



A. M. D. G.

LORETTO ABBEY.

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No.



AND LO! HE SHALL COME IN HIS STRENGTH—
THE STRENGTH OF A BABE NEW-BORN,
AND EARTH SHALL BE LOOSED FROM ITS BONDS
WHEN DAWNETH THE CHRISTMAS MORN.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 1.

Retrospection

(THE SOUL'S PLAINT.)

Old year! I've no regrets to watch you wane
To see you disappear, as ice and snow
Melt in the genial rays that gladly glow
O'er a new earth that throbs with life again.

Old year! you've not been kind to me! ah, no!
You showered on me nor love nor sympathy,
And in my heart you made no melody;
What then, could cause me grief to see you go?

Your promises were fair in bud and flower;
You smiled serene and sweet when hopes were
high,
But when "the sere and yellow leaf" drew nigh
The withered petals proved autumnal power.

O'er dead hope's grave they fell so thick and fast
With every swaying breeze that stirred the air,
Till naught remained of what was once so fair,
Till dead hope silent lay in the dead past.

Your bleak and biting blasts, your cruel snows
Left naught of warmth, left naught of love
or light
Within me. Over all you cast a blight
And over all your chilling spirit rose.

Only brief spells of sunshine, marred by fears,
Came 'twixt your tardy dawns and shades of
eve.

What wonder then, I willingly receive
The new year, smiling, e'en thro' April's tears?



(THE ANSWER.)

Why sorrowful, O Soul, and why dost thou
In such complaining mood, disquiet thee?
Because the surface only dost thou see,
And ne'er for hidden depths thou dost allow.

When battling with the wind and waves of yore,
Such plaint was the apostles' on the deep,
Thinking the Master unconcerned, asleep,
They recognized the Lord but on the shore.

'Tis well that smiling Spring can change thy
mood!

My reign is o'er, I bow beneath her sway;
Yet hear my answer ere I pass away
And do believe: God saw that all was good.

S. S. M.

**Reception to His Honour Col. The Hon.
J. M. Gibson, K. C., Lieutenant-
Governor of Ontario, at Loreto
Convent, Mount St. Mary,
Hamilton, Canada.**

THE appointment of Col. the Hon. J. M. Gibson, K. C., to the distinguished position of Lieutenant-Governor for the Province of Ontario, was received throughout Ontario and, in fact, the Dominion of Canada, as one of the most, if not the most, popular and deserving promotions that it has been the good fortune of the Dominion Government, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to make; and whilst the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Ontario are justly proud of His Honour Col. Gibson, the citizens of Hamilton are rejoicing over the fact that they have, for the first time in the history of their fair city, been honored by a son, whose sterling qualities have commanded the distinguished honor now conferred upon him.

The publication of Col. Gibson's appointment was hailed with delight in his native city by all classes, creeds, and nationalities; banquets were tendered in his honor by the Hamilton Club, the Wentworth Bar Association, the Canadian Club, and Hamilton citizens,—all of which were most successful—which strongly bespoke the good wishes of the Hamilton people to the new Governor.

While the clubs and societies were dining and banqueting His Honour, the Ladies of Loreto were quietly preparing to show their appreciation of the many kind offices performed on their behalf by the new Lieutenant-Governor, and, with the approbation of His Lordship the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, tendered to His Honour a reception, at Loreto Academy, on the evening of November 12, 1908.

When His Honour Col. Gibson was asked if it would be pleasing to him to be entertained at Loreto, a beam of sunshine was seen to pass over his countenance, and, he very feelingly answered that he "would be delighted," and was most anxious to spend one more evening with our beloved Bishop and clergy, the Ladies of Loreto and the pupils in attendance, particularly,

because he had always taken a great interest in the Academy, and had been present at nearly every closing exercise, entertainment, or important event, in connection therewith, for the past thirty years.

It might also be stated that, for a number of years past, His Honour has donated to Loreto Academy a gold medal, annually, known as the Gibson Medal, and usually given to the pupil excelling in Literature, but, on some occasions, it has been given for other subjects.

On the evening of the reception, His Honour, with Mrs. Gibson and their charming daughter, Miss Gibson, arrived sharp at 7.30, and were received by the Lady Superior of the Academy and members of the Community.

His Lordship the Right Reverend Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. J. H. Coty, chancellor, and several prominent clergy of the Diocese, as well as many of the leading citizens of Hamilton, were also present.

It was, indeed, a most pleasant evening. The large assembly hall of the Academy was beautifully and artistically decorated for the occasion, rare flowers and palms and plants were placed about in such a manner as to bestow an air of ease and happiness to the place, and everything was in perfect order for the event about to happen.

When the distinguished party were comfortably seated, the curtain was slowly raised, exposing to the view of the audience a most attractive sight. The pupils of the Academy, attired in white, were seated in rows, but, immediately arose and rendered a most suitable vocal greeting—"Welcome—Thrice Welcome"—sung with splendid effect, and which was feelingly applauded by the distinguished audience. The applause having subsided, Miss Elizabeth MacSloy of St. Catharines, a pupil of Loreto, gracefully moved to the fore of the platform and, with modesty and true eloquence, addressed His Honour thus:

"May it please Your Honour:

In all seasons of the circling year have the walls of our convent home echoed to the glad strains of 'welcome,' but, to-night, a minor chord is mingled with the joyous greeting; a farewell refrain with the gladness of congratulation; sentiments which find response in the hearts of



COL. THE HON. J. M. GIBSON, K. C.
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

COMING SHADES OF EVENING.

GROUNDS, LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUMMER'S FADING.
ENTRANCE TO LORETTO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

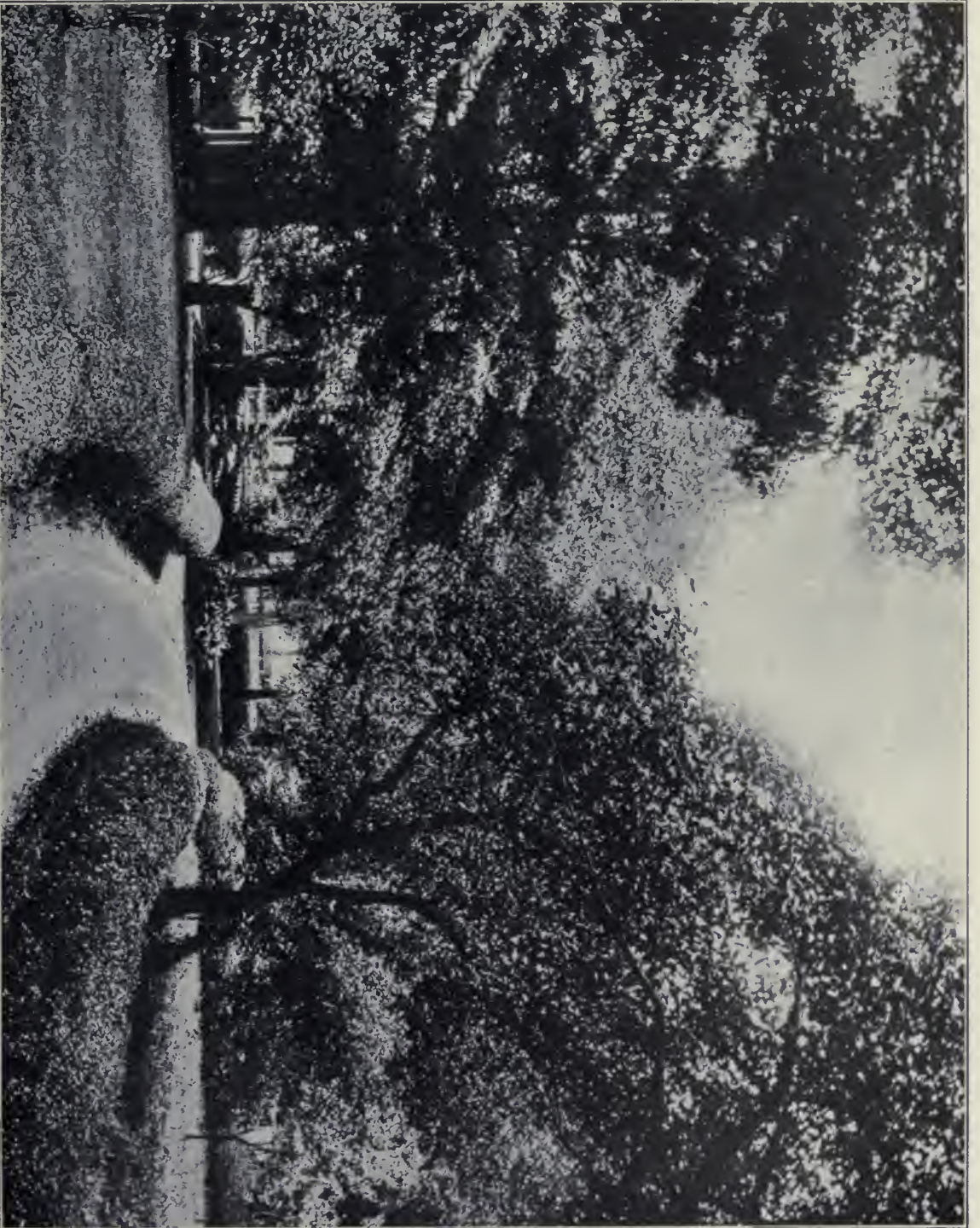


Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

ENTRANCE DRIVE TO LORETTO CONVENT, MOUNT ST. MARY, HAMILTON, ONT.

many dear friends, particularly in that of our beloved Bishop.

Sincerely appreciative are we of the honor conferred on you in your appointment to the highest position in our province, and deeply grateful are we, Loreto's pupils, for the kind interest you have ever manifested in our loved Alma Mater, an interest which, we venture to hope, will occupy its accustomed place, in the midst of the onerous duties of your new sphere.

While we rejoice with your many friends in your being chosen for the high dignity of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, we are not unmindful of the sacrifices it entails, in the severance of those ties knitted so closely by the hand of time, and, round which, memory has entwined a wreath that will never fade.

That into your new life and that of your estimable family, may enter, not alone happiness, such as you have known among old friends, in 'home, sweet home,' but that blessings in abundance from the hands of the Divine Dispenser of all good gifts—the eternal King—be vouchsafed you, is the ardent wish and fervent prayer of those who greet you to-night."

At the conclusion of the address, Miss Phyllis McIntyre descended from the platform and presented Mrs. Gibson with a beautiful bouquet of full-blown roses, and Miss Emily Watson presented Miss Gibson with a handsome complement of rosebuds.

Very appropriately, then, came the little children's welcome, and herein the close observer could plainly see that His Honour was deeply affected, for in the protection of the little children, lies one of the greatest acts of His Honour, namely, the Children's Aid Society, and the Neglected Children's Act, known in the blue book of Ontario as the "Gibson Act," and recognized throughout the civilized world as the most humane and charitable act in existence to-day, or ever.

Next came forward Miss MacSloy, who rendered, in beautiful voice, the song, "The Dream," by Theo. Bonheur. Miss Frances Daniels followed, reciting "The Monk's Magnificat," by E. Nesbit; rendered with much credit to herself and her tutors. Then, a chorus, "O Home, I love thee dearly," by F. Kücken, was sung.

The musical programme being now almost

exhausted, and all present being anxious to hear from the honored guest, His Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop Dowling arose and introduced his distinguished friend, the Lieutenant-Governor. In doing so, His Lordship, with his ready wit, called to mind many instances of the boyhood days of himself and Col. Gibson, and spoke of the many kind acts of His Honour towards himself and those under his charge; and, with unmistakable pride, referred to the time when His Lordship went to the polls, bold and brave, to vote for Col. Gibson, it being the first, last, and only vote which His Lordship ever polled. He thanked His Honour on behalf of the Ladies of Loreto and the pupils for the honor bestowed on the institution by His Honour's visit, and hoped that, although going to live in Toronto, and occupying the first place which his native province could bestow on him, he would not forget the home of his boyhood days and the many environments which so endeared him to the people of Hamilton.

His Honour Col. Gibson was visibly affected when he rose to reply, and said that he would, indeed, be unmindful of his duty if he did not appreciate the compliment paid to him. Since his appointment to the position he now held, he had listened to many parting addresses, but nothing had been said so gracefully or in a more touching manner than the sentiments expressed so charmingly by Miss MacSloy. He had been and wished to be a friend of Loreto Academy, and this was not the first time he had enjoyed the excellent music of the pupils. He had had other opportunities to say a word regarding the good work of the staff of the Academy, which he characterized as God-like in the community. It was not for him to say anything in exhortation to the young ladies. It was not likely, he said, that all of them would go into the work of the Church, but, he urged them, in whatever walk of life they might be found, not to forget the good teaching at the Academy. He expressed his appreciation of the presence of His Lordship, and said he would repeat publicly what he often said privately, that His Lordship should take better care of himself. It was, he said, difficult to admit that they were both getting old, and more liable to accidents, but it was a fact.

His Honour spoke feelingly of His Lordship's visit to him when he was ill, and gave his assur-

ance that, in his removal to Toronto, he did not intend to sever those ties which had been so dear in Hamilton, and said he would not lose his interest in Loreto Academy. His Honour spoke, with unconcealed happiness, of meeting one of his schoolmates—now a member of the Community—and closed by expressing his sincere thanks on behalf of Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson and himself, and asked that the young ladies be given a holiday.

Col. A. H. Moore, who was present, was invited to speak. The Colonel thanked His Lordship and the Reverend Mother for the invitation extended to him, and said he appreciated the honor of being present to see his old friend honored. They had not always thought alike, but through it all, they had been friends, and he offered his congratulations to Col. Gibson on his appointment to the highest position in the Province.

His Lordship gave assurance that the holiday, asked for by Lieutenant-Governor Gibson, would be given; and the evening's proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

At the conclusion of the evening's exercises, the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson, and a few guests were entertained at supper.

A VISITOR.

The Unfinished Symphony.

I heard the angels in each bursting theme,
 And earth that seemed but now a paltry place
 Has grown into immeasurable space
 That reaches to the purple of a dream;
 And those cathedral tones that somehow seem
 To yield a sweetness not of earthly grace
 A subtle power that 'twere hard to trace,
 Hint of an Arcady with golden gleam.

How like to when the somber skies of night
 All darkened suddenly, are rent in twain
 By passage of a falling Satellite,
 Which leaves the heavens in a path of light
 Hanging a second by its burning chain,
 Then swiftly drops into the Infinite.

GWENDOLIN WORMSER.

"Famed Breadalbane."

IN a magazine with the name and fame and colors of the RAINBOW, some reference to the justly-famed old district of Breadalbane in the Highlands of Scotland, should be, at least, permissible.

Breadalbane, as its name implies, formed in earliest Scottish history the backbone and better part of the ancient Celtic Kingdom of Albyn, and the property of the mighty Marquis of the name extends from Aberfeldy (of Burns' "Birks") in the east to Oban in Argyllshire in the west, one unbroken stretch of mountain, river, lake, and glen. Ben Lawers, the third highest mountain in the kingdom, frowns over the east and center of it, and Ben More and Ben Cruachan over the west; while Lochs Tay, Dochart, Earn and Awe afford it fish and fluid. Its valleys and braes with their rich supplies of grass and grain, afford feed and fodder for the finest breeds of sheep, cattle, men, and women, in all the ancient island; and, the heath and heather of the hills supply all that's required for the deer and the grouse. Loch Tay is the second largest lake in Scotland, Loch Lomond being the first, but the river which runs out of it is the monarch of Scottish streams. (An Irishman, who "hardly ever" got drunk, once exclaimed: "The Scotch are the folk to be envied, with a whole river of *tay* to drink from, for nothing.") The Tay salmon commands the very highest price on the London market; and it may be mentioned that the Marchioness herself is one of the most skilful and successful catchers of the article—with the rod, of course. This lady, indeed, the queen of the district, deserves more than mere notice. Descended from the famous, historic Marquis of Montrose (who was beheaded for his military exploits in support of the Stewart kings), and mistress of all the arts and accomplishments of the true "Highland Lady"; good, moreover, to the poor; she is worthy both of her lofty lineage and her proud position as the wife of the greatest territorial lord of the "Royal Shire." To the famous Deer forest of the family in Glenarthy, the famous animal painter, Landseer, betook himself for his models of stags; and there, to any one but the proprietor and his guests, deer shooting is dear. The black-faced sheep of the mountains, though not quite as dear as the deer, look almost as pic-

turesque among the heather as their aristocratic neighbors.

Nibbling away with sharp white teeth
Their perfumed provender the heath.

Loch Tay extends a distance of sixteen miles from Kenmore (or Taymouth) on the east to Killin, or Pinlarr (the birthplace of the writer) on the west; and is traversed all summer by pretty little steamers placed upon it by the Mar-

well seeing the royal party sail up the loch from Kenmore to Killin, steered by the renowned Captain Macdougall of Lorn, the chief of the Clan Macdougall, with the famous "Brooch of Lorn" taken by his ancestor from King Robert the Bruce in a personal encounter on the banks of the Awe, glittering on his broad Highland bonnet; and with the Prime Minister of the day, Sir Robert Peel, sitting beside the Queen. At the west end of the loch, adjoining the ancient



quis, crowded with a constantly increasing number of delighted tourists from England, America, France and (since the new royal connection with that country) even from Spain.

Taymouth Castle at the east end of the loch, the principal seat of the family, with its splendid park and fine old trees, is admitted to be the most princely abode in Scotland. Here Queen Victoria and her beloved Prince Albert spent a happy week on their first visit to Scotland shortly after their marriage, and so proud was the Marquis of that day of the honor thus paid to his house, that he spent no less than £60,000 sterling entertaining them and the numerous peers and potentates invited to meet them. Though only a child at the time, the writer remembers very

village of Killin (the burying-place, as its name implies, of the ancient hero of Ossian, the mighty Fingal), are Auchmore House, Finlarig, the ancient home or "keep" of the fierce old Breadalbane Earls, now in ruins, and, perhaps, more interesting than either of these, Kinnell Castle, the old homestead of the Macnabs; the last of whose chiefs, by the way, tenanted for a time, the house on King Street, Hamilton, now known so well as the Convent and Academy of Loreto. Much might be said about Killin and its surroundings did space permit. Its scenery alone was declared by the painter Dougherty, who visited it every summer, to be an epitome of the finest in all Scotland; and it is a favorite summer resort of health-seekers from the south. But something

must be said about Kinnell and the Macnabs. The old "keep," renovated and brightened, is now owned and occupied by the Marchioness as a quiet, secluded retreat from the state and cares of Taymouth, where troops of guests, royal and others, are entertained during the summer. Though it has never been one of the "sights" of the Highlands, it has lore and legends enough attached to it to satisfy a reader of the Arabian Nights. The chiefs themselves were remarkable men, even for the Highlands. They were all giants in size and strength, and woe betide the man who quarrelled with them. One special accomplishment was necessary to the fame and prestige of a Macnab, and that was the power to drink a gallon of whiskey at a sitting; and one of his chief delights was to break the back of an enemy's horse by riding upon it. The sole speck of property now remaining to this ancient clan of Macnab ("sons or satellites of the Abbot") is their weird and romantic cemetery, which occupies a small island in the River Dochart, which rushes foaming past it into Loch Tay, like troops of ghosts hurrying from a scene of such tragic recollections into the depths of the lake. With its rugged, weird, water-washed walls and its old weather-worn trees wailing in the wind over the heath-clad graves of the departed and forgotten old chiefs, it appears to the gazer from another land as something in the world but not of it, and he hurries away to the hotel for a cup of tea, or something stronger, to restore his vim and valor; exclaiming as he goes:

Alas, for the ancient Macnabs!
 Their glory is now but a name.
 Their only estate is their graves:
 And who but themselves are to blame?

It may be interesting to sentimental or continental Canadians to know that on a little lonely island near the east end of Loch Tay, about the end of the eleventh century, was built a solid and extensive Catholic convent (whose ivy-clad ruins still remain), in whose sacred confines were buried among other pious women of rank, no less a personage than Sybilla, Queen of Alexander the First of Scotland, and daughter of Henry the First of England.

With the immortal poet Burns, who visited Breadalbane in the course of his famous tour

through the Highlands, the writer of these pages at least, with all his recollections of that truly loyal region of old Scotland, can sincerely say or sing, as follows:

"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace.
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire.
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
 Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;

And Disappointment in these lonely bounds
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds.
 Here, heart-struck grief might heaven-ward
 stretch her scan;

And injured Worth forget and pardon Man."

W. M.

Rock Register.

ABOUT a mystery there is ever a charm, enhanced by the effort to solve it, and intensified by its discovery. The soul-stirring Niagara region abounds with such, some associated with poetic legends, others faded in tradition's mists.

So recently as 1805, there were standing on Goat Island three trees on which severally had been carved the dates—1770, 1771, 1772. No names were attached; no trace as to how those who had inscribed them reached the foam-girt island, risking the dangers of the rapids, and the jealousy of the savages, who regarded as sacred this final resting-place of their dead.

From the dates upon these trees still looking backward, tradition tells us of the record 1645 traced upon a rock on the mainland. Chipping frosts and disintegrating storms have obliterated the figures so that even the locality is lost. The interesting fact remains, however, that the figures antedate by thirty-three years the coming, in December, 1678, of the Jesuit Missionary, Father Hennepin, who claimed to be the first white man to visit the Falls. In addition to his ecclesiastical functions, he seems to have served as a pioneer for René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de

la Salle, as a member of whose party he ascended the Niagara River, searching for a suitable place above the Falls for reëmbarkation. He crossed to the Canada side about opposite Lewiston, and, climbing the mountain, passed on as far as where Chippewa now stands. There he camped for the night, returning next day to the lower river, relating tales so wonderful that the good priest's enthusiasm must have drawn largely on imagination.

unknowingly tread the very ground where it is hidden behind the waving wilderness that fringes the cliff on the Canada side. It was brought to my attention by a then employé of the New York Reservation, Mr. McCloy, who, as a boy, lived in Chippewa, three miles above the Falls, and was accustomed to wander about the wild region, climbing its cliffs and revelling in the fascinations which danger affords the daring. During one of these roving he came across old names



RIGHT SECTION FACING THE WALL.

Again looking backward seventy-five years from the date of the mainland record, to the time of Champlain's sailing up the St. Lawrence, in 1603, it is probable that a pathfinder of his party, receiving Indian traditions of the great Cataracts, wandered to the Falls, and was in reality the first European whose eyes rested on their grandeur; but, more modest than the priest, he left no record other than that earliest date, 1645.

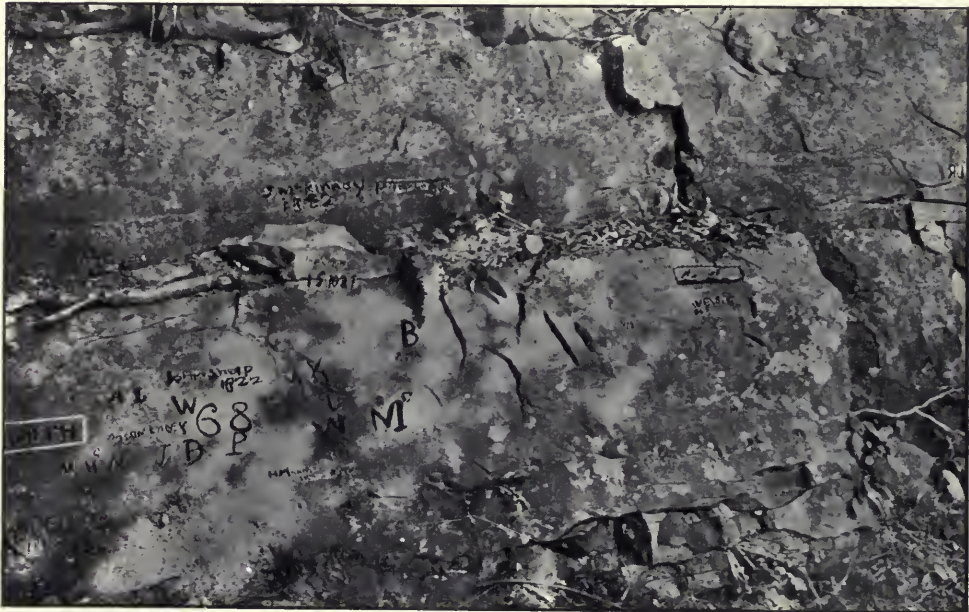
There is yet another mystery of like description, and though of later period, the guide-books make no mention of it, nor has the ubiquitous hackman, a notorious trader in marvels, pointed it out to the thousands of tourists, who,

and dates carved upon the perpendicular wall of the gorge; and as we stood in Prospect Park he pointed across the river to the supposed locality, stating that he believed he could, by careful search, again find the spot. The genial Superintendent of the New York Reservation, the late Mr. Welch, granted him leave of absence, and we started on what I frankly confess, as I observed my guide's equipment, to be a nerve-trying undertaking, for he was provided with overalls, and a long stout rope, significant of a daring climb and a dangle down the cliff. "Well!" I thought, "so be it, having sought the venture, 'I will stand the hazard of the die.'" Our way was across the then foot and carriage

suspension bridge and into the Queen Victoria Park; following its verge, pushing aside its crowning shrubbery, without the guard rail, and clinging to roots and limbs we came to an opening in the bushes about forty feet from the north end of Inspiration Point, directly opposite Luna Island, nestling low in the American Rapids. Passing through this opening, we gained access to a rock shelf about ten feet below the edge of the cliff, to which our descend-

a fragment of rock that has been detached by an expanding root, and is just above "I S 1821." The name "Mary Griffith" occurs twice, to one of them is the date "1817." There is a "Duane 1818." A curious one is that of "J H Collins August 5 5818," the date being possibly a mistake, but probably a Hebrew record.

What a flood of thoughts the discovery invited as I gazed upon this tablet of the long ago!—hidden until now from even the Commis-



LEFT SECTION FACING THE WALL.

ing was facilitated by an incline formed of dead leaves, evidently rakings from the lawn of the Park, the laborers having used the little clearing as an available dumping-place to the river. Having gained a footing on the limestone shelf, carefully avoiding a step back into the awful chasm, we faced the tolerably smooth perpendicular wall on which legibly inscribed were the objects of our search, constituting a regular rock register six feet high and eighteen feet long. As we brushed aside the débris which had been thickly piled on the left, the name "Smith" stood out in distinct characters as though to assert its prominence through generations past and for years that are to come. The oldest inscription is that of "Isaac Low 1813." It is on

sioners of the Park of which it is a part. The hands that had chiselled the rude characters have been folded to their rest, the feet that hither trod have ended their pilgrimage, and the eyes are closed forever that at this primal inspiration rapturously gazed on the lace-like falling foam that curtained the opposite cliff, to plunge and fret in the boiling surge below, then, as if tired of the war of waves, majestically to glide onward as a sea of foam-streaked green, while a silvery cloud rises above the emerald crest linking the wave and the sky.

It will be observed that only one woman's name appears; perhaps she was the first of many thousand brides who have visited the Falls, and, as the inscription twice occurs, it may be that a

fond young husband, worshipping the sweet name—Mary—repeated it.

Would that those who in the days of tedious journeying reached that rock to view a wilderness of beauty, could have warned the future generation to guard it in its primeval perfection as God had given it to man to inspire a love of nature, that he, communing with the Master's handiwork, might be brought the nearer to the Infinite!

Those tourists were no prophets; no warning came of the Moloch power, called progress of to-day, which has throttled the rapids where they wildest leaped, and blurred the face of nature. The voices that echoed from that rock revealed not even its mystery; nor lives there a human being who may tell it, yet we are not without a reasonable inference.

In the early days the river shore below the Falls was a *terra incognita*, above was the ponderous Horseshoe; below, the treacherous whirlpool; on either side were the frowning cliffs, which the water for 43,000 years had been cutting. There seems to have been no reference made to the Indian path so well known to-day, and it is probable that the jealous savages had not revealed it. In proportion, however, to the inaccessibility of that lower region, was the desire to reach it, and an enterprising woman, after all, was the instrument of its accomplishment. A lady of distinction, of power and of wealth, Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the Governor of Upper Canada, visiting Niagara Falls, ordered the erection of a ladder, the top of which was securely fastened to adjacent trees by iron hoops, the foot resting on sloping rocks which, at the base of the cliff, formed the talus. This ladder is reported to have been placed near what, subsequently, was the site of the Clifton House. John Maude, an English gentleman, who visited the Falls, in 1800, stated that the ladder was situated one mile from the Horeshoe Fall. On the Canada bank this Simcoe ladder afforded for a long time the only means of access to the shore.

May not a ladder, similar to this one, have been subsequently erected where the rock platform might prove a convenient starting-place, and where a shorter ladder would answer? Also, as an additional attraction, the handy implements of the stone-cutter might have been provided,

affording ambitious visitors the facilities of a Rock Register.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED).

Confirmation of the Rules, 1703. Munich, since that time, the permanent residence of the Chief Superior. The foundation of the first Austrian house of the Institute at St. Pölten, near Vienna, 1706.

Confirmation of the Rules, 1703.

At the opening of the new century, the Institute had not only completed its exterior building, but it likewise had made great progress in the upbuilding of its spiritual life. Anna Barbara Babthorpe never relaxed her efforts to obtain the much-desired confirmation of the Rules of the Institute. She was endowed with great energy and a clear judgment, in addition to these she combined an unusual perseverance and determination in business, united to a zealous life of prayer and mortification. She set to work to put in complete order the interior of the already existing houses; had all the papers, documents, Rules and Constitutions collected, so as to have them ready for inspection, in case of necessity; likewise the offices and rules of officers were arranged so that every tradition and custom might be preserved unchanged; above all she recommended this matter to the common prayers of the members of the Institute, and also procured the powerful patronage of ecclesiastical and royal personages; having letters of recommendation from the Prince Elector, Max Emanuel, Duke Maximilian, Philip von Turkheim, the Bishops of Freising, Augsburg, Salzburg, and London, in whose dioceses houses of the Institute had already been founded. Lastly, she applied once more through the Abbé Scar-

lati to the Pope, Clement XI., who had been reigning about a year, for the confirmation of the Institute and its Rules, in order thereby to secure its permanency for all future time, and, practically, to attain the double end of the Institute, viz., "the attending to our own perfection and salvation, under the influence of God's grace," etc.

No less zealously did the queen dowager, Mary of England, wife of James II., interest herself for the same cause, by writing with her own hand a letter to Clement XI., on the twenty-second of February, 1702, in which she bestowed great praise on the manner of life and labor of the English Ladies. The Electress Teresa Kunigunde of Bavaria also applied in strong terms to the Abbé Scarlati and to her mother, the queen dowager of Poland, who, at that time, was residing in Rome.

All the above-mentioned documents—originals and copies—are still extant, and testify to the great interest of the petitioners in this matter. Cardinal Colloredo was intrusted with the execution of the *votum* in question, and, as a result, on the thirteenth of June, 1703, arrived, through the Bull of Clement XI., "Inscrutabili divinae providentiae," the ecclesiastical approbation of the Rules of the Institute, which latter was spoken of on this occasion with great praise. The Bull of confirmation was sent to the Prince Elector Max Emanuel, accompanied by a Papal Brief for himself, in which he was styled, Royal Protector of the entire Institute. Thereupon, on the fourteenth of August, 1703, the Prince Elector requested the Chief Superior, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, to give into his keeping the Papal Bull of approbation, in the original, with an authorized copy of the Papal Brief. The document, written on parchment, was kept in the Institute at Munich till 1809. At present, it is to be found in the Archives at Nymphenburg.

At the same time, word was sent from Munich to Duke Max Philip, in Turkheim, and to the Bishops of Freising and Augsburg, announcing the receipt of the Papal Decrees. Under God, the Institute has to thank, almost exclusively, the august Electoral House of Bavaria, and particularly, the noble Prince Elector Max Emanuel, for the confirmation of its holy Rules. If this Prince did not surpass his illustrious ancestor, Maximilian I., in magnanimity,

he at least rivalled him: as the latter was the founder of the Institute, so was the former its most zealous patron.

The Institute of the English Ladies, as may be seen in their petition to the Holy Father, is placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and likewise bears her name—The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary or Saint Mary. In Germany, it is called the Institute of the English Ladies because the foundress came from England. In Ireland, the members are known as "Loreto Nuns," because the foundress of the branch there called her first house, "Loreto Abbey," in honor of the Holy House in Loreto, Italy.

The seal of the Institute is a radiant disk, within which are seen the delicately-interlaced letters of the name, Mary, surmounted by a crown, and below the letters a heart pierced by a sword; the inscription around it is as follows: "Sigillum Domus Instituti St. Mariæ" in N. N. (Place). The inscription on the Chief Superior's seal is: Directorium Generale Instituti St. Mariæ.

The religious garb of the members of the Institute is similar to that which was worn by noble ladies—in mourning—in that age, with some little difference, according to the rank of the Religious, whether engaged in teaching, or manual work. On the twenty-first of November, 1703, the religious habit was adopted, and worn by all for the first time.

The oldest formula of vows, of which we have knowledge, dates from the twenty-fourth of September, 1703; the formulæ of vows, kept in the Nymphenburg archives, date as far back as the sixth of January, 1704.

Ecclesiastical approbation had thus infused new life and vigor into the Institute: numerous candidates entered, new houses were founded, most of which were begun in poverty, and suffered contradictions from friends and enemies, from ecclesiastics and others, and had thus to struggle along under difficulties and obstacles of all kinds: however, Divine Providence turned all these things to their advantage. The houses of the Institute then existing, as well as those to be founded in future, were placed under the jurisdiction of the bishops of the respective *dioceses*, through the Papal Brief, "Emanavit," on the fifth of March, 1706, the original of which

is still kept in the Nymphenburg archives. The above-mentioned bishops are empowered to appoint spiritual directors and confessors, whom they judge suitable, from among the regular or secular clergy.

We have now arrived at the conclusion of an epoch-making period in the history of cloisters for women, in general, concerning which, Schels, in "The Modern Religious Congregations of Women," expresses himself as follows: "To the Institute of the English Ladies is due the praise of having opened the way for the modern religious institutions of ladies. With their coming into existence begins the real epoch of modern convents." Not only did many other Congregations of women model themselves on that of the Institute and petition for the same privileges, but, in course of time, the Holy See being so favorably impressed with the work of the English Ladies, made several most important decisions, whereby many doubts regarding the Institute were removed.

The Rules and Constitutions which had been given to the Institute at the beginning, as well as those added from time to time, according to necessity, have become the type for the organization of all modern Congregations of women, and are, with the exception of some modifications, still regarded as their prototype. At the time of the confirmation of the Rules, there existed the houses of Munich, Augsburg, Burghausen, and Mindelheim in the present Bavaria; and Hammersmith and York in England; other foundations were, on account of unfavorable circumstances, and of the times, given up, even the house at Rome amongst the number, for which reason, since 1703, Munich has remained the permanent residence of the Superior General.

The Institute House at St. Pölten.

This was the first new foundation after the Decree of the Bull of Confirmation of Clement XI. In the year 1705, the Bishop of Passau, Cardinal Johann Philip, Count von Lamberg, 1689-1712, wrote to the Superior, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, in Munich, concerning a foundation of the Institute in St. Pölten, which, at that time, belonged to his diocese. Undoubtedly, this illustrious Prelate must have recommended the matter to His Majesty, for the petition of the Chief Superior to the Emperor Joseph I., on the first

of July, 1706, received a gracious reply, in which the monarch readily granted permission to the English Ladies to open an establishment in his dominion. He had already heard the Institute highly praised, during his residence in the Imperial city of Augsburg, in 1690, on the occasion of his Coronation as King of Rome. Before leaving the city, he induced the Senate to grant the English Ladies citizenship and exemption from taxes.

In consequence of the above permission regarding the founding of a new house in St. Pölten, six choir nuns and two lay sisters arrived in this city on the twelfth of October, 1706, from Munich, Augsburg, and Burghausen. They entered the city of St. Pölten through the Linzer Gate, their staff being: "Trust in God," and their motto: "Not to us, not to us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the glory."

