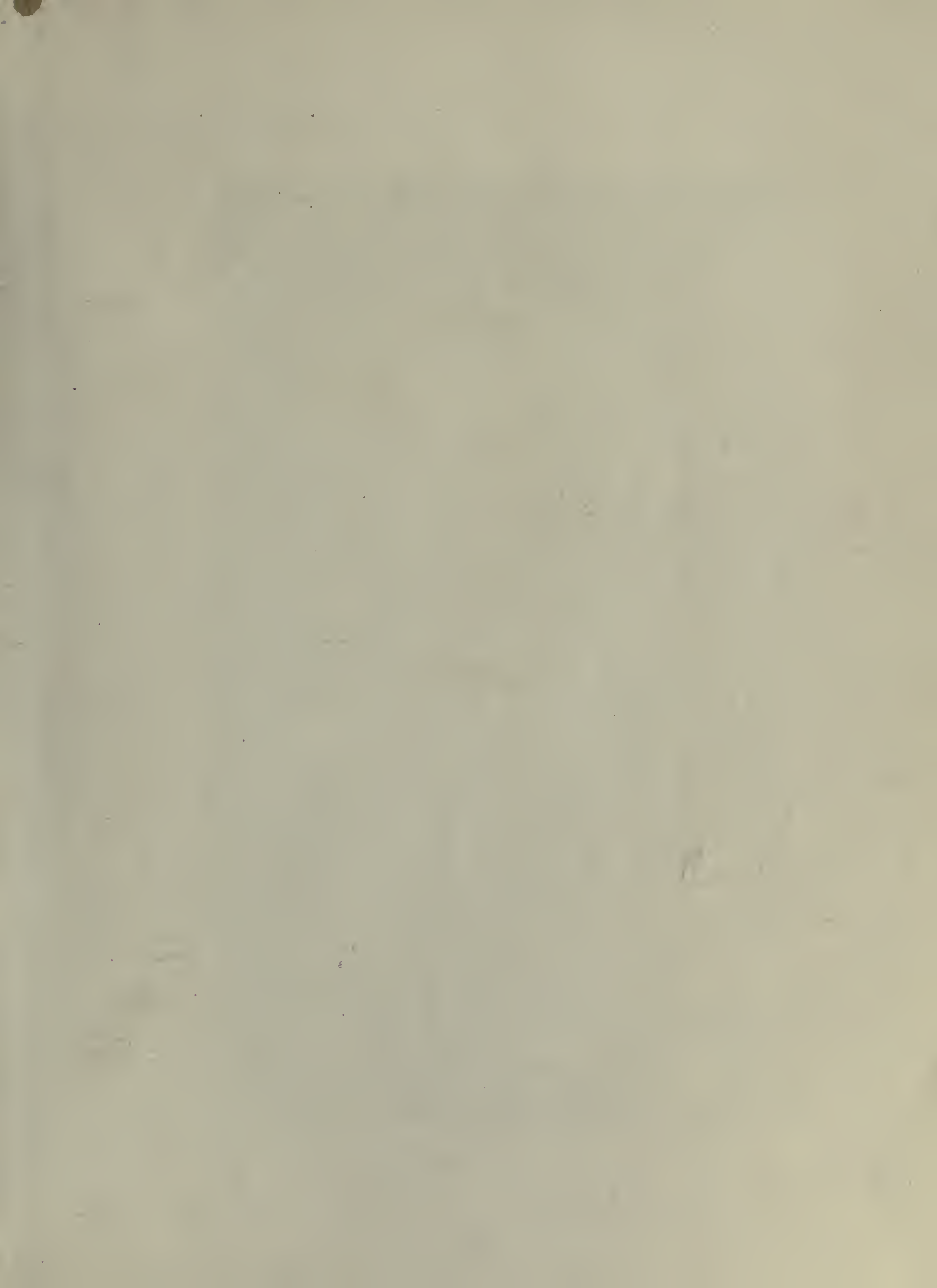

THE WHIRLPOOL.

Supplement to the "Niagara Rainbow,"
Published by Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

# NIAGARA RAINBOW



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

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## The Dreamer.

Men call me dreamer—what care I?
The cradle of my heart is rocked;
I dwell in realms beyond the earth;
The gold I mint is never locked.

Men call me dreamer—this forsooth
Because I spurn each thing of dross,
And count the step that leads not up,
A useless toil—a round of loss.

Men call me dreamer—nay, that word
Hath burned its way from age to age;
Its light shone o'er Judæa's hills
And thrilled the heart of seer and sage.

Men call me dreamer—yet forget
The dreamer lives a thousand years,
While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
Live not beyond their dusty biers.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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## Loretto Revisited.

IN this kaleidoscopic modern life, with its so frequent and often so sudden shiftings, there seem but two places where memory can find a foothold—the home and the school.

Among the city-bred even these scarcely afford her one.

Not many tender recollections can linger about the nooks of a house in which we have lived but a year—two or three at most—which has since had such a variety of occupants, and has been so frequently redecorated and remodeled, that there is not in it, probably, even an attic nail on which may be left hanging the least shred of memory.

It is almost the same with the city school. We may find the rooftree which sheltered our learning hours, but little else is likely to remain. The furniture has, probably, being changed (not necessarily improved) many and many a time, at the suggestion, and to fill the pocket of some ward politician—the pupils are not more surely gone than are the teachers—and no stranger passing through the classrooms to-day would find there less record of himself than would you who passed in them, for six or eight years, the greater part of your waking hours.

Only where the staff of teachers is a corporate body, can we expect to find the stability that makes possible the embalmment of memories, and life holds for us few sweeter pleasures than to revisit, in middle life, the convent walls where our girlhood was passed.

The old song, "Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt," stirs a responsive chord in most human hearts. All unconsciously, perhaps, humanity loves to think of itself at its best, and that picture, as suggested by the memories of school—of ourselves in youth,—unsoiled by the dust of life's travel, unscarred by the wounds of lee's warfare,—is a delight and refreshment to the weary heart.

After twenty years of incessant change—success and failure, joy and sorrow—there is an altogether indescribable charm in revisiting these long convent corridors, whose carefully waxed floors show no signs of all the feet that have trodden them since did our own; these dormitories where the beds are ranged in just the same order as of old, draped, apparently, in exactly the same dainty white dimity as curtained our own slumbers. The stability of it all has a soothing spell. To be met at every turning by not only memories,

but remembrance, is exquisitely cheering to such as have learned from a self-centered world the lesson of their own insignificance. To find one's girlish memory not a mere name, but almost a warm, living personality in the minds of those not only who had known, but some who had only heard of us; to hear sweet, low, well-remembered voices telling with loving leniency the tale of our youthful peccadilloes, or recounting with smiling, sympathic pride the story of some success; to be greeted by a kiss from one you had never seen, and who laughingly remarks: "Oh, this is Clara, or Emily, or Gertrude So and So—the heroine of such or such a girlish escapade;"—to be brought face to face with one's undeveloped, half-unrecognizable self, the original, in spite of all growth or warp of the self of to-day;—in a word, to meet one's counterfeit presentment, as it were, not as in the mercilessness of a photograph, nor the hard brilliancy of a painting, but as with something of the soft, illusive charm—the warmth, yet vagueness of an old-fashioned ambrotype—has a tender, almost pathetic charm, which no other situation in life can procure for us.

Other—and some unexpected—pleasures I found here, too, where I came to seek strength from the tonic air of the "Falls,"—rest and healing for my over-worn nerves, in the quietude and cheerful atmosphere of the great convent home. Not only old teachers, but old schoolmates, were constantly turning up. This beautiful spot is the sanitarium and "summer resort" of the community, to be sent to which means certain convalescence—and where to pass vacation is esteemed the most precious of privileges.

So I was frequently surprised to be familiarly addressed by Sisters of whom I had not the slightest recollection. "What! don't you remember me? I was Fanny C—. I was in the sixth class when you were graduated;" or, an "Oh! how you've changed;" from the lips of a Sister who seemed young enough to be my daughter, but who—my junior by but a few years—had passed the last fifteen years of her life as a religious. One Sister was pointed out to me as an old schoolmate—though I found her quite unrecognizable —I said to her, in surprise: "What! I heard you were married." "So I was," she answered, "but I lost my husband and little boy, and then I entered."

Shortly before I left, a lady arrived with her two daughters, to place at school, and in her I recognized one of my classmates and an especial friend. Having heard that she and her husband were members of a religious organization, said to be most antagonistic to all things Catholic, I ventured to express surprise that she should send her children to a convent. "Their father does not like it," she answered, "but he says he supposes I know best. The other schools are all right, I've no doubt, but I don't know anything about them. I do know what a convent is, and just how my children will be trained mentally, morally and physically, and so I am going to put them with the Sisters. I like their discipline, too. Looking back now, I know I'm a better woman for the years I passed here. Besides," she continued, with a wistful, half-apologetic smile, "I know I won't feel half so lonely for my girlies when I can picture, at any moment of the day, almost, just where they are, and what they are doing. Nora is to have my bed, you know—and it seemed so funny yesterday to see Jessie getting apples in the very orchard where we girls used to steal them when I was her age. I shall almost feel as if I am training them myself while they are here, where I know every nook and cranny, and where the very teachers—some of them, at least—who taught me, are teaching them."

Then we fell to talking of life and the subtle influences that go to mould it for us and agreed that we had not half appreciated, in those old days, the wonderful privilege of passing our young lives in one of the most beautiful spots on earth. As Lady Russell had said a few weeks before, when, from the sanctum windows, she looked out on the wide waste of turbulent Rapids, the white rush of the great waters as they leaped to the river below: "Surely, never had poet a nobler source of inspiration than the scene on which these young girls constantly gaze."

Inspiring and stimulating, too, are the so frequent visits of celebrities, especially when, as in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen, the fame and even the name are of their own winning; for all achievement is at once an incentive to effort, and a prophecy of success. A sad smile flitted over the face of the great Irishman when from

the balcony, was pointed out to him Chippewa, where his poor mistaken fellow-countrymen, loving their native land not wisely but too well, drunk with the wine of victory, and believing, in their pride, that all things were possible to American soldiers, sought to begin in Canada the overthrow of the English Government.

Men and women of many races and many creeds have looked out on the Great Flood from these same balconies—artists and poets—women whose notes were as liquid pearls—great speakers, accustomed to nightly sway the hearts of multitudes—all have stood here, and then, generous of their God-given gifts, have sung and played and recited for the pupils, in gratitude for the privilege of viewing from such coigne of vantage one of the world's wonders The strings of a real "Stradivarius" have vibrated through these halls. "A traveler from New Zealand"—Archbishop Redwood—made the wonderful two-hundred-year old violin sob and sing under his master touch.

The body corporate of a community is so far-stretching, its members, or mission houses lie so wide apart that travelers from all round the compass come to its portals, confident of a welcome, because its members are known to them on some other portion of the earth's surface; laying thus, no doubt, a great tax on the community's resources, but at the same time, immensely extending its usefulness by enabling it to help its old pupils with introductions, either for merely social purposes, or to assist in their careers.

When the librarian kindly allowed me the privilege of taking books from the really extensive library, I was not a little surprised at the wide range of fiction I found on its shelves, and reminded her how, in my school days, all novels were confiscated.

"Ah, well," she said, "I think we have improved since those days. People will read novels, you know, so we must try and teach our children *how* to read them. Many novels are not only exquisite as literature, but are teachers of good manners and good morals, as well as history, or even science, by stimulating the imagination, and by suggesting noble examples."

The difficulty is that so many children are left quite undirected in their reading. Parents who would shrink with horror from the thought that their young daughters were in the companionship of such people as form the dramatis personæ of the modern novel—or exposed to the contamination of such conversation as befouls its pages, never think of questioning as to what their children are reading; forgetting that the young with their vivid imagination, their powers of concentration unimpaired by the nervous strain of mature life, undisturbed by the calls of duty that tear older readers from the author's spell, are, for the moment, as fully under the influence of these fictitious characters as if such creatures were verily present in the flesh. Thence comes the great necessity for care in choosing reading for the young. This and the fact that the mind is then forming, and, like the body, will forever bear the consequences of the food provided for it, in its grown years.

The child who has been accustomed to living with high thinkers in books, is rarely content to associate with low ones in real life.

Style, also, is concerned—their form of expressing themselves, whether in speaking or writing, is now being formed—and style is no mere matter of grammar. The girl whose first literary pabulum has been the great master writers of English, will turn fastidiously away from the slipshod English—the poor fare of most modern novels—where manners and matter are almost certainly of a piece. For fine thoughts are almost always found united to fine words, and though the converse is not always true, still, we women know that in selecting our gowns, only where the texture is of the best, need we look for purity of coloring and artistic and elegant design.

It is hard to tear one's self away from the spot where health and strength, sweet cheerfulness, courage and quiet nerves, have been restored to one's possession. Wherein lies the life-giving magic of this delightful spot? Is it only in the marvelous tonic powers of air, laden with ozone, beaten out by the unceasing rush of the great waters—in the soothing effect of the mighty chorus from Falls and Rapids, that becomes the sweetest of lullabys, closing our poor strained ears against all the mean voices of sorrow or suffering which frighted sleep so lately? Or is there not some subtle, health-giving influence in

the serene well-ordered lives of the sisterhood—their cheerful faces—their unceasing kindness—the atmosphere of peace which is only found where work is done for God,—and so well done?

Good-bye dear, most beautiful and most wonderful of all the beautiful and wonderful places of earth.

M. O'N.

## Two Celebrated Women I Have Known.

OF all the women I have ever known, the most truly regal is Madame Helena Modjeska. I have heard that her family, in Poland, was of humble origin, but this I am inclined to doubt. One hears a great deal of the adaptability of American women to a more splendid sphere than that to which they were born. But after considerable experience of the world, much of it in Washington, where women thus elevated are oftener seen than in any spot on this planet, I cannot say that I have ever seen a woman with the air of a great lady who was not born to a commanding position in society. This is an unpopular statement, and strongly opposed to the interests, as well as the sentimental beliefs of our country—but I say no more than that it seems to me to be true. Of one thing I am sure, —that on the stage, it is impossible to *act* the lady or the gentleman—meaning by that, the purely technical classification of the species—one must *be* it, to produce the smallest illusion. Great geniuses, like Sara Bernhardt, or Madame Duse, may reconcile us to doing without that indefinable thing called high breeding. Those two women move, enchant, agonize and delight us—but they can neither sit, nor stand, nor walk as a lady should—nor can they speak to a servant on the stage as a servant should be spoken to, nor can they do anything whatever in the manner of a high-bred woman. Madame Modjeska, on the contrary, cannot, with all her genius, supplemented by her art, rid herself of the air of a great lady. Her *Camille* is not a poor girl picked up from the streets of Paris, but a princess in disguise, who accidentally finds herself in bad company.

So exquisite is her art that, in spite of this palpable anachronism, she maintains the interest of her audience through the earlier acts of the play, until at last, in the death scene, her extraordinary emotional power sends everybody home in tears—to reflect coolly next day, that *Camille* was plainly a product of the Faubourg St. Germaine, and not of the pavements of Paris, and to wonder how she got into her environment. This characteristic, however, is what makes Madame Modjeska the greatest *Rosalind* of this generation. As Shakespeare's *Rosalind* never lost, even in man's attire, the noble air of a princess in disguise, so Madame Modjeska is perfectly adapted to the part And, off the stage, this striking elegance, combined with perfect simplicity, is quite distinctive of her. She makes the most charming and affable bow imaginable. She enters a room with a splendid grace that puts all the other women behind the door. She wears a handsome gown, and it looks like a queen's coronation robe. She places a diamond ornament in her hair, and it has the effect of a tiara. If the young ladies at Loretto Academy want an object lesson in the fascinating charm of good manners, they could not do better than observe Madame Modjeska, if they ever have the chance. This woman, gifted with beauty and genius—both to an extraordinary degree—is polite even to the maid who puts on her wrap at a party, and the servant who opens her carriage door. And she exerts herself to charm young persons.

My first acquaintance with her began on an ocean steamer. Perhaps, because I was then in my early girlhood, I felt this enthusiastic admiration for her, but I have lived long enough to recover from all my early enthusiasms which could not stand the test of experience and comparison, and I am still enthusiastic about Madame Modjeska. I admired her shyly, at a distance, on that trip, and did not get beyond a slight, but to me, unforgettable acquaintance. I had, however, a chance of renewing it when she came, soon after, to Norfolk, in Virginia. I had asked a naval officer, a friend, if, when she came, he would take her on board the flagship, and this he agreed to, with the ready and abounding hospitality of the American officer. I went to see her, armed with my invitation, and she, with her husband, Count Bozenta, accepted promptly. I may say, in passing, that Count Bozenta is in

every way worthy of his wife, and having become a naturalized American citizen, as Madame Modjeska and her son have also, he now wishes to be known simply as Mr. Bozenta—a commentary upon the Americans who run after titles.

We made a merry party for the visit to the ship, and the captain's gig with a young officer was sent to the dock for us. When we reached the ship the captain awaited us at the gangway, and, short as the time was, the ladder over the side was dressed with bunting, and the band was on deck ready to play for the guest of the occasion. The captain's first words, after welcoming Madame Modjeska, were to ask her if she had any favorite airs, that the band might play, and her reply way full of tact She said: "I prefer to hear American airs."

The band and the bunting was a peculiar compliment, which Madame Modjeska fully appreciated.

She was shown over the ship—and, a ship of war is always an interesting object. Her questions were very intelligent, and she was much pleased with what she saw, but what amused her most was the sight of a little pig, which the officers had made a pet of, and which they asked permission to name after her. Then we went to the cabin where champagne was served, and the captain proposed Madame Modjeska's health, which we all drank standing. She and Mr. Bozenta have often spoken, in later years, of that pleasant afternoon.

Whenever she comes to Washington, it is always our privilege to entertain her. On her last visit, in the winter of 1893, she came in the room quite radiant. That day she had news of the birth of her first granddaughter. Her son had telegraphed the news, asking her to choose a name for the little girl. She said: "I telegraphed back, that she should be named Mary Stuart, after the part I like best to play, in Schiller's great play." Her son, Ralph Modjeska, was born when Madame Modjeska was only sixteen years old. Her sudden and alarming illness, last winter, in Cincinnati, caused many persons to fear that the world had seen this great artist for the last time, but from a letter of Mr. Bozenta's, I think she intends making a short farewell tour next year. Her last appearance will be in San Francisco—"the city which gave me my first hearing," as she says. She has a beautiful country home in Orange County, California, where she will probably spend her winters. There was some talk of her husband and herself returning to Poland, where the Bozenta family is an ancient and important one, but from what she and Mr. Bozenta have said to me, I believe they have no idea of giving up a home in this country. They will, no doubt, travel, and it is tolerably sure that Madame Modjeska will write a book. She is fond of literature, and has often said she longed for time to cultivate it more earnestly.

Few women of the stage have equalled her in genius, and since the days of Charlotte Cushman, no one has had exactly the same position with the American public. Her personality and her art have always inspired profound respect. Even the great American humorist has doffed his cap and bells to her, and has passed her by in his gibings. The world distinguishes quickly enough those artists in whom sincerity is the keynote of their lives—and this is eminently true of Madame Modjeska.

She is an earnest and practical Catholic.

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On the third floor of a beautiful house on Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has her den, and her own personal apartments Downstairs are handsome drawing-rooms, but one naturally prefers to see Mrs Burnett in her chosen surroundings It is a very pleasant den, overlooking the broad avenue. There are pictures and books everywhere, but the pictures one sees most of, are those of Lionel and Vivian—of whom, alas! but Vivian survives. Most persons think that Lionel, the one that is gone, sat for "Little Lord Fauntleroy." But this is a mistake, it was Vivian —now a handsome, robust fellow, a Harvard sophomore.