The first Superior of the new foundation was Marianna Baroness von Kriechbaum, who had entered the house at Munich, in 1695, and later, had been transferred to Augsburg. This lady understood well how to further the interests of the new convent. She and her companions lived for a short time in a private residence until the house in Linzer Street, which the Countess Polyxena had placed at their disposal, was ready.

The members of the Community soon had the happiness of possessing their own house, in which was a small chapel; however, the ardent wish and prayer of the pious Foundress was to erect a suitable one. On the twenty-ninth of April, 1715, she was enabled to realize her desire. Her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth appointed His Excellency Baron von Kriechbaum to lay, in her name, the foundation-stone of the beautiful convent church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. This event was celebrated with great solemnity, and to the sound of trumpets and musical instruments. With the erection of the church, an extension was built to the house; by a considerable purchase of land and by new additions to the original building, this convent soon developed into a stately edifice, from which, as early as 1722, a foundation of a branch house was made in Krems, which was opened on the fifth of August, 1724, by the Superior, Barbara Baroness von Lampfritzheim. The Superior, Baroness Von Kriechbaum, suffered during the last two years of her life from

a very painful disease in her foot. God likewise permitted that this heroic soul should almost entirely lose her sight. She had been a model of activity, when in the enjoyment of health, now in the days of her sufferings she was a model of perfect resignation to the will of God. She died on the ninth of March, 1779, after she had governed the Institute at St. Pölten for thirty-three years—years full of blessings. Her remains were laid to rest in the convent vault, under the church of the Institute, which quiet resting-place she had built for herself and her sisters in religion.

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1742, Pope Clement XVI. conferred, through the Apostolic Brief, "Exponi Nobis," which the Bishop of the diocese, Cardinal Joseph Dominicus Count von Lamberg, 1723-1761, had obtained, on the Superior at St. Pölten, at that time, Caroline Baroness von Asseburg, the right and title of "Superior General" of all the already existing houses of the Institute, as well as of those to be founded in the future, within the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy, and in countries dependent thereon. Consequently, these have formed since that time a separate branch, independent of the Superior General in Bavaria. The houses of the Institute in the Tyrol, Meran, Brixen and Rovereto, were, later on, in a special manner, placed a decree of the Court, on the thirty-first of May, 1816, under the Superior General at St. Pölten, even though the foundation had been made by Bavaria.

Notwithstanding the years of terror and misery of the War of the Austrian Succession, in 1741, and also during the reign of Napoleon, the annals of the Institute frequently mention great favors from distinguished visitors, and presents from the illustrious reigning House of Hapsburg, under whose protection the Institute made numerous foundations. The Empress Elizabeth Christina of Spain, Consort of the Emperor Charles VI. and mother of the great Maria Theresa, gave to the new church of the Institute the first vestments for Holy Mass, and a Ciborium cover. These articles were the work of her own hands, and are, at the present day, still kept in the Institute as a precious souvenir. The convent church likewise possesses, even now, as one of its most precious ornaments, a magnificent Pontifical vestment, gold-embroid-

ered upon red, a precious gift of the Empress Maria Theresa, who had worked it herself.

The Emperor Charles VI. bestowed upon the church the precious relic, the body of Saint Justinus, which, later on, was translated, as the greatest treasure, to the chapel of the Institute House at Krems.

In time of peace, as well as in time of war, the English Ladies in St. Pölten were laboring quietly and cheerfully for the benefit of the youth of the country. Children of the most tender age up to the young girl budding into womanhood, found with them a loving home—a healthy, life-giving atmosphere that filled the whole house. The original building was considerably enlarged, and some of its exterior ornaments, consisting of statues representing the patrons of the Institute, were placed as early as 1799.

The visitor having entered by the convent gate, finds himself in a home-like, cool vestibule, lit up by the rays of a votive lamp, and he ascends by a winding stair-case to the so-called "White Hall," the present "Reception Room," which is built in the Gothic style, and richly frescoed. On the walls hang oil paintings of the first Superior of the house, Marianna Baroness von Kriechbaum, and of the six Chief Superiors who succeeded her, and who brought the Institute to such a high degree of efficiency. Caroline Baroness von Asseburg, the first Chief Superior, from 1742-1748, was a descendant of a family who had been converted to the faith, and who originally came from Castle Asseburg, near Wolfenbüttel. Her term of office was during the stormy period of the War of the Austrian Succession, when St. Pölten had much to endure from the presence of the French and Bavarian soldiers. Great distress reigned in the city, convents, in particular, were singled out for destruction.

The Institute was graciously spared,—the circumstance of its having been founded by Bavarians, and the greater number of the Community being Bavarians, at the time, may account for its being left undisturbed—and again, because the approaching enemy had been addressed in French, at the gate.

The Chief Superior, Caroline Baroness von Asseburg, met with a serious accident on her way home from Prague, where she had founded a

new house, by falling out of the carriage and injuring her right arm considerably. After that she was never well. She departed this life on the eighth of May, 1748, at the early age of thirty-nine years.

Maria Katharina Countess von Saint Julien, second Superior General, from 1748-1784, had been a lady of honor to the young Archduchess, afterwards Empress Maria Theresa, whom this saintly Religious ever held in loving memory. Countess Saint Julien, because of the great services rendered to the Mother House in St. Pölten, as well as to all the others under her charge, has been frequently called, "A Second Foundress." During her term of office, the number of houses increased, the church was enlarged, and suitably decorated; in a word, she made it then, what it is to-day. Altomonte decorated the cupolas with excellent frescoes, whilst Rössfeld, a clever artist, renewed the altar paintings. At the same time, the Chief Superior bought costly vessels and vestments for the church, and procured the so-called "Silver Altar." In the year 1755, she bought the "Lilienhof," a beautiful estate with a small castle, chapel, and other buildings. The estate is situated outside the city. She had likewise the satisfaction of introducing the Institute into Hungary by the foundation of the House in Budapest, in 1770. On the twenty-second of April, 1782, an event occurred, worthy of eternal memory in the annals of the Institute. On that day, Pope Pius VI., passing through St. Pölten, on his way to Vienna, gave the Apostolic benediction, after having knelt in adoration in the church of the Institute.

"Hic genua flexit—oviculas benedixit."

"Here he bent his knee before God and blessed His lambs."

The above is recounted on a small marble slab, to the left of the main altar.

The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire, poured out in prayer to God, ever will be lost; but, in God's own time and way, it will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you and those for whom you pray.

An Irish Lady's Impressions of the Eucharistic Congress, Cork, Ireland.

WRITING of the Eucharistic Congress in London, a Cork lady says: Here we are at home again, after what one can only call a glorious week—I cannot possibly describe our doings to you. I can only repeat, with even more emphasis, knowing now what you missed, you ought to have come. Non-Catholic papers insisted on the feast of color we enjoyed and the feast of tongues. Certainly, it was so, with the addition of a feast of faith and love. At 4.30, on Wednesday evening, a crowd was around each door of the Cathedral, although the doors would not be open until 8 p. m.! Everything was most splendidly managed throughout; four different colors for the tickets, and the color—illuminated at night—over each door. We were most fortunate, on all occasions, in getting the best places for seeing and hearing. On Wednesday, the arrival of the Legate was a wonderful sight—the procession of Archbishops and Bishops who came to meet him at the door, reaching from the door to the sanctuary. Such a lovely line of purple!—our first taste of the feast of color. You might have read in the papers how the trumpets were sounded, but you should see to realize what it was to those inside the Cathedral when they heard the bugles! There were so many tableaux formed in the sanctuary that I cannot describe them, or say which I liked best, but, I think, it was the one at High Mass, on Thursday, when the sanctuary was filled with the red and blue of the five Cardinals, the purple of the hundred Bishops, the white vestments of the officiating priests, the green background of carpet and benches; and then the sunshine on the lovely yellow marble pillars of the baldachino, looking as if they were of gold and white marble. Every day, the sanctuary was a picture, even on Saturday, when one only caught glimpses of the curious ceremonies of the Byzantine rite through the screen, and then, too, the color struck one, though this time the vestments were of a lovely rose, bright blue, and white, with the strange black head-dress on the chief priests, and their long hair. On Sunday, it was most imposing, as all the Bishops wore their copes and gold mitres, and the Abbots, white ones, and the Cathedral had the flowers

sent from France—conveyed in a special boat—threaded in and out the galleries all round the building, as they could not be used in the procession, thanks to Mr. Asquith! The perfume was delicious, that day.

There was the same crowd for every ceremony, and, indeed, for the lectures, also. As for the evening meetings, they were quite beyond the ideas of any one making arrangements—on Thursday, Albert Hall, with seats for ten thousand, was packed; but, on Friday, when sixteen thousand wished to welcome the Papal Legate and be presented to him, it was found impossible. It was said that quite two thousand were disappointed. That there was no accident or panic, on Friday, was certainly marvellous, for at the reception, the people were in the long passages around the interior of the hall for an hour and a half; only for the lovely hymns which were sung all the time, it is certain that many of the women, at least, could not have borne the strain. On Thursday night, one realized the "gift of tongues" in perfection—Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English!—this at the lectures, also—no German, as the Archbishop of Cologne and another German Bishop could not come, at the last moment. Albert Hall did itself justice on Friday, and was even more impressive and vast than when, on Thursday, the arena was filled with people; for on Friday it was cleared, and, after one's curtsy and genuflection to the Legate, one "took the floor," and sought one's friends, ecclesiastical or lay, and had a chat. But not for long, as Archbishop Bourne asked those who had been presented, to retire, in order to give the newcomers an opportunity to enter the hall. It was, indeed, a thrilling moment when all rose to welcome the Legate, and one could see how touched he was. He is a most remarkable man, and has the sweetest smile, and the most expressive hands I have ever seen.

It was at the Albert Hall men's meeting that the horrible news was made known, and it is certainly creditable that there was no riot, as, indeed, just cause was given. Fancy all the people who came up in special trains, travelling all night! Well, it made them more enthusiastic than ever—it was the final touch of persecution that was needed.

At High Mass, after Cardinal Gibbons' sermon, the Archbishop repeated, in French and in

English, the announcement he had made the night before—it was already known.

On Monday, the London papers were unanimous in their condemnation of such measures, and all admired the Archbishop's tact, diplomacy, and dignity—dear little man, his mother was Irish, and that makes a grand fighter of him!

I cannot tell what Sunday afternoon was like. I did not see its equal in Rome, but it must have been like the Pope blessing the world from St. Peter's when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given from the Cathedral balcony to the people below, who numbered, it was said, 100,000. We were fortunate in having a window, from which there was a splendid view.

At the Elevation in the Cathedral, where the congregation numbered six thousand, the silence was perfect. To be able to hear distinctly the click of a camera—as I heard some complain they did—was marvellous. During the Benediction in the Square, a like stillness prevailed—many remarked that even the horses of the police never moved. Our "adoremus," after the Benediction, consisted of cheer on cheer—the triumphant notes of the bugles could scarcely be heard, though they were delightful when they gave the signal before Benediction, from the balcony first, then in the Square below, and then away up on the top of the Campanile. Certainly, England has been blessed many times!

Father Vaughan.

THERE is a pen picture of Reverend Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose denunciation of modern life and fashionable society conditions, as they exist in the British metropolis, is so well known; by Raymond Blathway, in *Black and White*.

"My God! To think that my country should have come to this!"

Like a pistol-shot the sentence rang out upon the startled air, and I raised my head to look at the preacher. With dramatic arms wide-flung on space, and his fine, clear-cut features outlined against a richly-painted window, through which the sun threw a shaft of gold across the misty church, Father Vaughan constituted in himself a splendid picture of mediaevalism and modern-

ity. Beneath him swayed a huge congregation, out of which perpetually leaped some well-known, far-famed face, and Pan-Anglican bishops, smart women, popular actors, pungent writers, and Imperial Consuls, drew in a simultaneous breath, as the preacher depicted for them the horrors of modern married life. That is one picture of Father Vaughan: last Sunday morning, in Mayfair.



Yet again I recall him as I once heard him, far away upon the high seas. We were voyaging together in a P. and O. steamship, homeward bound from India, and, one Sunday afternoon, the Anglican chaplain on board and two dissenting ministers brought their congregations in a body to the saloon, plumped them at the feet of Father Vaughan, who, clad simply in his cassock and gown, gave us a most fascinating and absolutely undenominational and uncompromising address upon the being of God. The musical ripple of the sun-lit ocean chimed in well with the ringing periods of the eloquent voice, and the scene photographs itself upon an undying memory.

And, one cold March day, when the wind whistled through the dim alleys of the East End,

I caught a glimpse of Father Vaughan, one hand tightly clutched by a little street arab, the other stretched out in eloquent invitation, pressing upon an audience drenched in poverty and misery, and yet with faces agleam with the splendid fervor of their friend and priest, the claims of Christ and His Virgin Mother upon their hearts and lives.

And one asks oneself what is the secret of his undoubted power and influence, just as one asks oneself, time and again, from whence is it, and how is it, that the Jesuit priest gains his knowledge of and his domination over the hearts and minds of the vast body politic in every part of the world?

What is there in the Society of Jesus, or what was there in the spirit of its founder, that has captured for all time the mainsprings of human thought in so many widely divergent issues and respects?

In some curiously subtle manner, the Jesuit priest, the world over, reveals himself as a man of the world, knowing his fellow-man, and especially his fellow-woman, more intimately than even they know themselves. And whence comes this knowledge, one asks oneself? Is it from the confessional?—the confessional to which slowly creep the world-worn traveller, the woman of fashion, ever bent upon the exploitation of new emotions, the man of action, and the recluse of the study; the confessional wherein are poured out all the secrets of the human heart; the sordid miseries of Mile End and the no less sordid meanness of Mayfair? Be that as it may, and from whatever source he reaps his experience, the Jesuit priest, for keen insight into human nature, for knowledge of all the multitudinous avenues down which human thought pours itself in endless streams, for subtle comprehension of and sympathy with the frailties of human nature, has not his equal on earth.

I think Father Vaughan, most lovable and humorous of men, partly solved the mystery for me, as I put the question right out to him, as we passed rapidly through the gaily-clad sitters in the Park, one warm day last week.

“My dear fellow,” he said, “we are all human. The most interesting book I ever read is myself, because through it I get to know my brothers and my sisters. Look at them now, poor dears,” as he raised his hat to a very popular

and beautiful woman of fashion, "look at them now; exactly like the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. But, turn on the gaslight, and they'll be all right. Well, all those people are human, each with his or her distinctive note of individuality. There is variety enough for the Jesuit priest who is a student of human character, and surely, if even a dog or a cat can differentiate one being from another, and so obtain varied knowledge of human personality, much more can a thinker and a student. Look at those two Pan-Anglican bishops. What a hurry they are in! They are afraid they'll be late for luncheon at Fulham! By the by, that reminds me. Some one asked me, the other day: 'Are you going to the Pan-Anglican, Father?'

"'No,' I replied, 'for if I did I should have to take St. Peter with me. And they would not like that, and they would still less like having St. Peter there, because he would want them to be a little more definite in their pronouncements, and that is the one thing that people dread above all others—logic. You see, it compels them to define their position; it compels them to be accurate in their statements. At present, they are like the negro preacher:

"'And there they were, my bredren. Five thousand loaves and five thousand fishes, and, only twelve people to eat them. That's whar de miracle come in!'

"Let us sit down a minute and chat, and I'll tell you some of the stupid questions that Society considers itself justified in putting to a Jesuit priest.

"A man said to me, the other day, 'How on earth can a man be at one and the same moment, a Jesuit priest and an astronomer, a Sacerdotalist and a Scientist?'

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, "so far as I am concerned, the more science I know the better I can appreciate God, from whom all science comes. The Church—at least, my Church—I don't know about that one," he continued, with a sly smile, pointing to the Albert Hall, crammed with Pan-Anglicans, gleaming in the distance—"the Church is never down on science. It was not the Pope who condemned Galileo; it was the congregations and the Protestant Universities. But, when you talk of the incompatibility of reconciling creed and science, I must ask you what you mean by science. Driesch, one of the

greatest scientific anatomists of the day, declares that Darwin belongs, like Hegel, to past history, and yet, each contrived to lead a whole generation by the nose. Now the Church objects to her children being led by the nose; she prefers them to be led by the mind. For my own part, I can see no opposition between science and religion. On the contrary, I feel with Pasteur, the more we know of each, the more we know of God. And then again, last week, a fashionable lady came to me in a rage—and, my dear fellow, can't they rage?—and she said: 'Father Vaughan, why do you only attack the West End in your sermons at Farm Street?'

"Because, my dear madam," I replied, "I am not such a fool as I look. When I preach to a West End congregation, I attack West End follies. What would be the good of my saying to a poor girl at Mile End, 'Why did you wear that smart hat sent home on approval, at Ascot, on Thursday, and then return it to the milliner next day, as unsuitable?' The poor creature has never heard of Ascot, and, under any circumstances, would never dream of doing such a mean thing. But, when I am in the East End, I assure you I do not mince matters, there either. I know East and West thoroughly, and I prefer the East. The priest's real place is with the sick and suffering; though, God knows, there is misery and wretchedness to spare here in the West End. The hopeless materialism of fashionable people, their criminal neglect of children, servants, and home, is rapidly bringing disaster upon the land. And yet, so lost and abandoned are they to all decency that, when a man stands up under the Cross of Christ to cry the horror of their lives and point out the way of life, they simply say he does it for advertisement.

"And what has a Jesuit priest, vowed to poverty, with nothing on earth that he can call his own, except, perhaps, the shoes on his feet, to gain by self-advertisement?

"But, for such critics, one has not a word. The more one cares for Christ, the less one minds the silly jibes of silly souls. And as to my difficulty about mediaevalism not harmonizing with modernism, you might just as well say that a monk would be incapable of using the telephone, because his dress is a thousand years old and the telephone is of yesterday. And how Science and Revelation, both coming from God, are to con-

tradict one another, is a bigger puzzle than ever I can hope to solve, and one that the Church will never wish to solve."

Wordsworth.

. . . Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy. . . .

WO wrote Wordsworth, the poet of nature, whose great characteristic is a perfect love of nature and an understanding of the power there is in such a love.

He ranks third among the English poets, in the sense that his poetry is most appreciative of nature, and is second only to that of Shakespeare and Milton.

His whole being beat in unison with nature, and, from his earliest childhood, nature for him was everything. His freedom at school did but help to give more scope to his love and appreciation, and, at a very early age, those who came in contact with him saw that Wordsworth was a lover of nature in no slight sense.

His home and surroundings had much to do with his feelings, and the beautiful lake country, which extended for miles and miles, and the mountains, hills, and valleys helped in making the country more picturesque. With this attractiveness blended the honest characters of the people. The shepherd boy, tending his flock on the hillside, the farmer, cultivating his land, and the milkmaid, alike, had their influence on the mind of Wordsworth, and each helped him to be what he was during his entire life, a sympathizer with and lover of nature.

The characteristics of his poetry are: first, the simple and unadorned language which prevails throughout his poems, and secondly, his passionate love of nature, as seen in all his writings. His subjects are generally taken from the commonplace and ordinary things of life. Many have said, that, in Wordsworth's poems, there is no passionate theme. True this is, but if we study each line of his works, we shall see that underneath all, his passionate love of and great sympathy with nature are ever present. Besides this, in every work of Wordsworth there is truthfulness. He is most exact in each and

every word, and keeps most accurately to the laws governing nature.

Wordsworth sought to impress upon the mind the wonderful effect of nature on each individual. By him we see that nature is the best teacher and does more for those who seek her than books. She instructs gradually, without requiring an effort on our part, whereas to gain knowledge from books, we must apply diligently to the work. Again, he tells us that nature helps to build up the character. For, in nature, the Creator is ever-present, and at once our thoughts are raised to a more perfect sphere, where all is light. Nature is the teacher of fidelity. All its parts harmonize, each, in turn, doing its duty to its Creator! Can we not take example from nature and thus make our lives more perfect and our characters stronger? The beauties of nature were made for us. Should we not thank God for His goodness? All these things Wordsworth teaches us in his poetry.

The life of Wordsworth was uneventful, made up only of the little acts of each day. To many it seems to have been monotonous, and yet, from this simple life came thoughts which have brought comfort and joy to many hearts. His sister, Dorothy, had no slight influence on his life, and her devotedness to the poet can not be too much admired.

Wordsworth lived to an old age, and many are of the opinion that this can be accounted for by his regular habits and his being in such close companionship with nature. He himself writes that if we would but live more in contact with nature, our bodies would be more invigorated and our lives more lengthy. Wordsworth died a natural death, faithful to nature to the last.

Thus passed away the great poet of nature, who realized and appreciated its worth; and what better thoughts could express his attitude to the last than his own words:

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought,
To genial faith, still rich in genial good.

MARY GORDON.

Believe in yourself—that you, even you, can do some of the work which He would like done, and that unless you do it, it will remain undone.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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The great finger of the Dial of Time points to another year, with its resolves, its aspirations, and its hopes. The old year has reached its last chapter, and almost its last page. The book is about to be closed, but it is still of more than passing interest, for its records are of joy or of sorrow—some are aglow with the passion of our swiftly-moving age-spirit, and some are dull with the monotony of ceaseless routine; some are ephemeral happenings that have no permanent place in our lives, and some are lines that are destined for immortality.

A review of this great tome is likely to produce effects as multitudinous as are the characters and the characteristics represented. To read some of the chapters is to wish they were shorter; to read others is to wish they had been prolonged.

Ere we touch the pure, white waiting page of the new book, let us reanimate our courage and re-exalt our wavering ideals, looking upon the mistakes and failures and selfishness of the closing calendar with unspeakable disgust, reawakening our longing for that perfection which the

Master requires of His followers, and making it, in all the solemn grandeur of its simplest meaning, the inspiring expression of our new resolve.

*

Writing of Mrs. Meynell's "The Spirit of Peace and Other Essays," Mr. Benton says:

"What Mrs. Meynell brings to us is a happy, unhackneyed, almost gossamer-like style. But it is attuned to high themes. You admire her minute knowledge, her unfailingly true perception of things, and her tactful treatment of their least and most elusive phases. Much wit and no little irony and humor are embedded in her wise discourse. All her topics are briefly as well as brightly handled. Her thought is limpid, its fluency musical, and the atmosphere that she sheds comes upon the reader with a sort of magical perfume. Mrs. Meynell's poems have a real distinction. They have won from Ruskin and Rossetti unqualified praise. It is said that Rossetti learned her sonnet, 'Renouncement,' by heart, and averred that it is one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women."

Mr. Benton also adds this compliment to an American Catholic lady:

"In our country I know of but one writer who seems to be—on her lines—an approachable parallel to her, and this writer is also a woman. I mean, of course, Agnes Repplier. She has got somehow an almost solitary foothold among us by sheer excellence; probably, not at the outset, without some struggle. Miss Repplier, if I can speak accurately without having her books before me, is not so sequestered in or so reliant upon her own processes of thought solely as is Mrs. Meynell. She quotes much more, but she quotes royally and with a divine call to pluck borrowed feathers. It is the reader's felicity to find them always in a fine frame and environment."

*

When mention is made of the Empire-builders of the Canadian West, the name of Lord Strath-

cona instantly comes to mind. As Donald Smith, he played an important part in the exploitation of the great undeveloped country. He equipped a regiment, the Strathcona Horse, in the South African war. He has done much towards strengthening the ties that bind the Imperial and Colonial governments.

Lord Strathcona was knighted because of his public work, and was raised to the peerage because of his philanthropy. This latter point in his character was well brought out by the celebrated English novelist, Dickens, in his portrayal of the Cheeryble Brothers, mentioned in "Nicholas Nickleby." It is not generally known that Lord Strathcona was the original of this sketch.

*

The death of Sarasate, the eminent Spanish violinist, virtuoso, and composer, at Biarritz, France, on the twentieth of September, will be mourned by music lovers as well as by musicians throughout the civilized world, but not as though he had been cut off in the fulness of his days and in the midst of a promise of further achievement as a professional musician. Sarasate's work had been finished, and nearly all countries in the world had heard him and seen him with his marvellous bow.

His was the fortunate lot of the composer who appeals directly to the present generation; there was no waiting for a generation to grow up to an appreciation of his art, no passing into the beyond before men should feel his inspiration.

The secret of Sarasate's compositions is that they are founded in the poetic and fervid nature of the composer. He cared little for the musical pyrotechnics of a Vieuxtemps; he was a careful student of all that is classic in musical thought and of the technical capabilities of the violin. In his soundness and saneness, he may be compared, in this generation, only with the late Joachim.

While Sarasate was laden with honors, among them that of a Chevalier of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, he remained to his death the

modest, simple-minded, but consummate musician that he was.

*

The passing away of Charles Eliot Norton, at the age of eighty-one, came as an echo from the great New England school of literature, now unhappily no more. He belonged to the group which created that literature, and was a potent member of it. His services as a biographer and editor were great, while, as a professor at Harvard, he stood for broad and deep culture, and did much to promote the love of the arts and of learning, in fact, he was recognized as the high priest of culture in the country. He emphasized the relation of art and culture to life, and his influence upon a generation of students was stimulating and uplifting.

Mr. Norton was pre-eminently the friend of great writers. His notable friendships began with his meeting with Ruskin on a Swiss lake when he was only a few years from college and before Ruskin was known. That friendship continued until the death of the latter, and its monument is the authoritative edition of Ruskin's works which Mr. Norton edited. He was the friend of Carlyle, also, and the friend and adviser of Longfellow in the translation of Dante, and he afterwards made prose translations of his own from the Italian. In fact, he was probably the foremost student of Italian literature in America, and did much to promote its study. He was the friend and biographer of Lowell, the friend of Emerson and Curtis, and of other men whose names stand at the forefront of American literature.

*

It is significant of how conservative is the world's estimate of what constitutes the glory of woman that but three women, in recent times, have been accorded the national distinction of being buried in Westminster Abbey, and these three are famous in the world's history merely as good wives. Mrs. Gladstone was the latest of these. Preceding her, Lady Palmerston was

buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1869; and Lady Augusta Stanley, in 1876.

Lady Palmerston was especially distinguished as a hostess. She exerted an influence upon men and measures by the entertainment she provided in her husband's home. As wife of the famous dean, Lady Stanley secured her husband's interests in life, engaging in works of charity and reform. Mrs. Gladstone is well known for having faithfully fulfilled the mission, described by a poet who wrote lines to her on her marriage with England's greatest statesman:

"Be thou a perfect wife to him—
A fountain singing by his side,
A star whose light is never dim,
A pillar through the waste to guide."

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Catholic Home Annual," which comes to us for the year 1909 with the smile of an old friend. From the beginning, this standard publication has always maintained a high literary and artistic tone, and its pages have been graced with contributions from the pens of those who stand in the front ranks of the Catholic authors. Its contents are always judiciously selected and extensively illustrated. There is a department devoted to "Notable Events of the Past Year," which sketches noteworthy happenings of 1908, and gives us authentic pictures of the most distant occurrences.

The price of the Annual is twenty-five cents.

*

From the same publishers has come "The Shadow of Eversleigh," by Jane Lansdowne, 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

This story grasps the attention of the reader from the first paragraphs and carries him on resistlessly by a series of absorbingly interesting situations. It is a peculiar story, a weird tale, quaintly told, and will prove a novel treat to the readers of present-day romances. The plot has to do with a death-bed promise, and the failure

of the heroine to keep it—a promise which had to be kept, however, before she could know peace or rest of soul.

*

Another publication of Benziger Brothers is the "Round the World Series," the fifth volume of which is now ready, 12mo., cloth, profusely illustrated, \$0.85.

The articles contain varied information, interestingly written, about the "Cattle Trail of the Prairies," "Life Aboard a Whaler," "Through the Catacombs," "Japanese Ware," "The Castled Rhine," "Truck Farming," "Making Guns for Our Warships," "The Procession of the Relic of the Precious Blood," "How We Took the Old Forts," "In a Land of the Past," "The Legend of Juan Rubio."

The New Leaf.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip.

The lesson was done.

"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,

"I have spoiled this one."

In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,

I gave him a new one, all unspotted,

And into his sad eyes smiled—

"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—

The old year was done.

"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?"

I have spoiled this one."

He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,

And gave me a new one, all unspotted,

And into my sad heart smiled—

"Do better now, my child."

A.

Do not flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.



"GIVE ME THY HEART."

A Christmas Story.

IT was bitterly cold! The wind blew furiously about the corner of the rickety tenement buildings in a wild endeavor to gain admittance, and whirled the flying snowflakes in dizzy eddies through the air. It was so cold indeed, that the rags and papers stuffed into the broken window panes were of no avail against its icy breath, and the inmates, huddled near their scanty fires, could but warm themselves, and wonder—dully—stupidly—how long it would be before their release would come. Perhaps—no doubt—Heaven was warmer than this biting, gnawing cold. The sleet and snow and wind still beat relentlessly upon doors and windows, as the long grey shadows crept stealthily over the earth, and the darkness fell from the sky. A few scattered lamps, shining blurred and indistinct through the gathering gloom, marked the course of the street, but few people were abroad that night—they much preferred their own firesides to the shelterless open.

But in that part of the city where the soft lights and rich curtains, showing through the heavy windows, proclaimed the houses of the rich, all was different; there the walks were well paved, and clear of snow and ice, so that the belated person, coming from club or reception, could make his way with comparative safety from carriage to door-step.

It was Christmas Eve! Within the brownstone corner house, more pretentious even than any of its neighbors, sat a man of middle age, lounging in a huge mahogany chair before a roaring hearth. The drawing-room was very large, with beautiful rugs and skins upon the floor; and its walls were adorned with rare paintings of old masters. A massive bookcase, on one side of the room, ran from floor to ceiling, and was filled with ponderous volumes, bound in leather. In the corners were costly pedestals, surmounted by marble statues; and vases in which were a profusion of hothouse flowers. From the woodwork overhead were suspended hanging lamps, whose bright glow illuminated the room.

At its farthest end, half hidden by heavy draperies, stood a woman, leaning against the casement, and gazing anxiously out of the window. A carriage came slowly up the drive, and halted

before the door, but the storm had not abated, and she was evidently considering the advisability of venturing out upon such a night. The woman was attired in a white clinging gown, and her slender figure was sharply outlined upon the velvet curtain. Her white fingers were covered with diamonds, which sparkled brilliantly in the light. She turned about with careless deliberation, a petulant frown on her forehead. Hearing the trail of her garments, as they swept toward him, the man threw the cigarette he had been smoking into the fire, and, rising from his chair, came toward her. He was tall, and strongly built, but his face was thin, and showed signs of recent dissipation, while the lines about his mouth and eyes had prematurely deepened.

The woman stopped the moment he had risen, and her eyes assumed a look of defiance as he approached, as if she had already anticipated his query. When within two or three paces of her, he stood quite still and scrutinized her closely—fixedly. "My dear," he began, and paused, "are you so bent upon going that nothing whatever will keep you here? Won't you stay?" he entreated. "It may save—" Her withering look cut short his question, as she surveyed him contemptuously. "Bradley," and her tone was one of cold disdain, "have you not yet learned that when I once propose to do a thing, I really mean to carry out my plan? Besides," she added, half-ashamed, "I have already accepted Mrs. Van Burt's invitation, and indeed, it would be too rude of me to decline to go, at the last moment. You know I have been looking forward to this evening for weeks, and I do not intend to be disappointed now that it has arrived." Then hastily, observing the man about to speak, she commanded, "Quick, my cloak—James has come with the carriage, and it is late."

She swept to the hall, and the man slowly followed. At the door she paused, and smiled a good-bye to him, but, before she could turn, the feeble cry of a child reached her ear. Feigning that she had not heard, and wishing to avoid further parley with her husband, she hurried on,—her lips quivering. But hardly had she reached the outer door when the man stepped quickly before her. "Grace, listen to me!" and his voice grew threatening. "I demand that you stay. It is Christmas Eve. Go to-morrow, or any time, but stay this evening." Her anger was roused

at his persistence, and her eyes flashed. "This night I shall go," she asserted, defiantly, and without waiting for his answer, she grasped his arm and, flinging open the door, she stepped out upon the walk. A moment more and she was whirled through the snowy streets, trying to forget the heaviness of her heart, and to still the fears that rose to mock her selfishness.

* * * * *

The man turned and re-entered the room. The fire had died into a dull red glow, but, stooping, he raked the coals until they leaped into bright flames. Then, seating himself, he stared long and intently at their leaping tongues, casting fantastic shadows upon the opposite wall, and dancing as if in derision of his loneliness. The room was very still. Not a sound broke the silence, save the occasional crackling of the fire. Presently his head bowed forward, as though he was sleeping, and, in this attitude, he remained until, suddenly, sitting rigidly erect, he clutched the arm of his chair, and his hands trembled.

"Poor little thing," he whispered to himself. Hastily quitting the room, he sped up the wide staircase, and came to a small alcove, which led to an opening, hung with portières. Pushing them aside, he entered, and, walking cautiously across the floor, he reached a bed, upon which lay a boy of five years of age. His face was convulsed with coughing, and his yellow curls lay clustered in damp rings upon his forehead. Nearby stood a nurse, mixing some medicine in a glass. Hearing a light step, she turned quickly—there were tears in her eyes. The child had heard it, too, and, as his father neared his bedside, a glad light stole into his face, and he made a feeble effort to raise himself. "Where is my mamma?" he asked, piteously, in a half-whisper, his voice expressive of doubt; but the man, kneeling upon the floor at his side, gave no answer,—merely stroked the thin white hand, lying upon the cover. The little fellow did not repeat his question, but seemed in some way to comprehend the reason for his father's delay in replying. He dropped wearily back upon his pillow, and lay quiet for some time, with closed eyes, and the man, believing him to be asleep, stole silently out of the room.

The long hours crept on, and the nurse, sitting by a lamp upon the table, unconsciously rested her head upon her arms, and slept. The sufferer

rose from his bed, and, gazing vacantly about the room, caught the sound of gentle, regular breathing, and beheld the woman whose face lay downward upon her hands. "I shall find her," the little one resolved within himself, and, wrapping a heavy shawl about him, as best he could, and slipping into his tiny shoes, which stood in a corner, he noiselessly walked toward the opening in the hangings. Down the long hall he glided like a tiny spectre, and, after re-appearing from each door he had come to in turn, he paused, wondering and puzzled, at the end of the corridor. Then back to the staircase he came, and, supporting himself by the railing, descended the steps:

Without hesitation, he walked to the heavy door, and, raising the huge bolt with all the strength of his small body, slipped through the aperture. The entrance gained he did not waver, but quietly opening the outer door, which was unlocked, he ran out into the snowy night.

* * * * *

Mrs. Montgomery, by the time the Van Burt's mansion was reached, had succeeded in stifling the little pangs of conscience that had troubled her during the past half-hour, and any remorse that now remained was quickly forgotten, as she entered the ball-room. The chatter of those nearest her ceased immediately, and all eyes were riveted upon her. She was radiant in her beautiful gown, with a string of pearls wound in and out among the masses of her dark hair. The élite of the city gathered around her, and she found herself the center of an admiring group, each one vying with the other in paying her compliments, and she, fully conscious of her beauty, rewarded them with her sweetest smiles and pretty speeches.

"For," she reasoned, "one need not be serious when one forgets." Who could fail to be light-hearted when all was music and flowers? But as the moments passed on, she grew weary of the idle gossip about the latest opera and the newest hats and gowns, and longed to be alone if only for a moment,—away from the laughter and gayety that reigned. Offering some trivial excuse to those who surrounded her, she withdrew from the little crowd, and walked the length of the room until she came to a secluded spot near a window, half-screened by ferns and palms. "Their talk sickens me," she cried to

herself, and, resting her arm against the sill, she gazed vacantly at the white snow-drifts, piled high near the bare trees opposite. Looking through the icy pane, she could discern the dark figure of a woman passing, with a child in her arms. It brought to mind her little one at home, and her heartache began anew. In this mood, her mind revolted at the thought of the vain lot of people near her. What were they to her,—and how had worldly pleasures lured her on—to the exclusion of her love for her child? A thousand thoughts of impending danger tortured her; a feeling of foreboding ill clutched her heart, and she moved uneasily in her chair. But soon, strange new ones came to her, that filled her with repentance for her past actions, and longings for amendment in the future.

Her eyes shone, and, anxious to make atonement, she thought: "I shall go at once and surprise him. Oh! how glad, how very glad I am that I have known in time." Pictures of a man, lonely and dejected, sitting near a fire, and, of a child, equally lonely, in his bed, rose before her mind. She remembered that the carriage was not to come for her for some hours, but rather than delay, she resolved to walk to her home—'twas but a matter of three blocks, and besides, she could not give a suitable apology to her hostess for leaving so abruptly. Nor would she deign to ask assistance of any of the guests. Unseen, she made her way from the room through one of the many side-doors, and, securing her cloak, ran down the passage. Once out, the keen wind chilled her, and the sharp ice, upon the edge of the walk, grated roughly upon her thin slippers, and hurt her feet, but, unmindful of the pain it caused her, she walked on,—smiling in pleased expectancy. She had traversed a considerable part of the way when she was attracted by a small dark object, lying some yards before her, in the snowy path.

A startled look came into her face, and her eyes grew wide with terror. With one arm outstretched she stood as one turned to stone—then staggered forward unsteadily. Her child lay before her! Falling on her knees beside the prostrate form, in an agony of apprehension, she cried, brokenly, "Oh! speak to me—speak! Say you forgive me!" And, bursting into a torrent of incoherent words of endearment, she bent lower and placed her soft cheek against the little

pallid face that lay so quietly upon its pillow of snow. Then, rousing herself, she lifted the curly head carefully, tenderly, and rested it upon her shoulder; and, with a quick, impulsive movement, she removed the beautiful soft cloak from her form and wrapped it around the child, in a vain hope that,—God willing, there might be a tiny spark of life still within the little body, which could be coaxed to burn, if 'twere not too late. And, heedless of the bitter cold, unmindful of the light snowflakes falling upon her bare shoulders and throat, as if in pity, she knelt, clasping passionately to her the small figure.

And thus she continued, repeatedly kissing the baby face,—imploing the little one to again open his blue eyes, and speak. But, the motionless body stirred not,—the white lips remained dumb, in answer to her appeal. The woman's breath came in low sobs now, and she shook violently in the intensity of her grief. Suddenly, she started, as if awakening from an unpleasant dream, and gazed wildly about the deserted street, and then, as if she, for the first time, fully realized what had happened, gave a heart-broken cry, while her head dropped low and lower, until it touched the child's. She had come,—but too late—to make reparation.

The stars, one by one, waned from the sky, and the darkness gave place to the dawn. The eastern heavens were suffused with purple and gold, heralding the approach of Christmas Day. A timid snow-bird perched upon an overhanging bough, surveyed, in wonder, the strange scene before him. A woman crouching in the snow, with a little child held closely in her arms. In the still night, God had taken compassion upon her, and her soul had gone to Heaven, we trust, there to join the little one who had been so neglected upon earth.

ETHEL WAHL.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

Mountains in the Way.

THE path of Life is strewn with these mountains of difficulties, some are veritable Mount Logans, while others are nothing more than a slight incline in the path. And at first how numerous they are!

Having gained the summit of one, we stand breathless and dizzy after our labors, gazing about us, and lo! right in the middle of our path, stands another mountain, with the sun glistening on its snow-crowned head.

But, if we use only the staff of honesty and truth to aid our faltering steps, the mountains will become fewer as we journey on, and, possibly, the last few miles will be through beautiful green meadows and cool shady woods.

It is as stupendous an undertaking to the baby mind to plan and build his tower of blocks as it is for the general to map out his plan of campaign.

The statesman is no more worn out after a day of passing bills and arranging the other numerous affairs of his country than is the schoolboy after tussling all day with his Euclid and history.

The great and famous have not gained the pinnacle of fame by good luck, as many seem to imagine. In nearly every case they had spent many long years of patient waiting and hard labor before fame smiled on them.

The names that have come down to us from the pages of the past were not placed there by chance. It was only after many weary years of toil that the men thus honored succeeded in gaining those immortal heights.

Never before, perhaps, never since, did any man have more mountains in the way of his "boundless ambition" than did Demosthenes, that famous orator of antiquity.

His fondest hope was to become an orator, and everything, especially nature, seemed to work against his heart's desire.

In personal appearance he was small and mean, and, alas! for his oratorical hopes, his voice was not only weak and rasping, but he had a distinct impediment in his speech.

But the old adage, "When there's a will, there's a way," has never been more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Demosthenes.

To gain bodily strength and grace, he went

daily to the great Greek gymnasium; to mellow his tuneless voice he attended the schools of rhetoric and oratory; but, to know what to do to overcome the impediment in his speech, baffled him. But not for long. When he was not in the gymnasium or the school, he could be found walking on the seashore, with pebbles in his mouth, declaiming to the birds, above the roar of the waves, as they broke on the rocks at his feet.

And he gained the seemingly unattainable heights, and from them he spoke to his people, the learned Greeks, not only spoke but moved them to deeds of valor, and spurred them on to hurl, at least, one despairing blow against the conquering foe that swept down on them from the North.

One of a large family, the son of a poor miller, and living in one of the darkest ages of Italy's history, to the little Florentine, Baptiste Lulli, there seemed to be no staff to help him ascend the high impossible heights of his ambition.

To him the cruelest part of his hard lot was the fact that he could do nothing that would bring him any nearer his heart's desire of becoming a great musician.

Finally, after waiting—what to his boyish mind seemed an eternity—he became the proud possessor of a very old and much-damaged guitar, and, in an incredibly short time, had mastered some very sweet old ballads.

When his repertoire had increased to six of these little selections, his father sent him to play in the streets and to collect as many stray coins as possible, and so he labored on, each day, trying to play what he already knew more perfectly than the day before, and ever striving for more knowledge to add to his scanty store.

We will leave little Baptiste playing in the streets of Florence and turn our attention, for a short time, to the French Court.

The Duchesse de Montpensier—perhaps better known as "La Grande Mademoiselle"—as everyone knows, was a great Court favorite, and, when she jokingly asked the Chevalier de Guise, on the eve of his departure for Italy, to bring her a young musician to enliven the house, she well knew that he would not dare to disregard her request.

The Chevalier, while walking in the streets of Florence, one day, was attracted by some very sweet music, and, turning a corner, came abruptly upon a little boy, singing to his guitar.

Instantly, he recalled the request of the Duchesse, and, going up to the little musician, asked him to come to Paris. And so it was that when he returned, he brought with him a little boy, perhaps twelve years of age, in a very ragged coat, who carried in his arms, with the greatest care, a very old and very dilapidated guitar.

Thus did Baptiste Lulli make the first step up the mountain of his difficulties.

But he had to overcome many obstacles before he reached the heights of his ambition.

To be sure, his mistress gave him a violin, and, for some days, Lulli lived in a world of musical dreams, but he was soon rudely awakened to the stern realities of life, for the petted Duchesse grew tired of her new toy and banished him to the kitchen.

Little Baptiste was not disheartened. He was no worse off than before, he reasoned to himself, in fact, he was the richer by a beautiful violin. And so, with the pots and pans about him, or, at night, in his garret room, he practised faithfully, gaining every day in skill and technique.

But, in that frivolous French Court, there was one man, a great musician, who, having heard Lulli play at the house of "La Grande Mademoiselle," when he was installed there as a play-toy, sought to hear him again, and, finally, the little Italian was numbered among the great master's pupils. Given this opportunity, he certainly profited by it, and the day his first opera was presented, Lulli stood on the summit of his mountain of difficulties, and received the homage of the world, as "the father of French dramatic music."

There was a man whose name now shines forth from the pages of history, with ever-increasing splendor, to whose tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome all obstacles in defence of a holy cause, we, as inhabitants of the World of his Dreams, owe this beautiful land of our birth—Christopher Columbus.

The seemingly impassable mountain which reared its mighty height between Columbus and

the realization of his most cherished plan, was one often met by poor inventors—the non-responsiveness of the influential and the rich.

From the time he was a mere boy, Columbus had always been at sea, but, although he was naturally alert and took notes of all that occurred during his many voyages, it was not until he had been shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal, where he found refuge, and where he took up chart and map-drawing as a means of a livelihood, that he had time to rearrange his confused ideas—the spoils of his many experiences, chiefly on water—and when one fact was placed beside another, he finally came to the conclusion that the earth is round—and thus was made the first step in the discovery of the beautiful land we now call home.

It was not until his plans were fully matured that he decided to lay them, and all the earthly honor and glory which he was confident would come from their fulfillment, at the feet of his own native city, Genoa. The Genoese scoffed at his scheme and even refused him a small boat in which to cross the great water that lay between him and the World of his Dreams.

Crushed, but not defeated, he next applied to Venice, and then to Portugal, for assistance, with similar success, so, severing all connections with these unresponsive states, he started out with his little son for Spain.

While making his way through Spain, Columbus, weary and heart-sick, knocked, one night, at the gate of the Franciscan monastery. Thus it was that he first made the acquaintance of the Superior, a man of great learning, and the confessor of Queen Isabella. It may safely be said that there was no other man, then living, who could have served Columbus' purposes as well as Father John Perez.

First, he was a scholar, and soon saw the logic of Columbus' deductions and subsequent plans, and secondly, his late position at Court made him familiar with people of influence.

But the final struggle, after eight hundred years of warfare with the Moors, was just drawing to a close, and Spain could think and talk of nothing else.

Repulsed again, Columbus continued to live on at the monastery and to draw fresh hope from the ready assurances of his good friend, Father Perez.

At last, he decided to take matters into his own hands, and so he wrote a very straightforward, but none the less characteristic, letter to Ferdinand, and lived in a fever of expectation for the answer.

Days climbed into weeks, and weeks into months, and still no answer. Hope died within him, and then came the granting of his request—the longed-for audience.

Alas for his fondest hopes! Ferdinand turned the matter over to his council, and they laughed at Columbus and his schemes.

But all this time, Columbus had one faithful friend, who firmly believed in his wonderful undertaking—Father Perez. This good priest finally arranged a meeting between Isabella and Columbus.

Columbus felt this was his last chance, and he pleaded as only a man who sees a cherished object fading forever from his sight, can plead. Isabella undertook the vast project “for my own crown of Castile, and I pledge my jewels for the necessary funds.”

The greatest obstacle of Columbus' career was levelled to the ground. When, on Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus turned his lingering gaze from the little seaport of Palos, now a mere cloud on the horizon, to the vast expanse of glistening water which held somewhere in its undiscovered depths his great unknown, we feel that the keynote of his ambitions might fittingly be expressed by what he himself wrote on the title-page of the diary of his voyage to the unknown Land of his Dreams: “In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi.”

So far, we have been considering the mountains which raise themselves between men of genius and the fulfillment of their most cherished hopes of honor or of fame, but that which confronted John Henry Newman, while not a unique one, certainly has but few parallels—a mountain of doubt.

The secret of his life is fittingly portrayed in a little anecdote told of him, just after his entrance into Oxford.

It was his first appearance in the Latin class; the lesson was just completed and the lecturer was about to make some concluding remarks, when the slender little boy, stranger alike to

teacher and scholars, arose and said, “I think, sir, that that sentence is wrongly construed.”

And so it was found to be, much to the humiliation of the master.

Thus upon his first appearance among men, did Newman manifest two of the most striking features of his wonderful character: fearlessness and love of perfection, for it was not in his nature to allow any problem to pass without first solving it—and that without fault.

Though he solved many problems, all more or less difficult, during the ensuing years of his life, it was not until 1832, when he went abroad, and was taken ill in Sicily, that the great problem of his life was put to him.

During those days of convalescence when he sat alone with his thoughts, looking out over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, slowly but surely, out of their misty depths seemed to rise a mountain of doubt. Who can say but that, perhaps, the gate that opened to this great mind a new vista of thought, was unlocked by the hand of Dr. Wiseman, whom Newman had met in Rome, a few months before.

Whatever the cause, when he left the island, Newman himself felt that he was returning to England a very different man from what he had been when he left it but one short year before.

Weak in body, disturbed in mind, and sorely troubled in soul, all the pent-up feelings of a great nature poured themselves forth in that cry from his very heart, “Lead, Kindly Light.”

Relieved, but not satisfied, as soon as he arrived in England he set out with all his old-time energy to solve this complex problem on which, his soul seemed to tell him, depended not only his happiness here, but his hopes in the world to come.

And as it was that out of a southern sea he saw that mountain of doubt rise before him, and felt the mists of uncertainty enshroud him, so it was that in his beloved England and among those people for whom he had worked all his life, gradually he saw that mountain levelled by his own hand, the mists dispelled forever, and the light for which he had yearned in his blindness, shine forth in all its dazzling brilliancy.

Edward MacDowell, one of the few great musicians whom this continent can claim, was born

of poor and humble parents. This fact, of itself, reared before him a mountain of difficulties, high and steep, crowned with the dream of his heart, a musical education, but this desire was rendered even more unattainable by the untimely death of his father.

While he sold papers in the crowded thoroughfares of one of the largest cities of the United States, he was ever alert to catch any snatch of music which might float to him from out the hurrying throng.

He was a daily frequenter of all the churches which boasted of an organ, and he soon learned at what time the organist of each church came to practise.

So, if business were slack at these hours, a dirty little newsboy, with a bundle of papers under his arm, might be seen slipping into one of the back pews and listening, spellbound, to the wonderful music, as it rolled forth in majestic chords, which filled the holy edifice, or died down to a whispered prayer of soothing melody.

And thus before he ever had an opportunity to touch an instrument, this little vagrant was schooling himself—perhaps, unconsciously—to appreciate the best music.

But these daily visits to the churches did not long go unnoticed. One day, little Edward MacDowell awoke to find himself transported by a fairy godmother, in the guise of a music-loving millionaire, from a world of commercial drudgery to a world where, on all sides, one was surrounded by marvellous harmonies and beautiful melodies.

And when, in February last, he was called to render an account of the talents given him, he left to the musical world a rich legacy of weird compositions, which mark the milestones on his road up the mountain of difficulties.

The story of Sebastian Gomez is a pathetic one, for the heights of his ambition were veiled in clouds of mist and he could only stumble blindly on, hoping that each step would take him nearer the light.

He was a slave in the house of the artist Murillo, and he lived in constant dread of being sold to some one else, for, while one act would merit the approval of his master, another, actuated

by the same good intentions, would be followed by threats of punishment, or of the hateful slave market.

So he labored patiently on, stealing those quiet hours of night and early morning to practise on the canvases of his master, and concealing himself in the studio that he might listen to Murillo teaching his pupils.

But, one morning, he worked too late, and had only time to jump from his seat before the canvas when his master entered, followed by his class. The great artist looked long and steadily at the picture, then, turning to his pupils, inquired whose work it was, "for I honor him as a brother artist," he said. No one spoke, but each secretly wished that he might claim as his the wonderful painting, incomplete though it was.

"Sebastian," said Murillo, to his slave, "who was here last night?"

"No one, sir, save myself."

Still the great artist did not understand, and, turning to the man whom, but a few minutes before, he had said he honored "as a brother artist," he promised him thirty lashes if, before the morrow, he had not discovered whose work the painting was.

No sooner was the house quiet, that night, than the slave arose from his pallet of straw and approached the canvas to strike out his work; but the artist soul rebelled against what the slave thought his duty.

In the early morning when Murillo entered his studio, he found Sebastian still working feverishly; he had forgotten time, he had forgotten everything save the canvas before him, from which now a figure of marvellous beauty smiled down upon him.—the first masterpiece from the brush of the artist, Sebastian Gomez.

The mists had lifted forever, and Fame stood waiting on the heights.

The greatest of all obstacles, especially for a child, is the disapproval of those in authority.

Such was the case of the great musician, George Händel.

His father was body surgeon to the Duke of Saxony, and he allowed all his numerous children to follow their own inclinations in the choice of a profession, save his favorite and youngest son, George. For him he had great

ambitions. He was to be a learned man, a doctor of laws.

The boy was "clever, bright, energetic, and singularly tenacious of purpose."

All these characteristics were hereditary, but the manner in which he made use of them was something entirely new to the Händel family. To them, music was all very well as a pastime, but a musical career was nothing short of an utter absurdity.

Afraid that his son's musical propensities might take a definite hold on him, his father banished all musical instruments to the attic, and kept the boy away from school, "lest he learn notes, there, as well as letters."

But the little fellow's soul longed for music, and, one day, trying to while away the solitary hours when his playmates were at school, he came across what his father had taken such pains to hide from him—the beloved clavichord.

He said nothing to anyone of his wonderful discovery, but, at night, when the family were all asleep, the little white-robed figure would glide noiselessly up stairs and practise for hours, sometimes until sunrise, and then slip down again to put in the seemingly endless hours until night would come again.

As was to be expected, these midnight visitations could not go on forever without discovery. One night, in the middle of his favorite selection, a light flashed in his eyes, and, looking up from the instrument, he beheld his father, holding a lamp above his head, standing in the doorway.

Händel's grandson by his first marriage was chamberlain to the Duke of Weissenfels, and this story came at last to the worthy duke's ears. Being himself a great patron of music, he sent for this strange boy's father, and, having heard the child play, declared that he was a heaven-born genius, and he would not allow them to leave his Court until Händel had not only promised that he would no longer oppose the boy in his musical ambition, but that he would furnish him with a good teacher.

Still as tenacious of purpose as his son, the old man never gave up hope that the goal of his own expectations would some day be reached and that this his favorite child would become a doctor of laws. Needless to say, his heart's desire was never realized, but Händel, as a musi-

cian, has immortalized the name as no doctor of laws ever did.

In 1755, England, or rather Pitt, for England was Pitt and Pitt was England, awoke to the fact that that staunch little island was being rapidly circumscribed by a chain of those formidable enemies—mountains of difficulties.

Single-handedly, Pitt could not be expected to level all this threatening array, so, to General James Wolfe he gave charge of one of the greatest—Canada.

The charge of Canada, in reality, meant the capture of her strongholds—Louisburg and Quebec.

The former was taken with comparatively little loss, but, to what purpose, since a few hundred miles up the river stood the mighty fortress of Quebec, with its huge towers and battlements, ready to discharge from its superior heights a volley of fire as soon as the English ships hove in sight?

This was the problem which confronted Wolfe. He made several attempts to land below Quebec, but, all to worse than no purpose, for his forces were few in number and he could ill afford to lose any of his men.

Repulsed, but not conquered, he retired into his good ship, the "Sutherland," and looked his position squarely in the face.

It was now August. Winter would soon set in, and, with the coming of spring, reinforcements would, no doubt, arrive from France, but, from England there was no hope of assistance. She could but ill spare the few thousand that had been entrusted to him.

He was young, barely thirty-two—but strong? No. He felt himself on the brink of the grave; putting aside all other considerations of the spring, he knew he could never live through all the hardships of the winter, and he did so want to prove true to his trust, and take Quebec.

So, if his heart's desire and that of his country were ever to be realized, it must be now. "Now!" That was the keynote of his decision. But how?

The candle on the wall of his cabin burned lower and lower, and still that poor bodily wreck of a man, with the mind and heart of a hero, sat, quill in hand, with a huge map spread

out before him, tracing, and then rejecting as impossible, different plans of attack.

When, at last, the first rays of the morning sun forced their way through the little port-hole, they found Wolfe victorious.

Already the great battle was half won for he had conceived of a most daring, but none the less feasible, plan for the capture of the mighty fortress of Quebec.

That day he anchored his fleet at a place about two miles north of the city and waited, with as much patience as he could muster, for dark—and then for the tide.

It was two hours after midnight, the moon was down but the stars dotted the clear heavens like so many hundred candles, when an officer came up to Wolfe and said quietly: "The tide has turned, sir." Noiselessly, he gave the signal, and, at the first glimmer of the light, that whole fleet commenced to move.

Quietly, silently, they drifted down with the tide, while Wolfe, reclining in the foremost boat, could be clearly and distinctly heard in the stillness of the night repeating the lines:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

They were now nearing what has since been known as "Wolfe's Cove," and the twenty-four volunteer scouts commenced the hazardous ascent of the steep, rocky bank. Soon they sent from the heights the signal to ascend, and that whole army, headed by their brave General, made their way up the narrow pass. The last man had left the ships and the regiments were all stationed in battle array on the level plain to the north of the city, before the sleeping citadel was aroused.

At Wolfe's command, that solid mass of men stood motionless, taking the fire of the enemy until they were within forty yards of the French.

Then, Wolfe raised his sword, a thundering volley of shot rang out, the air was dense with smoke, and, when it lifted, the sight before them made all those true English hearts leap with joy, and then sadden again into sorrow. True, the French were routed, but the gallant general who had led them on to victory, was breathing his last in the arms of one of his officers. When

he was told of the flight of the enemy, his mighty will seemed to compel his soul to remain in his pain-racked body while he issued one last command. Then closing his eyes forever on this world of strife, he whispered, "Now, God be praised, I die happy."

He died happy because he had fulfilled his trust, and, in mounting the rocky precipice which led to the Plains of Abraham, he ascended that mountain of difficulties which brought his country to the plains of peace here and himself to the Plains of Peace hereafter.

Thus have men in all ages and in all climes ascended, or levelled to the ground, their "mountains in the way," but, there is yet one striking example to be taken into consideration.

Not in one age nor in one clime, but throughout all ages and all nations, has the Bark of Peter sailed on, ever on, riding triumphantly on the crest of the waves of prosperity, or hidden in the trough between walls of adversity, still it continues, and always will continue, to journey to its haven of rest.

The small craft that started out so fearlessly on its hazardous voyage, with but twelve illiterate men to man her, now rides majestically along with the greatest and best and most learned on board, all ever ready to lend a helping hand to any poor shipwrecked wretch who comes seeking refuge and assistance. Many are the storms this craft has weathered, many the mountainous waves her sailors have breasted, but the port is still far off, so she journeys on, on, on, always keeping watch for the guiding beacon light, and hoping for that day when she will be delivered whole and intact to the Master, in his realm of rest, wherein there will be no more strife or contention, but only peace, perfect peace, and joy, "such as it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive," for the turbulent waves of adversity will then have been calmed forever, and all true souls shall be enthroned on the summits of their "Mountains in the Way."

GERTRUDE KELLY, '09.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Talent develops itself in solitude—the talent of prayer, of faith, of meditation, of seeing the unseen; Character grows in the stream of the world's life.

The Lesson of Religious Peace.

MY reminiscences, writes Lady Ismay Crichton-Stuart, in *The New Ireland Review*, are of Valescure, a corner of southern France, amid surroundings of mountains, valley, and sea, which draw the mind to a realm of dreams, where it drifts with an indescribable sense of rest. The whole atmosphere suggests Peace—Peace in its most soothing form. Religious Peace. How strange and unaccountable the influence of certain spots of earth on the soul! The spirit of past ages seems to brood over them, with a suggestion of the infinite calm of that eternity into which those ages have passed.

It was thus, in the Fréjus Cathedral, at Vespers. The building is chiefly Norman, very tall and dark. Inside, the whole atmosphere breathes of the Middle Ages. There are beautiful old carved doors, at the outer entrance, and, behind the altar, the old monks' stalls are still intact; there is a duskness about the whole interior and a sense of adoration. Vespers are beginning, the Canons come in, one by one, quietly and reverently. Some move very slowly, white-haired old men, who have been through the strife of modern days in France. They file to their places as did their predecessors in ages gone by, lean against their stalls, and wait and pray. There is no hurry, as in the life outside, nothing of its bustle and its tumult. There is a suggestion here of the Infinitude of God, of that Being for whom Time is non-existent.

Soon the Bishop arrives, a white-haired and venerable man, with a deep look of saintliness. Vespers begin, followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction.

Coming out into the bright daylight, one felt a little dazed, and wondered wherein lay the great sense of peace and security. Then came the realization that, through the centuries since the building of this temple, Mass had been celebrated and Vespers sung here, and surely, there must be an abiding spirit of restfulness in such a Sanctuary of God. In the sunshine, the glory of peace was still abroad. The sky was a perfect blue, the sun all golden, and the distant Alpes-Maritimes gleamed white and silver on their snowy slopes. It was all very still, and in the shadows and hollows, as always, chilly and a

little sad. From the mountain tops to the valleys and the sea, the "Peace of God" reigned supreme.

Motoring through the Esterelles, by the wonderful red-soiled, twisting road, to Cannes, amid scenes of beauty beyond all powers of description, is an experience which makes a strange appeal to the soul. It impels one to sing of all that makes the joy of life—of beauty, of hope, of love. But yield to the impulse, and you will find that this is not enough to satisfy the longing that is excited. The mind understands that only prayer can still the cravings of the spirit for expression. The "Magnificat" is the only hymn appropriate to the time and place. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour."

This is the Psalm of Joy which expresses the emotions of the moment.

What is it that stirs the soul thus? Not necessarily a miracle for oneself, surely? No. It is the touch of God on the human soul through His beautiful creations. Who has not felt that a lovely view, or lovely music, or a lovely picture, brings a longing that almost pains? A longing for what? Should not the great and glorious beauty before one satisfy the soul, not make it hunger for something greater? Assuredly, it is the call of the Infinite to our immortal souls; the sure proof that nothing can satisfy the craving for the Great Beyond. Seeing something magnificent calls up a deep yearning for something more. What more can there be but God? The great and beautiful works of His hands are a sufficiently faint reflection of His glory to make us long for Eternal Life before His Throne. And one's heart pours forth the praises of His Majesty, "He is mighty in the mightiest, and His wisdom endureth forever."

The lesson of peace had grown from day to day, but yet the message was not complete. At sunset, one evening, came the completion. Above spread a sky, such as may be seen perchance once, perhaps twice, in the span of life. The rim of the sun had disappeared in a glory of gold and pale green. The sky-line seemed to shine with a radiant glory, and above, banked up in folds, were flushed red clouds of crimson and fire. The marvellous colors changed ever and always, as one looked. There were streaks of gold and green, and blots of crimson, then a

sheet of purer gold and crimson shadows and opal fringes to the purple hills that loomed out clearly in the fading daylight. There was the hush so often felt at sunset, the hush of Nature going to rest: one felt that the Spirit of God was speaking to the soul of man. The final blessing of peace poured forth as the hills grew sapphire, and the glorious red clouds massed and paled above them. It was grey presently, and a slight mist arose from the sea, whilst the last clouds faded to slate grey. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding" had entered into the soul.

Such moments of exaltation are all too brief. It is a grace to be able, now and then, to fly somewhere, where there is a little time for thought, a little time for one's mind to grasp the meaning of things around us, a little time for prayer. It is at those rare moments that one's spirit is uplifted and enabled to realize the magnitude of God's goodness to man, and to taste, if only for an instant, of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

Ralph Connor, on the Mountains.

PERHAPS, Ralph Connor has uttered the most beautiful words yet spoken of the Rockies. The eternal mountains, so silent, so true. Reading the "Prospector," you will find a passage that might be called,—“His reflections on the mountains.” It is a sublime passage and carries all the marks of a great novelist. Only the highly-attuned of heart and soul could read into the Rockies sentiments like these,—as rich, as pregnant with fine thought as the great, hidden, golden veins that course through these massive western mountains.

Oh, the glory of the mountains! To read these reflections is to bow the head and bless the majesty of their Creator.

“How can you so admire Ralph Connor?” said my friend.

“For his Scotch Angels, and French Clowns, and impossible and absurd Irish Perverts, perhaps.”

No! no!—but, in spite of his bias and national prejudice, the author has the marks of the great upon him; and we do admire him because he is elect and noble in this.

Aristotle, I think it is, who says an unbiased individual is a dull individual. Dull!—the word paints dark pictures to a “schoolmarm.” Let us have archangels for angels, and knaves for clowns, but not dullness. Prejudice and dullness are two evils, but the least of these is prejudice. Give me the latter and I can wait: give me the former and behold!—great excitement robs me, and enriches a little culprit with—a piece of my mind! Ergo, banish dullness.

A spiritual force comes out from this author's works, and you feel not the same, but better, after reading one of his books.

“But not profound or scholarly!”—Reader, my friend, again.

But what is *profound*?—Claudia, in “Palms,” asked “what is light?”—she was blind. Is it that which no one can understand, at times,—Kant, for instance? In the days of Elizabeth, the commonality considered Marlôwe, Lodge, Nash, and Green, profound. They were highly-lauded authors, in their day; and records tell us that all four rose up in righteous indignation at the “Upstart Plagiarist,” Shakespeare, whose “As You Like It” made such depredations on Lodge's novel, *Rosalynde*.

Indeed, Green's parting words to these friends seem over-solicitous: “There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers. That with his tygre's heart wrapt in a player's hyde supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum is, in his own concept, the only Shakescene in the countrie. Never more acquaint those apes with your admired inventions for it is a pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude gnomes.” Robert Green, a contemporary author, said these words: Shakespeare bore them.

Perhaps, this is why we sip courage and are glad, and not angry, when our friends are not appreciated, or misunderstood. Future Immortals can afford to bear present crosses.

Of course, we do not wish any one dead, least of all, those whom we love and admire, but, if Ralph Connor were in Heaven, how many more beautiful things would be left unsaid.

“We'll hear them now!”

My friend! is it curiosity or my poor eloquence that hath softened thy seemingly obdurate heart?

Well, I would say, with the poet, "He is a king of kings,—we need not fear for him." I would say, with Goethe, "Such thoughts as his will, in time, make the human countenance its own divinest altar; years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind." I would say, with George Eliot, "There are natures and if we know and love them, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust." And lastly, I would say from my own heart,—no words—but what the tribute of a tear might tell.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

The Meeting, Ten Years After.

(Translated from the German.)

NAPOLÉON I. founded at Rouen a boarding-school for the education of the daughters of military officers. In this school were three young ladies, who were closely attached to one another by the ties of love and friendship, notwithstanding the fact that they were not of equal rank.

Mary was the daughter of a poor lieutenant, who had lost both eyes in battle, and was now dependent upon a small pension. Clarissa was the daughter of a general, who had gained great possessions in the revolutionary war, and later received royal domains from Napoleon himself. Hortense was of a still higher family.

For several years the three were able to maintain a close friendship. However, one day, the hour of separation came and Mary was called home, because her mother had died and she had to look after her blind father. Before the three parted, they solemnly promised that, after ten years, at six o'clock in the evening, on the same day, they would meet at the gates of the Imperial Palace at Paris, and that no hindrance whatever should prevent them from carrying out their intentions. A gardener, who was working in the neighborhood of the boarding-school, was called as a witness to the promise.

In the same year in which Mary had to leave the school, the other two young ladies parted.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed. It was now the autumn day on which the meeting of the three friends should take place. It still lacked ten minutes of six o'clock in the evening, and yet there was no appearance of the three. However, as the clock chimed six, a magnificent carriage, drawn by four horses, drove up. From it descended a young woman, elegantly dressed. It was Mary, the daughter of the poor lieutenant. She was now very rich, because all her father's lands, which had been confiscated at the time of the Revolution, were returned again. Mary stood, full of expectation, at the appointed place, but saw no one.

"Could the two have broken their word," thought she.

However, it was not so. Suddenly a plainly-attired lady approached, in whom Mary recognized her friend, Clarissa.

The rich Clarissa, the daughter of a millionaire general, had become, during that time, poor. Her husband, a banker, had been bankrupt, and had fled.

"You will relate to me your story later," said Mary, "for we will separate no more. "I was poor in Rouen, and you loved me in spite of it; now I am rich, and you will remain with me."

Hortense was the only one missing.

"You know what she was," said Mary.

"You know what she is," added Clarissa, while a tear rolled down her cheek.

During the ten years Mary had become rich, Clarissa poor, while Hortense lived in exile.

At this moment, a man stepped up to the two ladies and asked: "Are you Clarissa and Mary?"

The ladies replied in the affirmative to the question of the man, who had been the gardener at Rouen, and had served as witness to the promise of the three friends.

He then handed to each of the ladies a little box. As they opened them, they found in each the half of a queen's crown. It was the crown which Hortense, as Queen of Holland, had worn.

At present she lived in exile, because with the downfall of Napoleon the first, her husband, who was his brother, had also lost his crown.

EVA GUILFOYLE.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.



PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD,
MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE WAY HIS PATH;
HE COMETH WITH TOKENS OF PEACE,
AND NOT, AS OF OLD, WRATH.



THE VALLEYS OF SLOTH MUST BE FILLED,
THE MOUNTAINS OF PRIDE LAID LOW,
THY WAYS MUST BE TURNED FROM DECEIT
IF THOU WOULDST THE CHRIST-CHILD KNOW.

Island Reberies.

THE English-speaking, nay, the English-writing, world is confused, not by a superfluity of words, but of letters; and in cases where no excess of letters is used, the wrong ones are evidently employed, if pronunciation counts for anything.

Our spelling and our pronunciation are wrong in themselves, and out of harmony with each other. It would be much easier and much more advisable to change the former than the latter. We may take for example that ugly, cumbrous termination "ough": the child or the full-grown foreigner is in hopeless wonder over the variety of its pronunciations in the words—"enough, though, trough, plough, through, and lough"! These are some of the commonest words in daily use! Is it not time that some reform should be made?

Again, we have much-needed words with most unneeded letters flung in at the beginning before the proper spelling begins; for example, such words as "gnat, gnaw, gnash, humor, knee, knock, know, knoll, knell, pneumatics, Ptolemy, and who." Needless letters are affixed to such words as "thumb, plumb, comb, limn, and hymn."

All this is tiresome to read, to write, and to spell, but more tiresome to teach! The English-speaking child is offered no apology, and battles through somehow: to the pupil of other race we can say but, "This is, but should not be, the accepted spelling of the word."

No conservative love for the past should deter us from striving for better spelling; for spelling has changed somewhat in the past century, more in the past two centuries, and is altogether different from what it was five hundred years ago,—as instanced by Chaucer's works. Certainly, spelling has greatly changed, but for the worse. Let us improve it even by going back to the older but better spelling of past ages.

The teachers of English have not taken throughout the English-speaking countries of the world the stand required of them. Men of letters, in other professions have for years agitated alone in this worthy, and so far, fruitless task,—and notably, Dr. Alexander Hamilton of Toronto. True, Dr. Hamilton commands a hearing always, and a convinced hearing, but why

have not our thousands of Ontario teachers rallied to his aid, captured the Education Department, and through that the publishing of our school books in satisfactory spelling?

For many years Dr. Hamilton has written for educational publications, and there are various papers and pamphlets published in, and in the interests of, phonetic spelling; and they now offer a simple and appealing system of intelligible, rational spelling.

* * * * *

When it is not impossible spelling it is something else that robs us of our full measure of peace in this world!

Now that the singing birds have flown, nature's only song is that of the winds. Listening to their howling, the exultation of relentless winter, my mind in shivering dread flies to the ends of the earth in quest of kindlier skies. Having been taught in childhood that New Zealand possesses the most enjoyable climate under the sun, I pause not until I reach that favored land. Summer is there! The happy people,—think of the joyful children!—have a long, long Christmas Day, for December 21st. is their longest day. By Christmas time, our New Zealand cousins have new potatoes and the first roast lamb of the season. Santa Claus, divested of icicles and snowflakes, takes our breath for the moment! Their shortest day, June 21st., ushers in a winter that in northern New Zealand is no more severe than that of California. As New Zealand is eleven hundred miles in extent from north to south, the climate varies, and is less mild in the south than in the north.

New Zealand is now populated by people from the British Isles. When our Canadian soldiers met the New Zealanders and Australians in South Africa, they found the former "more like ourselves"!

Surely, New Zealanders are content to stay at home to enjoy the delights of their beautiful land? Ah, no: it is not in the nature of man to remain in Eden!

That we have no abiding-place here; that the immortal soul cannot be satisfied with anything perishable, is exemplified by man in his journeyings, emigrations, and wanderings. To give a case in point:

A few years ago, two New Zealanders, friends intimate as brothers, left their ideal country and

dear ones, to try change and fortune in other lands,—in Canada. Fortune smiled, as at home, perhaps; but what can fill the loneliness that wants the dear faces that are on the other side of the world!