When I first knew Mrs. Burnett, she lived in a smaller and plainer, but very comfortable house, and the two boys, who seemed the same age—there was, indeed, but fourteen months between them—were handsome lads, hanging about their mother, whom they adored, and likewise devoted to their father, who is a distinguished

oculist in Washington. Mrs. Burnett has been a successful writer from the beginning, but about 1890 came the tremendous success of the play of "Fauntleroy," which made her, in a few months, a rich woman. And quickly following this, was that terrible and inconsolable grief—the sudden wasting away of Lionel who, up to the year before his death, had been a type of boyish health and beauty.

No prince ever had more lavished upon him to stay the hand of death than this boy. Mrs. Burnett said at the time that, if the sacrifice of all she had on earth could help him, it should go. if only to make his passing away a little the easier. His father and mother hung over him—he was a handsome, happy stripling of fifteen—he had the nurse who attended the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. But nothing could save him; he died in Paris, in less than a year from the beginning of his illness. Since then, his mother has worn no colors. She wears handsome white gowns and handsome black ones—but she will never again wear anything that is not mourning. This heart-breaking loss, though, has not crushed Mrs. Burnett's spirit, although she has never been the same since the boy's death. But she is naturally of strong vitality, with a deep interest in all around her, and the work that she turned to in order that she might be saved from despair, has lifted her into something like her old cheerful atmosphere. Two years ago, while placidly at work in London, where she always has a home, she received by cable the news of Vivian's desperate illness. Once before, when Lionel became critically ill, had she been summoned from abroad,—and the second shock to her was something frightful. She returned at once; the boy got well, and entered Harvard the same year.

Mrs. Burnett is a very interesting companion—as a former maid of mine can testify. I would sometimes have her take me around to Mrs. Burnett's, who lives close by, after dinner, with orders to come for me at ten o'clock; but if I got away by half past eleven, it would be as much as was ever expected. Seated in Mrs. Burnett's den, before a wood fire, we would talk, laugh, act, tell stories, and revel in "shop." I well remember one night, when Mrs. Frances Baylor, author of "On Both Sides," which the New York Tribune declares to be the best international novel yet written, was with us in Mrs. Burnett's room, what a jolly time we had! and I remember that our conversation ran chiefly to stories on the discomfiture of publishers. None of us had any real reason to complain, but we agreed that for the sake of the *esprit du corps* of authorship, we ought not to dwell on anything to the advantage of publishers.

Mrs. Burnett is the soul of generosity, and impostors have heretofore found her an easy prey, but I think now she is beginning to be a little more circumspect. At present she is engaged in putting the final touches on her novel, "A Lady of Quality," which Mr. Daniel Frohman is to bring out in New York, in the Autumn. She returns to this country in October, and it will be a pleasant sight for her friends to see the big house on Massachusetts Avenue open once more.

Mrs. Burnett is a handsome woman, with a profusion of beautiful blonde hair. Her enunciation, like that of most Englishwomen, is peculiarly good, for she spent the first fourteen years of her life in England. And, like every other woman of the slightest distinction that I ever met, she is markedly, uniformly, and beautifully polite.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

## At Last.

A YOUNG man stood near the brink of a beautiful stream. A gentle breeze waved his curly dark hair and fanned his eager face. A pair of blue eyes were fastened upon the water, eyes that held in their azure depths a troubled, questioning look.

"I would have happiness," he murmured, "but I know not where to seek."

A dazzling light blinded him for the moment and he heard a voice saying: "Follow me, and I will give thee thy heart's desire."

Looking up he beheld a beautiful woman, wearing a laurel wreath, in whom he recognized Fame. The young man bowed assent and followed. Years passed. Honor after honor proclaimed his royal success, and men came to do homage to his genius. His strong love of nature led him into many eccentricities; he had his bed so ar-

ranged near a window that upon retiring at night he might watch the stars till slumber locked him in its embrace. One night he seated himself near the window to prepare a speech which was to take the world by storm; fame had come to him, but, alas, not happiness, and his heart ached with its very emptiness. Pausing in the middle of a sentence he pressed his hot brow against the cool pane. The stars looked with tender pity upon the sad young face. As though conscious of their gaze he looked up, and disclosed to those watchers of the night the pent-up feeling of his heart:

"God's stars, dear stars!" he cried, "I'm so tired. Fame is mine, but what does it all avail me? Surely, surely, there is something more satisfying. I would have happiness. Yea; I crave it as a boon from Heaven."

The next day saw him standing by the self-same stream. The waves mingled and inter-mingled in caressing tenderness. A second vision appeared; it was a woman more beautiful than the first.

"I have read the secret craving of your heart," she said. "You would have happiness? Follow me and it shall be yours; my name is Love."

Again the young man changed his course. He won the affections of a beautiful girl whom he shortly married. His love seemed to know no limit, and so great was his desire to be always with her whom his soul loved best, that he neglected his duty in many ways. But only for a short time. One night Death stole his love, and he was alone.

"Love is not complete happiness," he told the stars; "something more is necessary, but what *is* that something?"

That night the stars looked in the window as he lay sleeping upon his couch. The mouth was drawn as though from physical pain, and there were dark shadows under the eyes. He was a strong man whom it took much to move; but to-night some tender vision stole into his dreams, and the tears coursed down his face.

A few years passed, and one day he took his stand beside the stream, as of old. The waters were stirred by a faint breeze, and the breath of air refreshed him

"Years ago," he soliloquized, "I stood beside this stream. Since then I have been in quest of happiness. Fame did not satisfy, love failed me, and now—— now I would try——

"Riches!" finished a voice, and looking up he beheld the third vision. Again it was a woman; she, too, was beautiful, but there was a hard look about the well-shaped mouth, and a cold, steel-like gleam in the gray eyes.

"Devote all your energies to the acquisition of wealth," she continued; "I will not fail you."

Each succeeding year but served to increase his power. Middle age saw him a wealthy man. Everything whose value was measured by dollars and cents was his for the asking. He grew hard and selfish; and so bent was he upon adding to his possessions, that he hesitated at nothing, and soon forgot the meaning of honor.

One night he gave a sumptuous repast; statesmen, musicians and authors thronged to his chambers. When their company had been exchanged for solitude, he took his seat by the window. His face looked worn. He glanced around the richly furnished room, and his heart grew very heavy. He knew not why, but to-night he found his mind constantly reverting to scenes of his boyhood years. He remembered the little village school where he had conned over the pages of a primer. On he travelled to a time when, proud of his boyish declamatory art, he had given "Maud Muller" at a school entertain ment. Fragments of the old poem ran through his tired brain to-night.

" And closing his eyes on his garnished rooms
He dreamed of meadows and clover blooms."

Then mentally passing over the intervening lines, he paused when he reached those words that have sung themselves into the human heart:

" Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: it might have been."

"It might have been," he repeated, "ay, merciful Heaven, 'it *might* have been,'" he almost groaned. "Slowly but surely my life is passing from me and I have not yet commenced to live. To-night my company was a representative one. Men were here whose fame equals, nay, more, surpasses mine; but happiness was not written on their brows. Their restless manner betrayed a discontented state of mind. Men of wealth

were here, men whose lives are definitions of recklessness. Is worldly pleasure a synonym for happiness? Ah, perhaps I have now discovered the secret. I will stop at nothing! Say not 'it might have been' but rather, 'it *may* be!' "

The stars looked sadly down. O, far distant lights, what hidden secrets would be revealed, what warnings given, could you whisper to our mortal ears!

Again the years passed. Men deemed him a profligate, but courted him on account of his wealth, his fame. His hair was now gray, and the lines about his mouth were hard. He was but the wreck of his former self. Ay, truly does but one kind of strength avail us. Men may possess great physical prowess, but, unless they also possess moral strength, they are as babes in the hour of temptation. Men may boast giant intellects; but the fury of strong passion has dragged the greatest minds through the mire. Fearful of entertaining his own thoughts, the reckless man followed a course of action which permitted no time for reflection. But when life is lived at its highest tension, the strained cord is apt to snap.

One night, feeling depressed, he parted company in the midst of a game of cards. Accustomed to his eccentric behaviour, no one expressed wonderment at his abrupt departure. Entering his music study he seated himself at the piano, and as though impelled by some unknown force, dashed off a weird strain of music. He then played "Morte" (she is dead). The last minor chords died softly away, and the player bowed his head on his arms. He remained motionless for some moments, but his thoughts rushed on, making wild havoc. The last despairing tones seemed to echo and re-echo in the lonely chambers of his heart. He looked within and saw there dead hopes, shattered ideals and ignoble actions. And some voice seemed to whisper: "Behold the work of thy hand."

When he raised his head, his face was haggard, and the blue eyes were sad beyond human endurance. He walked to the window. The night was clear and the sentinels of the night were keeping watch. He looked up, and then, as though unable to bear their steady gaze, turned away, his face drawn with pain.

The stars, faithful to the task assigned them, beamed with radiant light; the human creature, having missed his life's work, sat there filled with remorse. Beautiful nature! poor humanity!

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Racked by physical pain a man lay upon his bed. His valet now and then entered the chamber to administer to the sick man's wants. He had lain thus for many weeks, hovering between life and death. The fever had done its work, and were it not for the blue eyes that now wore something of the old kindly look, no one would have recognized in him the man who had so vainly been in quest of happiness. Restless during the day, he was even more restless at night, and to while away the tedious hours, tried to remember fragments of poetry that had appealed to him in his early years. He thought Byron would please his fancy to-night, and tried to remember parts of "Childe Harold," but memory failed him; then he thought of the "Prisoner of Chillon," "My hair is gray, but not with years." "Ay, gray, gray," he repeated, applying the words to himself. "And I'm not an old man, not old in years, but, God in Heaven, so old in heart. I would have something soothing to-night; kind memory be merciful" As if in quick response to the request, memory repeated the words of "The Legend Beautiful." Coming to the lines,

> "Do thy duty, that is best,
> Leave unto thy Lord the rest,"

he paused. "Do thy duty, that is best?" questioned the sick man. "Is that the best, and have I missed that best, but forgetting this truth. 'Leave unto thy Lord the rest,'" he continued musingly. "The rest? what if for me there were no—rest." The tears of weakness came to his eyes.

The valet entered with a telegram. The man understood that by signing a certain paper he could add to his wealth, though fraudulently. The muscles about the mouth twitched, the old hard look came into his eyes. He called for pen and ink and the document and wrote his initial, then paused. "Do thy duty" ran through his mind. A struggle was going on in his soul, and desire and duty were waging fierce conflict. He returned the paper to the valet unsigned, and fell

back exhausted. Then calling for a pencil, wrote the lines that turned his course of action.

"When I am gone," he said tremulously, "let this be my epitaph."

He fell into a quiet slumber, and in his dream there came the vision of a woman. She held out her hand, asking "Art happy?"

"At last," he answered. "And thy name?"

"Is Duty," she said.

Then he dreamed he scrutinized her face more closely and saw that it was wonderfully kind, though careworn.

"I would have brought you happiness," she told him. Fame, love and wealth are but means to an end. They bring happiness when linked with duty—not otherwise."

The man pressed her hand to his lips, which were fast growing cold. "Would I had found thee before!" he said simply. And the stars looked down and beheld a white, wan face, beautiful in the repose of death.

And ever faithful in their watch, they shine upon his lonely grave. And the moonlight gleams and glistens on a marble slab bearing the legend:

Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

HARRIET N. KEAN.

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## Niagara Glen.

ALMOST in the span of "The Rainbow," is Niagara Glen. Until recently, it was known as Foster's Flats, because in by-gone years, a Mr. Foster located there a saw mill, the power for which was derived from a current of the river, that darted between the mainland and a near rock. The mill was supplied with logs that were rolled down the cliff, and it is evident that in the accessible portion of the Glen, the trees were also used, for there, the present timber is of second growth. The lumber was floated down stream to market.

The Glen is two and a half miles south of Queenston. The Niagara Falls Park and River Railway passes near, from which a path leads to the head of a stairway, and down this, 60 feet, access may be had to the Glen. Northward, there is an oldroad, which affords a picturesque descent.

The student of geology, before going into the Glen, should observe the lay of the upper land. From the level of the Electric Road, there is a dip of 6 or 8 feet, to a terrace, this is traversed by a path to the stairs, and being covered by pines, is known as Winter-green Flat. On three sides, the plateau ends abruptly at a cliff that is 60 feet down to a second terrace, 100 acres in area, which slopes irregularly to the river, where its height above the water varies from 10 to 50 feet. Being densely wooded, its features cannot be readily distinguished from above; but there, may best be observed the outline of the Glen, and the widening of the gorge which deeply indents the Canada cliff The river hugs the American shore, and by the projecting flat, is confined to its narrow channel, being in some places, not more than 300 feet wide, the crowding waters rising high in the middle, rush turbulently through.

As one descends the rustic stairs, and treads the winding pliant path, at their base, he cannot but be impressed by the shadowy seclusion, and the silence; save the refrain of the unseen rapids. A solitary rock, that stands erect, conspicuously above the undergrowth, the awed mind bodies into a giant monk who, in mossy robe, broods over the ruin, wrought by the floods of earlier ages, and which, Nature's lovely flora, vainly tries to hide.

The shades of Goat Island have a wondrous fascination,—among the Dufferin Islands, the music of the river in its wayward whirl, charms the traveler to linger; but here, is the climax of wildest solitude. To the west rises a rugged wall, at the base of which lie huge limestone rocks, that at one time were the brow of the cliff, but now form its buttress. Apart from these, there are strewn over the Flat, boulders of odd shapes and grand proportions, moss-covered and tree-encumbered One stands like a leaning tower, another, of pyramidal shape, bears on its top a stately spruce, 60 feet high. Sheltered by the cliff and freshened by the spray, the floral profusion of a tropical forest reigns here, and nourished by the mold of generations, wild flowers, shrubs and mosses mantle the rocks, and hide the hoary monarchs of the forest, that lie prostrate among the bowlders that once they shadowed.

Much that is beautiful may be seen about the center of the Glen, where a pathway has been cut from the foot of the stairs to the river, and a clearing has been made, which affords an ideal picnic ground; but as the explorer turns southward, a wilderness is encountered where, save an occasional fisherman and the scientist, man has rarely ventured. Though the distance to the end of the Flat is but a quarter of a mile, an hour of hard climbing and cutting, through the forest, will be required to get there. At some places fallen trees afford the only way, and boulders, large as houses, have to be surmounted. Only on moss, and rocks, and vegetable mold, is found a footing. At the southern shore, where there is a large eddy, bold bare rocks are strewn, encircling a romantic inlet, where ordinarily the river rises eighteen inches, and retreats with an undertow, regular as an ocean swell. After the toilsome journey, it is pleasant to linger here and rest, especially in the society of a scientist such as Dr. J. W. Spencer, of whose company the writer had the pleasure. Together we sat by the wash of the waves, while I listened to his reading of the record of the rocks.

To the venturer here, it is fortunate if he has blazed the way across the wilderness, that he may more readily return.

Again nearing the stairs, about half way up the lower terrace, below the northern edge of Winter-green Flat, one approaches a portion of the Glen which, if not wilder, for that is scarcely possible, is more difficult of exploration, and attended with greater peril. There will be found a ridge, having a sharp apex, covered by wildwood that conceals the danger, and where decayed branches form a treacherous footing between yawning chasms, which are ancient waterways.

There is no portion of the Niagara region where the record of the river has been more interestingly written than at this Glen. When the Cataract had receded to its northern end, the river behind was flowing over the elevated plateau, and it was broader at the Flats. The western portion of the bed may be discerned, between the electric railway and the gorge, over the depression known as Winter-green Flat. We learn from Professor G. K. Gilbert that, when the water flowed here, there was, north of the edge of Winter-green Flat, an island of which the ridge just described is the remnant. It divided the river as does Goat Island, with the exception that the larger volume of water was on the American side. As a result, the Falls of that side receded faster, and when the lesser Canadian Cataract reached the head of the island, the greater Falls had passed it, and the water of the western side, instead of continuing to flow over Winter-green Flat, at the north edge of which it formed a cataract, was drained eastward, into the gorge that had been cut by the American Falls; thus producing a side Fall, and the Flat was left, an unfinished job of gorge cutting. Then the shale pedestal of the narrow island crumbled, and its superimposed limestone fell. There was no plunging cataract to sweep away these ruins which, with the rocks that lie scattered over the Glen, reveal the story of their downfall.

What a pleasure in this somber wood!
  What a rapture on this wild rock shore!
Byron's fancy here might fitly brood,
  Soul-inspired by the rapid's roar.

Shakespeare, too, could people well this Glen,
  His the genius that might best portray,
Make of it his "Forest of Arden;"
  "Myriad-minded," write his loftiest lay.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

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## The Catacombs of Rome.

TO all Christians the Catacombs present memorials of the primitive Church, which excite a high degree of interest. Undoubtedly, the most important event in the propagation of the Gospel among the Gentiles, was the growth of the primitive Church in Rome, for to a small band of Roman citizens, St. Paul addressed the most comprehensive of his epistles, and to this centre he sought to direct his mission. Exercising his right as a Roman citizen, in his appeal to Caesar, he went to Rome, where, for two years, he lived and taught, and no doubt his first converts were among the small Jewish community which witnessed his earliest efforts, the results of which proved the efficacy of the new doctrine. In the capital of that vast Empire, "which overshadowed the earth," were met in

mortal conflict two forces which were destined to make the history of the world—Paganism and Christianity. The latter was fast growing, in spite of persecutions and massacres, which, at times, swept over the land, sparing neither age, party nor sex—not even the noblest and wealthiest Roman citizens escaped the fury of these awful times, when tortures unspeakable polluted the circus of Nero, and in the Flavian Amphitheatre were enacted games which, in their horror, voiced the impending doom of the great Empire.

What a mighty argument for the Church of Rome is the fact that, even at this early date and under these awful trials, in spite of the Caesarian persecutions, which raged throughout the land, and in face of the menaces which met them at every turn, the primitive Christians found in the Catacombs a resting place and refuge, and by their silent and wonderful progress seemed to foreshadow the growth of our glorious religion. To all classes of Christians the Catacombs are interesting, but to Catholics they possess a peculiar sacredness, not only because they belong to us by right of purchase by the blood of martyrs, but because to the scholars and pontiffs of the Church, must be credited the research which has brought to light, evidences of the devotion of the primitive Christians, which thrill us with a sense of wonder. The works of art, especially paintings, which have been preserved in the magnificent museum founded by Pius IX at the Lateran, form a theme of endless interest, and tell a lesson dear to every Christian soul.

JOSEPHINE JONES DONOVAN.

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THERE are many homes where every duty is performed exactly, yet where the essence of homelife has evaporated. All is immaculate, but the hearts of the family are cold. There are no cobwebs, but the minds are narrow and small. Every material possession is there, but the inmates seek pleasure, interest, and sympathy elsewhere. It may seem unjust to lay so much deterioration at the mother's door, but she is the bread dispenser, and it is not alone the material food she is to give forth, but that which shall feed the ambitions, steady the purpose, and purify the hearts of those for whom she has assumed her place.

## The Loving Father.

O, the bitter husks we eat,
And the emptiness within;
O, the weary, weary feet,
And the filthy rags of sin.
While the Father's house is filled
With the better food to spare;
While the fatted calf is killed,
And the garment ready there.

Worldly gain, ambition, pride,
How we strive to grasp them all;
Yet the soul, unsatisfied,
Tastes, and finds each one but gall.
Far from home, each setting sun
Finds us longing for its peace;
And each toilsome day begun
Brings us thoughts of sweet release.

If we heard the Father say,
"I am waiting, weary child;"
If we knew that on the way
He would meet us reconciled;
That His arms would clasp us there,
And His tears fall fast with ours,
Would we linger to prepare,
Or to gather faded flowers?