Letters and photos are affection's only resources now! There come entreaties, and there go promises to return: new hopes are awakened at both ends of the intervening twelve thousand miles!

Sickness,—he will not admit that it is serious illness,—comes to one of them, who was known to the writer only through a kind act done for a mere stranger. He has the sympathy and companionship of his comrade, with the hope of recovery, and the prospect of returning to the loved ones, now so much needed and missed! He leaves one bed to journey to another, a hospital cot, two hundred miles away. Days pass, but bring no abating of the fever, and—death is near! The matron tells him, impressively, that he is "very low." Ah, he knows what that means! His loved ones will not come to him; and he will never return to them,—never journey back to the dear home-land. Thought quickly suggests a messenger; so he requests the sympathetic matron to write a "letter" to his sisters in far-away New Zealand. His last earthly consolation is the thought of that letter, his last breath, speeding home!

"Life's fitful fever" over, he has been laid in his grave but a few weeks; and now his old friend, comrade, and compatriot, is going home to the summer-land of December! It is hard to return alone; so he has persuaded a Canadian friend to accompany him.

What can they do but pass and leave behind, that lonely grave at Winnipeg! And their hearts are full of hope and joy; for they are in the health and strength of early manhood, and one is returning to "home, sweet home," while the other's imaginings are filled with visions of that interesting New Zealand, of which he has heard but unlimited praise.

But what pangs will rend the hearts of the "sisters," who, when they welcome back their brother's friend, will behold by his side, not that beloved brother, but a stranger!

When we reflect upon the sadness of comparisons, and the sorrows that undermine the joys of this life, we are compelled to conclude that, in

the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, pain and sorrow, death and bereavement,—as also extreme cold and hunger,—are ills of little consequence, because affecting only our bodily life, and not interfering with the high destiny of the soul.

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The marriage "to be or not to be" of the Duke d' Abruzzi and Miss Elkins, and the column of Britain's unemployed, side by side,—frivolity and death—have for months filled our papers. How can human-hearted readers be interested in the opposite extreme while one of our king's subjects wants bread!—or, in fact, one of any other ruler's subjects! There is bread enough in the world for all. Britain for the British! The good Lord intended the earth and the fullness thereof for those who walk it! Locked up as game preserves are thousands upon thousands of broad acres that should yield bread for the people. There is the land waiting for the workers, the "unemployed." When they may not get leave to toil; when they cry in vain for bread, are we not collectively and individually responsible? Have we raised voice and hand in protest? Have we aided by any, and by every means in our power?

The poor of the United Kingdom may be divided into three classes—the poor of London, and other large cities; the poor of the surrounding country, who may not "get back to the land"; and the poor whose poverty is caused by the cessation of certain public works. The past couple of years have seen a great falling off in British exports and imports.

If the course of the Thames were turned through the slums of London, the city would be relieved of a plague spot, King Edward of a disgrace, and the poor slum-wretches of prolonged misery.

The majority of the poverty-stricken of London know little of Christianity, and practise less. They never go to church; in fact, there are no churches for them! Once it was not so; until three hundred years ago churches in Old London were numerous. The city, as all other cities of earlier Christian times, was built in circles, adjoining one another. Every circle had for centre a church, school, and a hospice or hospital, in which the lame, the halt, the blind and the friendless, aged poor were housed and homed.

These hospices were in their variety spread over the circling circles.

Every one, familiar with the City of London, knows St. Bartholomew's Church in which the tomb of its founder, the monk Rahere, with its smiling, recumbent effigy, is in as perfect a state of preservation, as if placed there yesterday, and not eight hundred years ago! About the beginning of the twelfth century, Rahere drained a fen to build this church, which he dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and also a hospice for the only class in the city still unprovided for, viz., indigent old men,—bachelors and widowers.

Around the church, school and home of these circles within the circle of Old London, circled public works, merchants' shops and dwelling houses.

Stowe's "London," now conveniently unknown to the so-called historians of the present day, would be an eye-opener to the majority of the British reading public. But the hidden comes to light in one form or another. Very frequently our newspapers offer us the old story in such lines as the following: "Workmen digging, etc., etc., came upon the foundation of a church and hospice, supposed to be that of St. ———, which, according to Stowe, stood upon this spot."

Ah, the souls that for centuries have been robbed of human consolations, of—Providence!

* * * * *

An interesting question is that of "the people getting back to the land." Do the words not suggest "the Jews getting back to Jerusalem"? But the Jews forfeited their Sion; the people of England were robbed of theirs.

A case in point is that of "the Page millions," from the Page estates, now begging an heir.

Henry VIII. robbed the rightful owners, turned them out and off, and bestowed the livings of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people upon one Page, his willing tool.

O that King Edward VII. would right this long-standing wrong, and return their own, the Page millions, to the rightful owners, the poor and the unemployed of England!

It is well indeed that Britons have always taken kindly to the water, since many of them would have no place to rest the foot on land.

The Earl of Stanhope, now touring Canada, proposes an expedient in the present emergency;

it is that the British Government obtain from Canada a tract of land upon which to settle the "unemployed," and that the home government supply them with everything needful, to plant the colony, and so long as they require assistance.

This idea covers the whole question. We have plenty of room for all whom the mother country finds burdensome. But let her sustain the burden, even here—in part!

There is one class that we should bar, and that, is the gypsies: if they are an incubus to the old country they would be a plague to this. It is said that the gypsy blood, as the negro, never runs out. The Mormons and Doukhobors are sufficiently troublesome in the west. The gypsies would add the finishing touch; they would constitute the "last straw"! Their cunning, lying, thieving, quackery, and godlessness would elude and baffle even our good mounted police. The gypsy never took, never takes kindly to Christianity. Even one gypsy in a community is a menace forever: his grandson, his great-grandson, is as much a gypsy as himself, for the gypsy blood never thins! The gypsy countenance never changes, although there may be dark-faced children and red-haired children in the same family. According to the old rhyme—

"It's a black-faced gypsy to-day,
And a red-haired gypsy to-morrow;
But whichever your purse gets away,
He's a gypsy, to your sorrow!"

* * * * *

The gypsy and the Jew uncompeled by Christianity, never rises above his race, above his inherited qualities and tendencies.

As for the Christian world, while religion compels in essentials, the man or the woman, in various ways and unwittingly tells of his or her race, and of his or her descent through the centuries, and this whether there be change from lowly to lofty, or from lofty to lowly station.

In youth and until middle age, companionship may influence mind and manners; but later, the individual slowly and surely returns to the spirit and measure of his ancestors and inheritance.

* * * * *

How sweet it is to hear of the old-age pensions that are now being paid over in Great Britain! It is but a handing back of their patri-

mony to many. Roast goose—England's Christmas goose—will appear on many a table after, perhaps, an absence of years! IDRIS.

**Reception Tendered to His Grace the Most
Reverend F. P. McEvay, D. D., Arch-
bishop of Toronto, by the Pupils of
Loreto Abbey, Toronto, Tuesday,
November the Twenty-fourth,
Nineteen Hundred
and Eight.**

ON Tuesday, November 24th., the boarders and day pupils attending Loreto Abbey, Toronto, united in tendering a reception of welcome to His Grace, the Most Reverend Fergus P. McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

Promptly at five, the honored guest arrived, to find the commodious, semi-circular stage filled to its utmost capacity with expectant, white-robed young ladies, eager to express in joyous songs the overflowing happiness of their glad hearts in welcoming to their beloved Alma Mater the honored and distinguished guest. Their fine personal appearance was further enhanced by the graceful drapery of their surroundings in the Abbey colors—pale blue and white.

His Grace, attended by his Vicar and about thirty of the clergy, being seated, the full, well-sustained chorus of welcome was poured forth from about one hundred and thirty well-trained fresh voices in perfect unison, its rendition recalling to the audience the well-known words: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Then followed the address, read in a clear, cultured voice by Miss Gertrude Kelley of Toronto. At its close, Miss N. Gartlan, on behalf of the boarders, presented a magnificent bouquet of American Beauties; Miss Victorine Rooney, a shower bouquet of Chrysanthemums from the day pupils, while the minims' floral offering was given by Miss Esme Cosgrave.

ADDRESS.

Most Reverend and dear Father:

A far-resounding note of joy and praise has been heard before to-day throughout the Archbishopial See.

In many and varied scenes has your honored

name been greeted, but not a truer, gladder welcome has been tendered than that which re-echoes within our Abbey home to-night.

Hope, too, breathes her silvery note—hope that, under your fostering care, inspired by your untiring zeal and energy, our loved Alma Mater may reach forth to loftier heights, to nobler aims than those even yet attained.

May this new portion of the Lord's Vineyard, allotted to your fatherly care, bringing forth its hundredfold, prove the *richest, fairest* jewel in your pastoral diadem, and your sojourn amongst us be one of untold blessing and peace.

May long years of soft sunshine, God's own tender radiance,

Bring happiness always to dwell in your home,
May the gifts we implore in our warm supplication,

Again and again in rich plenitude come.

Thus do we Loreto's children pray for Your Grace to-day.

Then ensued a very fine programme of songs, piano and violin selections, and literary recitations. Henry Van Dyke's "Legend of Service" was so effectively read that His Grace spoke of the lesson therein contained for all; that of our duty to the Divine Master, without stopping to question, why? how? or when? The last number of the programme, "Ave Maria Loreto"—composed by a friend of the community—fills all who hear it with renewed devotion to our Blessed Mother, our dear "Lady of Loreto."

His Grace was pleased, after the final chorus, to compliment the pupils on their laudable efforts and to stimulate them to still greater exertion for the future. In a few forcible words, he spoke of the advantages they enjoy in their well-equipped convent home, where they are given the opportunity of acquiring all branches necessary for any walk in life that the future may hold in store for them. But, above and beyond all, he emphatically told them there was one lesson he wished them to impress on their minds, their hearts, their characters, while under the direction of their religious teachers—a lesson that will add lustre to the most cultured and make the least attractive beautiful—that lesson of which Pope so happily wrote:

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below."

PROGRAMME.

- Song of Welcome.....
 Address.
 The Woodpecker*Nevin*
 JUNIOR CHORAL CLASS.
 Piano Selection, Air de Ballet.....*Moskowski*
 Kathleen Mavourneen*Crouch*
 SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.
 Domine, Quo Vadis.....*Watson*
 Duet for Violins, The Harp of St. Cecilia.....
 Senior Choral Class, Charity.
 Legend of Service.....*Henry Van Dyke*
 Senior Choral Class, Ave Maria Loreto.
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

Our Studio and its Art Students.

IF the many studies to which we devote our attention, one of the most fascinating to the majority is, probably, the art of sketching and painting from nature; for, apart from the pleasure and instruction it affords, it tends to develop our powers of observation, and to increase our appreciation of the beautiful.

How interesting it is to watch the little ones, palette and brush in hand, depicting blue skies and green grass—with an occasional tree, that looks very bright! Sometimes big apples are made, which are often much too red. To their young eyes all this is very beautiful, and, it is wonderful what an amount of admiration they expend on each other's work. Though we may be amused at the crudity of their attempts yet we feel that they are learning to look more closely, to understand more clearly, and to love more dearly God's own nature which surrounds them.

Well has Richard Hovey said:

Look without!

Behold the beauty of the day, the shout
 Of color to glad color—rocks and trees,
 And sun and sea, and wind and sky! All these
 Are God's expressions, art-work of His hand,
 Which men must love, ere they can understand.

The next grade of students whose greatest reward, outside of a real frolic, is an extra hour for drawing, is very much absorbed in color work. Here map-drawing is commenced; scenes requiring but slight knowledge of perspective are executed from nature and also from mem-

ory; and simple objects are undertaken with real zest.

Occasionally, a sketch, illustrative of some passage, easily grasped by the young mind, is attempted, such as—

“I have a little shadow, that goes in and out with me,
 And what can be the use of it is more than I can see;
 For it is very like me, from the heels up to the head,
 And I see it jump before me when I jump into my bed.”

The illustrations, in many cases, are funny in the extreme, yet, occasionally, a surprisingly characteristic one is executed. Do you know, I think the teachers have some hearty laughs at the expense of the budding artists?

The higher grades, using mainly ink wash and water colors, continue all the work begun in the lower, but bring it to a greater perfection. They now learn how helpful to their study of science, especially botany, drawing and painting are, for they cannot do careful work without observing the characteristics of the various plants, learning where to find them, and studying their habits of growth.


Take a stroll into the class rooms, some day, after dismissal, and you will be surprised to see the various insects, large and small, that can be placed on one blackboard by the skill of our future artists.

The highest grades, besides sketching from life, making attempts to catch the ever-changing expression of the human countenance, and keeping up the practice of the work learned in earlier years, sometimes paint dainty china, and copy scenes, painted by the world's famous masters, endeavoring to give their work the charm of the original. Then, too, they study the lives of the artists, and their masterpieces, so that when the blissful pleasure of a few years abroad shall fall to their lot, they may be able to appreciate not only the varied and magnificent scenery, which will raise their minds from nature up to nature's God, but also these scenes caught on canvas by the hands of those who had an understanding, and, above all, a divinely-inspired love of the Creator's work.

MARJORIE C. BECK.

**A Visit to the Art Exhibition, Under the
Auspices of the Woman's Art
Association, Hamilton, Ont.**

"O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Though it may hold the message unawares."

 ON Friday, the fourth of December, we who had the pleasure of a visit to the Exhibition of the Woman's Art Association of Hamilton, realized the truth of the above lines.

Among the many beautiful water colors there was an exquisite little sketch by Miss Galbraith—"A Garden Corner"—in which the flowers were so real that we could actually name them. Mrs. Calder's "Lilacs," and "Peonies" made us dream of spring with its many charms, while Miss Hore's varied collection afforded glimpses of places and things so enchanting that any lover of nature would long to view them. In her painting of "Webster's Falls" we could see the spray dash on the luxuriant trees on both banks. The "View in Collingwood" was most realistic, and the luscious "Grapes" were, indeed, tempting—china painters might well covet them for decoration.

Of Miss Silcox's work, the pastel, entitled "Evening," won most admiration. Mrs. Gow's view of "Georgian Bay" made some dream of home, so perfect was it in every detail.

There were so many charming water colors that we could easily have spent a day studying them—we returned a second and a third time and still found a new beauty in each.

Among the work of the professionals who do not belong to the Woman's Art Association, Mr. Seavey's "The Home of the Kingfisher" was the subject of long and silent study on the part of even the youngest pupil—a pond, on the banks of which is a large clump of willows, bent by a coming storm, yet its waters are perfectly calm, reflecting a blue sky, partly covered with fleecy clouds, becoming most threatening towards the horizon. In the middle of the pond, on a branch of dead willow, a tiny kingfisher peacefully rests—truly, a living picture.

"The Range Rider," by J. S. Gordon, won long admiration from our Western girls, who said that it made them think of their wide-spreading prairies.

In the Loan Collection, the three paintings—"The Fading Race," "Bison Middy," and "Leader of the Herd"—by F. A. Verner, A. R. C. A., elicited unlimited admiration. In "The Leader of the Herd," a magnificent buffalo stands in the midst of a boundless prairie. Perhaps it is the skilful handling of space and beautiful atmospheric effect that give the picture its charm.

There were many other paintings, each of which had a beauty all its own, and had we been millionaires we would have gladly parted with some thousands to be the happy possessors of these gems of art. However, we returned to the convent with mental visions of beauty, and a determination to work diligently at drawing and painting, that thus we, too, might accomplish something and thereby attain the object of our ambition.

Before closing, I must not forget the large collection of miniatures belonging to Mrs. Colquhoun. They are exquisite in finish. "The Shadow Portraits" were the first of the kind we had ever seen.

We were simply unable to give the exhibit the appreciation it deserved, in the time at our disposal, and went away wondering why a city like Hamilton has not a permanent art gallery, to which lovers of art could return to study and admire at their leisure. Hamilton has, certainly, a sufficient number of artists to begin such a collection.

MARJORIE C. BECK.

The end of life is not to become good nor be good, nor even to do good—it is just what God wills, whether that be working or waiting, or winning or losing, or suffering or recovering, or living or dying.

No gentle word is ever spoken that Christ's voice does not also speak; no meek deed is ever done that the unsummoned Vision does not there and then appear. God is gentle with us all, moulding us and winning us many a time with no more than a silent look.

Alumnae Column.

Class of '08.

"Change must sometimes meet souls all unchanging."

THE last glorious rays of an incomparable sunset have slowly faded, and with them seem to have fled, for a few short hours, the thoughts which bind me to this new, eventful, and enjoyable life.

Memory conducts me to an old familiar scene, enclosed by well-guarded walls, and apparently secure from invasion—formidable walls, capable of awakening even dread in the mind of the unsophisticated child. Yes!—or so thought I—and have I not had ample experience to justify my statement? Each detail of these walls could scarcely fail to escape my observation. Large pointed spikes were—and are still—used to prevent the curious intruder from exploring the sacred precincts within, but, surely, some humor lay in the situation, for a small opening had been affording many glimpses of the outer wicked world of action until, one day, the unexpected happened!—there was an undignified scramble—and if walls have eyes as well as ears, these had never before been spectators to anything so intensely exciting. Henceforth the breach in the wall was merely a memory.

But let us enter the secluded region, hidden from the curious and critical public, and contemplate its peaceful beauty.

Can anything surpass the loveliness of these spacious grounds, as the warm light of a midsummer afternoon falls across the thick, green carpet, whose sheen suggests the mossy floor of some woodland dell?

I forget that a few short months may have brought untold changes to the beloved realm of my dreams, and I listen in vain for well-known voices. Suddenly, down the pathway, a figure, almost hidden by the dense foliage, appears before me, and, without a moment's hesitation, I cry—

"Why such haste, Edna? It is much too early to enjoy the glories of a perfect moonlight?"

A soft, melodious laugh—a sly glance—and I discover that the face and form of the girl before me are not at all familiar, but, in schoolgirl confidence, she informs me that she is making a

rapid visit to the sweetest spot on earth—at least, to the convent maiden.

A feeling of intense longing and sadness steals over my heart as I realize that the good old days of convent life have fled—that no longer does the air vibrate with the merry voices so dear to me.

Shall I cross the threshold of that building where the rosy years of my childhood, the student years of my girlhood, golden through good companionship and unbounded ambition, were passed? No. To-night, let me turn from its hospitable portals, and, in some secluded nook, sit and ponder on what Dame Fortune has in store for that wondrous class of '08.

Why will Fancy persist in leading me along the tedious, but far-famed, road of Art? Ah, I understand. I am requested to inspect some exquisite paintings by a celebrated artist, and which have lately found a conspicuous place in the Salon. I gaze in wonder at the display of work before me, and, in admiration, my eyes rest on the face of the still youthful artist. Well, in the line of art, we were led to expect great things from you, Edna, and you have certainly fulfilled our most sanguine expectations. May your blue, blue eyes always seek the glorious beauty of nature, as the seasons come and go, that ever making the visible beautiful, you may ascend to the beautiful invisible.

Melodious strains, issuing from some unknown quarter, now float upon the air. That touch was once familiar—and that voice which seems to direct a youthful musician. Yes, doubtless, it must be our own Rita, who so often delighted us of yore with her "imitations," and what we classically termed "merry little giggles."

In the midst of a gay throng of social merry-makers, another Edna—one of Uncle Sam's fairest daughters—claims my undivided attention. Her dark, serious eyes are riveted upon the pleasure-seeking friends around her, and ever and anon she pauses as though seeking to solve the mystery of happiness. Standing at the window of Hope and gazing on a world all fair to her young eyes, the future wears for her a halo of glorious color on its brow—may no Dead Sea fruit avail her touch.

A girlish, graceful figure appears before me now, absorbed in the fascinating study of a fireless cooker!—for our matter-of-fact (?) Eliza-

beth has elected to be initiated into the mysteries of the culinary art, by a course in Domestic Science at Macdonald Hall. Our hearts thrill with the inspiring certainty of her success, and we revel, in imagination, in the anticipation of her promised hospitality, when our fair hostess may well feel proud of her undisputed skill in the preparation of the delicious viands of which it will be our delight to partake.

But ere this vision fades, another appears to further excite my rising admiration. Who would have thought that our literary Kathleen who, we imagined, might seek recognition from the critics of the whole wide world, could be so truly "the angel in the house." Not that we were unmindful of those sterling qualities, that characteristic sincerity and strength that is as beautiful as it is rare, but we had planned other things for our pensive book lover. Yet, Fame may not pass by this worthy maiden, and, perhaps, in the great future again her name will recall a fair girlish face, with its crowning wealth of chestnut hair, and those true blue Irish eyes which so often used to ruffle the tranquillity of my incomparable (?) disposition, when the graphic flow of her eloquence was directed Frances-ward!

Where is our demure little Gladys? Lost in the pursuit of rural pleasures, she faded for a time from our view. No doubt, fishing, sailing, or canoeing, occupied the precious moments of summer vacation, so we shall not censure her. But now, lost again, in the pursuit of that elusive B. A.—feminine gender—we wish her every success and a happy university career.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the "Queen City," Hilda, loyal, as ever, continues to pay numerous visits to the Mount, probably endeavoring to discover whether the world or the cloister claims her as its own. I cannot see her in my Visionary World because—well, it is my secret, and I must cherish it—alone.

In fancy I find myself seated beside another school friend, one who has already abandoned the joys of maidenhood for the happiness of matrimony. Truly, Carmi will be graced by such a pattern of young womanhood as only one endowed with Jessie's singularly winning personality and accomplishments could prove to be. Admirably fitted by nature and education to fulfil her new and important mission in life, we will

fondly hope that an echo of that sweet song of happiness which lingers round the fireside, may often reach those who rejoiced in her companionship in the days that are now no more.

FRANCES DANIELLS.

Sauer.

A PIANO recital which the privileged Abbey pupils will long cherish as a precious remembrance, was that recently given at Massey Hall, Toronto, by Emil Sauer.

Truly, the eminent German pianist proved himself worthy of all the claims of his countrymen, among whom he is regarded as a superb virtuoso, a leader in his generation, standing in the foremost rank with Paderewski, Hofman, and Hambourg.

Along with his captivating charm as a pianist, Sauer possesses a striking personality. When he made his initial bow, all were reminded of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for there was the same sunny smile, the same strongly-marked features, and the same grace and simplicity of manner which characterize Canada's distinguished Premier.

Notwithstanding the fact that Sauer is entering the autumn of life, he still plays as a young man, buoyant with the springs of youth. Evidently, he enjoys his own music; he enters whole-souled into his task, and succeeds in bringing forth from the king of instruments a concord of sweet sounds—beautiful, brilliant, thrilling, glorious.

On the occasion of this visit to Toronto, his programme varied from a Bach Concerto to a Strauss waltz. This opportunity for the display of the artist's many and versatile talents, could not fail to satisfy the most exacting of audiences.

The rendering of the "Sonata Pathétique" was a perfect delight to the listeners. Sauer made it a living thing. The unexplained quality of Beethoven, the lull and stress, the storm, and the calm which follows, all that makes him still a mystery, there were to be found in Sauer's interpretation.

From this he passed, by degrees, through an abundance of shorter numbers, until he reached the climax in the "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

This was a Scherzo not only in name but in musical quality, and, as the pianist would deftly

run over the piano, one could almost hear the fairies "dancing on the moonbeams, playing over the dews."

And thus he leaves his audience impressed that this Emil Sauer is a true genius, a beautifully-poised sympathetic interpreter, and a perfect master of his art.

MERCEDES DOYLE.

Macdonald Hall.

IT seems impossible that the dear old class of '08 is so scattered, but, as the others have been heard from, I will now tell you a little about—not the one attending Macdonald Institute, Guelph, but about the Institute—and the Hall—our residence. Situated on the O. A. C. campus are the Macdonald buildings, and attending are about one hundred and fifteen girls.

I must tell you first, of our work, and afterwards, of our play. I am in the short-course class in Domestic Science—an abbreviation of the year's Home-maker Class, but a very, very good abbreviation. Besides studying and practising the culinary art, we have the study and practice of the best laundry methods, sanitation foods—that we do not give a meal composed of carbo-hydrates alone, for instance, to a proteid-needling individual—millinery, sewing of all kinds, and Home-nursing. Did you ever try changing an undersheet without removing the patient from the bed? Well, let me tell you, it is not as easy as it looks; and neither is black-leading a stove, nor polishing a piano-case—for we have House Practice—in capital letters, if you please—one afternoon a week.

Now, for our playtime! But I have not space to tell you of the joys of the succeeding "proms," the Philharmonic Concert, the Masquerade, or the excitement of the Inter-Collegiate Rugby games, so I shall tell you of the "Initiation"—the first big event for us at Macdonald.

Large cards, commanding the presence of all new girls, that evening, in the "gym," were to be found tacked up in all parts of the house—it seemed to us. We went in a body, and entered a semi-darkened room, between two rows of stern-(?) looking girls, dressed in white, wearing cardboard helmets, with "Policeman" written on them, and strenuously grasping dumb-bells.

Next we looked at the stage. It was a miniature court, the jury at each side, attorneys seated at tables in the front, and on an immense black-covered throne, sat the judge, in her black robes. That throne struck terror into every heart—had we known that it was a piano-case successfully draped!!

The clerk of the court now rose and read the laws the court was to enforce. Some were, "All juniors must bow respectfully to seniors when meeting them on the campus or in corridors. 2. Seniors must always have a seat in the trolley car—no matter how crowded. 3. 'Home, Sweet Home,' played with one hand, must not be heard in the Hall during the first two weeks of residence." Too hard on the feelings—or nerves—of our beloved seniors! Then a new girl was called up, given a towel, soap, and water to wash her hands, and then, offered the oath of compliance. One poor unfortunate, charged with contempt of court, had to speak on mud for two minutes; another, being too frisky, was put in front on the stage, and told not to smile, for five minutes. At last, the court adjourned, the judge first heartily welcoming all the strangers, asking some one to play the first dance, and announcing refreshments after it. The seniors did their best to make the rest of the evening extremely enjoyable, and, that night, when we left the "Gym," we were all loyal "Mac" girls, though that loyalty did not diminish a jot the love we felt for our former Alma Maters—for *mé*, dear Loreto.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '08.

The strength of industry is calm, not boisterous. Much talk and little work generally go hand in hand. Those who boast loudly of the great things they will accomplish, who make a stir and commotion whenever they attempt anything, who work violently and to excess at one time, and not at all at another, who think that, in order to be earnest they must be fussy, and to be enthusiastic, they must be violent—such persons cannot show forth the power of industry: That is reserved for the calm and steadfast toiler, who, without boasting or flourish, or confusion, or overstrain, patiently and earnestly pursues his work, aiming at excellence rather than plaudits, and fidelity rather than glitter.

Letter Box.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW :

I do not think I mentioned in my last letter the garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, at which Cardinal Vannutelli was the guest of honor.

The Duke had invited a thousand ecclesiastical dignitaries, laymen, and ladies, and over eight hundred accepted the invitation.

The Papal Legate was met at Arundel station by the Duke, who kissed his episcopal ring and conducted him, with the Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal Gibbons, to an open barouche, drawn by four bays. The postillions and the outriders wore the Norfolk livery.

Crowds lined the hilly streets of the picturesque town which clusters at the foot of the Castle battlements, and warmly cheered His Grace's guests. Cardinal Vannutelli blessed the people as he passed, most of them bending the knee. Admitted through the main gateway of the ducal residence, over which are carved the arms of the Earl of Arundel, supported by the Howard lion, and the Fitzalan horse, the visitors proceeded to a lovely green spot, encircled by chestnuts and spruce, just within the battlements, where a low daïs, covered with crimson cloth, had been placed. Behind this, full in the warm sunshine, were drawn up two or three hundred children from the Catholic schools, wearing colored sashes and carrying banners, and a group of black-hooded Sisters. A company of cadets formed a guard of honor. The Cardinal halted when he saw the smart little company of the Catholic Boys' Brigade of Arundel in their neat uniforms presenting arms, while their tiny buglers sounded a flourish. As he and the Duke, followed by the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, stepped upon the daïs, the children raised cheer upon cheer, which Cardinal Vannutelli smilingly acknowledged. Walking over to them in the most unaffected way, he spoke kindly words, and patted many on the head. He spoke also with the Sisters, all of whom in kneeling attitude, kissed his ring.

After a few minutes thus spent, the Duke, side by side with the Cardinal, led the way over the drawbridge and through a Norman gateway into

the inner precincts of the wonderful Castle, over which floated the gorgeous ducal and the white and yellow Papal flags. This led directly into the quadrangle, shut in on three sides by lofty walls, enclosing the residential, State, and private apartments; and, on the fourth side, by the oldest relic of mediæval times in this ancient fortress—the crumbling yet still substantial keep, towering above all else, and recognized from afar as the glory of Arundel. Here, in the secluded, shady quadrangle, beneath walls that glisten with fresh whiteness or are mottled with age, the visitors momentarily passed, then dispersed whither choice took them. Many of the residential apartments were thrown open, and there was eagerness to wander in rooms containing priceless treasures in art and craftsmanship; to inspect tapestries and casquets of marvellous beauty; pictures and portraits collected through many generations; a library stored with the finest literature, and corridors and recesses full of the dull sheen of armor and weapons.

Through the Castle windows there were such landscapes stretching away as England cannot elsewhere surpass. Up winding staircases, along embattled walls, down in deep recesses, all were free to wander without restraint, and when the sense of sightseeing had been satiated, there was music to be heard on the lawns, by military bands.

In the drawing-room, the Duchess of Norfolk welcomed her guests, and his Royal Highness Prince Max of Saxony gave many of them an account of the Castle. Thus, for four hours, the visitors enjoyed the charms and wonders of one of the finest ducal palaces England boasts.

The scene in the grounds was remarkable, the brilliant scarlet and purple of the robes standing out in contrast to the greensward and the mediæval stronghold under the warm, clear sunshine.

In many languages, the guests, on the homeward journey, expressed their intense appreciation of a delightful function.

D. T.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW :

In the memorable and historic gathering, assembled in London for the Eucharistic Congress, would you like to know what appealed to me

most forcibly? The children's procession. It was really the idealization of the Master's "Suffer the little ones to come unto me," for they trooped from every direction, moving to their positions past one another in intricate windings that suggested a hugely complicated running maze. It was a perfect afternoon, the sun shone brilliantly from an almost unclouded sky, and the light breeze stirred the river into a glitter of silver. The trees were beginning to show their first signs of autumn gold, and they fittingly framed the picture in which were so many vivid touches of color.

There was hardly one who was not wearing white and yellow. Many of the little girls wore veils, with, in not a few instances, garlands of white flowers. The boys had armlets, sashes, ties of many distinctive colors—the Papal colors being assumed as a rosette. The children were ranged in two double lines, with space enough for the banner-bearers to walk between.

As the hands of Big Ben neared three o'clock, a boys' band, which had done much to enliven the interval of waiting, played a few bars, and all the voices near it took up a sweet and beautiful *Ave Maria*. The crowd became very dense as Westminster Bridge was reached, and many joined their voices with those of the children as they passed. Windows were crowded with spectators, the passengers on trams and omnibuses stood up to get a glimpse of the little ones, who were accompanied by a sufficient number of their teachers, while, of course, policemen walked beside them at fairly close intervals.

When the procession reached the venerable Abbey, whose association with Edward the Confessor was reflected in many of the banners, another hymn was begun. It proved to be "Faith of our Fathers"—with its closing aspiration—

"We will love both' friend and foe in all our
strife,

And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life."

Under those grey walls which hold the shrine of him who has, on October the thirteenth, a place in the calendar of the Church, the throng listened as it watched the memorable sight.

In Francis Street, another hymn was sung, evidently much further in the rear of the pro-

cession, as snatches reached us like silver echoes.

An involuntary "O-oh" went up from the children as they approached the Archbishop's house. The sight was certainly a brilliant one. Over the door hung the Papal flag, and, in the very centre of the balcony, beside it, stood the stately, gracious figure of the Legate himself. Ranged on both sides of him, and completely filling the balcony and the windows behind, were the rest of the Cardinals, the Archbishops, and Abbots, imposing in their purple and scarlet robes. Every window was filled, some few having ladies in them, while even the roof was crowded by important dignitaries, anxious to see the procession of the little ones of the fold.

The children, as they began to pass the Legate and those who were with him, had a hearty welcome in the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs. The boys were, of course bare-headed, and, in the slight pause which they were permitted to make, they waved their caps, while the girls flourished the papers they had been given with the order of service, or raised the bannerettes higher. The pleasure and satisfaction of all the dignitaries became infectious, and soon, from every balcony and from the crowd on the pavement, the various contingents were hailed with shouts of welcome. A large party, with a very handsome banner of red and gold, had another handsome device in white and yellow, from which fell long festoons of white and yellow flowers, the ends of which were carried by young girls, and was one of the first to secure applause. The little girls from the German School of St. Boniface were noticeable, for they wore white frocks with red sashes, had wreaths of white flowers upon their fair hair, and carried large clusters of Annunciation lilies. The children from St. Mary's, Moorfields, were well received, and so large was the detachment from Silvertown that it was greeted with loud shouts of "Bravo, Silvertown," to the evident delight of those in charge.

Conspicuous among the young folks from St. Anne's, Underwood Street, were the choristers, who marched in all the glory of their scarlet cassocks and white lace. The boys from Highgate had green caps, and all the girls wore veils. Quite a feature in the procession were the beautiful banners of white silk, with sacred emblems

painted on them, in the most delicate colors, which were carried by the children of St. Joseph's, Rotherhithe. Pretty little blue bannerettes, mounted on silver, distinguished the group from St. Mary's. The girls from the Convent of Notre Dame de France, in London, were recognized and cheered; and, from Nazareth House, Hammersmith, came a large contingent, the girls wearing dark blue dresses and white straw hats, and carrying yellow bannerettes with white crosses. St. John's, Islington, sent a strong force with its boys' band, the girls having particularly dainty chaplets of white flowers on their hair. A smart company of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, in dark blue and white, swung by, with almost military precision of step.

Nearly an hour was occupied before the Cathedral was filled, and the last of the happy children had found a place within its walls. So quietly did group upon group pass to their places that scarcely a sound disturbed the peace of the vast building. Only by slow degrees did one see the picture completing itself, as each little band fitted like a mosaic into the whole. The dim grey of the Cathedral walls, the gleaming altar candles, throwing into relief the gold and the splendor of coloring that surrounded it, the bronze-green velvet within the altar-rail, and the ever-growing thousands of children, quietly marshalled to their places, were a sight not easily forgotten—a fresh tribute to the organization that characterized the whole Congress.

The girls just before the altar-rail wore blue dresses and filmy white veils. When they had seated themselves in an attitude of repose, with folded hands, and their banners ranged along the altar-rail beside them, they made a wonderful background for the massed children. In one part of the Cathedral was a group of boys, distinguished by their red sashes and glowing banners; near by were girls in white robes, with sashes of gold and white, chaplets of white flowers, and veils of transparent tulle. Again a group of boys, and once more girls, perhaps in white, with the pale blue ribbons of Our Lady conspicuous, as badges, as banner-ribbons, and wrought into the banners themselves. Thousands of sweet little faces were turned like flowers to Cardinal Logue when, having walked in procession from the altar, he entered the pulpit. The light caught the rich glow of his robe

of watered silk, and was reflected in ripples that intensified the whole delicacy of that mosaic beneath him, with its eager, young, ardent faces, and here and there the sombre garb of a Sister or a Nun, or the immaculate white of her wing-like coif.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," said the Cardinal, speaking impressively, and, as he spoke, kindly surveying the faces before him. He held the attention of the children as he continued the tender words of the text, and went on to draw the thoughts of his hearers to the speaker of those words, describing the occasion on which they were uttered. The sermon of His Eminence, while replete with instruction, was intelligible to the youngest child present. Nothing was omitted that could impress upon their minds the necessity of being true to their religion and avoiding sin.

In the meantime the Cardinal Legate had entered the Cathedral. As he took his place, the tall, imposing figure in white and gold, with just the gleam of scarlet from the robe he wore underneath, with the Bishops in the back rows of the altar stall, the Abbots in front, the chaplains of the Cathedral once more in front of them, and the altar boys, with lighted candles between, the sight was a magnificent one. The sweet voices of the children rose in "O Salutaris Hostia," and every head in the great building was bowed. It was impossible not to let one's thoughts fly out beyond this scene of adoration to the effect it would have on the lives and thoughts of those who participated. After Benediction, the whole procession passed down the length of the Cathedral. Cardinal Vannutelli saw every child in the place, for his searching eyes took in the whole scene, as he slowly walked down the aisle. With hands outstretched—large supple, speaking hands, such as the Italians possess in the highest perfection—he sent, with his all-absorbing smile, his blessing thrilling to the hearts of the children, who responded by kneeling.

As the last of the splendor died away, and the last notes of the organ filled the air, the children were marshalled out of the Cathedral, with the same care and thoughtfulness that had characterized their coming. There was absolutely no hurry or bustle, no scrambling or impatience, and, tired as they must have been, the little peo-

ple obediently followed the directions given to them. Nearly all were well-dressed and cared for; only here and there did one catch a sight of poor little feet that were uncovered to the stones' cold, on an autumn afternoon. When asked why an attempt had not been made to procure shoes for the poorest of the children, one of those in authority said that it was not in keeping with his ideas that the children should be encouraged to think that any special preparation, in the way of dress, was necessary for attending a church service, or for taking part in such a procession. No one was too poor for that.

There were some touching incidents of love and admiration for children. A tired, draggled, weary-looking woman stepped forward in the crowd, seized a child so lovely that she had the face of an angel, and kissed her passionately many times. Then she disappeared again into the crowd.

"Do you know her, dear?" asked the Sister in charge of the little ones.

"No," said the child, raising her eyes of dark blue from beneath her golden hair, softened by her white tulle veil and her chaplet; "I never saw her."

So the little children came to listen to the message of the Eucharistic Congress, and, by their very loveliness, they themselves brought a message, plain to the eyes of all who knew its language.

W. M.

Life is the finest of the Fine Arts;—it has to be learned with lifelong patience, and—the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.

A good book is as valuable as a good friend, but he who has too many books, like him who has too many friends, is sure to be led away by some of them.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a blunder, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet. True character is first tender, then hopeful, and afterwards reformatory.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

"We can grow only by keeping ourselves in vital communication with the world within and without us."
—*Bishop Spalding.*

A few important items were too late for the press in the last issue of the RAINBOW, principal among them being the election of officers among the Children of Mary: President, Mary Eagen; Vice-President, Mary Leary; Treasurer, Agnes Robinson. The appointments among the members of the St. Catherine's Literary Society were also made with the following results: President, Mary Leary; Vice-president, Mary Eagen; Secretary, Lillice Matthews; Librarian, Vivian Spence.

October seventeenth dawned a very doubtful day, as if it had not determined the weather bulletin.

We arose anticipating one of our customary care-free half-holidays, with no expectation of the great pleasure about to be given us.

The morning passed uneventfully, and dinner over, we congregated in the schoolroom to begin our sewing, when we were honored by a visit from the ever-welcome Father Rosa. His very appearance seemed to affect the weather, because when he suggested a trip through the Power House, the sun shone in a most whole-hearted fashion, and great commotion ensued in the hurry of attaining the necessary hats and coats.

We assembled in the usual convent line, but on reaching the gate, Father Rosa ordered the removal of the rigidity and a happy group of girls filled the antechamber of the great Ontario Power House.

The superintendent suggested putting our signatures in the register, perhaps in the expectation of future greatness; this done we waited in this unpretentious chamber, which little prepared us for the great expanse we were about to see.

Then we started. Four guides accompanied our party and led us through a short passage, in an elevator, which took us down a hundred and sixty feet; and opened into a large engine room, where the electricity is made.

Six turbine wheels filled the great expanse of this building, five were in motion; the sixth was kept in reserve in case of one becoming disabled. Each wheel revolved eighty-five and a third times a minute and composed twenty thousand volts.

When the building is completed and an addition finished on the north end, there will be twenty-one turbine wheels. A door opens from the south end and leads under the Falls to a covered balcony. The view obtained from this point is most awe-inspiring.

After we had gazed a long time, we traversed a long, illuminated passage, and ascended in the elevator until we reached another building, where the machinery was installed that regulated the power and discharged it to the different cities. From here we were led out to the crest of a hill, into an elevated balcony, and down a few steps into a garden of autumn flowers. Instead of descending in the elevator, we went down a series of stone steps until we reached level ground again.

The spirit of exploration had seized us. We crossed Victoria Park and climbed the hill, up a fascinating little mountain path, which terminated in a large field, where we all sat down, Father lighting his pipe and favoring us with some interesting stories.

Although we were having such an enjoyable day, the afternoon was waning, so we directed our steps back to school. We endeavored to express to Father Rosa our many thanks, before he returned to the University; and thus ended one of the most enjoyable and instructive days we had ever experienced.

On Friday morning, October 23d., we were honored by a visit from Manuel Antonio Arboleda, C. M., Archbishop of Popayan, S. A. The distinguished visitor is a member of the Congregation of the Mission. Father José M. Scholeda and a number of students who were upon their way to Rome, stopped at Niagara University for a few days, to study the educational advantages offered to the youth of the United States.

The Archbishop, born in Madrid, in the year 1870, joined the Vincentian Fathers, and was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to See of Popayan, in the year 1898. For ten years he has labored among the South American people, educating them according to the system established by the Vincentians throughout Spain, Italy, and France. He hopes, after receiving new ideas from the progress of education in America, to give an impetus to the college work in Colombia.

The Prelate is delighted with the progress

Catholic education is making in the United States.

Father Walsh, President of Niagara University, and Father Rosa accompanied the Archbishop to the convent. The young ladies sang "Ave Maria Loreto" and "Sweet Bird of Spring." Before the Prelate left, we were granted a half-holiday.

To celebrate it, we went on a picnic to Chippewa. The car ride through Victoria Park and along the river edge was delightful. The fall had been very late this year in stripping the trees of their foliage, so we saw some of the most beautiful coloring, as we journeyed along the side of the river.

When we reached Chippewa, we ate lunch and then the girls formed exploring parties in search of ice-cream and candy. The spoils discovered were not very desirable, therefore we waited until our return and stopped at Clifton, where we partook of some delicious ice-cream, which fully repaid our long anticipation.

Hallowe'en was long anticipated and many preparations had been made for the coming event. In the fall, Mr. Griffith, the great reader, had visited us and we had been favored with two plays and numerous selections from Shakespeare. These had made us very well acquainted with the great poet, and desirous to reproduce a few of his many scenes. Therefore, instead of the usual masquerade, upon Hallowe'en, we represented some Shakespearean characters, and the programme of the evening consisted of a collection of scenes from some of the comedies.

The stage was prettily decorated in orange and green, ten little pumpkins graced the front of it, terminating in two large ones, with vicious faces and glowing eyes; at the rear, lighted heads gleamed, and a smoking cauldron was placed in the centre.

The programme was announced by a Page, Miss Kathleen Foy, commencing with the three witches from "Macbeth," who appeared in clinging gowns and long hats, intoning a weird chant until one's imagination pictured the turmoil of the elements and the coming of many illusions.

Then a scene from "Henry V." was announced in which

The maid Alice used great resource
To teach Queen Katherine in English to discourse.

The English lesson progressed famously, and, although Queen Katherine persisted in calling "le coude, de billow, and les ongles, de nails," at length all was perfect. Miss Rita Coffey, as Alice, and Ester Losada, as Queen Katherine, acted their parts to perfection.

Next on the programme came an extract from Henry IV.

To argue is the zest of life,
So Falstaff here created much strife.

"Dame Quickly" was very much beguiled by his quick tongue, but "Prince Hal" appeared at the psychological moment, and perfect peace was again restored. Mary Maxwell was a typical "Mistress Quickly," our slender (?) Marjorie Vrooman made a very lean (?) "Falstaff," and Mary Lundy captivated all hearts with her winsome rôle, the naughty "Prince Hal."

Then a duet filled the air with wondrous melody, Miss Hazel Freeman and Dorothy Rochford favoring us with a piano selection.

Next—

Katharina the shrew we must not omit
How to Petruchio she was made submit.

"Katharina," Miss Vivian Spence, was most stubborn, and played the rôle with no small art, but, at length, "Petruchio," Miss Grace Sears, gained command of her heart.

Then a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented, in which the Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain at large discoursed until the sad end of their undying love. Miss Ruby Suttles was a very formidable lion; Elizabeth Cunningham, as the moon, with her little lantern, created great merriment. When Dorothy Rochford announced in stentorian tones, "I am the wall," peals of laughter shook the entire study hall. The sad fates of Pyramus, Hazel Freeman, and Thisbe, M. Hicks, drew no tears from the stony beholders, but rather renewed peals of laughter followed.

Next, fairy music filled the air and six small elves performed a graceful dance. At its conclusion, the tall and stately "Portia," Miss Minnie Eagen, did compare her numerous lovers with indifferent air, and try as "Nerissa," Lillice Matthews, would, the princely suitors were all cast aside.

Then the "Merry Wives of Windsor," an ancient dance performed, and the programme concluded with the simple Audrey, who

Allured with gentle art
And beguiled the Jester Touchstone of his heart.

Miss Fanny Best, as "Touchstone," and Mary Leary, as "Audrey," did ample justice to their parts; in fact, both these young ladies by their intelligent interpretation may be said to possess a very decided talent for the histrionic art, but, where there was so much talent to choose from, as exhibited in this evening's programme, a mere onlooker, if wishing to decide the palm of merit, would find it difficult, owing to the embarrassment of riches to make a reward.

Two prizes were awarded for the most complete costumes, which were won by Lillice Matthews and Kathleen Foy.

In the dance that followed, it appeared as if all the Shakespearean characters had come to life again. Among them were Pachita Losada, "Queen Katharine of Anjou," Marie Losada, "Griffith," Rosina Merle, "Cleopatra," Cecilia Merle, Rose Mudd, and Isabel Elliot, the three witches, Agnes Robinson, "Lady Olivia," Mary Dolan, her maid, Mary Sheppard, "Hermia," Kathleen O'Gorman, "Helena," Grace Sears, "Imogen," Cecil McLaughlin, "Desdemona," Nena Brady, "Titania," Kathleen Foy, a page, Mildred Bricka, "Rosalind," Madeleine McMahon, "Orlando," Beatrice Benson, "Jessica," Irene Dolan, "Viola," Edna Duffy, "Cecilia," Hazel Lane, "Hermione," and many others.

Tuesday evening, November 3d., Father Rosa, assisted by one of the University students, visited us and brought many stereopticon views. The white curtain was quickly placed over the rear of the stage, and, in a short time, Father had adjusted his machine and all was in readiness for the lecture. He commenced with a series of maps, which showed Niagara of the past, present, and future—when it was called Manchester-by-the-Sea, before bridges had been erected, and when blockhouses were situated upon both sides of the river.. Manchester was thickly populated when Buffalo was merely called "Old Chief's Pumpkin Patch." It was expected that, some day, a large railway station would be erected on the site of the Cataract Hotel, with tunnels connecting the different points, but this still remains

a project of the future. A road from the old fort at Youngstown led to Albany, and another branch to Philadelphia. On the Canadian side a road connected Niagara-on-the-Lake with Detroit.

Seventy-five years ago, Goat Island, land in New York City, and a tract of land along the river edge, were sold for thirty-seven dollars, and since the government has paid two million dollars for a portion of it.

Goat Island obtained its name from a story concerning an old hermit who lived upon the island, but how he passed to and from it no one knew. He kept his goats there, and eventually disappeared. The goats remained, and, in the course of time, the Island obtained its name from them.

For years the water has been wearing the rock away. Father said that he had seen many changes, but some old conditions were before he was born, and, although he was not as old as he looked, he was not born yesterday. It is said that in the future, the Falls will have changed to such an extent, that people will be going to Detroit to see them.

Many views illustrated the beauties and cultivation of the land and islands. Here nature reveals all her glories until the great cataract and its surrounding beauties are beyond description, although, in winter, the scene is even more wonderful. Spray freezes upon everything, the buildings are fairy palaces, and beauty is everywhere.

At the conclusion, Father Rosa took us on a short trip through the Alps. Scenes of great abysses, mountain passes and glaciers, Mont Blanc and all the famous mountains of Switzerland were exhibited to view, and they appeared so realistic that, at the termination of the lecture, it was almost impossible to submit to the fact that we had not all seen the wonders presented to us in the evening's entertainment.

Tuesday, November the eighth, we had a delightful visit from our old friend, Father Rosa, and spent a very pleasant afternoon. At seven o'clock, we were all called to the schoolroom, where Father gave us a lecture on the memory system.

He said, "the sounds of letters represent units, and by selecting the important words from sentences and analyzing the sounds, dates will result.

For example, coal was first dug in England, 1234, (tiny hammers) or lace was first made in Flanders, 1320. (Dominoes) Also, books of the Bible can be remembered and the code will tell how many chapters and the number of the book, such as "Honey, after its exodus from the hive, finds its way to the warehouse." The emphasized words are honey, exodus, warehouse, and equal Exodus, the second book, containing forty chapters.

Numerous other examples were given, among them the thirty-six kings of England and their corresponding dates.

Altogether the lecture was most interesting, and gave scope to the exercising of the memory.

We admit our inability to accurately remember lists of dates, and concluded that the mastering of this system is worth the time it demands.

Monday, November the ninth—The Canadian Thanksgiving and King Edward's birthday were celebrated with a holiday dinner, after which great commotion ensued, as we dressed to go to hear the Sheffield Choir.

When all were ready we enjoyed a pleasant walk down to the Olympia Rink, where the concert was given, and we had the pleasure of hearing one of the most delightful programmes that could be presented for an afternoon's entertainment. At its close, a number of our party had the extreme good fortune of meeting Dr. Henry Coward, the director of this world-renowned choir.

After supper, the Canadian girls gathered together in the library, where an entertainment was given, commencing with charades; the prize-winner proving to be Miss Cecil McLaughlin. A mock concert came next, each young lady favoring the others with some of the many arts learned at Loreto.

The programme ended, all wended their way to the refectory, where a sumptuous feast was prepared. There was everything that could please a schoolgirl's heart. All gathered around the table, toasts were drunk to our mistress, teachers, and companions, and great merriment prevailed.

At the close of the evening's proceedings, all the loyal Canadians gathered together and sang a final "God Save the King," then silently ascended to our "leafy bowers" with a great thanksgiving in every heart.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

(From Händel's Oratorio "Messiah.")

1. Chorus
And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and
all flesh shall see it together! for the
mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
Chorus
Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth.
The kingdom of this world is become the king-
dom of our Lord
And of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever
and ever,
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!
2. Song, "The Curfew".....*Monk Gould*
MR. WILLIAM PEACOCK.
3. Glee, "Sisters of the Sea".....*Jackson*
4. Air from "The Magic Flute".....*Mozart*
MISS ELEANOR COWARD.
5. Part Song, "Moonlight".....*Eaton Fanning*
6. Song, "The Message".....*Blumenthal*
MR. ARTHUR BURROWS.

PART II.

1. Part Song, "Footsteps of Angels,"....
.....*Holbrooke*
2. Song, "L'été"*Chaminade*
MISS KATHLEEN FRANKISH.
3. Madrigals—
a. "I'm Going to my Lonely Bed".....*Edward*
b. "You Stole my Love".....*McFarren*
4. Song, "She Wandered down the Moun-
tain Side"*Clay*
MISS CLARA NORTH.
5. Chorus, "The Dance from the Bavarian
Highlands"*Elgar*
GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Heintzman & Co. Grand Piano used ex-
clusively at these Concerts.

On Tuesday, November the ninth, the organ-
izing of the American and Canadian debating
clubs took place, and, in future it is expected
many lively arguments will occur among these
formidable patriots.

The result of the officers elected was as fol-
lows:

Americans—Miss Minnie Eagen, President;
Mary Leary, Vice-President; Mildred Bruka,
Treasurer.

Canadians—Miss Lillice Matthews, President;
Vivian Spence, Vice-president; Grace Sears,
Treasurer.

November twentieth—A former pupil, Miss
Fatinitza Schmidt, paid us a visit, which we en-
joyed very much, many incidents were related
and we enjoyed the pleasant reminiscence of the
past.

When dinner was over, all adjourned to the
library, where Miss Schmidt favored us with
many selections on the piano. She is a gold-
medalist of Loreto, and ably represented the
school's high musical standing. She also sang
numerous solos, which her delightful contralto
voice rendered most beautifully. Jensen, Grieg,
Rubinstein, Schumann, and Schubert were rep-
resented in her repertoire, and we listened, spell-
bound, until the last note died away.

Too soon the time for Miss Schmidt's depart-
ure came, which terminated her short visit, but
we are anticipating a more lengthy one some-
time in the near future.

November twenty-second—The feast of St.
Cecilia, special singing at Mass. In her praise
was sung, "Let the deep organ swell the lay,"
and "Hymn to St. Cecilia." Isabel Coste and
Cecilia Merle accompanied the organ with the
violin and many fresh young voices did honor
to the feast day.

November twenty-fifth—The feast of our
patroness, Saint Catherine, dawned a bright,
clear November day, and one of great prepara-
tion at Loreto, in anticipation of the annual feast
given by the Literary Clubs, and an entertain-
ment which was to follow, to which a number
of guests had been invited.

Sharp on the stroke of five, a bevy of dainty
white-clad figures assembled in the school and
were ushered into a transformed refectory, pale
blue and white forming fairy arches, candles
glistened and gleamed on the tables, and pretty
flower-baskets graced the centre of each table,
and the green was nicely mingled with the school
colors.

Each member of the Literary Club received a
place card, prettily designed in forget-me-nots
and gold, but upon opening them great treasures

were unfolded. Inside each recipient beheld a short quotation from the great poets, which asserted some characteristic of the person herself and unexpectedly made each one acquainted with her little originalities. After our dainty repast had been partaken of and we had sufficiently toasted our directress, president, vice-president, ex-members, and members-to-be, we ascended to the dormitories, where we arranged our costumes for the evening's entertainment.

The programme commenced with a hymn to Saint Catherine, which the Literary Club sang with heartfelt praise. In the second number, Miss Minnie Eagan vividly pictured the studious princess of many years ago, who converted the learned scholars of Maximin's court by the true doctrine of a living God, and gave her life at the appointed time in His most glorious cause. The protection of the dear saint was invoked on our mother and our mother's home, and a bouquet of exquisite flowers was presented to Mother Catherine. The third number was a one-act play, "Tis better to give than to receive." In the first scene, the discontented Fairy Queen, Miss Grace Sears, was most charming, and added to its sweetness by her grace and simplicity. Her fairy train follows her, but her attitude is one of deep dejection. The cause of her melancholy is the loss of one of the gems which should complete her diadem, and to her its absence symbolizes the lack of a virtue in herself. In her dejection, she summons her fairy train and the scene closes with their departure to search for the lost gem.

In the fourth number, Ester and Marie Losada rendered an instrumental duet, in which the lively melody of a Spanish dance filled the study hall.

Next on the programme, Kathleen Foy excelled herself in a very beautiful solo, "Thoughts of Home," by Edwards, which filled our hearts with an indefinite longing for holiday time to come.

Then, Miss Julia Wechter of Buffalo gave us a charming recitation, "The White Rose." The spiritual meaning of this selection was ably interpreted, owing to the artistic talent of this clever elocutionist.

The seventh number was the continuation of the play. The second scene opened with the return of the fairies, each one with a gift to lay at

the feet of the queen, and, in turn, they were placed before her. First was summoned the Spirit of the Flowers, Miss Kathleen Foy, who presented each of her fair blossoms to the Queen. The rose, the lily, the violet, but, all in vain, and sadly they returned to earth. The next gift which awaited the Queen's pleasure was the Spirit of the Orient, who laid her priceless jewels at her feet, the sparkling diamond, the pearl, and emerald, but these, also, were rejected, they could not complete the diadem or replace the lost stone. Next was announced the world of thought, History with her train, who had done glorious deeds in the past, with such famous characters as Queen Esther, Cornelia, Joan of Arc, and Zenobia. Then her sister, Fiction, poured forth a mental feast of rich delights, her world was again brought to life once more. "Becky Sharp," riddled the old and riddled the young, in a ladylike, innocent way; Romola overcame her sad fate; Peggotty enthused over "Davy" until her buttons burst with joy; Mrs. Malaprop combined her long words in a most distracting manner; Little Nell hunted for grandfather; and Mrs. Micawber "will never desert Mr. Micawber."

Next, poetry summoned the treasures of her store, Evangeline, Minnehaha, and Elaine, but her gifts were also in vain, and all returned to earth with the gifts that had failed to complete the diadem, and once more the fairies went to seek success.

The eighth number was a violin solo, played by Miss Hubbard and accompanied by her aunt. It was very beautiful, and Miss Hubbard held her audience enthralled. That exquisite Fantasia of De Beriot is still in our memories.

The next number was the third and fourth scenes of the play. In the third scene the Angel of Mercy and the Angel of Charity met in a sheltered grove, and the Angel of Charity related the story of a poor family. The fairies overheard the conversation and asked if they could guide their queen to these people who need assistance, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, they went rejoicing to relate the good tidings to the queen. The final scene was the abode of the poor family; their circumstances had become desperate when the music of the fairies' approach arrested their ears. The fairy queen appeared with a purse, laden with gold, and this act of

charity brought her long-sought contentment back to her once more, and in relieving this poor family she learned the golden lesson, that "it is far more blessed to give than to receive."

The tenth number was a full chorus, "The Song of Spring," by Denza; and the evening's entertainment closed with an "Evening Hymn to our Lady."

At the conclusion, Father Clark, S. J., of Buffalo, congratulated the entertainers from Tennyson's "Elaine" down to "Little Nell," and remarked upon the clear enunciation of the young ladies. He approved of what may be termed "frills of education," and considered them essential in young people's education. Father Scullin and Father Trumpeter, St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y., were also present.

The praise Father Clark gave us was very much appreciated, and, after a few dances, we all retired, satisfied with the results of the evening's entertainment. The programme was as follows:

- Hymn to St. Catherine.....
- ST. CATHERINE'S LITERARY SOCIETY.
- Tribute to St. Catherine.....
- MISS MARY EGAN.

DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Fairy Queen.....Miss Grace Sears
- Fairy Fidelia and train..... Juniors
- Flower SpiritMiss K. Foy
- Spirit of the Orient.....Miss Hazel Lane
- Spirit of History.....Miss Lillice Matthews
- Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi.....
-Miss Agnes Robinson
- Queen EstherMiss Mary Egan
- Joan of Arc.....Miss Estelle Talbot
- Mary Queen of Scots.....Miss Mary Sheppard
- Margaret of Anjou.....Miss Pachita Losada
- Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra..Miss Rosina Merle
- Spirit of Fiction.....Miss Madeleine McMahan
- Peggotty.....Miss Hazel Freeman
- Little Nell.....Miss Mary Bampfield
- Romola.....Miss Vivian Spence
- Becky Sharp.....Miss Cecil McLaughlin
- Mrs. Malaprop.....Miss Marjorie Vrooman
- Mrs. Micawber.....Miss Fanny Best
- Spirit of Poetry.....Miss Mary Leary
- ElaineMiss Mary Dolan
- Ellen Douglas.....Miss Isabell Elliot

- Evangeline.....Miss Esther Losada
- Dame Ursula.....Miss Mary Lundy
- Hilda.....Miss Rita Coffey
- ElsieMiss Mary Maxwell
- Angel of Mercy.....Miss Helen Lundy
- Angel of Charity.....Miss Agnes Buddle
- RoseMiss Lillian Machesney
- LilyMiss Kathleen O'Gorman
- VioletMiss D. Rochford

SCENE I.

- Instrumental Duett..... *Moszkowski*
- MISSES MARIA AND ESTER LOSADA.
- Vocal Solo, "Thoughts of Home".....*Edwards*
- MISS KATHLEEN FOY.

SCENE II.

- Violin Solo..... *Selected*
- MISS HUBBARD.

SCENES III AND IV.

- Full Chorus*Denza*
- Evening Hymn to Our Lady.

November twenty-sixth—American Thanksgiving Day, and a long-anticipated holiday. We all went to half-past eight o'clock Mass, which was said by Father Clark, S. J., of Buffalo, and the remainder of the day was our own, after the dormitories had been restored to neatness from the revelry of the night before. The morning was spent in leisure, with the exception of a few industrious young ladies, who were preparing their gifts for the Christmas, which was soon to be upon us. At noon, a typical Thanksgiving dinner called us to the refectory, and the "turkey gobblers" (?) completed their repast with pumpkin pie. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, Father Clark gave us a most elevating lecture upon "The Lay Apostolate." He told us how the apostleship of prayer fosters and inspires God's followers as men are inspired by things of the earth, as the atmosphere of different parts of the world creates men of different styles. For example, Greece produced soldiers, and Spain sailors. Columbus was one of the most famous men from his little corner of the globe.

Business men of to-day can have the spirit in which they live summed up in three words: "Get on, get honor, get honest."

As an atmosphere forms advocates for different arts, it also makes apostles, people who have the spirit of Christ, real Christians with the truth in their souls. It is a common occurrence

to hear of people becoming absorbed in earthly things, such as a pet theory, temperance, politics, a particular invention, or even cruelty to animals; sometimes it is a false one, and we can take for example the anarchists who give and take life for their cause. When men do so much for a mere theory, what should we not do to spread our true one? If each one of us would kindle the flame of Christ's doctrine, the world would soon be transformed and Christianized. Christ came to renew the fire of our enthusiasm and gain our love. Saint John said: "Baptize with water but one comes who will baptize with fire." The fire of the young apostle should be kindled by, first, the knowledge we have that other men have not, and, second, the knowledge of the value of a human soul. To be interested in the subject training of the mind is excellent, but what is all learning compared to one fact in history, "A little child who remained on earth for thirty-three years to show us how to live, a child who knew more than Plato or Aristotle." No apostle became one on a "perhaps" or a "maybe," but by saying, I know this is true and I will give my life for it. All Christians know the doctrine of Christ is worth more than all knowledge and the value God put on each soul. Saint Paul said: "A soul created in the image of God, an immortal spirit for which Christ died." If we would only realize that even for a repulsive little urchin Christ's blood was shed! He recognized the soul. St. Peter and St. Francis Xavier said: "We may not all be witnesses for Christ, but we may exalt Him and be apostles by our words, our deeds and our prayers."

First by our words,—a little word of reminder at school as, "Is it right?" "Do you approve?" Such little reminders are not wasted on the souls around us; or a criticism upon a book or literary work. If it be true that older sisters and mothers have so much influence, think of the power of your words!

And second, in our lives. Most powerful is the silence of a good example; it speaks most forcibly. The influence a mother has over a young child leaves a life-long impression. The more we set a good example, the more it is felt.

Then, lastly, prayer. Here silent influence has its effect, and it will ever be felt in this world. Let us unite our prayers for the light to be cast on some of the poor souls in darkness—mothers

who are not doing their duty, and fathers who are neglecting their children—the prayers of the child will make the father turn to God and obtain pardon for his past sins.

Above all, we should offer our prayers when we come soul to soul, heart to heart, at Holy Communion. We should receive it frequently and unite with Christ. Our love will grow and we will be nearer Him if we keep these facts constantly before us. The knowledge of Christ is more important than any other we can learn, and the value of a human soul that is brought to the feet of Christ.

Father's lecture created much room for thought, opportunely coming before the commencement of Advent; and we spent the remainder of the afternoon in leisure and meditation. At five o'clock we dressed for supper, and after it, we spent a pleasant, old-fashioned evening, which we all enjoyed very much. Sir Roger de Coverley was resurrected, combined with the Paul Jones and Barn Dance; and, at the end of the evening, we were all loath to go upstairs and terminate one of the pleasantest holidays ever spent at Loreto.

November twenty-seventh—Gloom was cast over the recollection of our Thanksgiving by the sudden summoning home of one of our school-mates, Miss Cecil McLaughlin, owing to the unexpected death of her dear mother.

December second—Father Rosa surprised us with a number of beautiful stereopticon views, scenes of San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley. Many pictures of the city, taken before the great and awful earthquake, made us realize the vastness of the disaster; pictures of Washington streets, summer hotels, and the century plant in Golden Gate Park; also different views of the redwood tree, showing us the immensity of its proportions, were shown. The early settlers comfortably encamped in their base, for some of them measured thirty-six feet in diameter, and passages have been cut through growing trees large enough to allow a carriage and six horses to pass through them. A picture of Old John was produced, and we expected to see an early pioneer, but it proved to be a fallen redwood. Views of the famous vineyard of Saint Bernard were flashed before us and the orange groves of Riverside, where the trees are laden with three

crops at the same time: the blossom, the half-grown, and pearly ripe fruit.

Then we saw glorious lakes, transparent as mirrors, reflecting the glories of the autumn's coloring. In the centre of California the government has lately marked a reserve of four million acres.

Numerous pictures of mountains presented many awe-inspiring scenes, the Three Brothers Mountain loomed high in the air, also the spires of Cathedral Rock, Sentinel Rock, South Dome and the infamous Death Valley.

From the wonders of San Francisco, Father Rosa transferred us to the play of Hiawatha, and the setting which the Indians gave it when they presented it up near the Soo. All the characters were Mohawk Indians and the women very remarkable for their great beauty.

The stage was laid among natural surroundings, typical of Hiawatha, and the hour was judged so minutely, the play came to a close with the sinking of the sun. Many pictures showed the realism of the performers and the surroundings. Minnehaha was a very beautiful type of Indian womanhood, and appeared from a child in all the stages of the play until Hiawatha ascended to greatness and then grief, when the romance closes with his silent departure.

Longfellow did not obtain the legend of Hiawatha in these surroundings, but from the Indians who lived in New Brunswick.

The views were most interesting and were the means of our passing a very pleasant and instructive evening.

LILLICE MATHEWS.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

November first—All Saints' Day. There was an added note of joy in our celebration of the glorious festival, this year, for eleven of the pupils were admitted into the Sodality of the Holy Angels by our beloved Bishop, who, notwithstanding his many arduous labors and the constant claims on his time and attention, acquiesced in our desire to receive the coveted insignia from his hands.

After the ceremony, His Lordship, who never misses an opportunity to instil into our hearts

principles of solid virtue, and whose wise counsel, like a golden thread, has woven itself into our lives, exhorted us to a faithful imitation of the heavenly spirits, to angelic purity, and true Christian humility. It was remarkable with what attention even the youngest child listened to his words, for, apart from His Lordship's Christ-like love for little children, he has the happy art of making himself quite as intelligible to them as to the most grown students in the school; consequently, his visits are always a source of untold joy to us.

Following are the names of those who, by their exemplary conduct and adherence to school rules, merited the distinction: Mary Leyes, Teresa Coughlan, Cecilia Coughlan, Genevieve Vailancourt, Madeleine Bâby, Zita Goodrow, Josephine Taylor, Mary Michael, Jean Michael, Marion Sweeney, Charlotte Holloran.

Ribbons of Honor were given to Lorraine Tewksbury, Jean Watson, and Mabel Green.

An unchronicled, but very happy, event of last month was the visit of Mr. and Mrs. North Storms, who had been spending the closing days of their honeymoon in Hamilton. Apart from the fact that Mrs. Storms, née Jessie Tinsley, had enshrined herself affectionately in the hearts of the inmates of Mt. St. Mary, during the period of her schooldays, and that a most enthusiastic welcome, accompanied by warmest congratulations, was accorded her, the groom claimed our attention and was an object of—not secondary, but very great, interest—I might add—curiosity. It may be well just here to assert that he underwent the ordeal of "inspection"—to borrow his own expression—bravely, and without manifesting the least disconcertment. He cannot justly complain, as did a recent groom, of his "presence" at the ceremony being *ignored* by the staff.

An invitation to tea was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Storms, on the evening of the following day; also to as many members of the class of '08 as were within reach on such short notice. I had the honor of being hostess, and considered my rôle not only an honor but a pleasure.

The color scheme for the table decoration was yellow and white, with a burst of golden chrysanthemums in the centre. Clusters of American Beauties, autumn foliage, palms, and ferns constituted the floral adornment of the room.

As one day furnished a narrow margin for preparation, our little function was necessarily quite informal, and, having all the personal, intimate charm of the sweetest type of hospitality, was thoroughly enjoyed. We lingered long over our teacups, relating one after another, tales of orchard, rink, and playground—the “rainy day” at the Beach when Jessie’s graceful plumes insisted on assuming a perpendicular position, was not forgotten, neither were the picture hats, which looked anything but picturesque on the return trip! And thus we whiled the hours away until some one suggested that Frances should entertain our guests with music and song, in the drawing-room, where the Religious were waiting to join us.

Meantime echoes of the recreation-hall merriment floated in, and whispered intimations of the Juniors’ desire to see Mr. and Mrs. Storms there. The implied invitation was joyfully accepted, and, in a few moments we found ourselves gliding over the polished floor to the familiar and decidedly appreciated music of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Storms were kind enough to remark, before taking leave, that this evening at Loreto would ever remain one of the dearest memories of their wedding tour.

Another pleasant happening of last month, not recorded, was our outing to Burlington Beach. What an ideal day it was!—Old Sol fairly beaming, and all about us the glory of autumnal coloring, the red and gold and green of an Indian Summer afternoon, with a sapphire sky above, gradually changing to a softer tint—do I see some of the “old girls” smile reminiscently?

As the town clock sounded the hour of two, we were seated in our car, watching the familiar sights of the city give place to the restful views of the countryside. The low-lying land was rich in production, and great tempting clusters of purple grapes clung to the vines, seemingly fearful of the nipping propensity of Jack Frost.

One picturesque little scene, painted indelibly on the tablet of my memory, was a small pond, banked by overspreading trees, which peered coquettishly at their own pretty reflection mirrored on the smooth surface, while almost unseen, hundreds of tiny blossoms held up their white cups for dew or rain.

“The Beach!” some one cried, and my reverie was interrupted by finding that we had reached

our destination. Alighting from the car, we made our way along the breezy pier where, with one voice, we welcomed the luncheon baskets, for the exhilarating spin had somewhat sharpened—if such a process was required—our appetites, and we sang and laughed and ate with a zest which not even a summer picnic could have inspired.

The pier did not seem to satisfy altogether the desire which the sight of the water produced, so we proceeded to the shore and had an opportunity to display our enthusiasm for local history—which I regarded in the light of a special providence. Just as the fun was at its height, and the minims were revelling in the sand, the five o’clock car all too soon appeared, and a tired, but happy, band of schoolgirls scrambled on, for the evening star and the purpling colors warned us it was time to take the homeward way. The sun which had shone so brilliantly all day, was now going down in regal splendor, and those of the party who had not had an opportunity of witnessing the beauty of a Canadian sunset before, thought it the most glorious spectacle they had ever beheld.

The following day, during recreation, our kind friend, Reverend R. Brady, happened to come into the grounds, and his appearance was, as usual, an occasion for rejoicing. All sorts of games were in progress, and, with characteristic thoughtfulness, Father Brady rewarded the winners—Frances Pigott, Mary Gordon, Laura Leyes and Jeanette Halloran—with baskets of delicious apples, which were generously shared with the delighted onlookers. We are eagerly anticipating another such eventful hour!

November seventh—A visit from our dear alumna, Elizabeth Robinson, who has been taking a course in Domestic Science at Macdonald Hall, Guelph, and who availed herself of the Thansgiving holiday to get a glimpse of the Mount. Though many of us were not there to greet her, having left on the day before for our homes, I venture to assert that the warmth of the welcome accorded to “Bess” by the editor-in-chief, and the hours of perfect enjoyment in the *sanctum*—a charmed spot, which had always a very strong attraction for her—more than compensated for our absence! Nevertheless, we are disappointed, but hope our meeting is only a pleasure deferred.

November eighth—M. M. Gonzaga and M. M. Agatha are spending Thanksgiving Day with us, amid scenes that are dear and familiar, as both passed some years of their religious life in Hamilton, and won the esteem and affection of those who studied under them, or who were privileged to be placed under their guidance.