Soul, arise! cast off thy rags;
Even now He waits for thee,
While thy wand'ring footstep lags,
And thy tears are falling free.
Canst thou slight such gracious care?
Canst thou turn from love so great?
Just in sight of home so fair
Wilt thou wander desolate?

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

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## What is Life?

LONG had I pondered over the question, what is life? or tried to settle within my mind what life is, but ever as I reached the conclusion, some new and unexpected event came and destroyed what I had built upon, leaving only a shaken foundation with which to re-commence.

Tired out, at last, with my own musings, from which I could draw no direct conclusion, I bethought myself to journey out in the world once more to see if, amidst the mazes of men and things, I could find my answer. So, clothing myself in the garb of humility, I started forth. "Life," said the schoolboy, as I stopped to question him, "oh, life! it is a great, glad holi-

day." Even so, thought I, when life is young and sweet, will all the world be filled with this gladness. But for me who am old, and have tasted the bitter dregs of grief, this can be no answer.

"Life," said the miser, as he stopped for an instant counting his ducats, and shook back the long hair from his greedy eyes, to see the intruder in his impertinent question, "life, you say? Look, see you yon bags filled with ducats? Each day I count them, and to feel the hard, shining things lying in my hand, to gaze upon their pretty marks, to know that they are mine, to realize that they belong only to me, and to see my piles grow larger, day by day—ah, this is life."

Bah! thought I, miserable man, why did I even stop to question you, for you, your answer, and your gold have sickened me; and if life is as you say, it were a crime to be born into such misery, for death will come, and poverty may come, and then what have you left?

"Life," queried the dreamer, half angrily, for I had rudely awakened him, "life—'tis a myriad of dreams, each brighter than the last, for no sooner is one dispelled than a more radiant vision arises. Reality is only for him who cannot soar above, but for us happy mortals who live by our imagination, life is a glorious lot."

O man! cried I, what is this vain philosophy you would teach me, that life is but a series of dreams? No so, that cannot be. Wake up, or it will be too late, and you will find yourself upon the brink of eternity, with your page in the Great Book empty. No, yours is not life.

"Life," said the mother, as she fondly caressed her babe, "life is a mother's care, love, and sacrifice. To guide, to protect our loved ones, to lead them aright, to keep them from temptation, to teach them to know and love their God—oh, this is life."

Is this then so, thought I, a mother's love and sacrifice—how sweet it must be. Still, can there not be something greater, higher than all this?

"Ah, life," exclaimed the pale-faced woman, "ask me not what it is. My life is dead and laid away with him I loved best. All is a blank for me. Earth's pleasures are covered with a pall."

But time, said I, surely, it will cure all this.

"No," was the reply, "time may soften, but that is all. With the poet I repeat, 'the heart that has truly loved never forgets' The problem of life is unsolved for me."

This is life I cried, or at least part of it—to suffer pain. But can this be really what life is? —Anguish and grief without hope? Oh, life! this is not surely, what you are.

"Life—ah me," answered the student, at my sudden interruption, "it is for me a dividing up of the hours and minutes of the day, to study and solve what the great problem may be. As yet, 'tis little I have discovered. Come back again some day, and then, perhaps, I may be able to give you an answer."

Farewell, said I, for in my heart I knew I never should return, for had I not passed my days in just such vain study of the great question—without an answer.

"Life," said the artist, and paused to lay his palette and brushes down—"life for me is all too short. I have twenty aspirations for every twenty instants—ah, if I had but the time, what marvelous beauties could I not give to humanity, but the very dread of the fleetness of time, stops my brushes. This earth—'tis a beautiful spot, each day unfolds unto me some new hidden beauty. Life, sweet life, why art thou so short! But yet will I live it. I will know its intoxication of love and pleasure, so that whenever death may come, I can lie down and say I have missed nothing."

I shuddered as I heard him speak. So this then is your life, with no future to look toward. O sordid man, deliver me from such as you! How can so mean a body enshrine so great a gift? You whom the world reveres as great and noble—so this is your life. Adieu, I envy not your lot.

"Life," sighed the lover,—"it is a sweet slumber with love for its dream. To live, to do for the being beloved—with just a smile of approval from the cherished lips."

Enough, I answered, life is not this. But dream on, enjoy your bliss while you may, only when the day comes and love's light goes out, or is relighted by that of affection, remember that you pass safely over the terrible abyss into which so many have fallen.

I stole into a quiet, luxurious room, where all earth's treasurers had been amassed, but hastened

to lay my hand upon the shoulder of a man who was leaning over a low table, gazing at a revolver. Too well I knew his intent. "Begone!" he cried, "with your torturing question. Life is nothing but misery on earth. I have tasted it all to the very dregs."

But, God—I remonstrated—

"Begone! I say," he cried—"God—where is He? I swore if she would but obey me I would, in turn, be good. Why does God permit such things, if He is true and just? Last night they brought her home. See that little couch—they laid her there. I would not have known her. For five years have I waited for her return—my little girl—my only one—they found her in the river—they say she went lower and lower. Begone!" he cried, "with your God and your problem of life, you madden me. She was all I had—and great God! I loved her so."

I fled in terror, not wishing to solve the mystery of such an existence. Where shall I go, I cried, to find my answer? Who can give it to me? Ah, surely, in some lonely monastery or convent, it may be found.

"Life," answered the serene-browed nun, not at all surprised at the strange question, "life is a prayer crowned by sacrifice, from which death delivers us like a great Amen."

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Ye who have read this, perhaps you have solved the mysterious problem. Perhaps you have read amongst books, as I have, the answer of a great man—"Life is a continual succession of unexpected events."—Could such an answer satisfy the heart? Perhaps some poet, philosopher, or priest may have confided the secret to you? If so, out of your mercy, tell one who has reached only this conclusion—life is confined in one word—God.

EVELYN STEWART.

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WE shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.

OUR grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

## La Baie Des Chaleurs.

WHEN I spoke of visiting the Eastern Provinces in June, one of my friends, whose judgment is excellent, said: "Wait, and go in the Autumn, when the maples on the hills will be scarlet There is nothing finer." And when I made ready to act on his advice, up rises another friend, whose judgment is also excellent, and says: "Why in the world didn't you go in early summer, when the world of hill and valley was clad in its sweet young beauty?"

"But the foilage will be richer now," I protest weakly.

"Maybe so—but you should have seen it in June. It was grand then."

Do I wish that I had not harkened to friend number one? Perhaps a vague regret is with me at starting, but if so it fades out of existence as we cross the first valley, and go speeding about the first hill, for the rogue Jack Frost has kissed the maples and set them blushing until there is a riot of color everywhere.

This country of mountain, lake, and stream, of deep unbroken forest and spreading meadow lands, of waterfalls calling and flashing, must have been lovely indeed with the June sunshine flooding it, the June storm-clouds breaking over it, the June winds sweet with the breath of pine-wood and clover field whispering through it—lovely indeed! But, after all, September is but June grown older. Take to-day for instance—

September comes across the hills
  Her blue veil softly flowing,
Her flagons deep of wine she spills
  And sets the old world glowing.

Yon robin 's piping her a tune,
  So runs his carol tender:
"I knew you once as pretty June,
  When you were young and slender.

"And though you're grown a gracious thing—
  Full-bosomed, grand and stately—
I still can see a hint of Spring,
  Your youth 's but left you lately."

The gentlemanly conductor has brought me out a chair and a wrap, and from the rear platform of the Inter-colonial coach I watch the scenes which are, to me, so new. We are coming now to a spot where bold Jaques Cartier moored his boat some three and a half centuries ago.

There it lies, so wide, so long, so good to look upon—beautiful Bay of Chaleurs. No wonder Jaques Cartier thought it a Paradise coming to it, as he did, after the long sea voyage and the bitter disappointment of the first landing in the New World on the very worst shore of inhospitable Newfoundland. A page of Canadian history learned in childhood from a brown-covered book, comes back to me as I look—Cartier's record. "The country is hotter than the country of Spain, and the fairest than can possibly be found. There is no place but hath some trees, or else is full of wild corn, that hath an ear like unto rye, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, white and red roses, with many other flowers of sweet and pleasant smell —there be also many good meadows about this water which we named the Bay of Heat."

And as it looked on that summer day in the long ago, so it looks now, though civilization has subdued the wildness, though the well-tilled farms lie all about, though villages hide themselves among the trees, though the locomotive goes flying over the path which once only echoed to the tread of the Indian and the deer he chased.

The sun is slipping behind the mountain-tops, and its darting kiss is on the water. Each ripple has a glory of its own. The hills that cradle it look warm with the blue mist folded round them. A late sunbeam travels over the crest of one, marking a path of gold amid the sombre greenness of the spruce. Out of the west comes sailing a great straggling cloud, an island of softness and rosiness in the grey blue sea of the sky above.

Oh, to paint the scene in its fullness of beauty! You cannot look on it unmoved. Nature comes close to you, singing her mighty psalm of praise to God, and weakly and falteringly you join your voice to hers.

By and by the light fades, the dusk comes down. The water ripples softly in the gloom like a child which cannot sleep for the life and laughter in its bosom.

"It grows chilly," says the conductor, "you had better come in."

So we leave it as

Up in the harbor men call heaven,
Are kindled all the watchfires of the night.

JEAN BLEWETT.

## Refined.

Shrink not from sorest test,
The precious things alone
Are longest tried and best,
Till pure and shining grown.

And though your heart should prove
Base metal in God's hold,
Fear not; His wondrous love
Transmutes to purest gold.

O tender Alchemist!
Teach us Thy touch to know,
That through each treasure missed,
More like Thee we may grow,
Until, the dross all purged away,
Our souls shall shine through endless day.

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

## Responses to the Roll Call at an Open Meeting of the "S. C. L."

MABEL KEAN—The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.—*Theodore Parker.*

HELEN KRUMHOLZ—The true University of these days is a Collection of Books —*Thomas Carlyle.*

EVELYN STEWART—"Books!—the chosen depositories of the thoughts, the opinions, and the aspirations of mighty intellects;—like wondrous mirrors that have caught and fixed bright images of souls that have passed away;—like magic lyres, whose masters have bequeathed them to the world, and which yet, of themselves, ring with unforgotten music, while the hands that touched their chords have crumbled into dust."

JOSEPHINE MCNULTY—A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond. —*Milton.*

MARTHA BAMPFIELD—Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation.—*Addison.*

ALANNA MARMION—Books—lighthouses in the great sea of time.—*Whipple.*

JOSEPHINE HARDIN—Books are embalmed minds. —*Bovee.*

ALICE LAWLOR—Books give to all who faithfully use them, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—*Channing.*

MARGARET LYNCH—"The measure of a book is in its appeal to the individual."

## 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.

Obiit 1892.

### CHAPTER V.

***Noviceship. 1849.***

THE novitiate of a religious house, whatever be the rule followed therein, will always take a certain distinctive tone from the character of the person presiding over it. The happiness and well-being of the novices in the future, as well as in the present, are dependent, in great measure, upon the way in which each is individually affected by the one charged with the task of their religious training. Rules, customs, and traditions, in the course of transmission from generation to generation, naturally get some coloring from the mediums through which they pass; and the personal influence thus exerted will be more powerful in proportion as the natures acted upon are docile and impressionable St. Mary's Noviceship, when Mary Anne Martin entered it, was directed by Mother Mary Ursula Anderton, a nun whose name is in benediction as that of a faultless model of religious observance. She was a woman of prayer, a woman whose integrity of character and singleness of aim, none could question. She had a heart of gold, but the bright jewel had a singularly unbeautiful setting. Her features were sharp and angular. Her countenance, naturally of a rigid type, was rendered more austere by the anxious look that reflected an extremely sensitive conscience. In a word, good Mother Mary Ursula's appearance was decidedly unprepossessing Her ordinary mode of speech and action was in keeping with her looks, and, it must be owned, that the veneration she inspired in those who were indebted to her for their religious upbringing, and their filial confidence in her were, for the most part, the gradual growth of long intercourse, and that their early relations with her, if always deeply respectful, savored very slightly of warmth or cordiality.

She devoted herself with unflagging zeal and exclusive attention to the task of instilling into the heart of her novices the true religious spirit. She had little experience in school matters; and having been educated on old-fashioned and narrow lines, she had no bias towards intellectual pursuits, and not very liberal views respecting a woman's need of mental culture. Those among her subjects, therefore, who were full of enthusiasm for the educational work of the Institute, and such as were of intellectual habits of mind, felt painfully conscious of her inability to sympathize with, or help them in these directions. In the spiritual life, she had a tendency towards that spirit of rigorism which prevailed among a certain class of English Catholics, during the period that followed the French Revolution. For the rest, her conduct and bearing displayed all the refinement, decorous reserve, and strait-laced propriety typical of the well-bred English gentlewoman, in the days when good Queen Charlotte set the fashion of righteous behavior, to the ladies of the land.

In her government of the Noviceship, it was a principle with the zealous mistress—never departed from in practice—that a vocation to religious life should be thoroughly tried and tested. No duteous behavior free of cost, or easy-going self-satisfied piety, lacking the salt of self-sacrifice, could pass muster with her. The richer the fund of native or grace-endowed virtue she found in her subjects, the heavier the tax she levied on their exertions. Self-love was relentlessly pursued to its last lurking-places She was a stranger to human respect. Her direct unvarnished denunciation of the defects she observed in the novices, is a tradition in the convent.

Her authoritative utterances were laconic and decisive. A young postulant who was dispensed in the beginning of her course from rising at the regular hour, went one day to her mistress, in an access of fervor begging that she might begin to get up early with the rest. "You are not worthy," was the only reply vouchsafed. Another postulant, quite a fresh-comer, at breakfast, on a day when butter was prohibited by rule—a rule, however, which beginners were not expected to observe—took a piece of the dry toast supplied for the abstainers Her mistress reminded her that the penitential fare was not for her. "I prefer it, mother," said the young lady

sweetly, and, as she thought, conclusively. "You are not come here to do what you prefer," rejoined the inflexible directress. "Put it back." These, among numberless similar instances, that might be brought forward, will, no doubt, sufficiently illustrate the uncompromising manner of our good novice-mistress.

But it must not be supposed that her normal sternness and dryness of demeanor had no counterpoising qualities, in the natural order. Unsympathetic as she ordinarily appeared, and chary as she was of indulgence towards the weakness of human nature, her religious daughters have borne witness unanimously that a difficulty of conscience—she suffered keenly herself from such difficulties—always awakened in her the kindest solicitude; while the vein of true womanly tenderness that underlay her chilling external rigorism, came to the surface whenever any member of her flock was afflicted by anything in the way of a family sorrow. It is recorded of her, too, that, holding bright, cheerful recreation to be an essential element in religious life, she assumed an unwonted gaiety of manner in hours of relaxation—probably at no slight expense to inclination—and encouraged to the utmost an unrestrained flow of innocent merriment on the part of her novices, at such times.

Under this fervent directress, our fervent postulant found the needs of her spirit satisfied She had craved for unbroken prayerful union with God, for unflagging labor in His service, for self-abnegation—for all, in a word, that makes up the sum of Christian perfection, and the means of attaining her object were now within her reach. To have had a standard of ascetic excellence set before her, below the level of her own ideal, would have been a painful martyrdom to an ardent soul like hers. Such a martyrdom she was not called on to undergo at the hands of Mother Mary Ursula. The good mother looked upon the young soul entrusted to her as one grace-gifted, in an eminent degree. It may be judged, then, how energetically she plied for her benefit, those arts by which, as has been said before, she was wont to test the virtue of her charges.

Six months is the allotted term for the first stage of the probationary course in the Institute; but superiors have the option of lengthening or shortening this time at their discretion. Reverend Mother Mary Angela and Mother Mary Ursula considered that Mary Anne had fulfilled a longer space before half the allotted term had expired They decided, therefore, that she should receive the habit and white veil of a novice. on the 18th December, 1849, not three months from the date of her entrance. She assumed, on this occasion, according to promise, the name of Juliana. Clothed in the habit of the Institute, she entered upon the full practice of the Rule, and embraced the obligations of a member. Her fervor in discharging them was such that, to her fellow-novices, she seemed an impersonation of the theory of perfection in which they were being instructed. According to their united testimony, there was one slight trespass only that she could justly be taxed with during her noviceship days—the habit, namely, of moving her lips continually in prayer, in disengaged moments—a habit which she corrected after it had been pointed out to her as faulty.

Her whole exterior reflected a bright, contented serenity of spirit. To all appearance she knew no pain or care. But what noviceship course, prosperous in the right sense of the word, ever rolled on with the unruffled gladness of a summer sea? As gold is tried in the furnace, the acceptable novice must be proved by tribulation, under some or other of its manifold forms. To Sister Mary Juliana, it came first and mostly in the shape of physical suffering. Her health had never been altogether satisfactory, and transplanted now from a home in which no comfort was wanting, and where the most solicitous of mothers was ever on the watch to minister to the smallest need, the transition to the ruder atmosphere and sterner *regimen* of the convent, told seriously upon her.

Within a few weeks of her arrival, she caught a severe cold, which permanently injured her chest. Her digestion, troublesome as we have seen, in her schooldays, was now sorely tried, and defective circulation was a constant source of a variety of tedious and very painful disorders. Her life was, in consequence, completely interwoven with aches and pains. Skilful treatment might, perhaps, have mended matters, but it so

happened that her case was misunderstood. To the end, indeed, her constitution was a puzzle to all who had to deal with it. Her superiors, who, themselves, possessed constitutions of the wiry kind, had not that keenness of perception in regard to bodily necessities, with which they were gifted when the needs of the spirit were in question. As to Mother Mary Ursula, owing probably to some past warning experience, the dread of inordinately yielding to the claims of health was one of the most formidable phantoms that scared her sensitive conscience. Good, earnest soul! She may be said to have suffered a purgatory through anxiety to stave off relaxation, in whatever form. Verily was she eaten up by zeal for the house of the Lord!

But superiors most indulgently inclined might well have been misled in Sister Mary Juliana's case. Appearances were deceptive. Her glowing complexion, the bright animated look in her clear brown eyes, her elasticity of step and energetic performance of every duty betokened, it seemed, a robust organization whose disorders would best be righted by bracing treatment; so vigorous exercise, cold water and very frugal diet were prescribed, and needless to say, cheerfully submitted to. The result, looked at in the light of nature, was most unsatisfactory. The patient, inclining to stoutness, quickly became so reduced in size, so unlike her former self, that the venerable Bishop, Dr. Briggs, meeting her one day as he was passing through the convent corridors, exclaimed in amazement: "Why, Mary Anne! whatever have they being doing to you?"

A single instance will be enough to show how bravely she could endure those small ills of life, which proves sometimes a better test of patience than troubles of greater magnitude, which appealing to our heroic instincts, have a certain charm for nature.

"The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
Of flowing blood; the while life's humblest cares
Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no place,"

says a wise master.* Owing to the low state of health into which she had fallen, her hands, at one time, were in an exceedingly painful condition—whitlows on nearly every finger, of so severe a nature, that the scars they left behind never wore off. She continued, nevertheless, to play the organ as usual, taking her part in the choir singing the while as though nothing ailed her.

But physical suffering was not left to do its sanctifying work unassisted. Her patience was proved also by the test of contradictions and reprehensions—a form of trial as crucifying to flesh and blood as it is salutary to the spirit, when accepted with meekness and lowliness of heart. "These things," á Kempis tells us, "try a novice of Christ and procure a heavenly crown." In the case of the ordinary novice, matter for reproof and admonition comes to hand plentifully enough; but the superiors of our novice had to lay tribute on their own ingenuity when they wanted grounds of complaint against her. Her observance of rule was faultless. She put her heart into whatever work she was set to do. Nothing was able to disturb the glad serenity of her temper. On all sides she was regarded as "the perfect novice." At what point was she to be attacked? Good Mother Mary Ursula was fertile in resource. To the other novices it was a continual matter of wonder how so much apparently uncalled for rigor could be exercised on the one hand, and such inexhaustible sweetness displayed on the other. Reverend Mother Mary Angela, who once declared to Mrs. Martin that she had never observed a flaw in her child's conduct during her whole term of probation, was of one mind with the novice-mistress as to the sort of training needed by this chosen soul. Far less vigilant superiors, indeed, would have been alive to the danger incurred by such a one of temptations to spiritual pride.