November tenth—Several of the young ladies were privileged to hear the famous Sheffield Choir, among the number, Mary Leyes, Marjorie Beck, Clara Doyle, Mary Gordon, and Ellen Turner.

The glorious singing of those full-throated English choristers, whose beautiful art of song fairly captivated us, can scarcely be overpraised; so magnificent are its qualities, of which extraordinary technical perfection and sincerity stand out pre-eminently.

A critic has said: "Dr. Coward has a perfectly attuned instrument that is capable of every expression to which the human voice can give utterance, and it speaks at his will. Its tone is of wonderful richness and sonority; without having a suggestion of harshness, even in fortissimo passages, it is capable of every gradation of power from that to the most delicate pianissimo. The balance in all the sections is beautifully even, and if one could pick out a part that seemed more excellent than another, it is the bass, which is exquisitely rich and velvety. Added to this, there is a perfection of attack—the two hundred voices entering as one—clearness of enunciation at all times, and a dramatic utterance that is thrilling. Inspiring this superb organization with every emotion the text suggests, and guiding it with supreme art, is the one who called it into being—Dr. Coward."

Before the first programme number, the Choir gave an impressive rendering of "O Canada," followed by "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," from Händel's Oratorio, "Messiah." Then came the Hallelujah Chorus, in which the art of the conductor was displayed in building climax upon climax, without seeming to exhaust the resources of the singers. It was power without noisy effort.

"The Sisters of the Sea," a beautiful piece of descriptive music, was next given, and, in response to the encore, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" was sung with great tenderness and pathos. Dr. Vogt's "Indian Lullaby" re-

vealed the ethereal loveliness of the women's voices, and was one of the most enjoyable numbers. In the madrigal, "You Stole my Love" the phrases were uttered with a rapidity which was almost bewildering.

The "Demons' Chorus" from Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," awakened feelings of terror and horror. The scorn and the derisive laughter of the demons, expressed in the "Ha! ha!" were uttered with a dramatic emphasis that made this the most striking number on the programme.

Elgar's "Dance from the Bavarian Highlands" was the closing number, and was given with delightful spirit.

We are told that Dr. Henry Coward is credited with having created a new tone and a new life in the art of choral singing; that he patterns to his chorus with his own voice the precise sentiment he wishes them to convey in their rendering; and rehearses as often as needs be until he has succeeded in securing that effect. He is so insistent upon absolute clarity of pronunciation that the Choir has been taught to consider itself disgraced if the audience is seen to invoke the aid of the book of words to follow the rendering of any particular work.

November thirteenth—The merriest holiday imaginable, for which we are indebted to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who very thoughtfully stipulated that it was to begin with a long "sleep." Surely, our honored guest knows something about the boon most coveted by the schoolgirl who views the morning with a weary eye—and, in the goodness of his heart grants it. A graceful chorus of happy voices proclaims his praise!

The blinds were all carefully drawn in order to exclude our usual morning caller, who, unbidden, breaks in upon our dreams; and so serenely tranquil was the scene that you might have mistaken it for the land of the lotus. The sun must have been standing still—a rare phenomenon in Hamilton!

During the forenoon, a long, invigorating walk sharpened the proverbial edge of our appetite for "things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favor," and we hastened dinner-ward as the hour approached.

Skating parties were organized in the afternoon, and there was the usual exhibition of skill and grace on the part of the initiated. Alas! If

my story might only end here. But I must be brave and continue. Yes, there were those who distinguished themselves and elicited not alone admiration but peals of laughter—which they considered a delicate tribute to their art—and here I will leave it to the reader's imagination to complete the story.

In the evening, cards and dancing filled up the hours between supper and bedtime. Who could for a moment ever again entertain any superstition concerning *Friday*? Assuredly, no one who had the happiness of celebrating the thoroughly enjoyable holiday, so graciously given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who requested that it be a real holiday, that there be no restraint laid upon the young ladies, and that they be allowed to do exactly as they pleased.

November twenty-eighth—Mr. and Mrs. Stock, on their wedding tour, pay a visit to the Mount, where Mrs. Stock's sister, Miss Andrews, has the pleasure of extending her congratulations in person.

The beautiful sheaf of white chrysanthemums which now adorns the sanctuary, the gift of Mrs. Stock to Mother Superior, is a fragrant reminder of the prayerful mementoes we offer for the happiness and safe arrival of the bride and groom at their new home in North Bay.

December second—Miss Hilda Murray has added considerably to the treasures of our museum by the presentation of some valuable specimens of agate, finger-sponge, shells, and mosses, gathered in Baddeck, C. B., in 1895.

December seventh—The warmth and cordiality of the welcome given to my sister, Nora, who spent the night and part of the next day at the convent, was a pleasure which I very gratefully shared. During the evening recreation she lent the charm of her voice to the Hall which had often echoed it in the happy days gone by, and next morning, she was privileged to sing at Mass the beautiful Communion Hymn, so touching in its tender pathos.

December eighth—Next in splendor to the day of days, the glad feast of Christmas, December is honored by the commemoration of the Immaculate Conception of our ever-blessed Lady. With hearts full of love, in tenderest reverence, we hailed its dawn, and, at an early hour, betook

ourselves to her flower-decked shrine, fragrant with choicest bloom.

Joy was the key-note of the day, and, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, our beloved Bishop, ten of the young ladies—Clara Doyle, Mary Leyes, Marjorie Harris, Josephine Taylor, Irene Carroll, Blanche Goodrow, Mary Brown, Mary Gordon, Genevieve Vaillancourt, and Kathleen Sullivan—were admitted into the Congregation of the Children of Mary.

His Lordship's inspiring sermon was listened to with rapt attention, as he dwelt upon the necessity of our becoming more humble, more thoughtful, more generous, more self-sacrificing—less selfish—and consequently, more ready to bestow kindness upon our fellow creatures. Few are called to glorious deeds, but all to do their best, however small it may be.

His Lordship referred to the many ways of self-forgetfulness—countless as the opportunities to practise them are frequent—and impressed on us the beautiful lesson, that it is more blessed to give than to receive—to give that another's life may be richer, happier.

The festival was ideal in every sense of the word, and nothing was left undone that could make the celebration delightful. A grand dinner was served at the usual hour, and, in the evening, a party was given in honor of the newly-received Children of Mary, to which all the pupils were invited.

December eighteenth—We were bidden, by special invitation, to the concert hall, but little did we dream of the charming array of winsome wee maidens that were to meet our gaze on the platform, looking their prettiest, and smiling the sweetest of welcomes, as we entered.

Their tuneful greetings and sweet, clear voices, raised in the long-familiar strains of "Adeste Fideles," made us realize, with a joyous heart-throb, that the merry and ever-dear Christmas-tide was fast approaching, in fact, the genuine enthusiasm with which they rendered number after number, completely won our hearts—and our unstinted applause.

After the entertainment, the little ones repaired to the refectory, where a delicious "tea" was served. Delicacies to delight the heart of childhood appeared in tempting profusion on the long tables, and where dignified seniors had been

seated, a few hours before, seventy tiny mites now feasted. What a lovely scene it was! Gayety and festivity at their height, reminding us of the fairy tales to which we listened, with childish faith and eagerness, before mother tucked us snugly in our little cots, bidding us a fair sail to the beautiful isle of our dreams.

But, a word in your ear, dear reader. This feast had an unwonted attraction—denied to others—the presence of young gentlemen—of five or six summers! And, let me add, it was with reluctance on their part, and difficulty on ours, that the above-mentioned made their final adieux!

December twentieth—Christmas is now the one fascinating and popular theme, and the past weeks have been tinged with feverish anxiety lest all the dainty gifts, destined to travel via Santa Claus Land, may not be ready in time to reach their destination.

As Yule-tide approaches, one's thoughts associate themselves with those nearest and dearest, how to surprise and please, and, perhaps, at the same time, give something that is worth while, though it is not a question of the intrinsic merit that imparts the satisfying note to the pretty trifles so much as the tangible evidence of recognition of the recipients' tastes or desires. There is a soothing feeling about being remembered, which the strongest-minded mortal finds agreeable, and, when this consideration is given particular expression, at holiday times, it contributes in a large measure to the promoting of that feeling of good will, which the Christmas bells and the Christmas Carols proclaim.

But let us not forget that, in the midst of all the glories of this blessed time when lights flash bright and music rings loud, there are hearts that are heavy, souls that are sad, homes where no light gleams, and children to whom no Santa Claus will come; and let us try, in a small way, at least, to bring joy to these abodes of poverty and affliction, and light to these darkened lives, that they may enjoy a glow of the universal happiness, which the dawn of the great Christian Festival never fails to bring.

And now it only remains for me to wish each and every one of our readers and friends a truly merry, a really happy, and a most holy Christmas, with all the fulness of the holy season's joys and blessings. ELIZABETH MACSLOY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

The opening weeks at Loreto Convent, Europa, are usually very interesting. The pupils who meet here come from such distant countries that their experiences are both varied and entertaining. Students from England, Ireland, and Scotland mingle with Spaniards and French. This year, the magic circle is completed by a girl of Polish descent—Miss Darracq—but naturalized in France.

Besides the making of new friends and the welcoming of old ones, the library is an unfailing source of instruction and amusement. We are delighted with the intellectual fare which was provided during our absence. The new books include—"The Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant," Miss Lonesby's "Works," "The Farm of Aptonga," and "The Egyptian Wanderers," the last two by Reverend John MacNeale, D. D. "Lady Bird," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; "A Sister's Story," by Mrs. Craven, and many other less well-known works.

The great event of the Christmas term is, of course, the Distribution of Certificates of the College of Preceptors, London, and of the prizes given by the convent. The Bishop, Mgr. Barbieri, O. S. B., presided. The Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine was obtained by Lourdes Ferrary who, though she has left school, returned to receive the much-coveted honor, also a First Class Certificate, College of Preceptors.

The Silver Medal for English Studies was carried off by Gladys Lane, daughter of Major Lane, R. G. A.

On King Edward's birthday we had salvos at midday. During November there was very heavy rain, which made Gibraltar rather dull. It is, however, a great boon in a fortress which depends entirely for its water supply on "stored rain water."

During our Bishop's sojourn in Italy he paid two visits to the Pope, and while at Florence he blessed the marriage of a young lady of the Guicciardini family.

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

As a means of accomplishing things, one should class next to initiative willingness to do the right thing at once.

**To Sister Mary of the Purification—Sixty
Years in Religious Life—In Memory
of Her Diamond Jubilee, 1908.**

Soft radiance from thy sixty diamond years
Illumes e'en darkness mundane and apart,—
So far removed the world's pride, woe and tears,
The while heav'n claims thine undivided heart.
Each year is told in happy sacrifice,
Rewarded by foretaste of Paradise!

Methinks tired worldlings envy thy content,
As selfish care from ills brings no release;
Remorse is aid to pangs that ne'er relent;
Yet hath *thy* gen'rous trust brought promis'd
"peace."

Oft hath the world been taught,—yet knoweth
not—
For God and neighbor self is well forgot!—

That as we sow we reap, death or reward;
He'll find his life who loseth for the Lord;
Earth's earthy prize is his who's earth adored!

Prepared art thou,—lamp filled and burning
bright;
Until the bridegroom's coming, glad to wait;
Rejoicing with a care-free heart's delight,
In all who with thee watch ere close of gate!
Full many hear the call, yet, hearing not,
In vain expectancy fret life away;
Convinced that selfish happiness is lot
And fortune but their due in life's brief day.
The better part was thine to love and choose.
In duty's interest quick, brave, sincere,
On earth, in heav'n, no jot of joy thou'lt lose;
Now hundredfold thy reaping, even here!

IDRIS.

Unanswered.

Unanswered yet!—the prayer your lips have
pleaded,

In agony of heart, these many years;—
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer:
You shall have your desire—sometime, some-
where.

Unanswered yet!—though when you first pre-
sented

This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not
despair:

The Lord will answer you—sometime, some-
where.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your work is not yet wholly done.

The work began when your first prayer was
uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see—sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock.

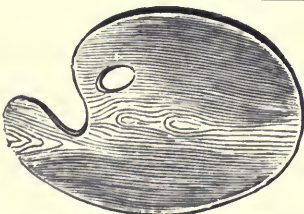
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thundershock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard the prayer,
And cries: "It shall be done!"—sometime,
somewhere. A.

F. ROSAR

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"Isn't it wonderful what enormous crops of alpaca they raise on ranches by *irritation*."

"I have to write an essay on the Aztecs. What are the Aztecs, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. Look in the *Merchant of Venus*, there might be something about them there."

"Evergreen trees do not migrate but stay with us all year, as they can stand the cold better than the deciduous trees, which come during March and leave during October.

"The evergreen tree is called an invertebrate because it is never without leaves."

"Did you wear your rubbers to school to-day?"

"No. I didn't need to. I wore my umbrella."

"I really believe I'm going into consumption."

"One of the symptoms is loss of weight."

"Oh, I wondered why my head was feeling so light."

"Aren't you glad that Taft got in with such a majority of votes?"

"No, I'm not. I'm a *cosmopolitan*."

"Well, that's what he is."

"Now I know what *recognized* means. It's to see the same dog a second time."

"How very beautiful this plant is. It belongs to the Begonia family, does it not?"

"No. It doesn't belong to any family; we bought it, last year, from the florist down town."

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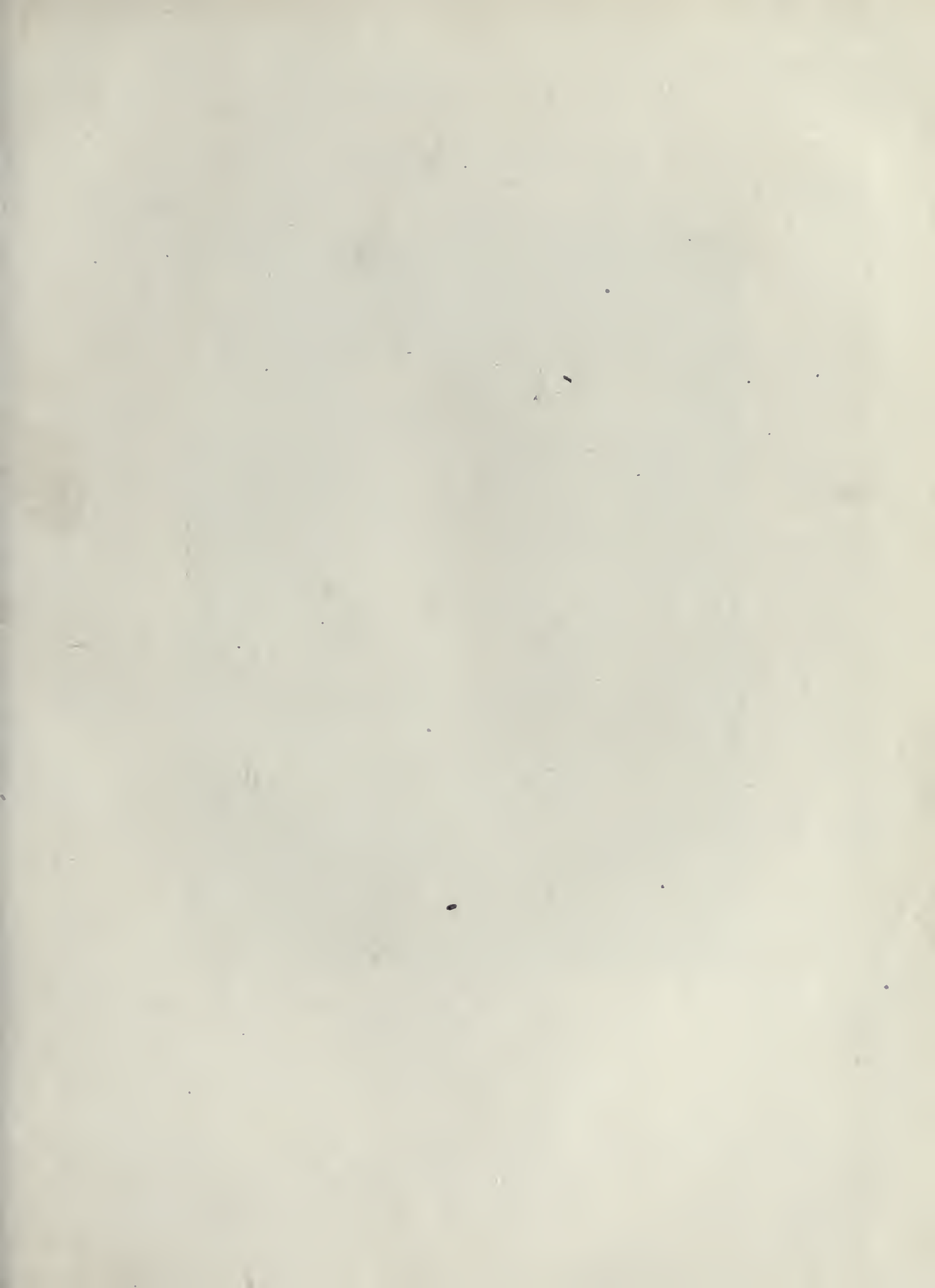
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VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 2.

Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

Impressive Ceremonies—Blessing of the Altar and Decorations by His Grace Archbishop McEvay of Toronto.

AN event of triple significance—the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, the welcoming of His Grace Archbishop McEvay, on the occasion of his first visit to Hamilton, and the blessing of the new altar and decorations—was celebrated, on the fourteenth of February, with beautiful and solemn services, embodying all the pomp and ceremony of the Church.

At the morning service, the spacious Cathedral, with its magnificent adornments, crowded to capacity with a congregation that included many prominent citizens of every denomination; the sanctuary, filled with the clergy and Church dignitaries in their gorgeous vestments and robes of office; presented a most impressive scene. The high altar, elaborately decorated with beautiful flowers and ablaze with brilliance from hundreds of incandescent lights, was displayed in all its splendor.

When the new peals had finished ringing out a welcome, the great organ filled the Cathedral with its music, and His Grace, in his magnificent robes of office, preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, entered the sanctuary. The ceremony of blessing the new altar and decorations was followed by solemn Pontifical Mass. His Lordship Bishop Dowling was celebrant, Reverend J. H. Coty, deacon, and Reverend J. Bonomi, sub-deacon. Very Reverend W. Kloepfer, C. R., of Berlin, was assistant priest, and Reverend J. J.

Connolly, S. J., of Guelph, and Very Reverend Dean McGee of Stratford, were deacons of honor. Reverend R. E. M. Brady, rector of St. Lawrence Church, was Master of Ceremonies.

Assisting His Grace Archbishop McEvay at the throne were Reverend A. L. Zinger, C. R., and Very Reverend Dr. Teefy, of Toronto. Very Reverend Dean Mahony, Rector of the Cathedral, Reverend Dr. Kidd, secretary to His Grace, Reverend M. Whalen, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and Reverend A. J. Leyes, of St. Mary's, were in the sanctuary.

After the Gospel, His Lordship Bishop Dowling, in welcoming His Grace on behalf of the clergy, spoke reminiscently of the early days of the parish. The diocese of Hamilton, he said, was established in 1856, and, three years later, the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid by the first Bishop of Hamilton; so that St. Mary's is now celebrating its Golden Jubilee. Very few remained who remembered the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone. It was not given to every bishop to see the foundation of a diocese, the celebration of its Golden Jubilee, and the Golden Jubilee of its Cathedral, but that this was a happiness which he had enjoyed.

"When we look around and see the changes since then," said His Lordship, "we feel like St. Peter when he witnessed the Transfiguration of Christ and said, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.' We are witnessing the transfiguration of this Cathedral, and we say, with the Prophet, 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.'"

Addressing His Grace Archbishop McEvay, His Lordship said:

"Your Grace, it is my particular duty, in my own name, and on behalf of the clergy of Ham-

ilton, to welcome you to this Cathedral, endeared to you by so many pleasant recollections."

His Lordship referred to the regret with which he had parted with His Grace when he was made Bishop of London, although rejoicing at his elevation to such an important position. He prayed that he might be spared many years to fulfil the important duties of his office.

A delegation, consisting of Mr. James Shea, Mr. F. H. Whitton, and Mr. H. J. McIntyre, representing the laity, was then introduced by His Lordship, and Mr. Whitton read the following address:

"To the Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE: To communities as well as to individuals there comes, occasionally, an hour accompanied with a joy and gladness peculiarly its own. Such an hour it is the privilege of the Cathedral Parish of Hamilton to enjoy to-day. For we can assure Your Grace that your presence among us, this morning, is the happy realization of a desire long entertained by us, and brings with it a gladness which finds a response in every heart.

With unfeigned pleasure, then, all the members of St. Mary's Parish welcome Your Grace to the Cathedral and to the City of Hamilton, on this memorable occasion.

Not only as dutiful and loyal members of the Catholic Church do we greet you as the distinguished head of a great archdiocese, but our welcome has a warmer and more tender note, since all see in you our former beloved Rector, who, for a decade of years, administered the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Cathedral. Those years, fruitful in good works, the result of unselfish devotion to duty, ardent zeal and distinguished ability, will ever remain fresh in our memories.

Among the multitude of your friends throughout the Province, none rejoiced more cordially at your elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of the Metropolitan City of Toronto than your former parishioners and spiritual children of St. Mary's Cathedral of Hamilton.

Not only did the laity of the city and diocese rejoice at the signal honor conferred upon you by the Sovereign Pontiff, but we feel sure that

our joy was fully shared by our beloved Bishop, the Prelate who so early discovered in you those rare qualities which have so eminently fitted you for the higher sphere of Church government.

The energy, zeal, and success which have already marked the administration of the exalted office you have been called to fill convince us that your influence for the good of religion and country is destined to extend far beyond the limits of our own Province. For questions of the highest importance to our people, educational, moral, and social, will, of necessity, demand Your Grace's attention.

The Church' Extension movement, whose inception in Canada is largely due to your apostolic zeal and foresight, will, we are sure, receive the hearty and generous support of the laity, and will be the means, under the blessing of heaven, of preserving and nourishing the faith among multitudes of strangers landing on our shores.

We realize, Your Grace, that the true success of the Church, and the advancement of religion in this Canada of ours, cannot be secured without unity of action, for good works among the laity, and a ready and loyal coöperation on their part with the ecclesiastical superiors, for all recognize the fact that the voice of the episcopate is, in our spiritual regard, the voice of God.

We beg to thank Your Grace for coming here to-day to bless the decorations of our Cathedral, and knowing, as we do, that no embellishment is too rich or costly for the adornment of God's house, we feel a just pride in the beautiful and artistic work, lately completed within the walls of this edifice, endeared to Your Grace by many happy memories; and we felicitate our zealous and energetic Rector, Dean Mahony, who, under the encouragement and guidance of our devoted Bishop, has brought this great undertaking to such a happy issue.

In conclusion, we assure Your Grace that we shall not cease to pray Almighty God to grant you health and length of days, and, in return, may we presume to ask of you an occasional memento in the Holy Sacrifice for your devoted friends, the priests and people of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton."

After receiving the Archbishop's blessing the deputation withdrew and His Grace was then escorted to the pulpit by Dean Mahony.

Replying to His Lordship and to the address from the congregation, Archbishop McEvay said:

"I thank you sincerely, my Lord Bishop of Hamilton, and gentlemen of the committee, for your kind words of welcome, and I need scarcely assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to take part in this celebration of thanksgiving and joy on the completion of the magnificent work of decoration, in which you have been engaged. In this material age, it is always a consolation to a bishop to visit any congregation, ready and willing to make sacrifices to adorn the house of God, in all that is best in architecture, sculpture, painting; and, in addition to this pleasure, I have the principal one of coming to a place, magnificently improved, where I labored many years.

"The ties existing between priest and people are strong and sacred. The confidence given by the people to a priest is given to no one else except to God Himself, hence when a priest is honored so are his people. You rejoice with me, and I rejoice, and congratulate you on your success, your coöperation, and good example of generosity to other congregations.

"As to the work of Extension, which you were kind enough to mention in your beautiful address, I know the gentlemen of the committee expressed not only their own generous sentiments but also those of the Bishop, Dean Mahony, and the people. In fact, this church is a living example of the benefit of Church Extension. You have established four flourishing parishes here, and, in the meantime, you have gone on and decorated the Cathedral, and kept all the Church property in first-class condition. The present Church movement is capable of scope—a wider field. Our object is to bring some assistance to the Northwest, to the scattered parishes, requiring more priests, schools and churches, and to the new arrivals on our shores, who unite to maintain the grand old faith, which they are so anxious to preserve with them.

"We are told in the Psalms that 'the king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold.' Now, to appreciate the importance of the ceremony in which we are taking part, this morning, it is well for us to recall that everything that could be suggested in the way of grandeur and magnificence was embodied in the

ceremony of the opening of the ancient temple, built by Solomon, under the direction of God Himself. And why? Because the Lord had chosen that place. Because there His Holy Name was inscribed, there the sacrifice was to be offered. In order that there might be no mistake, God said: 'I have chosen this place for the house of sacrifice. I have chosen and sanctified this place.'

"Notwithstanding all this, it was but a mere shadow of what the new temples are in reality. If Christ's presence was so great in the old temple, how much greater is it in the temple of the new law? If the sacrifice of the old law was pleasing, how much more so must be the sacrifice of the new law when the victim is the Only Begotten Son.

"The Church has always insisted that the best should be used to embellish the place of sacrifice. This has been done all through the ages, whether in the days of the Catacombs, prisons, or persecutions. The Church also believes in making use of the good, the true, and the beautiful in the highest form of art, in architecture, painting and sculpture, that these things may tend to elevate the soul of man to the contemplation of heavenly mysteries. So whether we look around and consider the mysteries represented in the Holy Rosary, in the Cross of Christ, in the image of our Immaculate Mother, and, above all, in the decorations of the altar, and all things connected with these decorations, they help to make us mindful of our true destiny and to keep before us the ends for which we were created, and the eternal reward God will give to those who keep His law.

"Every man is welcome to come here, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, Catholic and non-Catholic, to admire the works of art, to follow the meaning expressed in them, and to ask of Him in the Tabernacle assistance in the trials and troubles of life. Every man does not need to know the whole Bible, or to be very learned, to come here and follow the Master from Bethlehem to Egypt, to Jerusalem to Calvary, to the tomb, and to Mount Olivet.

"If the mere glimpse of divinity, obtained by the Apostles on Mount Olivet, was so overpowering, how can we picture the glory and splendor that exist around the throne of God!"

After referring to the vision of St. John, His

Grace said: "So, my friends, all these decorations are intended for the special purpose of educating us along certain religious lines, and making us think of the glory God has in store for us. It is well for us to remember this one point, heaven is what we all desire. It is ours, bought for us at a great price. Our Divine Lord shed the last drop of His blood to make the purchase. The great question for man to ask himself is, whether he will accept or reject this heavenly inheritance. It is in the power of every man to reject either heaven or hell, but he cannot reject both. Whether a man believes in them or not, he must face one or the other. He may say, like the fool, there is no God, but whether he wishes or not, he must necessarily make a choice of heaven and its glories, or hell and its torments.

"As reasonable beings, let us decide, once for all, that we are going to be true to our destiny, make sure of heaven, and take no chance in the preparation required to win eternal life."

At the close of His Grace's impressive exposition of the grounds on which the Catholic Church adorns its houses of worship with all the embellishments of art and beauty, he added: "I need not say it was always a pleasure for me to serve under the Bishop of Hamilton. Many years ago, I labored in Peterboro under him, and through him I became a priest in the diocese of Hamilton; and while here I am glad to refer to the friendship that existed between Catholic and non-Catholic. I hope it will continue. I ask God to bless and reward you for the many kind acts I received while I served in this Cathedral parish."

Despite the very stormy weather, another large congregation assembled in the evening, when Archbishop McEvay chanted Pontifical Vespers. Assisting him were Reverend A. L. Zinger, C. R., President of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, and Reverend J. J. Connolly, S. J., Guelph.

Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, and Reverend Dr. Kidd, Toronto, assisted Bishop Dowling at the throne.

The sermon of the evening was delivered by Very Reverend J. R. Teefy, LL. D., C. S. B., one of the most brilliant and eloquent pulpit orators of the Catholic Church in Canada, who took for his text: "Sing ye to the Lord a new

song, for He hath wrought wonders for His people."

Dr. Teefy spoke on the significance of the paintings and decorations of the church. In the beginning, he looked at the decorations from the standpoint of a stranger, and asked if these avenues of artistic wealth led to any baronial seat, or if they were the mere display of the artist's skill, a lavish array, or had they a deeper meaning. In reply he said: "They are more than a mere display of art. These beautiful windows on which are depicted religious subjects, these chaste statues, and the pictured story of the Way of the Cross, suggest to the observer the presence of One greater than man."

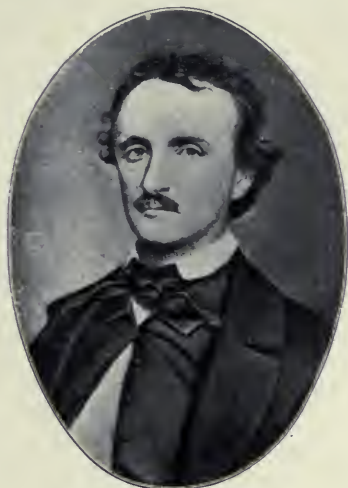
Dr. Teefy spoke at length on the Blessed Sacrament, the treasure it is for the Christian soul and the favored one who stands at the altar—the blessed gift which blessed love has left His creatures.

The reverend speaker then congratulated Bishop Dowling, Dean Mahony, and the congregation on the success of their efforts, and commended the congregation for the generosity displayed. To one who looked back and remembered the Cathedral as it was, its present appearance should be a source of much satisfaction, as it is to His Lordship Bishop Dowling.

The courtesy that knows no flaw is, indeed, alike a weapon and a sure protection. Whoever weaves about her this magical defense is impervious and invulnerable. Meeting all with a tranquillity that cannot be ruffled, keeping one's self above the level of bluster, impatience and ill nature, one's adversary is always in the wrong. Insults cannot pierce the shield of courtesy—they fly back upon those who hurled them. Unfairness, meanness, spite and malice, are disarmed and made to seem contemptible when they are met by the quiet look, the impersonal tone, the graceful indifference and the high-bred air of perfect courtesy, which disdains to stoop to the level of what is low. And, in the end, courtesy breeds courtesy; for often, when it meets boorishness, the subtle influence prevails, until unconsciously, the loud, harsh voice is slowly changed, and, at last, the one who has thus felt the charm of courtesy departs with something of its spell still working in her veins.

Poe's Cottage at Fordham.

WHEN the tourist in the United States visits its metropolis, and becomes bewildered with its sights and sounds, with the cyclone rush of its populace for their



EDGAR ALLAN POE

golden goals, let him avail of one of the several routes northward, cross the Harlem River to the suburban town of Fordham, and at Jerome Avenue walk a block east, passing a vine-clad church, then up a hill, just over the crest of which there will be seen a cottage, with a side presenting to the street. In close proximity is a pretentious dwelling; both are inclosed in a paling fence, and in the cottage yard at the left, a tree stump bears the conspicuous sign,

“Private property.
No trespassing.”

There is nothing notable about the modest, shanty-like building, and yet—“The light of genius glorifies it,” for on the gable between the attic windows is painted a little *raven*, and beneath it, on a small board is lettered—“Poe’s cottage from 1844 to 1849.”

“Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song,
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng,
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated,
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.”

To breathe this atmosphere—to dwell upon the incomparable rhythms, the pure yet wild strains that found a birthplace in this cottage, is to escape from the social iniquity, the commercial depravity, and the political corruption that lurk in the shadows of the city’s thronged streets. There is no taint of these evils in aught that Poe produced. Usually the lives of writers may be seen in their works, and those of Poe, though at times penned when his heart was volcanic, are chaste, though tinged with melancholy natural to the disappointments of a checkered life; but his voluminous works, the reading and the research demanded by his editorial duties, were incompatible with the idleness and dissipation circulated by his detractors.

It is no wonder that in this cottage his genius had its highest soarings and its deepest depths, for in it his soul was lonely, his domestic life was not in keeping with his intellectuality, nor did home associates temper the spirit that so greatly needed holy influences, for his marriage to a child-wife was the result of feeling predominating over judgment. Poe’s devotion to his sick wife is fully attested, and the poverty which precluded his ameliorating her sufferings, awakened a grief that culminated at her death in anguish that had its outpouring in his “Annabel Lee.”

It is interesting to note the claim that it was in the Fordham cottage the *Raven* was written which, probably, is correct, for Poe’s wife died there, and there is also a statement that she was



EDGAR ALLAN POE COTTAGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

the *Lenore* of that poem. In connection with this subject Mr. Edward M. Alfriend, in his "Unpublished Recollections of Poe," asserted that Mrs. Shelton, at one time the poet's sweetheart, told him that Poe informed her, "over and over again," that she was the *Lost Lenore*. This Mrs. Shelton is described as being beautiful, with soft mellow voice, exquisitely refined manners, of forceful character, and intellectual; altogether a woman in whose society a spirit such as Poe's would naturally seek rest and refuge, for he was without male intimates, and it was characteristic of him to cherish the companionship of ladies. Perhaps none so fully met his heart-longings as did Mrs. Stanard, who was his *Helen*. Her son, his schoolmate, introduced him to the Stanard house. The mother understood the strange, motherless child as no one else had done; he became passionately attached to her, and enshrined her memory in the following refrain—

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That, gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayward wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome."

In another poem to Helen, the subject is Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, to whom, subsequently, he unfortunately became engaged. This poem was occasioned by a solitary night ramble in Providence, when he beheld her in her garden. As he states in the beginning of the poem that he had seen her "once—only once," it could not apply to Mrs. Stanard, for he had seen her many times. Mrs. Whitman had poetic instincts, and evidently had charmed him, for he writes—

"What wild heart-histories seem to lie enshrined
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!"

As one stands at this humble home recalling word-painting of the never-equalled imaginings of Poe, the query is natural—why has not he found an entrance into the Hall of Fame, whose cottage, as it were, nestles at the very foot of that stately structure where Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell have been honored? When noted that all of these favored writers were of northern lineage, and that the no less world-known Poe claims southern extraction, is excluded, it looks like sectionalism, yet such construction is repugnant to the liberal-minded, and one would rather consider that the gentlemen of the selecting committee were "Hardened; according as it is written, God gave them a spirit of stupor, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear." Probably, also, other influences prevailed for, as an editor, Poe was an unerring critic. As evidence of this, is his celebrated article in which he anticipated the plot of *Barnaby Rudge*, after but a few numbers had been published. In the correctness of his judgment, and in fairness as a rival, he first called attention to Nathaniel Hawthorne's merit, and pronounced him "The king of the short story." Naturally, his astuteness was dreaded, and was well known, as the bright lines testify—

"An Englishman, Ingram, has written Poe's life;
We recall as we slowly toil through it,
How keenly Poe wielded the critical knife,
And we wish he were here to review it."

Scholars have not forgotten this, and have hit back when they imagined that they saw a chance. Thus, Lowell declared that "Poe was three-fifths genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge"; while Emerson termed him—"That jingle-man." Perhaps these lesser lights in the Hall of Fame would have been nettled could they have known that one of the "jingles," the original manuscript of *Ulalume*, at a public sale in New York, brought \$1000. Were they envious? Well! it makes no matter, according to Father Tabb—

"For to the charmed Hall of Fame
None but the dead can go;
So write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe."

It is natural for peoples to regard most highly the gifted sons of their respective sections; and

that portion of the United States which has most liberally furnished writers and publishing houses, has correspondingly spread abroad their merits, for instance—in Portland, Maine, there stands a conspicuous dwelling (Longfellow's) on the front of which is a tablet thus inscribed—"Here *America's greatest poet** was born, 1807."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Again, it makes no matter!

The scholarly world is Poe's field of fame,
There long have the learned proclaimed his
name.