Playing the organ, at which she excelled, and choir-singing were her delight, as they were her chief accomplishments; and it was deemed well that they should be turned to her soul's profit. Complaints, therefore, were continually directed against her musical performances. Exert herself as she might, there was always some fault to be found with the playing or the singing; and the fact that the fault-finders knew little more of music than the difference between crochet and

* Newman—"Verses on Various Occasions."

quaver, did not tend to lessen, probably, the wearisomeness of the trial.

But, it may be asked, was this stringent discipline of contradictions the fruit solely and simply of a benevolent intention on the part of those in charge of her to deepen her humility? Perhaps not. The proverbial "first fervor" of a novice, even the most saintly, has often a savor of aggressiveness about it,—a preoccupation and lack of graciousness not flattering to the feelings of associates. In this view it was, no doubt, that Père Lacordaire, of noble memory, gave to his young subjects the warning:—"En cherchant le surnaturel gardez-vous de perdre le naturel." Sister Mary Juliana's companions, with all their reverence for her, felt that they would have liked her better, if, in moments when the novices were free to do as they pleased, she had stayed to exchange a few words with the rest, instead of betaking herself without a minute's delay to prayer or study. And during the regular recreation hours they might have found more satisfaction in her company, if her conversation had not turned almost exclusively upon certain ascetic treatises of which they daily drank their fill in graver hours. And who can have failed to observe how, often, the placidity of a very tranquil nature will have an irritating effect upon one of more nervous organization.

The restless urchin, looking upon waveless waters, must needs hurl in a stone to stir them into tune with the bubbling life within him. It may have been an impulse akin to his that prompted the stern novice-mistress once to desire her docile novice not to wear on all occasions the same unchanging smile upon her features.

As the two years of her probation in the white veil neared their close, she began to be fearful about her fate. Her health was in a sad condition, and there seemed small chance of amendment, as indeed, for some ten years, there was none. Under the circumstances, she thought, she must surely be sent away—little suspecting how precious she was in the eyes of those with whom it lay to decide whether she should go or stay. Straightforward as she was in all her dealings, she made known to her superiors, without reserve, her unfavorable impressions of her state, trembling for the result. If ill health had not been outweighed by so many desirable qualifications, it is probable that she would not have been retained. But the community saw that a prize of no common value was at stake. The votes were in her favor; and her admission to holy profession was made known to her on the 16th November, 1851. Her joy was great. To the last year of her life the anniversary of that day was held sacred by her. She and the sister who obtained the same privilege at the same time, always recited in concert, on that day, a *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for the happiness it brought to mind.

On the 11th day of the following month, she made her vows. There is no record of the fervent dispositions which accompanied her act of irrevocable consecration to the Divine Bridegroom, but it is not hard to form an estimate of them in the light of the lifelong single-hearted fidelity with which she immolated her will in His service. The motto chosen by her to be inscribed, according to custom, on the silver ring of espousals, and thenceforth to be the watchword of her life's warfare—the summing up of its governing principles, was St. Thomas' sublime and all-comprehending act of self-surrrender to his Divine Master: *My Lord and My God!* The mystery of faith selected by her as her special object of veneration throughout her religious course, was the Holy Name. Her signature, therefore, from the date of her profession, in conformity with the usage of the Institute, was *Sister Mary Juliana of Jesus*.

During the three years following profession that she spent in the Noviceship to complete the five years' course of training prescribed in the Institute, she was a good deal employed in teaching, sometimes in the boarding school of the convent, sometimes in the girls' school attached to the mission of St. George's Church in the poorest quarter of York. This school, now in the hands of the Sisters of Charity, was for several years dependent on St. Mary's community for teaching and material aid. Two or three of the nuns used to go thither every morning, and remain till evening, making the journey backwards and forwards in a cab; for in those days it would have been deemed imprudent to let the religious dress be seen in the York streets.

Sister Mary Juliana was soon singled out among

the teachers at St. George's as one especially qualified to deal with the children. They were looked upon as more than usually hard to manage. The majority belonging to the most destitute portion of the Irish laboring class in the city, came from homes deplorably wanting in the amenities of civilized life. Barefooted, many of them lightly clad, and lightly fed, and effervescing with the buoyant spirits of their race, wont to enjoy free play in the liberty of the streets, they required an expert hand to reduce them to the restraints of school discipline and steady application. Sister Mary Juliana's qualifications exactly answered to the necessities of the case. Her appearance was such as to win the children's favor while it inspired a salutary measure of awe. Her speech and manner had a like effect. Nothing could upset her gravity, and her evenness of temper was equally unassailable. Prompt, resolute, decisive, the air of an autocrat concealing a solid affection for her pupils, she riveted their attention and secured their obedience. They liked and reverenced the "nun with the big eyes," as they used to call her.

In 1854, her novitiate completed, she joined the ranks of the community; and so fell under the immediate authority of Reverend Mother Mary Angela. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## What an Autumn Day Suggests.

WERE it not for an increasing chill in the air, the rustle of fallen leaves, slanting rays of sunlight, and the earlier settling of darkness, the home-abiding dweller in cities would scarcely mark the transition period between summer and winter. It is only when he leaves behind the long stretches of pavement and gets out into "God's country" that he sees its full beauty.

On all sides are evidences of the splendor with which nature delights in glorifying the sunset of the year. Nodding plumes of goldenrod border the roadway, bright hips dot with fire the tangled hedges that so short a time ago blushed delicately with the faint pink of the wild rose. In every garden-plot there are asters—purple and pink and white. Gorgeous masses of color glow where gladioli lift their flaming spikes of scarlet and gold; patches of crimson shine amid the glossy foliage of the Virginia creeper. Purple grapes still hang in heavy clusters on the vines. The fields are shorn of their waving wealth of grain; but here and there, great yellow pumpkins that, through the long summer nights, have listened to the mournful "craik, craik," of the corn, now lie in gleaming piles, waiting to be gathered into barns.

Wild asters, the "Michaelmas daisies" of song, and sure sign of autumn's advent, are abundant. Glistening bits of thistledown, airy and graceful as a poet's fancy, float by on the wandering breeze. There is something almost unreal in the dreamy quiet brooding over all. The hills stretching away in the distance are wrapped in a blue haze that heightens the effect of unreality. The warmth of color and diversity of tone would form at once the delight and despair of an artist's soul. This vivid glory of autumn is associated in my thoughts with the last grand efforts of a brilliant mind that is soon to yield to the soothing touch of God's finger—and sleep. Perhaps this accounts for the vague sadness that possesses one. He reads so plainly in everything about the prophecy of change and decay. Truly the "melancholy days" are almost upon us.

We recall a time when this season was the merriest of the whole year, and a longing springs up in our hearts for just one more joyous autumn day in the woods—such a day as we spent of old before "melancholy" had a place in our vocabulary; when the most serious thing on our minds, as we scampered through the dead leaves, was a grave misgiving as to the squirrel's greediness for nuts, and a doubt as to the probability of our finding any left for us. As often as not, our treasure trove at nightfall was a quantity of elderberries, or a few sumach bobs; but that detracted in no degree from our pleasure. O, but to know again the enjoyment we got out of the wild grapevine where we swung for hours, to the imminent danger of life and limb! Surely no banquet of "grown-up" days will ever be as delicious as the luncheon eaten beside the gipsy fire of leaves and twigs; no eloquence, however delightfully seasoned with Attic salt, will prove as entrancing or convincing as the talks we had over the dying embers of the plans and hopes that were all to materialize "when I'm a man," or "when I'm a woman." Ah, if the dear com-

panions who sat about those council fires of other autumns were gathered here to-day, I wonder how many could say they had attained, or still dream of attaining their childish ideals.

Those days are gone beyond recall; all that remains is a memory—and enduring friendships. There is no other sentiment that affects our lives, it seems to me, that is so pure, so potent, so far-reaching in its influence, as that of friendship. It is a wondrous thing, often stronger than the ties of kindred. Some one has aptly said that "it multiplies our joys and divides our sorrows." It was the bond that united David and Jonathan in a love "passing the love of women." It is as necessary to human happiness as sunlight is to plants. There is no nature, however cold and self-contained it may be, that does not feel its need. Not fortune nor fame nor power can make up for its lack.

Friendship is helpful, gentle, forbearing, self-sacrificing. If the need arise, it makes forgiveness easy even though the offense has been repeated unto "seventy times seven." It is a mutual arrangement by which one nature complements the other. No real harshness may exist with it. I remember seeing, a few years ago, a gray-haired man bending in keenest sorrow over the rigid, lifeless form of his friend. For the first time the grief of one was unheeded by the other. I knew them both. They had passed the allotted three score years and ten, and both were men of strong individuality—both felt strongly and their different dispositions must have caused them to regard things from a different viewpoint; and yet, when the survivor told brokenly that they "had lived side by side and gone in and out together for forty-five years, with never an angry word," I knew he told the simple truth, and I marveled at the loving forbearance of the unsung Damon and Pythias. It was touching to see the grief of that old man who felt that his otherself had passed to the light beyond and left him desolate, and I could but echo the mourner's prayer that God would soon reunite them. How many friendships would bear the test of daily intercourse for so long a time without misunderstandings? When death lets fall a veil between us, that leaves one friend stricken on this side, the other in the infinite peace of eternity, would that the survivor might find comfort in the thought of "never an angry word."

The words "friend" and "friendship" hold a deep and tender meaning for thoughtful people, and it is really painful to hear them indiscriminately applied to any passing fancy, or its object. Perhaps this slipshod misuse of the terms accounts for some of the cynical thrusts at school-boy and school-girl friendships. It would be only natural to expect that the friendship formed in later years would be stronger; but about that which has grown with our growth and been for so long a part of our very lives, there is a halo of tender memories that renders it most precious. I know many affect to sneer at these early friendships, but I have seen them throw such cheerful radiance over paths that at times seemed too dark and too strait, too steep and too full of obstacles for stumbling feet, and I hold them far too sacred for a sneer.

Sometimes a boy or girl sees something to admire in the character of another, and cultivates his acquaintance to find, perhaps, no other qualities to hold and increase his respect and esteem. They die a natural death, and the on-looker shrugs his shoulders and says: "Another school-girl's friendship." Are such experiences confined to immature school days? 'Twere well indeed if it might be so; but I fear there are few of us who do not remember having met some one whom we credited with all the attributes of the ideal friend. For a while we were happy in the delusion that he was all our fancy painted; then came the inevitable discovery that the friend we loved was a myth—the noble qualities mere creations of our brains, having no real relation to the pretender to the throne in our heart of hearts; we experienced that sorrow of which the poet sadly sings as—

> " Bitterest of all, the finding
> That our dream was false and vain."

The need of human sympathy and the desire for friendship are not confined to any one period of our lives, so these mistakes may arise at any time. Happy is he who has never been mocked by such a mirage, whose days are crowned and comforted by the loving sympathy of true friends. Possessing that, life cannot be utterly joyless, and the blessing is within reach of all who will but stretch forth their hands to grasp it.

M. S. Anthony.

## An Art Gallery.

THE world in which we live may be likened to a great gallery full of life pictures, which not only impress us by their beauty, but cause us either joy or sorrow, according as we are influenced by them.

Here is one—a little cottage nestling among a group of trees, while a rosy clond seems to have dropped from the sky where the sun is setting, and wrapped trees and cottage in its pretty coloring. A robin sits on a twig, singing its twilight song. Within, all is home-like comfort, and a childish face is pressed against the window pane, gazing at the little patch of grass, and dreaming childish dreams, which, though they may go no farther into the past than when poor dolly's head was broken, no farther into the future than the morrow when some kind brotherly hand will guide her tiny chariot, are more lovely than any poet ever dreamed.

But all are not scenes of sunshine. Look in that little graveyard. Beneath that willow is a small newly-made grave. The wind moans around the tiny form beneath the clay. Some mother's heart is aching, some mother's heart is full of wailing, wintry winds. There is a golden head gone from its small white pillow, little feet are gone from the garden path, and baby hands from amongst the flowers—an angel's heart has ceased to beat.—"Sorrow" is written here.

Hark! music bright and joyful fills the air. Here is a scene of gaiety—a fairyland—so full is it of light, color, perfume, and flowers. The gay figures move in and out in the mazes of the dance, and the music goes on, and all is mirth and joy. Perhaps not. Some faces there seem like a discord in their surroundings—it may be that their hearts, even in the midst of pleasure, are full of that yearning after something which seems too far above for their poor hands to reach A calling card, a jewel box and a perfume bottle are not the aims of all.

Here is, perhaps, the saddest picture to be seen. In a dark narrow street, the figure of a man steals along, and in his hand he holds something with a death-like grasp. Reaching an electric light, he looks around, and seeing no one, opens his hand. There lay a mass of glittering gems—and almost as bright are the eyes above them. Ah, poor wayward wanderer, could you but look into your hand with the eyes of Honor, you would see there a dark, ugly, object—and restore it. Honor, honor—it is far too rare in this gallery. Many are honest because they have never had a chance to be otherwise, but, if the opportunity came, they would not refuse. Why, a cat has that much honor. It will be in the act of stealing a piece of meat when Peggy comes along with a broom—certainly, not a very welcome sight—and the cat runs under the stove, and sleeps—perhaps to dream of honor. It did not take the meat; it was going to take it—but that, you know, is another thing.

Look at this picture. It takes away the darkness left on the mind by the preceding one. An angel-faced woman stands in the midst of a crowd of hungry children and gives them food. At sight of the grateful expression in the sad eyes, and their tears of joy, we say, thank God for this creature. "Charity"—it is like a lovely stream, which flows on, bathing tired feet, cooling feverish brows, and soothing aching hearts by the pure sweetness of its murmuring.

Close beside a river a mother stands watching with straining eyes the last flutter of the sail that bears her sailor boy away. But when his ship is out of sight, ah, then the pent-up feelings are given freedom, and the hot tears flow. Poor lonely mother! your fate is hard, yes, very hard, but remember there are thousands of hearts as sad as your own.

In this gallery of galleries there are many pictures--tender morning visions--beauteous souls --shattered wrecks—but all painted by the almighty Artist. Peace! peace! why dost thou question His designs?

MABEL KEAN.

---

WE should think just as though our thoughts were visible to all about us.

THERE are some people who will always find the sunshine in this life, while there are others who will always walk in the shadow; and just as the former expand into a gracious loveliness, so do the others contract and wither into cheerless misery.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

NOVEMBER, 1896.


At the opening of the scholastic term we were privileged to hear a most instructive and eloquent discourse on the divine virtue of Faith, from the lips of the Rev. W. A. Doherty, S. J., who was our guest for a few days. The Rev. speaker dwelt with unmistakable earnestness on the important truth, that an intelligent and expansive Christian Faith never warps the judgment, never stunts the intellect, or retards the progress of scientific investigation. Rather, religious truth, like the sun, lights up our course, and, as a beacon light, cautions us to avoid the quicksands upon which false science has often shipwrecked.

*

The arrival of an Archbishop from New Zealand is not an event of every-day occurrence, but, when that dignitary brings his "Stradivarius," which lacks only four years of being two centuries old, and condescends to entertain us as delightfully as did His Grace of Wellington, our joy and enthusiasm know no bounds. "What favored pupils we are, at Loretto of the Falls!" was the unanimous exclamation, as the strains of the wonderful violin floated on the air and kept us spell-bound with admiration.

Curious to hear something of New Zealand and the Maoris, we begged our honored guest to give us a short description of the country of his adoption—a request with which he very graciously complied.

The Maoris, of whom he has ten thousand in his diocese, he spoke of as a chivalrous and magnanimous race, very intelligent and quick to learn, but not given to reflection, and incapable of mastering the higher mathematics. Originally, they were cannibals, and would eat their prisoners. It was their custom to preserve the heads of those who were killed in warfare or otherwise, and English travelers hearing of this, came and paid large sums of money for these heads, with a view to selling them to museums, but finally, the natives discovered this desecration, and murdered the perpetrators in a way that deterred others from continuing the traffic Still they are generous conquerors. On one occasion in a hand to hand contest of about an hour, with the British, the New Zealanders proved victorious, and allowed the wives and children of the English warriors to go to their ships, and take all necessary food with them.

When New Zealand was still in its infancy, there were very few quadrupeds, and rats were frequently eaten by the natives, but these animals were not the same as the American or European rat. Their manner of preparing the delicacy was quite simple. A large fire was kindled to attract the rats, then they were struck on the head, picked up, and thrown upon the fire.

The only indigenous birds were the gigantic moa—now extinct— and the kiwi (apteryx) or wingless bird, which has a very long beak, in which are the olfactory nerves, thus enabling it to scent worms away down in the earth.

Shrubs are abundant, but there are few wild flowers, and the striking contrast between the various shades of green, the blocks of ice floating down the rivers, and the snow-capped mountains reminds one of the scenery of Switzerland

*

Our sister students at St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate-Bar, York, we are happy to chronicle, have been most successful at the Oxford examinations, winning honors and distinctions in the different branches pursued.

In our next issue will appear a review of the excellent treatise on "First Communion" written by a member of the Community, edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., published by Burns & Oates, London, sold by Benziger Bros., New York, Chicago and Cincinnati.

*

Dear old timepiece! honored time and again in the pages of the glorious Rainbow, and yet do we feel convinced that one page of your history has never been exposed to the public eye. Here runneth the tale. The names of Vicky, Trilby and Topsy have appeared in our columns, and are therefore well known, but never before was their secret devotion to our venerable friend made a matter of publicity. Such was their admiration, during the past year, that scarcely a day elapsed that they did not pay her a visit, under some pretence or other. Perhaps it was some quick retort, spoken in class—a "Miss, go and stand at the clock," was heard. How gladly (?) did they fly! Sometimes their impatience to see their friend so completely obscured their understanding that they lost sight of the old maxim, "Children should be seen, but not heard." Shocking to relate, so great was their devotedness that they frequently assumed the sentimental posture known as kneeling, often remaining in this attitude uninterruptedly for an hour. Fair Topsy was so often overcome by her emotion as to shed tears of joy (?) at her proximity to her beloved. If you have noticed of late a pathetic note in the chiming of our ancient timepiece, and have wondered why, I feel fully competent to give an explanation Vicky and Trilby have departed for foreign lands, and only poor Topsy, alias St. Peter, as her friends have dubbed her, owing to the frequent overflowing of those two important glands situated where—only Topsy can tell us—is left; and as yet has shown no disposition to resume her old affection. Topsy! Topsy! what can this mean? Surely, it is not "off with the old love and on with the new?" If so, Topsy, we beseech you, tell us for whom or what is this new and unseemly affection which has blotted out the remembrance of your old friend, *the Clock.*

*

The "walking fern" has wended its way from Niagara Glen and appeared in our sanctum, introduced by our kind friend, Dr. Baxley, who has drawn our attention to its home as a charming field of research for the Botanical Class, having the largest variety of wild flowers to be found anywhere.

This plant is considered very rare by the botanists who have been recently in the Glen. It grows on the soil, but most abundantly on the tops and sides of rocks, finding way for its roots in the interstices and growing on moss, as though it were a parasite. The extremities of its elongated leaf take root, as the runners of the strawberry plant, hence its name "walking."