And so is it destined to be generally recognized
at home,

"The readiness is all";

For, as his fellow-countrymen shall learn more of his life, more of his fate, that "Fate whose name is also Sorrow," his tenderness, his gentleness—his appreciation of what is noblest in woman—his proud, almost haughty independence—his steadfastness of purpose, the artistic character of his work, the fixedness of genius that could plod even while contending with poverty, hunger, and cold; and with that malady, falsely termed drunkenness, which so long has stigmatized his character, and against which none may know how desperately he struggled, and yet vainly, for medical science of to-day recognizes it as a psychic form of epilepsy of embryonic origin, over which, in the mysterious and inflexible law of nature he had no control, the whole American people must eventually honor and pity this bright embodiment of Inspiration's mystic Fire.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

* The italics are mine.

Canada.

"CANADA, the nation of the future—Canadians, the men of the coming age"; thus did Lord Milner refer to the glorious land of our birth and to those brave men and women who are all doing their share to place Canada on the pedestal which she will some day adorn as "nation of nations," in his reply to the address tendered him on the occasion of the conferring of the degree of LL. D. on him by the University of Toronto.

Lord Milner is only one of the many titled foreigners who have spoken thus appreciatively of Canada and Canadians.

But, do the Canadians realize the value of the glorious heritage of their birth? Unfortunately, the majority of them do not.

Is it possible, then, that these men, the most learned and versatile of the age, have been mistaken in their estimate of Canada? By no means, Canada is all—and more than—they have pictured her, but if there is one fault in her people, as a whole, it is a want of patriotism.

From out the pages of the past come the legends of the brave deeds of the early Canadian missionaries, chief amongst whom stand forth the names of Fathers Bréboeuf and Lalemant; next, echoing "down the corridors of time," we hear of the heroic acts of the first settlers, such as the brave stand of Dulac and his sixteen companions against a thousand desperate Iroquois, and the courage of little fifteen-year-old Madeleine de Verchères; later such names as Wolfe, Montcalm, and Sir Isaac Brock, the seeming impersonations of heroic deeds, stare out at us from the pages of history.

What other country can show so glorious a past! And as to the present? Ah! these men did not die for naught, for

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

and the Canadians of to-day are following closely in the footsteps of their ancestors.

No longer is the awful war-whoop of the merciless Indian heard echoing through our forests, but many a man in the quieter walks of life is daily fighting as great battles and winning as much renown and glory for Canada as those brave pioneers who rode forth to meet the ter-

Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend. If you have a complaint, carry it in person to the individual concerned. Loyalty is the life-breath of real friendship, and if there were more loyalty there would be fewer broken friendships.

rible tomahawk and scalping-knife of their uncivilized red neighbors.

And then the resources of Canada!—her wheat-fields, stretching mile after mile, of waving golden grain; her timber lands, yielding, year after year, those grand old children of the soil, trees each worth a small fortune in itself; her mines, surrendering, day after day, their buried treasures of gold, silver, and cobalt; her fisheries!—those wonderful waters which give, season after season, their inexhaustible supply of fish for use at home and abroad; her game lands, yielding, even since before the inauguration of the "Hudson Bay Company," their unparalleled furs; her industries!—how almost innumerable they are! The beautiful temperate climate of Canada gives us many, and her resources more.

The wheat-fields of the West employ men by the thousands to cut, gather, and thrash the grain, and the miller, "hale and bold," sees his wheel splash merrily, as car-load after car-load of the grain finds its way into his mill.

For months on end the sturdy Frenchman's axe alone breaks the appalling silence of that limitless land of snow and trees, as, one by one, he brings those grand old monarchs of the forest to the ground, and then returns to his little home on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, leaving the woods to that awesome silence, never broken save by the moaning of the wind when the trees whisper new tales of the fall of the most beautiful from amongst them.

And now we will visit Canada's mine districts. Slowly the cage descends into that black, undiscovered land of untold riches, carrying its human cargo, all bent on rescuing from the black prison cells those wonderful treasures of mother earth. How many hundreds of men are employed thus!

The first glimpse which the visitor from over the waters obtains of Canada, is the fisherman's little boat, as it glides past the incoming ocean liner, on its way to gather the live treasures of the deep. As he journeys across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the river, and then through that mighty chain of lakes which has made Canada famous, he is constantly beholding these same little crafts and their hardy owners, while back on the land he can see through the gaps in the wooded shore the strong brick walls of the canneries which employ hundreds of men to prepare

the fish, which it has taken many more hundred to catch.

Away up in the land of ice and snow, where our animal brothers reign supreme, there is but one man who braves those fierce animal jaws, and the possibility of freezing—the hunter. And when the season breaks, he travels back to the land of sunshine and flowers and to his civilized brethren, with spoils of the chase, those priceless furs and feathers.

These varied and numerous industries of Canada naturally make her one of the largest commercial centres of the world, and the means of transportation through her unparalleled chain of waterways only serve to augment it.

Numbered amongst her professional men are, perhaps, some of the most learned of the day in their particular branches. Naturally, in so large a community, the educational element is a most important factor, and, from the ranks of students of Toronto, Laval, McGill, Queen's and our other Canadian universities, have come some of the most learned and versatile men of the age—shining lights, both at home and abroad. And then, the muses of the fine arts—music, poetry, and sculpture—all have many faithful worshippers at their respective shrines, some already famous in the art and culture of the world. Speaking of these men of genius calls to mind these other men and women who people Canada.

It is said that the strength of any nation lies in its middle-class, and certainly Canada is a fitting example of this, for with her invigorating climate and great natural resources and industries, this important class has great possibilities; and their strength, desire, and energy are best described by saying that they make the most of these possibilities. Thus from the poorest laborer (it cannot be said that Canada has any peasants) to the most learned professor and the wealthiest merchant in the land, each one has his own place to fill in the one great whole, and "they also serve who only stand and wait."

And now we turn to Canada the beautiful! Canada the picturesque! Commencing at the maritime provinces, with their quaint little villages lying on the banks of their shimmering waters, then up the St. Lawrence, with its sloping banks and the woody Laurentian hills rising mistily in the distance, past the turbulent Lachine Rapids and the beautiful, picturesque Thou-



OLD BRIDGE FROM GOAT ISLAND TO FIRST SISTER ISLAND.



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THE AMERICAN FALL ILLUMINATED BY SEARCHLIGHT.

sand Islands, through the calm blue waters of Lake Ontario, with the beautiful pleasure boats daily plying between the busy cities and peaceful rural spots which fringe its banks, we come to the mighty Falls of Niagara.

To fully realize the beauty, the magnificence, the veritable awesomeness of this vast rush of water, as it tumbles over that horseshoe-shaped ledge of rock down, down 180 feet into the rocky bottom of the Niagara Gorge, where it surges and tumbles in one great mass of foam, one must see it in all its unique and mighty grandeur.

Leaving the angry waters of Lake Erie to imagination and turning to the north, we come to the oft-pictured Muskoka Lakes, dotted with innumerable small islands, each one a poem in its individual beauty; passing beyond Lake Huron, we reach that stupendous work of man, the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, then on, on through forests, over prairies, each perfect in its own individual style of beauty, until, at last, afar off in the distance, we behold those guardians of the land, the Rocky Mountains. No words, no matter how vividly picturesque, can fittingly describe them,—tall, mighty, colossal, their snow-crowned heads reach into that undiscovered realm above the clouds, while around their feet, cluster those beautiful children of mother earth, the trees and flowers, sprinkled by the mountain streams which tumble down their sides, glistening like precious stones where the sun's rays find them amidst the wealth of mountain foliage.

On over these monarchs of the land, and the western limit of Canada is reached, and past the irregular line of rocky shore lies the ocean, its unruffled waters glistening in the sun with the same peacefulness which caused Magellan, four hundred years ago, to cry out: "Pacific." Canada the picturesque, who can dispute her claim to the title!

And when we consider her emblems, how appropriate they seem,—the maple leaf, significant of her natural advantages and beauties; and the beaver, emblematic of the courage and industry of her people.

With such a past, and a present, best described as a nation of to-day, and men of the age, what cannot be hoped from the Canada of the future! Truly, Lord Milner was justified in referring to this glorious land and her people as "Canada the

nation of the future,—Canadians the men of the coming age," and some of us may yet live to see Canada enthroned on the pedestal of fame as "nation of nations."

GERTRUDE KELLY, '09.

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Four Temperaments.

WHICH?—if to desire were to have—would be your choice among the temperaments?

"Give me the best!"—say this and thou art labelled Sanguine.

"Give me all!"—oh, monstrous Nervous grab-all! Remember, "man's reach should exceed his grasp or what is a heaven for?"

"Give me none!"—Phlegmatic to the core! A derrick might move thee, yet who knows. Richard Cromwell smiled only indifferently over the kingdom of all England and preferred a solitary farm to the pageants of a court.

"Give me the least faulty, faulty every one of them!" Thou art Bilious, ever pointing out the black spots in the sunshine. Bilious! Bilious!—let at large thou art a sadness, thou art a sorrow; curbed and bridled thou art victory very great.

"She would be perfect only for—"

Yes, only for you, Blue Bilious. Poor sour atom,—go to a drug-store; ask for a prescription; thou art in need of "that fellow-feeling that doth make us wondrous kind."

"Yes, but—"

But me no buts, only take the medicine like a dear Bilious, like a good Bilious.

"But the medicine—"

Is bitter, and thou art not sweet. Presto! take the medicine. What says the poet?—

"Bitter to bitter and sweet to sweet,

Thus they meet and thus they greet;

Bitter to bitter and sweet to sweet."

"Your temperament—not you—therefore, 'to thine own self be true; and thou canst not then be false to any man'."

Who said it?—Polonius, an eaves-dropper. Place not thy trust in eaves-droppers. They have ears (for boxing) but superfluous externality of ear is an evil save in the harmless, dumb donkey. Apologies to the animal.

“Inspid, if not critical.”

Criticising interesting! O ominous reflection upon man's origin as upon man. The gladiators were interesting to carnal Rome. Bottled spiders and rattlesnakes are strikingly interesting in a scientific sense but they are not lovable, and, on no account, to be embraced affectionately, or, in plain English—hugged.

“Horrible vipers!”

Too bad that they are even interesting. These, however, are only animals, and we can always “tread aside and let the reptile live.”

“Better dead!”

O Murderous Temperament!—would'st thou have the great wide world one solitary Ireland?

“Who would have—”

Snakes!—alas, who?—Nor do I love them, and yet—

“There's naught so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give.”

Like crosses, temperaments come to us seldom in “one's.” Two or three parts of all four may be ours to use or abuse. However, one holds the monopoly sufficiently strong to mark the individual for its own; and if the others are present, like the Lilliputian strings on the Mountain-man, they are bonds easily severed.

Perhaps the Phlegmatic is the least loved. Few would care to be cold, non-emotional stonemen and women like the Dutch. The most brilliant repartee falls like a dead letter upon their unresponsive hearts. The most charmingly delicate compliments scarcely do more than ruffle honest ear-locks, as they pass. Express a wish—to fly, for instance, in (from) their presence, and four of said imperturbable phlegmatics, armed with quiet counsel, will approach you to tell you that that is *impossible* because you are not a bird; or if you become translated in spirit and—O horrors!—fall into the historic present, what a death list for human ears will be read you! They will tell you, in due time, that, indeed, Cæsar is *dead* and could *not* be crossing the Rubicon, and that Hannibal had crossed the Alps, and that, even though he had not taken the fatal poison from his ring, he would be dead in the course of nature long since, and that you should consider the school that nurtured you and

not bring down “Disapproval” on its head, in these our days, by giving expression to such anachronisms.

Poor dears! they are as good as gold, nevertheless, and require only a little earthquake for a nocturnal couch, or a trumpet, after the tone of the last, for a wake-up in the morning.

The Nervous, like the Sanguine, is an ambitious temperament, and most people possess it, more or less. It is a temperament that gives you a shove out or up, as it were, and then withdraws, leaving you to change your mind. And you generally change it. Hear Paderewski, and for some days you are a prey to the violence of music-mania. You will hold music the highest of attainments; all other arts and sciences are as dross and tinkling cymbals. More than this: your musical career will have commenced and some dear sister-teacher will have put you on her already-too-long list of thirty-three. But not for long. Another of these “shoves” comes in and soon interferes with the glories of the keys. One of Scott's masterly novels transforms you into a veritable knight errant—but you are a maiden—or Don Quixote would rise from his tomb and address you, “My Brother!”—or forsooth, forewarn you, “Beware of Windmills!—of Windmills Beware!” Or you have the extreme privilege of hearing an orator genius, Booker T., for instance, and, O Life—“And gods of Hellas, can your mystic voices tell us”—art thou? thou art touching up thy face—thy physiognomy with—dye! O Blessed Hour, when

“The skies looked coldly down

As on a darkey gown,

Then, with drop for drop, at leisure

They began to rain for pleasure”—

on the dye. Or what might have happened when thy own innocent mother came upon the scene? I shall not attempt an answer. Suffice it to say that the spells are of short duration and do absolutely no harm. Regularly, a series of books must be replaced in their proper niches, because, O Ephemeral Philomath, thou hast wearied of the ways of Biology, of Psychology, as with the other paths in which these “shoves” propelled thee.

Akin to the Nervous is the Sanguine temperament. This is THE temperament—the tempera-

ment of force, of feeling, of love, of hatred. Poets have had it—Byron, Moore, Tennyson; great historical characters have had it—Epaminondas, Warwick, Marlborough. It is the temperament whose *sine qua non* is work, action, achievement; and, if it falls on conditions where these are not, then behold another Royal Criminal Hunchback let loose upon the world. Surely, it were better if that man had not been born.

Like the Nervous, the Sanguine makes an excellent servant, but the most tyrannical of masters. Masters!—why it will talk you into one hundred loves, and, like fine gentlemen, “reason you out again.” Of sighs and woeful ballads let Jacques tell, but you Sanguine can tell strange tales of adventure, too.

“Memories,—of fancy’s golden
Treasures which my hands have holden,”

when “The valley held its feast of roses.”

But, perhaps, the chiefest of Sanguine’s characteristics is the capacity for assimilating compliments. Every one has heard of the Kitten-Changeling story. It scarcely bears a second relation for, surely, its data in proportions ridiculous register a mark beyond redemption *cum grano salis*. A real live kitten, looking out from a new baby’s cradle, dressed in a new baby’s clothes, just because the gracious little old prodigy in compliment-making was coming up the lane. What would she say? What did she say? Served them right. Who could be held responsible for speeches made after entering from a blazing sun.

“Just like the mother?” No.

“Just like the father?” No, indeed. No partiality in the ways of the gracious little old lady, and “Indeed it favors both,” came out with all the assurance of an established benefactor. Traps are dangerous, and, in all events, their purposes must favor, serve, and supplement the life-work of the genus *Felis*,—never that of *Homo*. But there needs no justification: they might have known.

Most people will take compliments but the sanguine-temperamented are more prone to do this.

“Shabby to give them!”

Thy betters have given them. Thou art no Queen Esther, and she paid the most glorious

of compliments—beautiful, pleading, trusting, tender Esther. Trembling with fear, she approached the hard man, Assuerus. A ruthless tyrant, stern, cruel, fearful, deadly,—how could she, for “he was terrible to behold.” Gardens and parks and flowers and lilies white as dreams in Eden, sunshine in olive-woods, and myrtles purple-headed, and the music of birds’ voices,—she was a queen—she might have chosen these instead. A less valiant woman would avoid the interview. Read her honeyed words and judge for thyself the power of sweet words upon the sanguine-hearted Assuerus: “For thou, my Lord, art very admirable and thy face is full of graces.” O Esther Queen!—thy words are as wonderful, as bewildering to me as thy mission was hard.

Perhaps Carlisle has defined the highest use of compliments when he says: “Call one a thief and he will steal; call one Teufelsdröckh and he will open the philosophy of clothes.” Accordingly, let thy compliments be good, grand, and true; let them come out from thy heart, warm with sincerity and sacredness; let them be deep, embracing and helpful. Oh, never foolish, silly, insincere. Rather keep silence forever. From the fulness of a holy heart spoke Esther: Assuerus heard and forebore the slaughter of her people, and the great old earth still sings the anthem: “Blessed are the Esthers for they shall save many from the death.”

“O Earth,
I count the praises thou art worth,
Praisèd be the mosses soft
In the forest pathways oft,
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornless river-brink
Where the ransomed tread.”

But Esther was a queen and a queen’s prestige may smooth out marvellous complexities in temperament. For the meek and lowly speak and we shall hear. Then, hear, O Meek, O Lowly-Wise, for thy destiny is queenly and thyself a heroine. Are thy thoughts holy? are they high? then hold it true with her who sings “each forehead with a high thought for a crown,” for thou art greater in thy uncrowned queenship of soul than many queens.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

**The English Institute of the Blessed
Virgin Mary, from its Foundation
to its Secularization, 1626-1809.**

THE HOUSE OF THE INSTITUTE AT ST. PÖLTEN.

THE third Superior of the Institute at St. Pölten was Marie Theresia von Wamberg, from 1784-1789. She was sixty-five years of age at the time of her election, and filled the office for the short space of five years, in a quiet, edifying manner. Especially did she give striking examples of patience in great bodily sufferings, which, at last, led to her happy, longed-for release.

During her term of office, an important event for St. Pölten occurred—in the year 1785, it became a bishopric. Previously, that is to say from 823, it had belonged to the "Passauer Diocesan Union." The first bishop of the new diocese was Bishop Heinrich Johann von Kerens. On the 8th. of May, he took possession of his See, amidst the ringing of bells and the rejoicing of the clergy and people.

Bishop Kerens conducted in person the next election for the following Chief Superior, Maria Franziska, Baroness von Hayden, at Dorff, who had been until then Superior at Prague. She filled the office of Chief Superior from 1789-1813. We may readily perceive by these dates that she was destined to live through a period of misery, hardship, and trial; of the three great scourges of humanity, viz., sickness, war, and want, she had to bear her share. In the year 1799, we find the Russians in St. Pölten; in 1805 and 1809, the French were quartered there, and oppressed the inhabitants still more than the Russians. Even the English Ladies had to submit to having the soldiers quartered in the Institute, for weeks at a time, and furthermore, the French officers required them to work the gold embroidery for their uniforms, gratis.

What the Superior von Hayden suffered during this period can be more easily imagined than described.

The 12th. of October, 1806, was the Centenary of the arrival of the English Ladies in St. Pölten. Owing to the political condition of the country at that time, and the disturbed and trying state of the Institute, a celebration of the event was deemed inopportune. However, the Chief

Superior, now in her seventy-seventh year, remembering the words of St. Paul, "We must thank God for all things," had arranged for a beautiful ecclesiastical celebration, consisting of High Mass, sermon and *Te Deum*, which was highly approved of by the clergy and citizens.

In 1808, the Institute was assisted in its difficulties by a grant from the Government of 300 florens to each religious, the full value of which they continued to receive even after the depreciation of the currency.

Maria Julie Countess Majlath von Szekehely—a native of Hungary—governed the Institute as fifth Chief Superior, from 1814-1863. During her administration the incorporation of the Tyrol Institute with St. Pölten took place, in 1816, and the founding of four new houses also. In 1831, the Lodi house was founded, towards which the English Baroness Marie Hadfield Cosway contributed largely by giving the convent and other buildings. The noble benefactress died in her ninety-second year, on the 5th. of January, 1838. Shortly before her death, she asked the favor of being allowed to die clothed in the habit of the English Virgins.

The house at Lodi has the following affiliations: Merate, Lecco, and Biella, at the foot of Mount Oropa, noted for its pilgrimages.

In 1837, the Institute house at Vicenza was founded, where, after many difficulties with the Government had been overcome, during the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand I., a boarding and a day-school were opened, with much ceremony, on the 17th. of January, in the former cloister of the Barefooted Carmelites. The Superior of this new foundation was Mater Antonia von Bartakovits, from the Mother-house in St. Pölten.

The year of the Revolution, 1848, witnessed the withdrawal of the German members from Lodi and Vicenza; these convents, however, continued to carry on their work with the Italian members, through the assistance of the Chief Superior of St. Pölten. It was owing to the heroism of two Italian members of the Institute, Marquise Mater Giuseppina Perverelli and Mater Costanza Leoni, that the convent in Vicenza was saved from total destruction during that reign of terror. Verona and Vicenza were much exposed, during the conflict between the Austrians and Piedmontese. The above-mentioned Reli-

gious refused either to leave their convent or to surrender, nor were they to be intimidated, but boldly insisted upon their rights, faithfully and bravely remaining at their post. Mater Costanza Leoni died at Vicenza, 16th. of February, 1903, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. The privations and sufferings, endured during this period by those two religious, are almost incredible.

When the house was filled with the wounded, they withdrew to a hidden corner, where they were from time to time strengthened and encouraged by a priest, who brought them the Blessed Sacrament.

The war being ended, they called upon the Minister who was charged with the Provisional Government of the Venetian Republic, Nicolo Tommaseo, in order to obtain permission to continue the work of the Institute. Their request was graciously acceded to, and, moreover, the house was to receive a yearly endowment of 2,666 Austrian florins.

The political events of 1859 caused the separation of Lodi, and those of 1866, that of Vicenza, from the Official Union with the Austrian House in St. Pölten.

The existence of the two Italian Houses was at that time rather doubtful, and only one of them was able to withstand the storm; the members of the Institute had to agree to lay aside the religious dress. The day on which they exchanged the religious for the secular dress was one of mourning both for the nuns and the pupils. Their enemies were now satisfied; although they could not be ignorant that the work of the religious was carried on in the same spirit as before.

Profiting by the circumstances of the beginning of a new century, the Superior of Vicenza, Mater Antonietta Menegozzi, applied to the Government for permission to resume their religious dress—and obtained it.

The 20th. of January, 1901, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, is written in the annals as a day ever to be held in grateful, joyful memory.

In 1852, a house of the Institute was founded in Erlau, and in 1860, another in Veszprim, in Hungary, by the Countess Julie von Majlath, who died as a Jubilarian in her eighty-first year. The Religious and pupils at St. Pölten mourned for her as for a true mother.

Marie Mariacher von Friedenstern of Tyrol, and Superior at Prague, became the sixth General Superior at St. Pölten, and continued in office from 1863-1878. The want of finances, repeatedly felt, together with the persecution of enemies, who brought about the separation of the church and school, caused her great grief. But she was resigned, under these many trials, made no complaint, but prayed much, until at last she had the consolation of seeing the boarding-school in a flourishing condition and of being able to have the church restored and adorned in a manner befitting the House of God.

After an illness of only twenty-four hours, this good mother quietly passed to her reward, on the 2nd. of February, 1878, in her seventy-seventh year, being fortified by the rites of Holy Church. In the cemetery of the Institute may be read this short and well-expressed simple epitaph: "Ihr Wandel war in Gott."

Since 1878, the Austro-Hungarian Houses of the Institute have been governed with great prudence and energy by the seventh Chief Superior, Frau Josephine Gräfin Castiglione von Gonzaga, born 5th. of February, 1833, at Lemberg. She had been a pupil of the Institute at St. Pölten, later a member of its teaching staff, afterwards Mistress of Novices, until 1860, when she was sent to the newly-founded house of Veszprim, to fill again the post of Mistress of Novices. On the death of the first Superior of the above house, she was appointed her successor, and, for eighteen years, governed the community with maternal solicitude, until she was appointed Chief Superior.

The Mother-house at St. Pölten, as well as its first foundation, Krems, has been considerably enlarged under Frau Josephine Gräfin Castiglione von Gonzaga. In 1882, a Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes was built close to the church of the Institute at St. Pölten. This grotto is considered the best imitation of the celebrated Grotto at Lourdes. In 1897, a pretty little chapel of the Sacred Heart was added to the former, where, at all times, may be seen many devout worshippers.

In the interior of the house, our attention is particularly attracted to the beautiful oratory, the pupils' refectory, the large richly-furnished library of the Institute—the boarding-school has its own library—the museum, the study hall, and

the beautifully-arranged assembly hall, with a very fine stage. On both sides of the boarding-school door are found beautiful mottoes, full of meaning and instruction.

The rear of the Institute House is entirely surrounded by well-cared-for and extensive grounds,—shady avenues, a pretty grove and hill, beautiful flower beds and a fine playground make it a delightful and charming resort. At the end of the grounds is found a separate building for the sick, well provided with all sanitary arrangements.

In the conservatory, opposite this building, may be seen, winter and summer, the most beautiful flowers, used principally to decorate the church, for in the Institute church, as is becoming to the House of God, we find on all feasts the beauty of flowers blending harmoniously with the splendor of light.

The farm belonging to the Institute—"Lilienhof"—having a large building in the rococo style, with flat pillars and beautifully-carved windows, surrounded by other buildings for domestic purposes, has been changed into a rural Eldorado, with beautiful gardens, fields, and a vineyard, the whole making a most desirable spot for holiday recreation.

Two new houses were opened, one in Predazzo in South Tyrol, another in Eperies in Upper Hungary, in 1901. In 1906, another foundation was made in Zara, Dalmatia.

In 1903, the Institute at St. Pölten, with all the houses dependent thereon, obtained from the Holy See Constitutions, newly revised, to suit the changed conditions of the times.

At the present moment, there are eleven houses under the government of the Chief Superior at St. Pölten, Frau Josephine Gräfin Castiglione von Gonzaga: Krems, founded 1772, Private School of Pedagogy and Training School; Meran, founded 1724; Brixen, 1739; Prague, 1747; Budapest, 1770—a School of Pedagogy—since 1858, these have been the first State Seminaries for Teachers (Ladies) in the Kingdom of Hungary—Rovereto (Santa Croce), 1782; Erlau, 1852; Veszprim, 1860; Predazzo, 1881; Eperies, 1882; Zara, 1906.

In October, 1906, St. Pölten celebrated its Bicentennial by a grand triduum. "He who has passed through joy and sorrow will not be slow in rendering thanks to God." The Church cele-

bration ended with a magnificent *Te Deum*, poured forth from hearts overflowing with love and gratitude.

On the 14th. of October, the Jubilee Triduum closed by a drama, in which the highest guests took part, and whose symbolic signification was expressed in glowing terms by Professor Karl Fohringer, the renowned pulpit orator.

The Holy Father sent his Apostolic Blessing, His Majesty the Emperor, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, also the Mayor, Count Kielmansegg, sent congratulations by telegram.

May the Institute at St. Pölten increase a hundredfold in strength and grace and happiness, on its way to its Tricentennial celebration, may it always be a House to extend the glory of God and to confer blessings on youth at home and abroad!

The Limits of Evolution.

Synopsis of Lecture, Delivered by Reverend C. Maloy, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y., at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

AFTER the introduction, the lecturer continued in part as follows:

Evolution in its widest sense is synonymous with development, and as applied to the history of thought may be called the *dynamic* in contradistinction to the *static* method of viewing the universe. In the *static* phase, man looked at the universe as a whole, or any part thereof, as a complete fact; in the *dynamic*, he views it in the making. To illustrate: In the *static* phase of the history of thought, the botanist took the rose-bush and analyzed it for his pupils. He pointed out the root and stem, the branch and leaf and blossom; he called attention to the number and color of its petals, to its perfumes, to the shape and structure of its leaves, to its rind and vascular bundles and flowing sap; he compared it with others of its kind and indicated the resemblances and differences of structure in the various members of the group. In all this he was studying things as they are, as if they were something fixed, stationary, *static*.

In the *dynamic*, he proceeds quite differently. Our botanist takes the seed of the rose-bush, which is, as you know, apparently an inert mass, but which placed in the proper conditions of heat

and moisture, by planting, goes through wonderful changes and eventually emerges into the beautiful bush. Studying the rose-bush and in like manner any part or the whole of the universe, in this way, we are looking at it from the *dynamic* standpoint, the standpoint from which the modern mind views every thought phase, not merely the biologic, the philosophic, but also the theologic.

The lecturer then proceeded to sketch the Kant-Laplace theory of cosmic evolution, as well as the kindred philosophic speculations of Goethe, Hegel, and Schelling. He corrected a misunderstanding that is often met with, by showing that there were rather striking glimmerings of a theory of cosmic and organic evolution to be found in Anaximander, in the fifth century B. C., and that Kant and Lamarck and many others were firm believers and exponents of evolution before the beginning of the nineteenth century, though many seemed to think that Darwin and Wallace were the joint fathers of the theory.

Taking up his direct subject, "The Limits of Evolution," Father Maloy explained biogenesis and abiogenesis. He showed how biogenesis, or the doctrine that life demands life as its antecedent cause, is the only theory compatible with the ascertained facts of science. He detailed the experiments of M. Pasteur, by which he proved the impossibility of spontaneous generation, the testimony of Lord Kelvin, that automatic commencement, or automatic maintenance of life merits absolute negation, and that of John Tyndall: "If you ask me whether there exists the least evidence to prove that any form of life can be developed out of matter without demonstrable antecedent life, my reply is . . . men of science frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life."

The Reverend speaker summed up this point in the following propositions:

1. It is quite certain that no person has ever seen living matter produced from non-living matter, now or at any previous time.

2. It is equally certain that we have no facts on which to base the theory that it was spontaneously produced at some former period.

3. Nor have we the slightest suggestion, from those who put forth the theory, as to how the transformation may have taken place or under what conditions, nor are we told why it is impossible to reproduce those conditions in the chemist's laboratory.

4. Finally, that as science deals and can only deal with facts, theories of this kind must be taken for what they are, namely, "pious opinions," and estimated at the value which they therefore possess.

Consequently, the first limit of materialistic evolution is found in the *vital* principle in organisms.

The next limit the Reverend lecturer found in the existence of the higher vital activity shown in the animal organism, and which he termed, according to the phraseology of the scholastics, as the power to reproduce the external universe *in individuo*. He gave his hearers the details of two years of personal study of ants, and confirmed, by his own observations, the conclusions of Eric Wassmann, the German Jesuit. One argument against the materialistic view of evolution, as put forth by Haeckel and others, was, that animal intelligence should be commensurate with the complexity of the organism, but his studies of ants had demonstrated that this is by no means the case. Sense knowledge, as the mediaevalists called it, postulates the existence of a higher vital active principle, than the vegetable principle. The activity may proceed from a far less highly organized being, and be far less complex in its manifestations, but is of a different and higher order.

Finally, Father Maloy came, in the *scala entium*, to man, and showed that there was still another chasm which the evolution theory had not bridged, namely, the power in man to reproduce the external universe *in universo*, the power to formulate universal ideas, principles of speculation and morality, and in the aggregate the capacity of indefinite mental development. He recounted Sir John Lubbock's experiments with his dog, also his own investigation of the show horse, Jim Kee, and the latest studies of animal intelligence in Germany, and proved from all these that there is still another break in the chain of evolution. Man is not merely different intellectually *in degree* from the brute, but *essentially*.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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APRIL, 1909.

An interesting fact in connection with the picture of Edgar Allan Poe, which illustrates the Article, entitled "Fordham Cottage," in the current issue of the RAINBOW, is, that it was presented to the writer by Miss Rosalie Poe, the poet's sister.

Miss Poe assured Dr. Baxley that the likeness was admirable.

*

The great Feast of the Resurrection—the pledge of the reunion of the broken households of earth—is filling the world with joy to-day as it did the Apostles two thousand years ago, and bringing to the faithful that mysterious peace which the Master wishes His own to possess. All Christendom exults, and the universe seems one grand and glorious temple wherein the triumphant song of victory—"Resurrexit sicut dixit"—resounds. How small and unworthy are the sacrifices we made during the forty days "in the desert" with Christ, in comparison with the gladness which floods our souls this Easter morning!

In connection with the recent Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, *The Hamilton Times* makes the following reference to Archbishop McEvay:

"Twenty years are but a span in the history of a church or a diocese, but it can truly be said that St. Mary's Cathedral has changed far more in the score of years since first the present Archbishop came to it as Rector than has His Grace himself. With the advent of His Lordship Bishop Dowling, great progress was ushered into the diocese of Hamilton. It radiated from the Cathedral, and the then Father McEvay was the one chosen by His Lordship for the great work he had in view. It is doubtful if even Bishop Dowling could even then foresee how great would be the things accomplished through the earnest endeavors of Father McEvay and Father Mahony, now respectively the Archbishop of Toronto, and the Dean of the Diocese of Hamilton, each with ten years of good work to his credit.

In the pulpit, His Grace, as is only natural, is more venerable than of yore, but he speaks with the same earnestness, eloquent in its simplicity and directness. Those who had the pleasure of being presented to him, yesterday morning, found, and could not but observe, the same bright, beaming, cheerful face of twenty years ago, softened by so many years spent in the service of the Master, among people of two dioceses, but speaking kindness and sincerity in every feature. The same firm mouth, the characteristic of a strong and well-rounded face, with the same fine head of short, curly hair, somewhat silvered. But the firmness of the mouth is lost in the brightness and tenderness of the smile that plays over the features when he speaks. His Grace of 1909 is so strikingly like Father McEvay of 1889 that time seems to have dealt very kindly with him, and yet the robes of his high office become him well, and many an honest heart swelled with pride yesterday, as the mem-



NEW STONE BRIDGE TO GOAT ISLAND.



PROSPECT POINT IN 1905.

bers of his old flock in Hamilton grasped the hand of 'Our Archbishop.' Truly, His Grace's warmest welcome to Hamilton was in the hearts of his people."

*

Under the title of "Lessons from an Old Master;" there appeared, recently, in the *Toronto Globe*, a pertinent and timely article, from which the following extract has been taken:

"The affectation of some pedants is the absolute authority of the dictionary and text-book, and the depreciation of memory as an educational instrument; and there are philistines among us who whisper secretly about an order from the Minister of Education for Ontario, to the effect that, in the new series of school readers, 'labor' must be spelled with a 'u.' From the address on the old Roman orator, Quintilian, given at the University by the President of the American Philological Association, the advocates of these barbarisms might have learned that their offences are as stale as they are injurious.

"The address by Professor Charles E. Bennett of Cornell University, on 'An Ancient School-master's Message to Present-day Teachers,' although it dealt with the work of a man who practised law and taught rhetoric in the days of Nero, was as modern in its interest and as local in its application as if Quintilian were the master whom education in Ontario sorely needs and has needed for more than a generation.

"'Begin right,' urged Quintilian, 'and get the best.' The best teacher is needed at the very beginning. The ablest teacher should touch the lightest things. The change can easily be made from good to bad, but not from bad to good. The effect of bad teaching on the plastic intellect of the child is an injury well-nigh irreparable. For the slow and dull as well as for the alert and bright, the secret of success or failure lies with the teacher. Many a Roman lad failed to realize his first promise because of the lack of pains or of ability or of conscience in his teacher.

'Blame yourself as a teacher,' declared Quintilian, 'for the failure of your pupils,' and his exhortation, needed to-day and deserving of emphasis in every school, was, that pupils should learn to *decline nouns* and to *conjugate verbs* if they would be made to understand or to profit by their subsequent lessons.

"All this from the eternal verities of education, as presented by the Roman orator, is indeed a message to which educational wiseacres should give earnest heed.

"No less pertinent and no less practical were the words of Quintilian on the importance of a trained memory, not a memory made expert to play mechanical tricks, but a learning by heart, through practice and labor, of such things in the literature truth as enrich the mind and serve the purposes of true education. Very pertinent was the condemnation of those who would multiply confusions for the pupil. 'Latin is hard enough anyway,' remarked Professor Bennett, commenting on the old master's words, 'without multiplying artificial difficulties through confusions in spelling and pronunciations'; and he added, 'Latin exists for the pupil, not the pupil for Latin.' He might have said the same with even more earnestness of English; and the notion entertained by some people in the matter of the spelling of English words, would illustrate his point. There were pedants in Quintilian's day who would do for the Latin what is attempted to be done by those who insist on spelling 'labor,' 'honor,' and such words with a 'u,' under the misapprehension that such spelling is old and is English."

*

The new mistress of the White House is as averse as is Mrs. Roosevelt to thrusting herself forward into public notice. Her lot as wife and mother is a proud and happy one, and her ambitions are all for her husband and children. "The only lines in her face," says one writer, "are the relics of habitual smiles." Life has been good to her, and the world a good place to

live in. She, as well as her husband, has kept young and clear-eyed. She reads much, speaks French excellently, is passionately fond of good music, and is a fine entertainer, though not in a lavish and sensational way.