*

There was quite a little flutter of pleasant excitement among the members of the Literary Club last Thursday afternoon, when they met for the first time, this session, in the new and spacious library which they have been recently invited to occupy, and in so doing are enabled, in some manner, to identify themselves with the interests of the Academy, in the culture and pursuit of knowledge, in that vast field of literature where, according to Shakespeare, they will find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In the graceful and cordial address of Miss Stewart, the president, and the well-expressed resolution of thanks drawn up by Miss M. Kean, the vice-president, it was made very apparent that the favor conferred was thoroughly appreciated, as well as the privilege of being located on a spot overlooking Niagara's great Fall of waters, whence the eye can satiate itself with gazing on transcendent beauty, and the mind find its ideal of natural grandeur. The opportunity afforded of entertaining distinguished visitors, and of being thus brought into touch with the great minds of men and women from the best literary centres, were also dwelt on; for

although education may be said to be universal, yet, intellectual companionship and literary culture thrive best in a sympathetic atmosphere.

"All things are possible," we are told, "to the woman who wills," so we will devoutly hope that our earnest workers whose purpose, as a club, is the association of those interested in intellectual prospects, literary and artistic, may encourage by their influence right and serious views of life, and a thirst for that knowledge that leads to the development of the highest qualities of mind and heart; for whilst it is true that the pursuit of knowledge, like that of virtue, is its own reward, and its fruit is sweet, we have not forgotten that our good Mother Eve brought us all into trouble through this same "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

With pleasant anticipations of bright and cheery reunions and happy interchange of thought in our new quarters, so home-like in their fresh furnishings, draperies, statuettes, bronzes and pictures, we wish all growth in goodness and knowledge to the members of the "S. C. L."

*

RING out, ye jubilee bells! was the glad refrain that echoed from heart to heart, as the morning bell chimed the rising hour on Thursday, the 15th October, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance of our dear Sister Margaret Mary into the Master's vineyard. How silvery was its sound that morning! How willingly did we rise to welcome the joyful day! Breakfast over, we betook ourselves to the flower-decked chapel, where religious and pupils joined in that greatest reunion of hearts, at the foot of the altar. The singing was most devotional—lovely in its simplicity. Though the hour was so early, the joyousness of the auspicious event seemed to communicate itself to our voices, and impart a more ringing *timbre* to their quality. The Kyrie was rendered *en choeur*, followed by the glorious "Jubilantes in Æternum," the solo of which was exquisitely rendered by Miss Stewart. At the Communion when the notes of the "Veni Sponsa Christi" rose on the air, how the heart of the humble religious must have throbbed as the vision of the hundredfold promised by her Divine Spouse, was brought before her gaze. Miss M. Bampfield's true contralto did full justice to the beautiful words, and lifted all our hearts a little nearer God.

Our gala day lacked none of its traditional attractions,—some of our merry city maids went nutting, even sacrificing a violin lesson or so, for this rare pleasure is dear to a city girl's heart; and came back laden with nuts and beautified with stains—but oh, so happy! During the day, frequent visits were made to the room containing the many dainty souvenirs our dear Sister had received. The Jubilee table fairly groaned under the weight of its gifts, for from far and near had remembrances poured in, showing how well beloved and appreciated was the laborer who had served her Divine Master so unswervingly, during the past twenty-five years.

The evening found us assembled in the brilliantly-lighted, gayly-decorated hall, and rarely was a more enthusiastic reception given to any performers than that which greeted the début of the "Nine Muses," as the members of our Literary Society have chosen to call themselves. A clever little laughter-provoking comedy was admirably played, in which Miss Stewart as Madame Grosdenaples, and afterwards as the Duchess of Southumberland, was incomparable, and kept the house in continous laughter. Miss Marmion exhibited all the genuine dignity and hauteur of the English gentlewoman, Miss Crysler as Lady Flora, was a bewitching little bit of humanity, Mrs. Muff and her daughters (Helen Krumholz, Mattie Bampfield, Mabel Kean and Anna Grace McGee) were rare in their ignorance of what true nobility consists in. Miss Hardin rendered most effectively, on the violin, a beautiful "Serenade," while Miss Marmion gave us "Robyn's Answer" in a very charming voice. By special request, Miss Stewart sang the song that never grows old—"Home, Sweet Home."

On the whole, a more enjoyable day was never spent at Loretto, and after tendering our

THE OUTLET OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

Supplement to the "Niagara Rainbow,"
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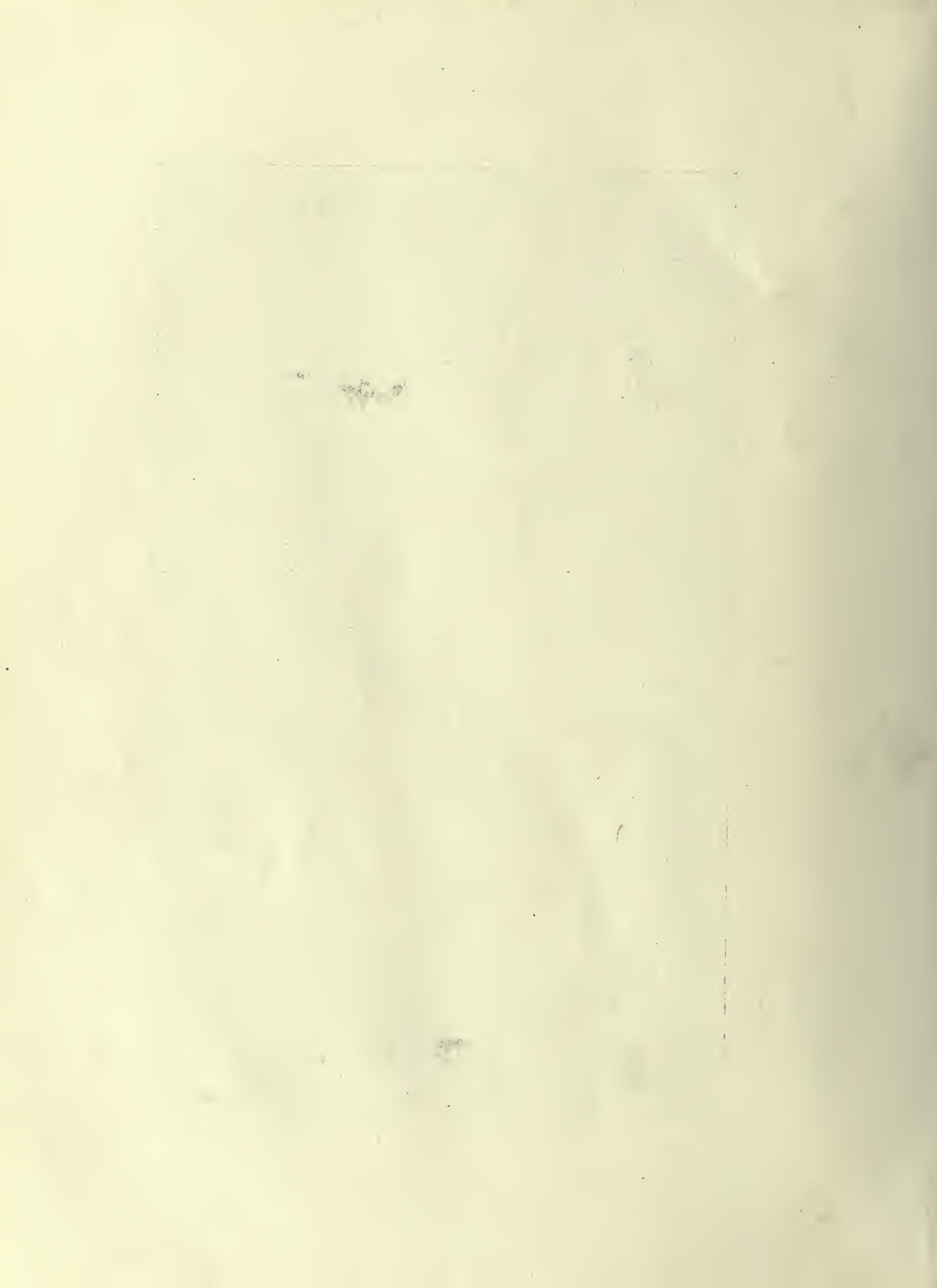

most sincere wishes to the dear Jubilarian for a continuance of the graces and blessings that had already marked her religious career, we retired from the scene of happiness and joy.

*

I WISH the vast and mighty public to understand that, there is a great difference in meaning between piano stool and piano stool. For example, take the one that has been recently presented to our music department—without doubt, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." A dainty affair in wood and copper—something 'twixt a chair and an *ordinary common piano stool*—it stands unrivalled. Our beloved teacher takes unlimited pride in it. If I can remember correctly, shortly after my return to school, it was shown to me with all due gusto. It bears the magic name of "Paderewski." I never, as yet, knew that an inanimate thing could undergo marked changes in one night. Yet, such seems to be the fears of our teacher, for never yet have I been there in the morning dutifully practising away, that she did not come in just to see how "Paddy" is getting along. Do you suppose she has a deep, dark suspicion of my trying to lower or raise the seat to suit my convenience, and fears that my untrained hand might work some harm? If so, let her apprehensions cease tout de suite, for rather than lay hands upon this object of undue devotion and pride, I would prefer to cast the burden of my weight upon Gounod's score of "Faust," when additional height is needed.

*

JUST as there are stools and stools, there are bags and bags. For reference as to the quality and quantity requisite for a real shopping bag, address yourself to the Main Business Office of Loretto Academy, for the Treasurer of the aforesaid department prides herself on being the happy recipient of the genuine article.

It was another of the series of surprises that greeted me, on my return. I had gone in quest of ink to the above-mentioned room, and, happening to notice what appeared to me a very elaborate ink stand, I innocently inquired: "Did Miss So and So send you this?" May I never awaken such indignation again. "The very idea!" was the reply, "she would not send me anything so common. Look at this bag for shopping, is it not beautiful? She sent it to me the other day." I duly admired it, and then wended my way roomward Business necessitated a second visit, soon after. And would you believe it?—the bag was again brought forth for inspection! This time, it was the quality of the silk that was the theme of admiration. I graciously launched out into a glowing eulogium; but this was not to be the end of the bag, by any means. When a third visit was made, yes, the bag was again the object of additional admiring praise The great attraction this time was the fringe, and the fact that, "she made it all for me herself." I could not refrain from the gentle hint that, "pride hath a fall"—not the kind that overtook a certain "Jubilee bag, of exquisite make" several years ago.

Aside from jesting, the bag is really a very handsome affair, and I suppose it was only the "Green-eyed Monster" in my heart, that I had not a good, kind friend to make me a pretty bag, that elicited these—shall I say—complimentary comments?

*

A VALUABLE addition has been made to our cabinet of curiosities through the kindness of Dr. Baxley, from whom we have just received some very rare shells, taken from a trench recently excavated, abut ten feet below the surface of the ground, in Prospect Park, near the American end of the new Suspension Bridge. They were deposited on the Niagara limestone, when that region was covered by water, either of the river, or when Erie and Ontario formed one continuous lake. Afterward, the drift, probably, subsequent to the Ice Age, covered them. They are extremely fragile and require the most delicate handling.

*

THE following little poem is an eloquent outpouring of the heart of one of the trio of black-

eyed sisters to "Jimmie," who has borne this sobriquet from babyhood; and who in her happy-go-lucky way is a refuge of consolation for the others. Information has reached the author that her first attempt at wooing the Muses has fallen into our possession, and vengeance, in some shape or other, is likely to follow the daring deed of giving publicity to her sacred thoughts, so we hope our readers will appreciate the many risks we have run in the cause of genius:

### Jim.

There is a black-eyed little boy
Who is my best and dearest joy,
'Tis Jimmie—just the age fifteen—
My little Jimmie, Jimmie Kean.

Sometimes my heart is very sad,
Then go I to my darling lad,
And tell him all the grief I feel,
And sympathy the wounds doth heal.

But then it can't be always so,
My loving bird will have to go.
Yes, this is life—a sad, sad life,
So full of sorrow, pain and strife.

But when my bird doth fly away,
Then darkness will come over day,
My life a dreary night will be—
O Jimmie! Jimmie! leave not me.

---

## The Last Minstrel.

A GLANCE at the heading of this column will, in all probability, convey to the reader the idea that I am about to reproduce the poem by Sir Walter Scott, which goes by a name so nearly akin to the one which I have selected as a title for a subject of interest, therefore, I must proceed at once to remove any erroneous impression the heading may have given.

The inspiration to write under this title suggested itself to me in the following manner: I was sitting at my window, one of those crisp mornings in October. Everything seemed fresh, and the balmy air seemed fragrant with the odor of new mown hay; the leaves, which were just exchanging their coat of green for one of variegated colors, served still more to beautify the scene, while in the distance, the flaming magnificence of leaf and forest—

"October's holocaust
Burned gold and crimson over all the hills—
The sacramental mystery of the woods."

The squirrels and chipmunks sprang from bough to bough, seeming, apparently, to know that they would not be molested; and, like all wise animals, they were busying themselves hoarding up provisions for the fast-approaching winter.

I was not to be left to my musings. A faint strain of music, proceeding from the almost leafless bough of a tree, which, during the past months, had served as a home for many songsters, attracted my attention. At first the music came faint, but gradually increased in volume, until I could now plainly distinguish the spot which the warbler had chosen as his rendezvous for serenading. His appearance seemed intrusive, but it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps he was bidding farewell to the scenes of his triumphs and glories—to the paternal oak from whose leafy shade he—young king of the air—first dared to contemplate the vast firmament—where his passionate love-songs were sung—his rapturous outbursts in the dawn of May mornings—ere he winged his flight to more genial climes. Upon further investigation, I found my bright-hued, dulcet performer to be an oriole of exquisitely blended black and yellow plumage. He held his head haughtily, conscious that he was rendering his production well, and from all appearances I judged my little minstrel to be a conceited bird; but is it not enough to turn the head of any bird to know that a baseball team (and the Baltimore team at that, which stands first on the list, and wins the pennant every time, by a score of sixteen to one "innings") has adopted the colors of his coat for their costume, and called themselves, on that account, "The Orioles." And again, nothing could induce that flourishing college of Princeton to abandon its "black and orange." Considering these honors, we can readily understand why this bird assumed such kingly airs, and elicited my enthusiastic admiration. He was certainly worthy of all the appreciation I entertained for him.

The music ceased. The feathered minstrel flapped his wings and flew southward, leaving me to resume my meditation.

So with all things human. They endure for a short time, but just as we begin to realize their beauty, they are gone, and, like the sweet-voiced bird, leave no trace behind save the remembrance of their presence.

ALANNA MARMION.

# Special Correspondence

## Foreign.

READING,
BERKSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Once again I claim the privilege of enrolling my name as the least worthy contributor to your charming hues. As, to involve brilliance, there are many shades and atoms, of sombre and insignificant quality, employed, so, my feeble effort to enter within your crescent, may be of use in showing to more perfection, brighter hues, or serve as one of the necessary particles which combine to make the elementary body.

Well, dear Rainbow, I am in England, and consequently, must send you news of "John Bull and His Island." Of course, your readers—especially the younger ones—will recognize Reading as the great biscuit manufacturing town, where "Huntleys and Palmers" are the Lords of creation—indeed, this phrase is literally true, as the families referred to, particularly the Palmers, are the creative power in Reading. Their munificence is unbounded, and their goodness, for generations past, has almost become proverbial. The town is, in a great measure, dependent upon them, and their influence for good is largely apparent. Their factory is, I believe, the finest of its kind in England, and their employees number over six thousand. There is also another remarkable industry in the town, which I must not omit to mention, viz, the large seed and plant emporium of Messrs. Sutton, whose fame is worldwide.

But the most interesting thing, in my opinion, in Reading, is the ruins of its old Abbey, which was founded by Henry I. in 1121, and where he was buried for many years. After his death, which took place at Rouen, in 1135, his body was taken to Reading, as it was his favorite resort; it was, however, subsequently removed to Westminster Abbey. His second wife (Adeliza) was also interred in Reading Abbey, as well as Prince William, son of Henry II. and the Empress Mathilda; Constance, daughter of Edmond de Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick; a son and daughter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall; and many other distinguished persons.

The ruin is one of the largest I have seen, and the Abbey, in its original state, must have been a truly magnificent one. The walls, which are of a very peculiar grey stone, are, in some places, three and four feet in thickness, and even more, in many parts. It is supposed to have extended over an area of eight acres of ground; two Protestant and one Roman Catholic church in the vicinity—indeed, the Roman Catholic church is quite within the ruins—have been built from the stone which had become part of the débris of the Abbey.

It was at Reading that the loin of beef was knighted, and became "sirloin." Who is not familiar with the story of the visit of Henry II. to the Abbot of Reading, when he had lost his way while hunting in Windsor forest, and being invited to the Abbot's table, passed for one of the Royal Guard? A loin of beef was placed before him, to which he did such justice, that the Abbot remarked: "I would give one hundred pounds if I could fare so lustily on beef as you do!" Some time after, the Abbot was surprised by a message from Court, and, on responding, was at once seized and placed in the Tower, where he was forced to remain for several days, being fed solely on bread and water. At length a whole loin of beef was laid before him, when he verified the proverb that "Two hungry meals make a glutton." When the Abbot had finished, the king sprang out of a private lobby where he had been hiding, and exclaimed: "My Lord, deposit presently your hundred pounds in gold, or no going hence all the days of your life! I have been your physician to cure you of the bad appetite of which you complained, so now I demand my fee." The Abbot gladly paid the required sum, and returned to Reading, if not, perhaps, a sadder, certainly, a wiser man.

Henry VIII. converted the Abbey into a palace, and very often resided there, and Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of Reading, frequently made it her abode. At the end of the Civil War it was finally demolished. Many pre-reformation churches exist in the neighborhood and surrounding vicinage, and I find them intensely interesting. They all retain unmistakable evidence of

their ancient profession, in the beautiful stained glass windows and statues which are to be seen in many of them. One very lovely old church, of this style, is at Sonning, some three miles distant, a charming little spot further down the Thames which winds and meanders most beautifully in and around the neighborhood of Reading, having on its course, pretty islands and backwaters, as it flows onward towards Henley and Windsor, which is only, I think, about twelve or fourteen miles distant.

In former days, Reading was a favorite resort of royalty. A quaint old mansion on the road to Sonning is famed as having been a country residence of Queen Mary, of England, and a lovely nook called "Soundness," not far distant, was once the property of Charles I, and the home of Nell Gwynn. Being only thirty-six miles from London, Reading is not much too far to be considered almost a suburb of that vast city, whose din and turmoil are the echoes of the world's heartbeats, and, after whose thoroughfares, the lovely winding Thames and sweet green fields seem like veritable oases.

A short tims ago, during a visit to London, I drove to Richmond, and thought what a fairy spot it is, after that densely-huge, never-ceasing reflection of toil and triumph. I fear I very often have the bad taste to sympathize with the "Private Secretary" in his experience, and to re-echo his sentiments, in repeating "I don't like London," but England is a very beautiful country, and surely, this season, its skies have been propitious. Never have I experienced such intensely warm weather as we are having at present—and had all through the month of May.

Another interesting place in the vicinity of Reading, is "Cumnor Hall," the home of poor Amy Robsart; and the magnificent ruin of Kenilworth is not very many miles farther away.

Not long ago, I visited Hastings, which is the prettiest seaside resort I have, as yet, seen in England. The old town is particularly interesting, as the place where William the Conqueror set foot on his arrival in this country. Some miles on the other side of the new town, is the site of the famous battle, and where a most lovely old relic remains, viz., the Abbey which he caused to be built, in thanksgiving for the victory. Only part of it is a ruin, the remainder being preserved as the seat of the Duchess of Cleveland, the only living representative of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids, and also the mother of Lord Rosebery. The house is most unique, and exceedingly handsome, with its Norman style of architecture and beautiful groined ceilings, which have such a peculiar effect. The part which formerly served as the refectory, kitchens, &c., is in ruins. The grounds are perfectly kept, in their midst are the old ruin and the preserved old Abbey, covered with that indispensable attribute of the relics of the past—ivy—which clings as closely as if modern surroundings were unheard of in its neighborhood. A fosse in the garden is shown as the spot where Edith found the dead body of Harold, the morning after the battle; and here it was that William swore he would raise a temple, in thanksgiving, and laid the cornerstone of the Abbey. The place itself, that is the village, is called "Battle," and the residence, "Battle Abbey." On the broad rampart opposite the entrance, whence Hastings may be faintly distinguished, Harold stood and watched the venturous Normans as they came across the valley beneath; and, at this place it was, that strife commenced which changed us from a Saxon to a Norman dynasty.

Now, dear Rainbow, I shall say, for the present, adieu, and remain ever, your devoted admirer.

J. O'Dowda.

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## The Story of the Acadians.

THE saddest chapter in the history of America is the story of the deportation of the Acadians from their home on the Basin of Minas. It is the foundation of Longfellow's beautiful poem of Evangeline, which is now justly regarded as one of the world's great classics. These sweet, simple and pious people had established themselves, towards the close of the seventeenth century, in one of the fairest portions of Nova Scotia lying southeast of the Bay of Fundy.

Peace and plenty reigned in every home, piety in every heart. Nothing could be more beautiful than the picture which Longfellow

draws of Grand-Pré, the home of these "simple Acadian farmers:"

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village, its name and pastures to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their statun descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village."

By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Acadia passed from the hands of the French into the hands of the English. A provision in the treaty granted the French in those settlements the privilege of betaking themselves to their countrymen in Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, then known as Isle St. Jean and Isle Royale. But the English governors at Halifax always put obstacles in the way of the Acadians' departure

During the time that the Acadians lived under English rule—that is from 1713 to 1755—the date of their deportation—they sought to live in peace under every circumstance, though sorely tried by the tyranny and insolence of such governors as Armstrong and Lawrence. The latter it was who planned and executed the deportation. Nothing so villainous has ever stained the pages of history. A number of writers have endeavored to palliate this cruel and wanton deed, by blackening the character of the Acadians and representing the deportation as a necessity in the interest of the British Crown, but, in spite of all misrepresentations and briefs held by descendants of Governor Lawrence, the truth of history has forced its way to the front, and overtaken the falsehoods that have been disseminated by such historians as Parkman, Murdoch, Hannay, and Akins, the compiler of the Nova Scotia Archives.

To Mr. Edward Richard, a descendant of these ill-fated people, and an ex-member of the Canadian House of Commons, is due the credit of having let in light upon this important historical question. His work recently published, entitled *Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History*, leaves nothing in doubt as to the true history of the events which led up to this shameful and cruel act.

Mr. Richard has established beyond a doubt the fact that Parkman had access to the manuscript of the Rev. Andrew Brown, which now lies in the British Museum, and that with the facts before him, he knowingly suppressed the truth.

Rev. Andrew Brown, in the preparation of his manuscript, with the view of its publication, had the advantage of meeting and conversing with those who had been eye-witnesses of the deportation.

It will be well, therefore, for any reader to be wary when reading the pages of Parkman. This brilliant New Englander is a story teller, not an historian. His glowing periods will not stand the test of judicial investigation. Longfellow, it is true, has idealized the Acadians, but his picture of their Arcadian lives and sorrowful departure is closer to truth than the misleading and garbled pages of Parkman.

Thomas O'Hagan.

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Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Be more careful of your conscience than of your estate. The latter can be bought and sold; the former, never.

Poetry is a seraph on whom the light of God falls, but it is not God. Poetry no longer echoes the sea-like moan of restless souls, as in Homer; it interprets and elevates, as in Dante. Christianity has made poetry what it is.

## Heroes of Duty.

OF all heroes of duty whose names history proudly cherishes, none occupies a more conspicuous position on the list than England's greatest General. With Wellington duty was the absorbing principle of his life. It was the guiding star of all his actions. When he said it was his "duty" to proceed in any particular course, men knew it to be worse than useless to endeavor to dissuade him from his purpose. Throughout his despatches, throughout his orders, throughout his vast private correspondence, it is curious to observe how often the word "duty" occurs. And in this love of duty there was nothing of the courtier, or the aspirant; he did not set before him fame, glory, or reward; he did his duty because it was his duty—simply because it was the right thing to do. "There is little or nothing in this life worth living for," said he who had attained to the highest honors a subject could receive, and who at one time was the idol of Europe, "but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty." It seemed so imperative upon him on all occasions to act up to this high standard, that it would have been well if he had more fully understood that all natures were not cast in the same iron mould as his own.

The performance of duty is often a cold and arduous task, and is therefore open to being cheered by encouragement and approval. But, to the "Duke," the mere fact of a man doing his duty was so ordinary an act, was so heinous a fault if omitted, that it never entered his mind to praise for what he could not bring himself to think any one would shirk. The soldiers under his command gallantly faced the enemy, stormed ramparts, calmly received the furious onset of the foe, or charged without flinching upon the armory of bayonets that opposed their progress. It was their duty. They were Englishmen—and to praise them for their courage would be an insult. To express approval would be tantamount to entertaining doubt.

Very, very seldom did the Duke of Wellington pass commendation; but when his thin disciplined lips gave forth words of praise, rest assured that something more than ordinary courage and ordinary military skill had been exhibited. Gradually the men became accustomed to this stern calmness, and something of their chief's devotion to duty was communicated to the ranks. At Waterloo, when the troops closed up to receive a charge of cavalry, the Duke rode into one of his infantry squares and said: "Stand steady, lads, think of what they will say of us in England!" The men answered back with a cheer, "Never fear, Sir; we know our duty." A grim smile of approval overspread the impassive features of His Grace as he heard his favorite maxim re-echoed.

Conspicuous in the rank of heroes of duty stands Lord Nelson, whose fame was supported by his whole career, and whose heroic death, after his greatest victory, was a fitting close to the impressive tragedy of his life.

In 1793, when England began to take part in the wars of the French Revolution, Nelson was appointed to the "Agamemnon." His views of a British seamen's duty are shown by his remarks to a new midshipman, the son of a friend, who was a staunch Whig. He thus admonished the lad: "There are three things, young gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

After the hero of the Nile had imprisoned the French Army amidst the sands of Egypt, and declared that this battle was not only a victory but a conquest; the command of the Mediterranean fleet was entrusted to him. His concluding signal at the battle of Trafalgar has become an imperishable part of British glory:—"England expects every man will do his duty!"—which was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity

in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoutable," supposing that she had struck. because her great guns were silent. From this ship, which he had thus spared, he received his death. A ball fired from the mizzen-top struck the epaulette on his shoulder. He fell upon his face upon the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. An hour later Hardy was by his side. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful moment. "Now, I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" And Hardy left him—forever.

Nelson's strong sense of duty to his king and country gave him the keenest incentive to exertion. and a never-failing stay and support amid the vicissitudes of fortune. His frank and familiar manners, not refined above the quarter-deck pitch, and seasoned with good nature, were admirably calculated to gain the affections of his sailors He was free from all petty jealousy, and was always ready to give merited honor to those who were associated with him in his commands. His victories were due to his thorough knowledge of his profession in all its details, to his quick discernment of the thing necessary to be done, and to his devotion of all his powers to the accomplishment of his aim.

The history of the world contains few more romantic scenes than that of the victory by which England won from France, after a possession for two centuries, the vast dominion of Canada. Great as that battle was in its consequences, its interest is intensified by the common fate of the opposing generals, who, in it yielded up their lives for the cause of their respective countries, yet won imperishable fame, which has forever united their names—Wolfe and Montcalm.

The hero of Louisbourg and Quebec was as exemplary in private life as he was eminent in the discharge of public duty. He was not more distinguished for personal bravery and coolness in action than for his success in disciplining his men, while at the same time he won the heart of every soldier that served under him. His name is one of the purest as well as the brightest in the long list of England's military heroes. Horace Walpole said of Wolfe: "Ambition, industry, passion for the service were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moments in qualifying himself to compass that object. Presumption on himself was necessary for his object, and he had it. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pit."

When the French philosopher and poet, Chateaubriand, at the close of the eloquent narrative of his "Travels in North America," mourned over the glorious dominions in the Western World which might have been his country's, he could have consoled himself by the reflection that it was not through any want of individual heroes among her sons, that France lost these fair lands, for there is no nation that has a higher claim to our praise and admiration than that which produced Champlain, Jogues, De Brébeuf, Marquette, La Salle and "the wise and chivalrous Montcalm," the representative of a long line of illustrious ancestry, whose glories he eclipsed by the high qualities he displayed in the darkest season of difficulty and distress.

During the latter portion of his American career, convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle he was left to maintain, and certain that he must inevitably be crushed sooner or later by the enemy, the gallant Montcalm prepared to do his duty to the last, and, in his own words, "resolved to find a grave under the ruins of the colony."

Montcalm was a Catholic hero whom France may proudly rank with her St Louis and her Bayard—a true knight, "without fear and without reproach."

On a lone island of the Pacific, plague-stricken and abandoned, save by the few whom the most heroic form of charity drew thither, an obscure priest, Joseph Damien de Veuster, labored and struggled for many years, relinquishing every joy that life holds dear, knowing that an awful death would sooner or later be his; but his services and ministrations were not of this world, and he sought not fame. But the fame of a hero is his, after all—the sweet fame that is likened unto love, which is given freely, and cannot be bought by any man. Robert Louis Stevenson found him and told the world about him, and perhaps a sweet breath of incense may have come to that lonely

isle, and refreshed the passing hours of the martyr's life. For the incense was of the sweetest—the love and the prayers of the outside world which were given to the dying hero who had voluntarily immured himself in the leper colony of Molokai, to relieve the stricken beings who had learned to love and reverence the very garments he wore.

Notoriety he never sought, and when the end came and the people wished to look upon the man who had given up his life to save the souls of others, there were no photographs save one that had been quickly made, after death, of the wan and pinched face that lay upon the pallet, in the rude habitation of a leper.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man give his life for his friends." Nor surely greater heroism!

MARTHA (MATTIE) BAMPFIELD.

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## Two Homesteads.

GAVESTON MANOR was a gloomy, old-fashioned country-seat, in the most picturesque part of England. Successive additions had been made to it, which were not all improvements. Whatever may have been its defects, they were gracefully disguised by the abundance of ivy which covered its walls. On a grass plot in front of the entrance, was a large fountain, upon which Cupid stood with his bow pointed toward the mansion, as if he would shoot his arrows right into it. Large, massive iron gates, unused for a long time, opened into the broad driveway which led to the imposing structure, set back at a considerable distance from the road.

Many years ago there was no fairer spot on earth than Gaveston Manor, no happier home, but now everything about it showed signs of neglect; the hand of Time had fallen heavily on both inmates and surroundings. A glance into the interior disclosed a quaint, bare, uncomfortable room, containing a round mahogany table, brilliant with rubbing and innocent of a cover, with old volumes lying around in twos and threes. Straight, high-backed chairs stood in almost rows, and looked as if they seldom changed their positions. Elegant frescoing of ancient design, and valuable paintings and tapestries decorated the walls.

By the hearth where a fire is smouldering away, sit an elderly lady and gentleman. Let our gaze linger upon the woman so faded and feeble, but with such a pathetic face that our hearts go out to her at once. Sitting there, rocking backward and forward, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her thoughts are far away with her boy, the light of her life. "Where, oh, where is he?" her inward soul cries out. But her lips are silent. Her lord and master sits before her. What would he say if he knew that she troubled over "that scapegrace," as he has slightingly termed him? Did he not deceive them all? Is he worthy of the name of Gaveston? "No," says this iron nature; "and no more shall he cross the threshold of his childhood's home, no more shall he see the dear mother who is fast ending her earthly life through love of him." In her memory his image grows fresher every year; it is grievously sad to feel she shall never see him again—most bitter to know that he had left her with a stain on his escutcheon. Her home is now the vestibule of the tomb, filled with foreboding thoughts. Perhaps she has been forgotten, or another claims the love she thought was hers—she will still hope, she will still believe in him.

Happiness should have reigned supreme in this once stately abode of wealth and joy, but alas! for him whose evil deeds have driven the glad visitant from the domestic hearth where the "soulless spectre" now sits enthroned.

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The cottage was low and of a dark red color, with white facings around the windows, which had no blinds, only green paper curtains. In front of it was a piazza of medium size, on which were a few rustic chairs. A low picket fence surrounded the small lawn with its carefully cut grass, and beds of pansies—one was heart-shaped—a blooming maze of beauty and harmonious coloring. The clothesline was wound securely around the trunks of four gnarled, crooked old appletrees, which stood promiscuously about the yard, back of the cottage. It was tree-blossoming time, but these were too old and sapless to blossom, and there was only a white bough here and there shaking itself triumphantly from among the rest,

which had only their new green leaves. There was a branch occasionally that had not even these, but pierced the tender green and the glossy white in hard, grey nakedness.

In a small, but cheerful and neatly-furnished room sits a merry group round a glowing fire. Homespun carpets are upon the floor, and all the decorations are creations of the young people's fancy. Everything is so bright and cosy that one does not notice the absence of elegance. It is the twentieth anniversary of the cottagers' wedding day, and the home circle fully appreciates the joys it brings, in their little oasis apart from the world. There is no wealth, no pomp, no display —but oh, the simple happiness and hallowed joys in that humble cottage of the workingman!

JOSEPHINE HARDIN.

## Thoughts for Our Girls.

"Let no young girl forget the sublime part which God has assigned to her. Let her remember that to wield an angel's power she must have an angel's patience, fidelity, delicacy, tender and vigilant love, gentle silence, continual prayer. The role of a woman, says a charming French writer, resembles that of a guardian angel—she may *lead* the world, but by remaining, like him, *invisible*."

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"Simplicity clothes us from head to foot in Christian-like gracefulness. It gives an unwordly air to all we do, an astonishing persuasiveness to all we say, and our very silence and inaction have something so celestial about them that they exorcise evil and convert souls."

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"Some one has defined politeness as 'only an elegant form of justice;' but it is something more. It is the result of the combined action of all the moral and social feelings, guided by judgment and refined by taste. It is the fine art of the social passions, it is to the heart what music is to the ear, and painting and sculpture to the eye. A sincere regard for the rights of others, in the smallest matters as well as the largest; genuine kindness of heart; good taste and self-command, are the foundations of good manners; and a person who possesses them can hardly be rude or discourteous, however far she may transgress conventional usages; lacking these qualities, the most perfect knowledge of the rules of etiquette, and the strictest observance of them, will not suffice to make one truly polite."

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"'What is good-looking,' as Horace Smith remarks, 'but looking good?' Be good, be womanly, be gentle,—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and you will not lack kind words of admiration.

"Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

"Talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble, or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

"This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity,—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

"And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart. Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

> Spirits moving musically,
> To a lute's well-ordered law,

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?"

"The children of Queen Victoria had many tender and obedient qualities of character. One of the most delightful traits of all the Queen's children, one which has been confirmed in them by example, is kindness and affection and thoughtfulness to all those who have been about them during their youth, either as servants or instructors. For many years after her retirement, they showed the greatest kindness to Lady Lyttleton, and also to Miss Hildyard, the English governess, who, under Lady Lyttleton, was with them for many years. When meeting Miss Hildyard in public they always kissed her as in the days when they were little ones. Their loyalty and affection, and their unbounded regard for the welfare of those dependent on them, which was inculcated early in their lives, have endeared them to all who come into intimate contact with them."

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"There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skilful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

"The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius.

"Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced on criminals by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, have counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvelous pathos which genius, taste and culture could infuse into that simple story.

"One of the prettiest anecdotes, in this connection, is told of the poet, Hannah More, and the actor, David Garrick. Hannah More was dining with the Garricks, and after dinner the actor read aloud one of her recently-published poems, called 'Sir Eldred,' with all the wondrous expression of which he was so great a master.

"'I think I never was so ashamed in my life,' wrote the author, 'but he read it so superbly that I cried like a child. Only think what a ridiculous thing—to cry at the reading of one's own poetry.'

"What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to His chosen creatures.

"The good old fashion of reading aloud has almost gone out of date. Before life grew to be such a complexity, and the multitudinous duties of professional and political women revolutionized the home circle, reading from a favorite author was a regular family affair. But the professional elocutionist or entertainer now usurps the gentle art. If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a woman of high culture."

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"Some day men and women will both realize that gentle, moral lives are best for women; then they will become conscious of the fact that they can get the most out of life when they live the lives of gentlewomen. It is a pretty old word. Prettier, I think, than "ladies." And it seems to me that you and I would rather have our daughters be that to-day than anything else. Wouldn't you? I would. To be gentle and to be a woman means to be everything to those about you. And to be a woman without being gentle—well, do you like the type? I do not. I like manful men and womanly women. But I do not like the "advanced woman." Her speech and her walk are

alike strident. She has lost all that is best in woman, and gained all that is worst in man. There is really no place for her. She does not care for a home. She is not a builder of homes. And what will the world do when homes are done away with?"

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## On Thought.

(Written at the request of a girl whose favorite flower was the Pansy.)

My God! I thank Thee for the gift
That makes me like to Thee,
*Thou seest* all—but thought reflects
A little back on me.
Thou seest all,—that was, that is,
That future shall reveal;
In thought I find the key to all
That Wisdom does not seal;—
To grasp the whole of Wisdom's store
Were more than mortal share;
Not all to each,—but gem by gem,
A pearl, or garnet rare.

By thought I range fair Nature's realm,—
I sound the life-thronged deep,
I study her in tortuous cave,
On plain, on mountain steep.
The stars, the birds, the shells, the gems,
Fair thought reveals to me,.
Their order, laws, and beauteous forms,
Though veiled in mystery.
In thought I stand on India's land,
And breathe its fragrant air,
I hear again the well-known voice
That gladdened me when there.
I see once more the friends I love
And change with them a smile,
I hear again the words they spoke
I speak to them awhile.

But happier far that things unseen
To mental gaze are given;
The blessed things of Faith,—the goal
For which the saints have striven.
By faith and thought my mind can bridge
The infinite abyss,
And linger on its shore to taste
One drop of God's own bliss.
In thought I rest on Jesus' Heart,
At Mary's feet I kneel,
To them I whisper all my woes,
From them no joy conceal.
In thought I rise above myself
And plan my heavenly crown,
Which grace and after-trials weave,
When self I trample down.

In thought—alone in every throng,
In friendless land,—at home,
How blest the gift that makes me
With heavenly spirits one!
"Dear Angel, ever at my side,"
Control my thoughts each day
Lest this fair gift my waywardness
Cast wantonly away.

Bright Pansy! fairest favorite mine,
Henceforth more prized by me,
Thou shalt remind me of the gift
My God has given me.

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## October Days.

SUMMER with its freight of sunny days and blue skies has gone, and the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" is here. All nature, radiant with the hectic flush of Autumn, seems to pause, her work is done, it stands complete. We are in the heart of a world of gorgeous color, there is an indescribable mingling of gold and orange and crimson, and over all a soft haze, now wrapping the hills in its rainbow-tinted radiance, now lying faint and indistinct in the valleys.. Here and there the trees look as if their tips had blossomed into fire, and no sooner has one set up its crimson banner than the whole forest seems prepared to follow. "The golden showers of the woods," so soon to lie sere and shrivelled at our feet, are sighing their adieux to the poor desolate trees to which they owe their brief but bright existence. Poor little outcasts, whither are you going? Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! How few stand to study them. Their spring was all a-bloom with bright prospects; their summer thick-foliaged with opportunities, now their glory is gone. Gather them up tenderly, they hold many memories. Alas! yes, one by one our illusions, like the leaves, fade away, our hopes are dispelled like a dream, our friendships die the death of indifference or neglect. Despite the tenacity with which we cling to life, we must descend into the sombre regions of the tomb, and make our abode with the grim enemy —Death. Such thoughts must naturally loom up before our minds, as we see the impress of mortality upon what but a short time since, bloomed in all the pride of conscious loveliness.

Yet, in these gray autumnal days comes some brightness from anticipation of the winter joys at hand—the light and warmth and clustering friends of the happy fireside, with its blaze of snapping faggots, the brilliancy and glory of the weather outside, the comforts of the hospitable hearth within—a joyousness increased by the sight of that plenty, which is never at any other time quite so apparent to the eye Even if selfishness had no real part in the feeling, we are not loth to see the old Earth bring forth her store of golden pumpkins, her sun-kissed pears and grapes, her bloomy plums and great heaps of apples piled in the orchards In fact, this glorious autumnal month may be called an epitome of the year,—

"It is as if the Summer's late
Atoning for its sadness
Had borrowed every season's cheer
To end its days in gladness."

HELEN KRUMHOLZ.

## Madame La Fayette.

WHILE most of us are familiar with the careeer of the Marquis de La Fayette, whose generosity and nobility of soul and enthusiastic hatred of oppression rendered him so valuable to the cause of American liberty, all may not know quite so much of his self-sacrificing and noble wife.

This charming woman was the daughter of the Duc d'Ayen (de Noailles), of whom, owing to his being absorbed in his duties about the Court, she saw little, consequently, as is apt to be the case, it was her mother who implanted in her young heart the seeds of virtue that afterwards bore such fine fruit.

When only fourteen, she married La Fayette. Her affection for him only increased with time and became stronger as trials thickened around them. Three years of uninterrupted happiness flew quickly by at the Hôtel de Noailles, where the newly-wedded couple resided, and then came a parting that threw deep shadows upon the heart of the young wife.

The war between England and her colonies had just commenced, the report of the bold American effort for liberty struck the keynote to La Fayette's fiery ardor, and determined him to leave home and all the love and happiness to be found there, to assist America in her struggle. His friends tried to argue him out of the idea, but in vain. Madame La Fayette was led to believe that her husband was going to America on a private mission, and knowing the grief that would fill her heart at parting, La Fayette spared her the trial of saying farewell, and she did not even know when he started.

At length the day came when, crowned with honors and the gratitude of the American people, La Fayette once more took up his residence in France. But stormy times were coming, and did come, when the French Revolution breaking out, such horrors as the world had never witnessed afflicted unfortunate France, and deluged the country with its best blood. Affairs became complicated; party after party rose into power, and fell again. Royal heads were struck off on the scaffold, and the prisons were filled with the nobility. None were safe in those fearful times, and among the arrested was Madame La Fayette, whose only crime was her noble birth. La Fayette, in endeavoring to check the Prussians, who were marching on Paris, found himself a prisoner; and thus the unfortunate couple were as widely separated as if the sea again rolled between them.

The horrors of Madame La Fayette's imprisonment were almost unendurable. She lived in daily expectation of being led to the scaffold. Her grandmother, the Maréchale de Noailles, aged eighty, her mother, and her sister, Louise, who had married her cousin, the Vicomte Noailles, had all been guillotined and Madame La Fayette expected to share their fate. While in prison she wrote with a toothpick and some Indian ink she had secreted about her, the life of the mother for whom she had the greatest veneration and love. During these terrible months of anxiety, with the axe ready to descend upon her neck, this heroic woman prayed unceasingly, even if she wept occasionally. She was calm in the midst of the misery around her, striving to comfort others when she so much needed consolation herself. Her husband's property was confiscated, he himself in a distant prison, and death staring her in the face. Yet, she faced it all serenely, and with undaunted courage.

When the fearful Reign of Terror was over and the prisoners who had not already fallen were released from captivity, Madame La Fayette, for many months, was unable to procure her release, but, at length, after nineteen months of imprisonment, she found herself once more free Suffering in health from the effects of her long confinement and the discomforts suffered, she proceeded at once to Almutz, where her husband still languished in prison. If she could not succeed in effecting his release, she wished to share his captivity, if permitted.

Washington had made every effort to effect the discharge of La Fayette. Madame La Fayette sold her jewels to procure the money to make the journey with her daughters to see the Austrian Emperor, and obtain from him her husband's liberation. This was refused, but the rest of the family were allowed to share the imprisonment of the husband and father; and this was felt to be a great boon. After eleven months of this reunited life behind the bars, the order for release arrived, coupled with a decree of exile for General La Fayette. Madame La Fayette made a personal appeal to Napoleon on behalf of her husband, that he might return to France, but was sternly refused. She, however, determined that he should remain with his family, and procured for him a passport under an assumed name, finding a refuge upon an estate of her own, the Château La Grange, a charming country seat, about forty miles east of Paris.

The Marchioness of La Fayette was the daughter of a house which has eight centuries of recorded history, and which, in each of these centuries, has given to France soldiers or priests or statesmen of a national importance and European renown. But she did not long enjoy her restored home and family life. Her health had been so greatly impaired that it superinduced paralysis. She died expressing her devoted love for her husband. Never was wife more sincerely mourned. Her husband said of her: "She was so one with me that I could not distinguish my own separate existence. I thought I loved her dearly, and knew how much she was to me; but it is only in losing her that I find out how little there is left of me."

France has produced noble women, but none of more heroic character than Madame La Fayette. Tender, amiable, and affectionate, she was yet firm, resolute and courageous. She faced the horrors of the Revolution; and, though she did not mount the scaffold, was still the victim of its atrocities.

In the quaint old cemetery of Picpus, in the Faubourg St Antoine, General La Fayette and his heoroic wife now repose—"those wedded children whose skies have been darkened by sorrow, but lighted by love."

JOSEPHINE MCNULTY.

## Flowers Culled on Our Literary Pathway.

Emulation is not rivalry. Emulation is the child of ambition; rivalry is the unlovable daughter of envy.

* * *

There's one thing to remember: that you don't belong to yourself at all, and are bound to do the best you can with your time, and strength, and everything.

* * *

The heart resembles a secret chamber wherein stands—like the block of white unhewn marble set in the studio of a sculptor—a veiled figure. Though we may not so much as lift the corner of the veil, yet must we forever and in secret, work to fashion and to form the figure that lies beneath.

* * *

Among the greater dead we shall find the records of those who have passed through harder trials, and accomplished greater deeds than those which are demanded of us. They have, many of them, won eternal fame. Be sure that it did not settle upon their brows. It was won in the only way in which fame can be worth winning. It was won by labor; that is the path which they trod. It is the path which you must tread also.

Make choice between having and being. If having is your aim, consent to be inferior; if being is your aim, be content with having little. Real students, cultivators of themselves, are not inspired by the love of fame or wealth or position, but they are driven by an inner impulse to which they can not but yield. Their enthusiasm is not a fire that blazes and then dies out; it is a heat from central depths of life, self-fed and inextinguishable.

In our healthier and better moments we know that pessimism is all wrong, that the world its better than it seems; that at bottom, how the world shall look to us depends not so much on how it is, as on the kind of glasses our passing moods put upon our eyes. But the best cure againstt he dreary lack of faith in the goodness of men, against paralyzing pessimism, is love. Love men and you shall know them; know them and you shall have faith in them.

***

To-morrow! How often we say that, when a resolution is taken or a purpose designed, and how mockingly Fate laughs back at us! To-morrow! As if time was in our poor mortal hands, or as if, to the cowardly and procrastinating, there ever is a morrow! As if that word alone has not been the bane of more good intentions, and the death-knell of more noble actions, as if it does not stand for more harm, and ill, and suffering, than any other common to the lips of man.

---

## SPRAY.

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

—Echoes caught from the woodland ramble:

Fraulein—I like wild violets better than tame ones.

Kathleen—I bought a fern back to pwess and de woots mose wore de life out o' me.

Ethel—There is only one Marie in the woods to-day.

Annie—Why, yes, all the Maries are here.

Ethel—I can find only one—*Mari-gold.*

Gertie—When will the blue-bells ring?

Mademoiselle—Oh, look at de savage roses!

Irene—Please wind my toffee for me, de sugger is all don down.

Congress adjourned—the bills are vetoed—no but put in a *box*—over the ear.

Lucie—Papa is coming to see me in two weeks, and he'll *prescribe* for the RAINBOW. (A long interval) Papa is coming to-day and he'll *describe* the RAINBOW. Papa's here and I know it now, he'll *subscribe* to the RAINBOW.

Young Delinquent—"Don't tell that about me or I'll be a corpse for the rest of my life."

Grace—Do you like quail?

Frankie—I never eat any fish like that.

Grace (aside)—I suppose she mistook it for *whale.*

Annette—Tum in quick, tum in, youse all to det de *paper ben-dic-shun.*

—Polly Tishun—"If McKinley gets in, I'm going to ask him to give us a holiday."

Josie—"I hardly think he'll *get in here.*"

—Jessie's new ambition—"I'm going to be a ventrokilist now."

—"Where's Cæsar? I never see him any more."

Lucille—"Why, he died of *paralasings* during the vacation, and then they shot him."

—Leila has been taking a peep, uninvited, into the museum, and declares: "I got in on my *good looks.*"

Witty Irish Maiden—"I think you got in on your *cheek.*"

New Yorker—"I am inclined to think you went in on your *feet.*"

The vial of the Chicago girl's wrath was emptied.

—Has Evelyn's dog come?

Jennie—"Oh, it would be a sin to bring the poor fellow here, you know he could never get out."

—Luella—(inditing her weekly epistle): "The trees here are just *leaden* with apples, and they are *running* all over the ground, and if I look at them I am sent to bed."

(The Edenites certify that the transgression was equal to Mother Eve's, and far more frequent).

—Small-voiced soliloquy, starting to school—I aint much of an *arithmetiker,* but I am a good *grammarianer.*"

—Paula—No, I don't like *sukenhash,* it's too mixy.

—"Why are the girls so hungry on Fridays and Saturdays?"

Mabel—"Because there are no spreads."

Elsie—The end of the world is coming in four years. I'm awful sorry, I can never be big. Just think, the *prophesies propheted* it.

—Teacher (Juvenile geography class)—How many zones are there?

Maggie—Two *temperance* and two *Bridgid* zones.

Gussie—I know. One *horrid*, two *temperance* and two *Bridgid* zones.

—"How did you like your trip to the Islands?"

Carrie—Oh, it was grand. When we was going we met a *turkey goblin* with a red moustache and whiskers hanging down with warts on them, and we saw a tree that had a bunion on it, and a cow's head with deer's horns growing out of it, and when we was coming home, we looked up the bank and thought it was a man, but when we came near, it was the *internals* of a tree.

—Queen Evie's late attempt at designing—she called it a Venetian book cover with antique clasps—has fallen under our *Lucie's* critical eye, and evoked one of her valued (?) criticisms—"The cover is pretty good, but what in the name of goodness did you put *buckles* on it for?"

The vial of royal indignation overflowed.

Her "Hitermiss" is at last finished, with due success and the complete disappearance of her silks. Some one was unkind enough to remark she had a headache in her side.

—Who built Niagara Falls? "Us Chermans."

Who *discovered* the sewing machine? "Us Chermans."

Who makes a light? "Us Chermans."

For whom was the rhubarb patch planted? "Us Chermans."

Who likes wieners with their "variations?" "Us Chermans."

Who have the melodious voices in the chorus? "Us Chermans."

Who adores the "Rainbow" colors? "Us Chermans."

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THE novels of the "Duchess" are like a very light kind of confection with a drop of poison here and there in it, and a great deal of opium well disguised by the experienced cook.

## Our Visitors.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Toronto, Ont.; Most Rev. Dr Redwood, Wellington, New Zealand; Rt. Rev. Dr. A. E. Medlycott, Bishop of Tricomia, Vicar Apostolic of Trichur, India; Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. G. Kenny, S. J., Guelph, Ont.; Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., New York; Rev. W. Doherty, S. J., Montreal; Rev. J. E. Gunn, S. M., D. D., Marist College, Brookland, D. C.; Rev. E. J. Gibbons, Rev. N. Gibbons, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Very Rev. P. McHale, C. M., Rev. L. A. Grace, C. M, Rev. J. Landry, C. M, Rev. J. O'Brien, C. M., Rev. E. Boland, C. M., Rev. J. Kennedy, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.; Rev. J. Biden, Albion, N. Y.; Rev. J. Grant, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; Rev. J. Dowling, O. S. F., Rev. F. Martin, O. S. F., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. F. Croly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. J. Driscoll, New York; Rev. F. Clarke, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Rev. W. Flannery, St. Thomas, Ont.; Rev. F. Ryan, Toronto, Ont.; Major Crooks, Dublin, Ireland; Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus, Trinidad; Mother Immaculata, Convent of Good Shepherd, Troy, N Y.; Lord Russell of Killowen, Lady Russell; Mrs. Cunningham, the Misses Cunningham, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Chretien, Miss Bessie Chretien, Mrs. E Chretien, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. German, Miss German, Masters B. A. J. and C. German, Welland, Ont.; Mrs. Wallis, Miss Marie Macdonnell, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Combs, Mrs. and Mr. Hardin, Mr. Taft, Chicago, Ill.; Mr., Mrs. and Mr. J. Strauss, Miss Wagner, Mrs. Kleber, Mrs. and Mr. Krumholz, Mrs. and Mr. Doll, Mr. and Mrs. Deuther, Mrs. Fisch, Miss Fisch, Miss Busch, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Small, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Stonebraker, Miss G. Stonebraker, Frederick, Md.; Miss McGarry, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mueller, Mrs Kramer, Mrs. O'Loughlin, Miss O'Loughlin, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. G. O'Brien, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss McBride, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Engelking, Tonawanda, N. Y; Mrs. Smith, Miss Gorges, Mrs. Harder, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Miss Gallagher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. McGee, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs Nash, Mr O'Brien, New York; Miss O'Neill, Miss Merrick, Major Gray, Mr. J. Bonner, Mrs. Bonner, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. B. F. Kenny,

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ONE of the best instances of the virtue of magnanimity, in history, ancient or modern, is that of the Athenian, Pericles, telling his servant to take a lamp and show a scurrilous reviler the way home.


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## Virtue.

Lines suggested upon reading the following from Euripides: "Oh. Virtue, *thou empty* name, I have worshipped thee as a real good, but thou art only the *slave of fortune*."

O Virtue! thou still sacred name,
To soothe and calm despair,
That shedd'st thy pure and holy flame
To shade us from each care.

Teach—oh teach my youthful heart
To bow beneath thy shrine.
And may I ne'er from thee depart,
But worship thee in every clime.

Was it a human heart that said,
Virtue was an empty name?
How could'st thou soothe the dying bed
If thou wert *but a name*.

How could'st thou cheer the saints of old
To tortured rack to brave,
And make them turn from earthly gold,
If thou wert "Fortune's slave?"

How could'st thou rouse the drooping head
Of the penitent, bowed with grief?
How could a hollow, vacant sound
Give human hearts relief?

How could'st thou cause the blush to glow
On the dauntless cheek of shame?
How could'st thou soothe the breast of woe,
If thou wert but a name?

When reft of every human tie,
And nought but anguish given,
O Virtue! thou the tear can dry,
And point the way to Heaven!

Raise—raise thy throne within my soul—
I own thy sacred truth;
And may thy holy feelings roll
In age as well as youth!

Deep in my heart thy altar raise—
Consume me with thy love;
O Virtue! shed thy holy blaze,
And waft me to above!

Bear me from earth and earthly care—
With me immortal rise,
From mid each treacherous, hidden snare,
To thy home beyond the skies!

J. E. Gilligan.

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It is part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulnesses of life, and let the dismals shift for themselves, believing with good Sir Thomas More that it is wise to be "merrie in God."

## Farewell!

The word in its old Anglo-Saxon beauty brings memories crowding year by year, as we revisit, in thought, the scenes of our joys or sorrows. Fare-well! The mother whispers it to her boy as he goes forth to face life's stern duties for the first time; the wife to the husband who tears himself from love and home to fight for his native land, or to toil for the dear ones whom stern necessity bids him leave for a life of toil, ennobled because it is for their dear sakes. At this word brave women shrink, and strong men flinch, but golden memories linger of all the thoughts and dreams and prayers which hover round our loved ones' last blessing—Fare-well.

Still more beautiful is the French form of parting—'A Dieu. To Him who gave, we render the blessing given till we shall meet again. So sacred is this word, so sad its lessons, that in common speech, au revoir replaces the English good-bye. Adieu is reserved for solemn moments when heart-strings are strained to snapping point, when human sympathy fails us, and we confide our loves, our cares to God.

Napoleon's farewell to the Old Guard was one of these partings. The forest glades of Fontainebleau were hushed, the warriors' heads were bowed, the conqueror's pride was humbled; but round him stood his faithful-hearted soldiers listening reverently to the words: "Soldiers of the Old Guard, adieu! For twenty years I have found you on the path to honor and to glory Adieu, adieu, my children. I should like to press you all to my heart, let me at least kiss the flag that represents you." Then Napoleon kissed the eagle of the standard.

Half-suppressed sobs were the only sounds that stirred the forest glades, and tears streamed down the weather-beaten cheeks of the Old Guard. "Adieu, my old companions, let this last kiss pass into your hearts;" and he tore himself from Fontainebleau and France!

Such are partings—bitter—sweet. We would not be without the bitter, for true hearts are tested by their sensibility. The casual handshake and nod of a mere acquaintance, has not the dignity of sorrow and sadness.

Yet, in a lesser degree, we, visitors at Loretto,

felt a subdued sadness when parting-time drew near. We were a happy little party, but we knew we could not stay there forever. "Ah," said one guest, "Niagara will remain unchanged, and we shall be scattered," and, in her bright eyes, when we accompanied her to the cars, stood tears; tears of which she need not be ashamed for they were the index of a loving, grateful heart, tears, as she apologetically remarked, she could not have believed, had she been told a fortnight earlier, could be possible. So we said 'A Dieu. "Two weeks ago this morning," she writes, "we left the Loretto Convent with all its pleasant associations. Since then I have been there in thought much of the time. Our sojourn there was such a dream of rest and pleasure that the memory will long be a cherished one. I am sure that often, when weary in soul and body, I shall find refreshment in calling up the pictures of Niagara. The river, beautiful and serene in the distance, seeming unconscious of the unrest which awaits it below the turbulent Rapids, and the grand cataract—this is all before me.

"Then there will be the sweet memories of the Convent with its associations. The holy calm of Mass in the chapel, the religious with their sweet faces, moving to and fro, and last but not least, the good people we have met there and whom we have learned to love."

I am so glad she wrote this, for she never meant it to be published, and it expresses the visitors' opinions exactly, so I took out the copyright for the RAINBOW! Wandering during daylight in the grounds or to the Dufferin Islands, and sitting by moonlight on the balcony, we learned to love Niagara and each other. We felt in this atmosphere of peace we must humbly follow the footsteps of the religious, though *very* humbly, we admit. Their aim was to make us feel at *home*, and in that magic place we felt we were at home. Oh, that solemn, seething water, with its green shimmering patches and white snowy splendor, surmounted by a rainbow of hope; and the shades of evening falling so gently! As the sombre garments of Night enveloped Niagara, a jewelled pathway of gold seemed to unite the Canadian and American shores,—a bridge which gave an Italian aspect to the scene. The misty moonlight called up spectres of the past, and silvered the rapids with its gleams,—with difficulty we said goodnight and parted till the morrow.

But we are now all far away, and in breathing my heartfelt wish to Loretto and the ladies who welcomed us to its beautiful precincts, I but re-echo the feelings of all the summer guests, in the sacred word—*Adieu*.

X. Y. Z.,
Hon. Secretary to the Guests.

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## The Lunar Bow.

Midnight falls over wild Niagara.
Night's shadows come softly down
And wrap in their sable mantle
The torrent and the town.

Bright lights on the bridge are gleaming
Half-way between earth and heaven,
Spanning the mighty pathway
Which the Cataract has riven.

And on that Bridge at midnight
A grief-stricken soul has stood,
Who longed to cast his burden
Into the seething flood.

For like the waters rushing,
Come the thoughts of other years;
And the night is filled with darkness,
And his soul is filled with fears.

But lo! in the misty moonlight
A bow in the cloud appears,
Radiant with silver glory,
Glimmering through mist and tears.

A bow, full of hope and promise.
Seen at the darkest hour;
Only a glimpse of Heaven
Caught by the passing shower.

But the weary traveller knoweth
That high o'er the torrent's roar
A rainbow will guide him safely
To rest on the distant shore.

Heaven's arch o'er the rushing waters,
Heaven's voice bids his tumult cease;
Hope eternal will lead him onward
To the Rainbow-land of Peace.

M. WINEFRIDE BEAUFORT.

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CHARITABLE buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better.

## Sympathy in Requirements.

LIFE could be carried on with much less friction if each of us understood with sympathetic understanding just what are the necessities for a harmonious and happy life of those with whom we live or with whom we come into frequent contact.

Only a very unobservant person can deny that the people of this world—of even one small corner of it, just a household of four, for instance,—are, for the most part, unlike each other in their needs, tastes, and opinions. We are not made alike; we cannot mould ourselves into any stated form for which we are not adapted by temperament; and our circumstances and walks in life differ in many particulars. We must acknowledge then that requirements must be different in kind as well as in degree, in very many cases. But how far we often are from agreeing with each other as to what are the requirements that make for satisfaction and contentment in our ways of living and working and diverting ourselves!

W. R. Alger says: "Happiness is to do what you were created for." Alas! if we could only be sure that we know just what we are created for, or knowing, could be permitted by the tyranny of circumstances or of friends to do it!

The energetic, spirited woman declares that she must have scope for her energies, that she requires a larger field—as no doubt she does; the more quiet, domestic woman looks on in astonishment; she cannot understand why her restless sister should not willingly lead a safe, secluded existence, and not be forever sighing and longing to be out in the midst of the stir of the world; the man who loves books must have books and spare hours in which to read them to make existence for him livable and enjoyable; he who loves music suffers if it is not within reach of his leisure. There are those, however, who having no taste for these pursuits and looking upon them as a waste of precious time, contrive to make those who indulge themselves in them exceedingly uncomfortable by their cutting criticisms. The woman who loves children must, and will find some outlet for her great store of maternal affection; he or she whose requirement is to pour out affection is sure to give it lavishly in some quarter, although it may never be returned, and its squanderer looked upon as foolish and sentimental.

All this eager out-reaching of human nature for its rightful delights, causes friction because the claims often conflict with each other, and because the selfish among us are apt to think that their own needs are the only ones that should be satisfied, and their own path in life the only straight and narrow one to be followed.

This is a matter that is open to discussion and should be discussed in an amicable and intelligent manner. Let us think it over and be less critical of our neighbors. We know what chains our own requirements have forged to bind us in our actions and endeavors; we should then learn to recognise the requirements of our neighbors however foreign they may be to our own; and we should remember that they should never be scornfully judged and criticised because of their various idiosyncrasies. The "art of living with others" should be studied as thoughtfully and scientifically as any other art Heart and sympathy and experience must all be drawn upon in this study; and above all we should never forget that:

"In mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living."

The days go on and on, and at last the end comes, and they have had the most perfect happiness who have had communication along the way with congenial souls who have had like requirements with their own.

ANNE MEECH.

Woodledge, Oct. 6, 1898.

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OUR whole social life may be coined into utilities: not, to be sure, all of it into pounds and talents, but—what is of even more importance—into mites and farthings of considerate and unceasing kindness. We are constantly with recipient souls that take from us what will make them happier and better if we are truly meek and generous. And how many there are to whom in our intercourse little things are great! In our own households we may diffuse untold happiness by the unselfish spirit which is always ready to concede and slow to claim.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
*By the Students of Loretto Convent,*
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.





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NIAGARA RAINBOW.

OCTOBER, 1898.



AT no time of the year has nature's beauty such rare enchantment as during the beautiful month of October—beautiful in the variety of the loveliness it presents—still more beautiful in its glorious dedication to the honor of the Queen of heaven, through the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and to the special invocation of the angelic host.

Fitly may we here refer to the great Archangel's signal protection of the Institute of Mary, as instanced by a circumstance of an apparently miraculous character, which has ever since been annually commemorated with thanksgiving to St. Michael on his autumn festival.

About ten years after the community had settled in "the great house without the Bar," in York, which, by the way, looked southwards on a "stretch of country fields" in those days, the more fanatical Protestants of the city roused the latent "no-Popery" feeling of the mob, and threatened the convent with destruction. Kind friends from without soon made the nuns acquainted with their peril, and undertook the custody of the pupils and of treasures, such as relics, till the storm should have passed over. The nuns, left without human protection, but full of confidence in God, awaited the impending danger. Rev. Mother Bedingfield then ordered a picture of St. Michael triumphing over his foe, to be hung over the front door, while she solemnly placed the house under the protection of the great Archangel and all the heavenly host. Scarcely had she done so when an armed mob surrounded the building. Availing herself of a permission she had received for such cases of emergency, she took from the tabernacle the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament, and placing it in her bosom, knelt with her religious Sisters in the passage leading to the street door, and thus prayed to her Heavenly Spouse: "Great God! save yourself, for we cannot save you." Suddenly all was still. The mob quietly dispersed, and turned through the Bar into the city without as much as breaking a pain of glass, although no one was seen to give any word of command. The persons who were in the house opposite the convent—an ancient hostel which remained unchanged for two hundred years—stated, however, that at the moment of the threatened assault they saw over the convent, a tall personage on a white horse, brandishing a sword, and that this sight appalled the crowd and occasioned their prompt dispersal. Of this the nuns, of course, saw and knew nothing; but certain it is that the tradition of it still lives in the city.

In memory of this event, on the eve of the festival of St. Michael, in every Loretto house, the youngest child, accompanied by candle-bearers (next in age), and followed by all the pupils in processional order, carries a picture of the Archangel through the house and into the chapel, where it remains during the special devotions with which the octave is celebrated.

*

ON the first of October, the feast of St. Remi, Mrs. M. Winefride Beaufort gave the first of her series of "Causeries," in our study hall, the subject being *"Old Lutetia."* The lecturer briefly sketched the many legends which cluster round the origin of the name Paris, choosing one in particular; and then traced the devotion of the Parisians to an old statue, called the "Virgin of

St. Germain des Prés," back to the pre-Roman days, when the early inhabitants of Lutetia worshipped the goddess Isis of the Egyptians. Guillaume de Briçonnet, Abbot of St. Germain des Prés, examined into the cause of the processions which had lasted for centuries, and found that they were a relic of an ancient cultus, handed down by mothers to their children, without knowing the reason why. The statue was demolished, and a huge red cross erected in its place, which gave to the spot the name of *La Croix Rouge.* Paris adopted for its coat of arms the barque of Isis, once the sacred symbol of Lutetia. The martyrdom of St. Denis and his companions on Mons Martis, now the modern Montmartre, a peep at the Abbey of St. Denis and its royal tombs, the raising of the Oriflamme within its walls, etc , were intensely interesting.

*

On Tuesday, the fourth of October, Mrs. Beaufort took for her subject, "A City of Contrasts." Modern Paris with its contrasts of work and pleasure; church and theatre; royalist and republican; was treated in a most artistic manner, these different pictures being painted in full chiaro-oscuro The Théâtre Français and French Academy were viewed not alone from the historical point of view but from the Parisian and gossipy side. We were introduced to some old friends—Chopin, Cherubini, Rossini, and the musical fraternity—and on closer acquaintance, discovered not a few of these great men's little foibles, which were at once characteristic and amusing.

In the next "Causerie" we shall have a glimpse of "Artistic Paris," the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg; Royalist Lilies; Imperial Violets; etc.

Mrs. Beaufort possesses in a marked degree, the power of enlisting the sympathies of her audience, whose interest she holds from beginning to end, passing from grave to gay with the charming facility of the nation whose story she so pleasingly relates.

*

The vocal department, now under the charge of Signor Nuno, gives promise of magnificent results. This eminent maestro is known as one of the most distinguished musicians in the profession. He has directed Italian Opera, in New York, as well as throughout the United States, Havana, Mexico, and Central America. In 1870, he settled in Buffalo, where his career has been one of activity and usefulness. In addition to teaching over twenty-three hundred pupils, many of whom have become celebrated concert singers and church vocalists, he has at different times directed the Liedertafel and Orpheus Societies, the famous Nuno Male Chorus, and the Beethoven Orchestra (now Buffalo Symphony Orchestra.)

As a teacher and director, Signor Nuno is painstaking and precise to the nicest detail. He is never satisfied with merely general effects, every note must have its proper value and significance.

The pupils of Loretto have been fortunate in securing the services of a musician so talented, experienced, and conscientious as Signor Nuno.

*

It is pleasant to hear how a Loretto girl appreciates the beauties of the Emerald Isle. One who has spent the greater part of the summer there, writes: "I can't begin to describe our two days here, they have been all too short, but we have managed to see a great deal, and are simply enchanted with Killarney. Yesterday we heard Mass at the Cathedral, and were ready to start off by 9.30 on our day's outing, driving first to Kate Kearney's cottage, where the poneys were procured for the ride across the mountain. Finally we reached the boats, and then began the loveliest part of the expedition. We rowed through the three Lakes to Ross Castle, fifteen miles of the most enchanting scenery; the mountains were shrouded in mist, and dark, lowering clouds hid the tops from view, but every now and then we caught a glimpse of them. They are really magnificent in their wild grandeur. The Eagle's Nest we saw very distinctly, passing directly underneath it The old weir bridge is most beautiful, and the Rapids quite exciting, but so short. I like the Lower Lake best, indeed it is

difficult to make a choice where all three are so lovely. We landed at Ross Castle at five o'clock, and had a glimpse of the ruin, then back to the hotel in time to escape a very heavy shower.

"To-day we had a most enjoyable drive through the Muckross property, which skirts the lakes, and a delightful peep at the old Abbey. How wonderfully they built in those far-off days! The Abbey dates back to 1440, and parts of it are in perfect preservation. The glorious view of lake and mountain from the top! Once more we mounted our car and drove to Dinis Island, then to the Tunnel which separates the Kenmare from the Muckross property, and there, on a rock overhanging the Lake, had luncheon. Such scenery! The sun was shining somewhat fitfully, and, at times, the Lakes looked like deep sapphires with the mountains towering above, now dark and forbidding, and again with the sun lighting them and showing all the beauties of the various greens—some of them are densely wooded up to the very top. The Torc Cascade is quite the most glorious waterfall I have ever seen—towering hills and magnificent pine trees on both sides, and the waters tumbling and roaring down between from a tremendous height We climbed up on one side and looked down on the Lakes and valleys below—it was like fairyland—we lingered there a long time, drinking it all in, reluctant to tear ourselves away.

"It is iniquitous to think how the landlords absent themselves from their estates in this land, so rich in beauty, affording every possibility in the way of sport; never spending any money in the country. We hear that the Duke of York means to buy the Herbert estate, and build a royal residence there. This would be a most popular move on the part of England.

*

Miss Leila Olivia Hume, of Buffalo, is with us again this year, and our departments of Elocution and Physical Culture will stride straight on to excellence under her efficient guidance Anything which Miss Hume takes hold of *moves*, for she is possessed of such a tireless energy and boundless enthusiasm, and these traits, together with the thorough preparation which Miss Hume brings to her work, wins the success of which she is so justly proud.

Our teacher of Elocution is thoroughly up-to-date, believing as she does, that the *teacher* never ceases being the close and progressive student, and so she investigates and keeps in touch with all the "modern improvements" in her specialties, absorbing and using all, that seems to her discriminating judgment, good.

Miss Hume spent this last summer travelling in Europe, and she has brought back with her an abundance of fresh inspiration and a host of new ideas. One of the greatest privileges in a summer filled with good things, was the opportunity sought and gained of personal instruction from the famous voice teacher of London, Madame Behnke. And *we* are to receive the benefit of all this. No wonder we are enthusiastic over our departments of Elocution and Physical Culture; and best of all our instructor is equally enthusiastic over Loretto.

Miss Hume's Studio. in Buffalo, is at 329 Hudson Street, where she will be glad to see those who cannot enjoy *all* the privileges provided at Loretto.

*

We are indebted to Mr. T. Hunter Boyd, a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, for an interesting *brochure*. "A Crisis in Egypt," or what happened in the days of the Exodus. The writer has long been connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund, Egypt Exploration Fund, etc , and his deep researches in Egyptology enable him to place before us the import and significance of the marvellous picture, entitled "Ancient Egypt," painted by Professor Edmund Berninger, of Munich. The artist has spent many years on the banks of the Nile, and shows on a continuous circular canvas all that might have been seen from one standpoint within the famous city of Memphis. It is an insight into the Egypt of the days of the Exodus, and painted with such marvellous skill, that one almost fancies

herself standing on the banks of the Nile gazing with awe on the river when its waters were turned into blood.

The varied scenes in the five sections of this gigantic canvas represent "An Egyptian Villa, and the death of one of the firstborn," "The Palace, and the last meeting of Pharaoh and Moses," "The Temple of Ptah and the religion of Egypt," "The departure of the Memphite contingent," "The Pyramids and the great Sphinx."

Mr. Boyd introduces the reader to an ancient Egyptian villa, copied from a well-preserved picture on the inner walls of the tombs. A number of mourners are bewailing the death of the firstborn, and incense is burning on both sides of the body.

The centre of interest in Berninger's great work is the last meeting of Moses and Pharaoh, which takes place in Memphis, early in the morning of the Exodus, and not during the night of the last plague. Instead of showing us Egypt by moonlight, and the interior of the palace by lamplight, the artist happily seizes the morning hour, and enables us to realize completely the charactertistics of the landscape, the charming atmospheric effects, the imposing architecture and courtly pomp amidst which Moses was brought up, and to which he returned when eighty years old, to deliver his message and perform his wonderful works.

Rameses II. was the supposed Pharaoh of the Oppression, and is believed to be the Sesostris of the Greeks. The Pharaoh claimed to be the visible representative of the Sun, and received divine honors, therefore would resent the demand of Moses when he asked Rameses to let the people go and serve their own God in the wilderness.

In the procession of the Israelites from Egypt, the coffin containing Joseph's mummy is borne on the shoulders of eight men, on its way to the Promised Land.

The writer alludes to the fact that, when Moses descended from the Mount and was angry at the revelry of the people, he found it was necessary to reduce worship to rules, and religion to a system, in order to teach the people to live in a manner pleasing to God.

The belief in the immortality of the soul led the Egyptians to erect the great Pyramids in which to bury their dead. The smooth coating of the outside was of variegated stone, Herodotus tells us, and it is compatible with the Egyptian taste for many colors. They built these monuments in the great unknown land, where the desert stretched to the western horizon, the abode of the departed Sun god, supposed to lead the way to the under-world—the desire of every Egyptian was to be with Osiris in Amenti or the West.

The Gizeh-Pyramids typify the belief that the soul would return from time to time to animate the body. They are all oriented, and the Temples attached to them face the rising sun. The worship of the morning sun was important in Egypt. The youthful Horus daily slew Osiris, and the symbol of "Horus on the Horizon" was the composite figure which the Greeks called a Sphinx.

This colossal Egyptian god, carved out of the solid rock, had watched the rising of the sun for centuries before the Israelites departed from a land of bondage. In contrast to these stately buildings, the canvas shows us a company of travelling Semites, who believed in the One Invisible God, leading them to a better land.

Viewing the picture with Mr. Boyd is indeed an intellectual pleasure. His powerful word-painting has prepared us to enjoy and understand this archæological and historical production of the artist's brush, which has received such able handling from Mr. H. Boyd's pen.

We heartily recommend this *brochure* to the thoughtful and cultured public.

*

MRS. FRANCES ROLPH-HAYWARD, on her return from the Summer School, at Plattsburg, and en route to her home in Cincinnati, was our guest for a few days. During her brief stay, a glimpse of that Northern Light in the paths of literature, the Kalevala or Great Epic of the Finns, was afforded us. The uncommon subject and the

brilliant manner in which it was interpreted by this finished elocutionist, who, by the way, was teacher of forensic oratory, at the Cincinnati Law School, for many years, charmed every one. Mrs. Hayward has evidently inherited the thrilling eloquence of her gifted father, Dr. John Rolph, of Canadian patriotic fame.

*

As WE go to press, we are unable to give more than a passing glance at the *McBride A. M. D. G. Supplemental Reader for Catholic Schools.* The contents are very tempting, and we hope in our next issue to review the series fully. It consists of the "Immortelles" of literature—characteristic and topical selections from the women writers of this country, notably, Eliza Allen Starr, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Katherine Conway, Mary A. Sadlier, Anna E. Buchanan, Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Ellen Burke, Marion Ames Taggart, Sarah Trainer Smith, etc.

"What We See," an illustrated booklet for children, from the pen of Eliza Allen Starr, and her "Patron Saints," and "Pilgrims and Shrines," are within the reach of all schools, in this delightful series, for which we are indebted to Mr. D. H. McBride, of Akron, Ohio.

The illustrations consist of portraits of the different authors, artistically grouped, a happy idea which will, no doubt, recommend it to the public.

## Faces.

PERHAPS in all nature, from the tiny sea shell which, lying on the pebbly shoal, displays a gleam of pearly brightness to the high hills, now crowned with a purple haze, and again triumphing in a glorious, golden light, there is naught so strange, so grand, as the human face. It is the surface upon which the soul breathes its sweetest joys and deepest sorrows; it expresses with clearness whether the soul be wide-spreading in its sympathy, or narrowed, cold, and inert from the absence of warm, human feeling.

Ah, faces, they are wonderful! In all the wide world there are no two exactly alike. In the mossy glen hundreds of violets exhale the same perfume and turn to view petals bearing the same delicate hue. Faces, however, are all distinct; each one bespeaks an individual soul. It is often found that though features in different faces are very much alike, the faces taken as a whole, are most unlike. This proves strongly that expression is all and all to a face,—features very little. Take for instance an islet, an expanse of water; the moon shines upon them and all is touched with a mystic, silvery light. Again the same features beneath the spell of a storm. The islet seems alive with swaying trees; the waters dash angrily against its shores, and all is cloudy darkness. What caused the contrast in the scenes?—the islet, trees and waters were identical.—Ah, different influences. Thus with faces, a pure, beautiful soul will shed a splendor on the features, until glowing they present a picture too fair from which to turn, and yet, the selfsame face under the sway of a darkened soul will exhibit naught save ugliness.

How is it then, you ask, that often a selfish, shallow person possesses a face so fair that one becomes a victim to its charms; there is nothing repulsive about it; it is all alive with brightness and feeling. Ah; but think a moment. It may have been at some scene of gayety that you fell in love with that face,—happy and bright because the atmosphere was in harmony with the feelings of the soul,—feelings light and frivolous. Notice the fair face in the presence of another's sorrow; does it glow or pale with deep feeling? Do tears of sympathy dim the pretty eyes? No, no, all is stony hardness. Again behold that face when all eyes are supposed absent; one word is written there—"Egotistical."

When alone, man is all himself; his thoughts, be they lofty or low, will imprint themselves on his features, and one sharp look at the man reveals his true character. An observant eye will be able to detect the real feelings of a person even though the will be strongly opposed to the feelings being known.

Faces often speak very eloquently. A pleading face will overcome barriers which fail to fall at mere words; a form may tremble before a dark, frowning brow, which otherwise remains unmoved.

Prospect Point, Former Natural Condition