Another writer says, speaking of Mrs. Taft: "William Taft and Helen Herron must have started life even. She has the same straightforwardness, the same honesty, the contempt of tinsel and sham and pretense. Her worst enemy, if she could have one, would call her 'genuine.' She has no affectations, no surface veneer, no 'isms.' She has always remained the sweetheart of her husband; the playmate and confidant of her children. In the best sense, she is a woman of the world. She knows the big business of statecraft, and the smaller dicta of society. By reading and studying, she has kept apace with her husband, till, possibly, there is no woman in America who is better qualified to discuss the real questions of the day."

*

We have before us the Prize List from the Department of Public Instruction, Higher Education of Girls, Mauritius, containing the names of the successful candidates from the Loreto Convents there.

In Standard I. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Louise Adam, Marthe Aubert, Marie Thérèse Bouffé, Renée Lemerle, Mathilde Piat, and Muriel Thompson—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

The Bronze Medal was obtained by Miss Marthe Aubert.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Valentine Laure and Elaine Robert—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis—also by Miss Zoë Fourmond, Marthe Harel, Berthe Herchenroder, Hilda Nicole, Renée Pépin, Germaine Quessy—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard II. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Hélène Corson, Thérèse Lagesse,

Simone Pougnet, and Carmen Rambert—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe—by Léa Bruneau, Hélène de Lalande, Bianca Ducasse, Suzanne Duvivier, Maud Keisler, and Hélène Tank-Wen—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis—and by Inès Pépin—a pupil of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard III. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Léa Tostée, Olga Icery, a Pass Certificate by Miss Lucie Montigny, and Prizes by Miss Simone Edwards and Miss Hilda Pilot—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

The Bronze Medal was obtained by Miss Geneviève Tank-Wen, and Honors Certificates by Miss Yvette Ducasse, Yvonne Florens, Geneviève Tank-Wen, and a Prize by Miss Elmire Laure—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis. Honors Certificates were also obtained by Miss Odette Bonnaudet and Marguerite de Pitray; and Prizes by Miss Anna Berchon and Nella Antoine—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard IV. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Céline M. de Palmas, Marie de Robillard, Sabine Letellier; a Pass Certificate by Marie Hardy; Prizes by Lise Clarenc and Marcelle Pougnet—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

A Pass Certificate was obtained by Miss Anne Goder, and a Prize by Miss Hilda Frappier—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Marie Harel, Lydia Cantal, and Pass Certificates by Miss Claire Couve and Françoise Fleurié—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard V. the Silver Medal was obtained by Miss Renée Langlois, and Certificates of Honor by Miss Renée Langlois and Blanche Reilley—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Clémence Bathfield, Agaritha Ducasse, Odette Ernest, Anne Marie and Suzanne Péril—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

In Standard VI. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Hélène Foiret and Julie Hardy;

and Prizes by Miss Frances Bennett, and Madeleine d'Emmerez de Charmoy—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe—also by Miss Léa Chéry, Elizabeth Larcher and Léa Régina Quirin—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis. Certificates of Honor were obtained by Miss Laurence Lommeau and Anita Rae; and Prizes by Miss Marguerite Béchard, Edmée Couve and Emma de Pitray—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard VII. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Fernande Bérenger and Albine Pilot; Prizes by Miss Madeleine Bouffé and Andrée Bourgault du Coudray—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe—an Honor Certificate by Miss Lucienne Gautray—Loreto Convent, Port Louis—Honors Certificates by Miss Simone de St. Pern, Clémence Pasquet, Mathilde Rougé; and Prizes by Miss Yveline Bird-Hulm—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

An Address to a Rat.

(If the immortal poet Burns condescends, as he does, to magnify and immortalize the Mouse, surely some small jingle of justice may be done to its much more majestic, maligned and persecuted relative, the Rat; and the author of the following feeble, but faithful tribute to that nimble and interesting animal's gifts, graces and glories feels sure that his judgment as to its claims for better treatment from humanity will be appreciated, confirmed and ratified by every rational reader of THE RAINBOW.)

Dear cunning, cautious, wise, wee beastie,
Methinks that we've been much too hasty
Condemning thee.
With one accord we shrug and shudder,
And many imprecations utter,
In naming thee;

Forgetting that thou hast a nature
Distinct from every other creature.
Thou art a Rat,
Controlled by instincts born within thee,
Forbidding any love between thee
And the base cat.

'Tis true that thou art somewhat thievish.
Thy pilferings make the old wives peevish;
But, what of that?
Thou canst not do without a living,
And few on earth are fond of giving
Food to a rat.

Thou'rt also guilty of performing
Pranks somewhat noisy and alarming
In dead of night;
Disturbing children in their beds
And chickens roosting in their sheds;
Which is not right.

But, surely some small recreation
Is due unto the rat creation
As well as others.
For ages they've been persecuted,
Stoned, starved, and stunted, hissed and hooted—
They and their fathers.

Dear Rat! What candid thinking creature
Can but admire thine every feature?
Who can assail
Thy searching, sparkling, little eyes,
Thy neat wee feet and faultless thighs,
Thy graceful tail?

And who, unless he tell a lie,
What manufacturer can deny
That even thy skin
Makes 'matchless "superfine" kid gloves
For lofty lords and lady-loves
And all their kin?

But, even if we fail to see
The gifts that gleam and glow in thee,
It ends the matter
To know that Noah saw thy worth,
And saved thee when this wicked earth
Was under water.

Beyond a doubt the day must come
When, both abroad and here at home,
The rats must gain
Their rational, right, and proper place
As monarchs of the rodent race
In man's domain.

"Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

IN the 3d. of February, 1809, in Hamburg, Germany, a little boy-baby was born, who was destined to be one of the greatest musicians the world ever saw.

This was the great "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," whose lot was very different from that of most other musicians. He did not know what poverty meant, and, from his childhood, he was accustomed to all the comforts essential to a happy life.

Mendelssohn was very accomplished, possessing musical genius, a talent for drawing and languages, personal attractiveness, a heart ever open to kindred sympathy, a mind whose capacities centred on higher things, and whose spirit bordered neither on baseness nor perfidy. He had a very happy home, and parents who loved him tenderly, but kept him hard at work to develop to the utmost his great gifts. His sisters and brothers were very talented, especially his sister Fanny, who possessed remarkable musical gifts, and who was devotedly attached to her brother, Felix. In fact, Mendelssohn had everything that could be desired to make life happy.

The Mendelssohn children, though born Jews, were baptized and brought up Christians, by the advice and persuasion of their mother's brother, whose name, Bartholdy, they added to their own. This uncle, who was an accomplished and cultured man, had never been forgiven by his mother for leaving the faith of his ancestors, and a very pretty story is told of Fanny Mendelssohn, who was a great favorite with her grandmother, and often went to see her and play for her. One day, she played unusually well, and the old lady was so delighted that she offered to give her anything she should ask. "Forgive Uncle Bartholdy," said the child; and the grandmother was so touched by the unexpected request that she really became reconciled to her son.

Madame Mendelssohn was the first to teach her talented little son to play. Later, when he was seven years old, he was taught by Madame Bigot, who was a remarkable musician, and still later, by the grim and tyrannical music teacher, Zelter, whose words of praise were so rare that they were counted as pure gold.

Zelter became very much attached to his clever little pupil, and when Felix was eleven years old, the former took him to visit the poet Goethe. The old poet quite lost his heart to the fascinating boy. One evening the poet requested him to play a fugue by Bach, which Felix did not know by heart, but he remembered the theme and instantly reproduced it in a manner which delighted Goethe. This instance shows us Mendelssohn's wonderful talent for improvising, even at the early age of eleven. This faculty is evident throughout his compositions.

In the year 1820, at the age of twelve, Mendelssohn began systematically to compose, and he had the great advantage of frequently hearing his works performed; for the Mendelssohns had musical parties every two weeks, for which a small orchestra was engaged, and, at these, Felix conducted his own compositions, even when he was so small as to have to stand on a stool to be seen. Zelter was always present, and Felix had the advantage of his criticism, as well as practice in conducting and playing before an audience.

During the summer of 1826, Felix composed his famous "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture—the most remarkable work that was ever produced by a boy of seventeen. The airy, fairy lightness and grace of this composition gives it a peculiar charm and fascination, and it is such a perfect illustration of the spirit of the play that, when almost twenty years later the composer wrote the rest of "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, he did not change a note of the Overture. This music is probably the most perfect expression of Mendelssohn's genius, and will delight the world as long as Shakespeare is read and enjoyed.

Mendelssohn took great delight in the music of the grand old master, Johann Sebastian Bach. It is said that one of his favorite compositions by the grand old master was the short "Prelude and Fugue" in E minor for the pianoforte. Another favorite was the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. After one of his concerts in Berlin, a certain critic remarked to Mendelssohn, that his interpretation then of the Fantasia seemed quite different from what it was upon a former occasion. "How do you account for this?" asked the critic. "Oh!" said Mendelssohn, "sometimes one plays it one way and sometimes another."

which goes to show that he looked on Bach as a live musician and not as a dead one.

When twenty years old, Mendelssohn went to Leipsic to take charge of the Gewandhaus concerts, and, in November of that year, his father suddenly died.

This was a terrible blow, for Felix loved his father with an almost idolatrous affection, and, being separated from the rest of the family, felt it all the more. For a time he was stunned but as soon as he was able, set to work to finish "St. Paul." It was first performed at Düsseldorf, in the spring of 1836, and received with great enthusiasm.

Mendelssohn was offered the post of director of the musical department, in 1840, by the new King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., who desired to found an Academy of Arts in his capital, and this position, Mendelssohn, after much hesitation, accepted.

Mendelssohn returned once more to Leipsic, where he finished "Elijah." No work of his ever went so admirably at its first performance, or was received with such enthusiasm by both musicians and the audience, as this Oratorio.

Mendelssohn wrote compositions for the piano, violin, viola, and violincello; and three of his quartettes, published in 1824, still hold a place among classical musical works.

After his return from Berlin, he produced, in 1827, his first Opera, "Die Hochzeit des Gamacho," in which the principal characters of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" are introduced. But the music met with a cold reception and the Opera was immediately withdrawn.

He spent some time in Edinburgh and immortalized the popular music of the Scotch bagpipers by his Symphony in A minor, since called the Scottish Symphony, which was first performed, under his own direction, by the London Philharmonic Society.

For the festivals—birthdays and Christmas entertainments—held at home, Mendelssohn composed "Kindersymphonien," and for his parents' Silver-Wedding anniversary, he wrote an Operetta, in which he arranged for his brother-in-law, Hensel, who had no idea of music, a part to be sung throughout on one note only.

Shortly after his return from a visit to England, in 1847, his health was injured by grief at the sudden death of his devoted mother, and of

his beloved sister, Fanny. A tour to Switzerland for the recovery of his strength brought only temporary relief, a relapse took place soon after his return to Leipsic, and he died in the prime of his manhood from an affection of the brain, on the 4th. of November, 1847.

Among the most famous of his many published works are his music for Goethe's "Walpurgis Night," "Antigone," organ compositions, symphonies, and a great number of admirable sonatas, concertos, and trios. In his "Songs without Words" for the pianoforte, Mendelssohn opened a new vein of beauty for pianists.

Mendelssohn was as much beloved for the beauty of his character as for his genius. His life was comparatively free from care, and, from his earliest childhood, he was permitted to indulge his tastes without hindrance. He was always generous with encouragement for talent and perseverance, but, toward negligence or stupidity he was very intolerant. He was a warm-hearted person, and had great capacity for anger, anything like meanness or deceit aroused this passion at once; and he sometimes said very severe things, which he afterwards regretted.

Mendelssohn had a remarkable memory. Once when Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was talked of, he played it instantly without notes, conducted it by heart at a rehearsal, and sang the part of a missing instrument.

An amazing story is told of Liszt's playing at Mendelssohn's house a melody with surprising variations, and afterwards insisting that Mendelssohn should play, too. Finally, Mendelssohn said: "Well, I'll play, but you must promise not to be angry." He sat down to the piano and reproduced Liszt's melody with variations so perfectly, that no one but Liszt himself could have told the difference.

The charm of Mendelssohn's piano playing was acknowledged by all; but it was limited to the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and his own.

Mendelssohn was very attractive in person, having large brown eyes and a delicate mouth, with a pleasant little smile at the corners—and he was always very neat. He was fond of all outdoor sports, frolic, picnics, and was full of fun at all times, yet so considerate of those around him that his manners were winning and attractive. He had a business-like habit of

doing one thing at a time, and doing it well. He once told about playing a trill, several minutes a day, for a number of months, till he had perfected it to his own satisfaction.

All who met Mendelssohn seem to have yielded to his personal fascination, and the lasting admiration that was felt for him by men shows that there was a foundation of solid goodness beneath this external attractiveness.

Unlike many other great musicians, Mendelssohn was acknowledged, and popular during his lifetime; he was looked upon as the leader of the musical world of his day, and other musicians, equally gifted, perhaps, were represented and thought of as far inferior.

Some of Mendelssohn's larger works for piano, are not heard so frequently as they ought to be nowadays. The Symphonies for orchestra are still played, and always receive hearty appreciation. His Overtures would also bear more frequent performance. When we come to speak of his organ works, we may safely say that nothing like them has been done since their composer's death. It is much to be regretted that Mendelssohn was not spared to write many more brilliant organ compositions; for, in this class of work, he was decidedly the best.

Mendelssohn's own compositions for the piano-forte, some of which, however, are charming, can scarcely be placed in the first rank—though he has written perhaps the best fugues since Bach; but his lovely Overtures, particularly the "Midsummer Night's Dream," are among the best of their kind, and his two great Oratorios, "St. Paul," and "Elijah," have no rivals but the great works of Händel.

MARGUERITE SCHMUCK.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

The chief danger of the age is overdoing. We have so many theories of life that often we are worse off than if we were without any. Few of us realize the distinction between a good thing and a too good thing, which is one cause of our becoming a people of hard-riden fads. Perfection forced into too close range has a way of getting distorted. To learn that well done is not overdone is the surest safeguard against life's excesses. Moderation may not be exciting, but it wears well.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE history of our country discovers so many instances of men who have risen from humble beginnings to posts of honor and influence by their own energy, industry, and steadiness of purpose, that a fresh illustration, while always sure of sympathy, no longer causes surprise.

On the 12th. of February, 1809, in obscurity and poverty, with health and a good disposition as a heritage from Nature, Abraham Lincoln entered on life's journey, through toil and vicissitude, to fame and immortality. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was a poor farmer, living in Kentucky, when Abraham was born. Seven years later, the family removed to Indiana, where, for ten years, the future President was occupied in hard labor on his father's farm, with but few opportunities of attending school. Before leaving Kentucky, however, he had received his first reading lessons from Father Zachariah Riney, a Catholic priest who travelled through the country, opened a school at Hodgenville, and, for a few weeks, gave instructions to the youth of the neighborhood. In Indiana he attended school for a short time, but his school life did not exceed twelve months altogether. His education was acquired among men rather than books.

In 1830, the family moved to Illinois. Abraham drove the team which carried the household effects of the family, and wearing a coon-skin cap, jean jacket and buckskin trousers, he entered the State poor, friendless and unknown. Thirty years later, he left it, the foremost man of the nation and known to all the world!

It is told of him that, once badly in need of a pair of trousers and not having the money to buy them, he made a bargain with an old dame named Nancy Miller. For every yard of cloth required he was to split four hundred fence rails, and, as he was over six feet in height, it took fourteen hundred rails to pay for his trousers.

While variously employed at farm labor, rail-splitting, and carpenter work, he was appointed by President Jackson, postmaster of New Salem. About this time he began the study of law, in which profession he rapidly attained distinction. He was several times elected to the legislature of Illinois, and, in 1846, was sent to the lower

House of Congress. On the formation of the Republican party, he became one of its prominent leaders, and, in 1860, he was nominated by that party for the presidency. As the Democrats were divided on the slavery question, the contest resulted in the election of Lincoln. It was understood in the South that the President-elect was pledged to abolish slavery, so, during the last few months of Buchanan's administration, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas seceded, and formed a union of the "Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis as provisional President. Buchanan was irresolute in this crisis and allowed events to take their course, so that the country was already on the eve of civil war when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated.

He was more opposed to the extension of slavery than desirous for its abolition. In his inaugural address he said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." The conciliatory tone of this address had no effect on the advocates of slavery, and, as Lincoln knew their real sentiments, he realized that enduring peace would not bless the nation while such an institution remained a menace to free labor and industrial prosperity. On the 12th. of April, the Confederate Army bombarded Fort Sumter. This was rebellion, but Lincoln was the man for the occasion. Before Congress could be convened he had summoned an army, suspended the writ of habeas corpus and acted with decision in many matters, knowing that he had the confidence and approval of the people. Throughout the stormy years of his administration, Lincoln never knew a moment free from anxiety. Each day he faced a new problem, and, finding no precedent to guide him in its solution, he acted in accordance with his own good common sense and proved equal to every emergency. He was not disturbed by public criticism, nor was he averse to taking counsel from the poorest among men. His oratory was not marked by rhetorical display, but it fastened the attention, appealed to reason, and carried conviction to the heart. His Gettysburg speech is not only dear to every American citizen, but it is treasured as a masterpiece wherever the English language is spoken—

"That we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Lincoln had often been warned of the danger of assassination and had received anonymous letters threatening it, but had never taken any precautions against it, believing it was not likely to be attempted.

On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, he visited Ford's Theatre with his wife and several personal friends. The play was "My American Cousin." One of the minor actors, John Wilkes Booth, entered the box where Lincoln sat, and, going up behind him, put the pistol close to his head and fired, then sprang upon the stage, crying: "The South has been avenged." The President's head fell slightly forward, his eyes closed, and consciousness never returned. His body was taken in funeral procession from Washington to Springfield and was buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery.

No pen can do justice to the character of Lincoln, for the world will never know of the trials which beset him from his infancy in the backwoods to his tomb in Springfield. Trained in the ways of adversity, during his earlier years, he stands forth as the product of an environment that was hard and stern but which served to form a character that was strong, consistent, and immutably based on principle. It was love of country, not selfish ambition, which turned his attention to public life, and this singleness of purpose, together with his indomitable will, made him a giant in coping with a situation, before which the stoutest heart might well quail.

If ever the inner self of a man was embodied in his physical make-up, that was eminently so in the case of Lincoln. His gaunt, homely figure was expressive of his inward straightforwardness, but just as the frank smile lighted up his honest face, so the rugged outlines of his severe and lofty character were relieved by a quaint drollery and humor, which endeared him to his intimates.

Unbending when principle was at stake, he was never vindictive or petty. He was the pure patriot, fighting the battles of his country, but judging her foes not malicious, but mistaken.

Had he lived to take up the work of pacification that followed the great contest, it would have been much more easy and rapid under his broad-minded supervision, and some of the perplexing difficulties of to-day would have been avoided. He accomplished a priceless work, and his name is, and ever will be, held in honor and veneration by all classes of his countrymen.

PATRICIA DOYLE.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRULY, the year 1809 is the "Annus Mirabilis" of the nineteenth century. It was the birth-year of Lincoln, Gladstone, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Tennyson, Holmes, and Poe. With the exception of Lincoln, perhaps, none of these names is so dear to American hearts as that of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The poet was born on the 29th. of August, in the historic old town of Cambridge, Mass. He speaks affectionately of the "gambrel-roofed house" as "my birthplace, the home of my childhood and earlier and later boyhood."

His early education was received at the school of Dame Prentiss, from which, at the age of ten, he passed to the Cambridgeport school, where he remained five years. After spending one year at Phillips' Academy, Andover, he entered Harvard, where he soon became a popular member of several of the college clubs. He was a boyish boy, fond of fun and always ready to join in the general round of amusement and pleasantry. His talents as a versifier, were soon discovered, and he was chosen for the proud position of "class poet." He was graduated in the famous "class of '29," in which his membership was a life-long source of pleasure to him. Holmes had the passion of local patriotism; he loved his college, he loved his class, he had a worthy pride in the race from which he had sprung, and he loved the city of his life with the affection of a man who can be at home only in one place. The union of the class became closer after graduation, for those were the days of "class feeling" when a man expected his classmates to be his friends through life.

As usual, the graduates of '29 soon began to have annual dinners in Boston, and Holmes,

naturally enough, enlivened one of their meetings with an ode, whereof the result was that he was expected to do the like ever after. Some of his most pleasing *vers d'occasion*, sometimes convivial, later on, pathetic, were written for these class gatherings.

For a time, Holmes studied law, but later, abandoned it for a course in medicine. After completing his classical and medical studies, Dr. Holmes spent two years in Europe, and then settled in Boston as a practising physician. In 1847, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, in which capacity, for a number of years, he was accustomed to deliver four lectures a week, during the eight months that form the Academic year.

We shall not discuss his success as Doctor and Scientist; suffice it to say that, as both, he was successful. It is as Poet, Essayist, and Novelist, that he interests us.

The year 1857 is a very significant one in the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes as a man of letters. In November of that year there was started in Boston, a new periodical under the editorship of James Russell Lowell, who was supported by an able staff of contributors. Among these was Holmes, who supplied the title—*The Atlantic Monthly*. In the first number there appeared an article, entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," which began with strange abruptness, thus: "I was just going to say when I was interrupted that one way of classifying minds," etc. This was the first of that triple series of articles which have carried the name which represents the Autocrat, the Professor, and the Poet, into millions of homes.

The paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* was at once assured of success, and the succeeding numbers of the magazine were looked for eagerly by large numbers of readers. Howells said well that Dr. Holmes "Not named, but made *The Atlantic*." In discussing these essays, John T. Morse says: "To speak of the epigrammatic wisdom and tender fancies of the *Autocrat* would be quotation; to dwell upon the abundance and rare originality, the wit, beauty and infinite variety of its similes would be like calling attention to the logic of Plato or the dramatic gift of Shakespeare." The books in which Holmes under his various aliases, discourses over the teacups on every subject that comes up, are certainly representative of all that



NEW STONE BRIDGE FROM GOAT ISLAND TO FIRST SISTER ISLAND.



NEW BRIDGE TO TERRAPIN POINT.

is greatest and most original in him. His rich, witty style, his deep thought, his genial satire, his happy wealth of illustration, his occasional gems of humor, pathos, and poetry—all combined—make these volumes the favorites of men and women of most diverse tastes and opinions, who seek for stimulating thoughts.

However, the discursiveness which charms us in the *Breakfast-table* speaker, has an almost irritating effect in his novels. "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Moral Antipathy," belong to a class of fiction known as "Novels with a purpose." Each of these books possesses undoubted merits, and shows the keen thought, the descriptive power, and the play of fancy, so characteristic of the author. But Holmes is not great as a novelist as he is in other things; his stories are psychological problems rather than dramatic creations, and the moral detracts from the artistic value.

It may be questioned whether or not Holmes was a great poet, but it cannot be denied that he was a charming singer. His poems are not thrilling or profound; but they all have some characteristic grace, some unexpected stroke of wit, some fascinating melody. Although he was more ambitious to be thought a poet than anything else, yet he himself seems to make his poems subsidiary by scattering them through the papers of the *Breakfast-table* series. "The Chambered Nautilus," which appeared in the fourth paper of the *Autocrat*, was considered by the critics and by the author, the best poetry that he ever wrote. When Whittier read it, he said: "That poem is booked for immortality." "The Last Leaf," one of his earlier poems, is also one of the most popular. Abraham Lincoln memorized it and frequently quoted it as one of the most pathetic passages in literature:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

As a writer of occasional verse, Holmes had no rival. He would have made an ideal Poet Laureate, for, no matter what the occasion was, he could meet it with a spirited poem in a note of perfect sympathy. There seems to be, how-

ever, a feeling that "occasion" poetry cannot be the best poetry, and the poet himself was quite conscious of the peril into which he was led by his singular facility. He writes to Lowell: "I hold it to be a gift of a certain value to be able to give that slight passing spasm of pleasure which a few ringing couplets often cause read at the right moment. I think, however, that I have made myself almost too common by my readiness to oblige people on all sorts of occasions. At any rate, many of the trifles which served their turn with the bouquets and the confectionery, ought to have withered and crumpled with them."

In most of his short poems there is the charm of a hidden song. His melody was absolutely perfect; he was a consummate master of all that is harmonious, graceful and pleasing in rhythm and in language.

There is a rare pathetic touch about some of these verses, when the poet explains that he is well aware that his listeners have come prepared to be amused by the humorist rather than to be elevated and edified by the poet and philosopher. And yet, he does not disappoint them; in his quaint, half-playful way, he gives them much wisdom and much beautiful poetry, with the mirthful laugh.

"At first we thought him but a jest,
A ray of laughter, quick to fade;
We did not dream how richly blest
In his pure life our lives are made:
Till soon, the aureole shone, confest
Upon his crest."

In many of his poems, there is a delicious Irish character, which touches at once "the springs of laughter and the source of tears." That his poetry was influenced by the songs and melodies of Moore, we cannot doubt when we read some of his lines, for instance:

"Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun;
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun."

This resemblance to Erin's bard is noted in a poem, read by William Winter, on the occasion of Holmes' seventieth birthday, and which has been quoted above.

"How sweetly did his spirit pour
 The strains that make the tear-drop start,
 When on this bleak New England shore
 With Tara's harp and Erin's heart
 He thrilled us to the bosom's core
 With thoughts of Moore."

In reading his purely humorous poems, it seems difficult to realize that they are by the poet who could at times touch the lyre with such very different effect. During his early years, Holmes wrote some of the most wildly humorous and, at the same time, some of the most obviously serious of his work. In middle and later life, he succeeded in subtly fusing the two qualities in that happy style so peculiarly his own.

As a man, Holmes was witty, courteous, entertaining, and so amiable that he is spoken of as "genial Holmes." Like other men of note, he was the victim of autograph seekers, and his opinion was craved by all manner of would-be authors. With these demands he was marvelously patient; he was always gracious and, where possible, encouraging. It is a familiar story that Bret Harte, in his youth, sent the manuscript of some of his early poems to the Doctor, and that the Doctor replied with decided commendation. As the letter had been anonymous, he did not know whom he had encouraged until Bret Harte walked into his library, one day, and developed the story.

An anecdote is told which illustrates Holmes' ready wit and appreciation of fun. The "Bohemian Club," celebrating a festal evening in San Francisco, chose Dr. Holmes as a member, and, at once, sent him a telegram to notify him of the honor. The message reached Boston in the middle of the night and no reply was expected. What was the astonishment of the club, when, before adjournment, a messenger brought the following responsive dispatch:

"Message from San Francisco: whisper low—
 Asleep in bed an hour or more ago.
 While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
 Say to his friend who sent these loving lines,
 'Silent, unanswering, still to friendship true,
 He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you.'"

As a novelist, Holmes may have but the temporary fame of one who writes with the object of pointing a present-day lesson; but, as a poet

and essayist, his place is secure in the literature of his country. In point of fame, his position is immediately after Longfellow, while in point of popularity, he is probably to-day the very first. He is a true poet and a great humorist. He used his poetry as a means to teach men the truths that came to him as one of themselves, and it is this cordial fellowship, established between writer and readers, that makes him so widely loved. In all his writings, as in his life, he is an optimist. The same good humor which inspired the rollicking mirth of his earlier productions is evident in the quiet happiness of his later poems.

"But nature lends her mirror of illusion

To win from saddening scenes our age-
 dimmed eyes;

And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion

The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,

And life forgets us in its noise and whirl;

Visions that shunned the noonday find us,

And glimmering starlight shows the gates of
 pearl."

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Paderewski.

"Never has his art been so rich, so ripe and so completely beautiful as it is now."

THE great science and art of the rhythmic combination of tones for the expression of anything possible by this means, satisfied my critical (?) conception, for the first time, when I heard the world-renowned Paderewski in the Grand Opera House, in Hamilton, on the evening of February the twenty-fourth.

Varied, indeed, were the emotions experienced as, seated in the midst of hundreds of other enthusiastic music lovers, I wondered if their thoughts were as mine—if the same feeling of intense suspense made them almost hold their breath, while awaiting the rising of the curtain. Toward the dimly-lighted stage the eyes of the expectant audience were turned when a tall, slender form advanced. A burst of applause—a stately bow—and the undisputed master of his instrument was seated—to interpret one of the most perfect compositions in piano literature, Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, opus 53.

In this the great tone poet is seen in his lowest and most gracious mood, and the interpretation brought out every touch of grace and blended it with the melody and the musical substance of the sonata.

Superb beauty and infinite charm breathed from his next selection—the Schumann Carneval—presented with consummate skill and taste. Paderewski merely toyed with the technical difficulties in this composition.

The Chopin numbers, charming in their grace and fancy, were played in a way that ravished the senses. Oh, wondrous power of harmony!—how it captivates the heart and lures it from the sorrows of life!

The twelfth Hungarian Rhapsodie was a tremendous piece of virtuosity and was played with a dynamic effect and furious speed—simply overwhelming. In it the great Polish master's technique was shown in all its perfection, and the seemingly impossible was realized. He gave a greater variety of tempo than most pianists, crashing his fingers on the keys and sending forth those massive chords and gigantic fortissimos that have made his playing so famous.

"Paderewski's playing," writes a critic, "even to those who have heard him before, never fails to excite wonder at the perfection of his art, as it is too great to grasp even in several hearings, but it is a revelation to those who hear him for the first time. After listening to one of his recitals, one understands the wonder and delight that inspired Keats to write that sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and feels, as he expressed himself:

" . . . Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

"The admiration excited by his technique, no matter how great it may be, has always to give way to the appeal he makes to the emotions, for he is a poet in tone above all else and his mastery of the instrument is but the means to an end. Some critics have said that the emotional quality that he infused into his earlier work is leaving him in his maturer years, and that he now appeals more to the intelligence than to the emo-

tions. This may be so, but his playing still has that wondrous charm that grips one as mere intellectual force could not. One can feel the blood flowing through all his music, while, at the same time, it must be felt that a great intellectual force is behind it."

My evening of musical joy and supreme content had passed in rapturous silence, and admiration of the great pianist and man of highest and purest artistic ideals, and convent-ward I turned—to remember that every one cannot be a Paderewski, but that—

"Mid all the chords that vibrate through
Earth's strangely troubled dream,
There runs a note whose gentle tone
Is heard aright by him alone
Who lists with care extreme."

The programme was as follows:

- Sonata, Op. 53.....*Beethoven*
- Allegro con brio—
- Introduzione—molto adagio—
- Rondo, Allegretto moderato—
- Prestissimo.
- Carneval *Schumann*
- Préambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Repliqué, Sphinxes, Papillons, Lettres Dansantes, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Columbine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Pause, Marche des "Davidsbündler" contre les Philistins.
- Nocturne B major
- Two études, Nos. 10 and 5, Op. 10
- Mazurka
- Valse*Chopin*
- Concert Study
- Rhapsodie Hongroise*Liszt*

MARY LEYES.

So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must judge yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now, always remembering that you see very little of what they really are.

Six Semaines ` Maurice.

(Nous donnons la traduction, dûe à une plume dont nos lecteurs ont pu apprécier déjà l'élégance, des impressions publiées sur leur séjour dans notre Ile par les religieuses de Lorette qui l'ont visitée dernièrement. On appréciera certainement ces pages aimables et sympathiques.)

Nous partîmes pour Maurice, le samedi, 23 Novembre, sur le *Fazilka*. Le voyage, quoique sans incident, fut agréable, et prouve que, "l'appréhension est pire que la réalité" dans la plupart des cas.

On nous avait beaucoup parlé des tempêtes et des courants du sud de l'Océan Indien. Heureusement, les vents et les flots nous furent propices, et le 1er. Décembre, nous fûmes en vue de terre, ayant fait la traversée en un record de huit jours.

Le *Fazilka* jeta l'ancre au Bell Buoy à une petite distance du Port, en attendant l'inspection médicale.

Les lois de Quarantaine sont très sévères à Maurice, et les capitaines semblent appréhender l'entrée du Port. L'île est si petite et a été désolée par les maladies contagieuses, qu'il n'est pas étonnant que l'autorité prenne de telles précautions pour préserver les habitants de la contagion.

Étant tous en parfaite santé, notre déception peut être plus aisément comprise que dépeinte, lorsque le pavillon jaune fut hissé et que nous fûmes condamnés à achever par une quarantaine de huit jours, la quarantaine de quinze jours imposée aux navires arrivant de Colombo, où paraît-il, il y avait quelques cas de variole.

Quoique impatientes de débarquer, et de voir nos bonnes Soeurs, qui nous attendaient anxieusement, nous jouîmes de notre emprisonnement à bord; la brise était délicieuse, la mer calme comme un lac et bleue comme la Méditerranée.

Sa Grandeur Mgr. O'Neill, en apprenant notre sort, nous fit parvenir pour passer notre temps des livres, qu'accompagnait un affectueux mot de sympathie. Nos Soeurs furent très attentionnées, s'informèrent chaque jour de nos nouvelles, et nous envoyèrent toutes sortes de bonnes choses.

Du mouillage au Bell Buoy, à environ deux milles de Port Louis, nous avons la belle vue du Port lui-même, de la ville, et des montagnes qui l'environnent.

Les Montagnes de Maurice, tout à fait différentes de toutes celles que j'ai vues, sont d'immenses rochers escarpés. Bien que n'étant pas le plus élevé, Pieter Both en est le plus remarquable, son pic a la forme d'un cône retourné ou mieux encore, ressemble à une carafe renversée. Un intrépide soldat fut le premier à en faire l'ascension, et depuis beaucoup de personnes ont gravi ce sommet dangereux.

Tout près, on voit un autre pic, "Le Pouce," dont le nom est très approprié.

Enfin, il nous fut permis de débarquer dans la soirée du 8, jour de L'Immaculée Conception.

Les Soeurs nous firent une tendre et cordiale réception, et pour la première fois, nous eûmes l'impression d'être vraiment "at home" dans leur charmante petite île dont un résumé géographique et historique ne sera pas déplacé ici.

Maurice, patrie de "Paul et de Virginie," est une île de forme ovale, de 32 milles de longueur sur 25 de large. Elle est environnée de récifs. L'île fut découverte par les Portugais, en 1505; en 1598, les Hollandais en prirent possession, et la nommèrent "Maurice," en l'honneur du Prince de Nassau. On dit qu'ils l'abandonnèrent parce qu'elle était infestée par les rats.

Maurice, sur les entrefaites, passa entre les mains des Français, qui l'appelèrent "L'île de France." En 1810, elle fut prise par les Anglais, qui lui rendirent son nom hollandais. L'île est couverte de montagnes escarpées, irrégulières, aux pics élancés et d'une hauteur considérable. La Montagne de la Rivière Noire, ordinairement appelée "Le Parasol," a 2711 pieds d'altitude.

Entre les montagnes et le long des côtes, il y a des vallées fertiles, arrosées par de nombreux ruisseaux. Le climat est agréable pendant la saison froide, mais très chaud en été. L'île était couverte d'épaisses forêts quand on la découvrit, il en reste encore quelques-unes;—des arbres d'Europe, d'Afrique, et de l'Inde y croissent facilement;—on y voit à peu près tous les arbres et les fruits délicieux des tropiques. Le sucre est la principale production du pays; et dans une certaine limite, le maïs, le manioc, le thé, le café, la vanille.

Bien que Maurice soit sous le pavillon britannique, on y parle la langue française.

La population est énorme, en comparaison de la superficie: 527 au mille carré, comprenant:

Européens, Africains, Indiens, et Chinois. Les Français forment la majeure partie des Européens, et sont pour la plupart des descendants de l'aristocratie, qui émigra pendant les années orageuses de la Révolution française. Ils sont bons, hospitaliers, et fidèles aux traditions de "La Belle France," essentiellement catholique. Nous fûmes frappées de leur foi et de leur piété. Il est très ordinaire de rencontrer des jeunes filles et des dames égrenant leur rosaire en chemin de fer—excellent substitut au "roman" si couramment porté par les jeunes femmes d'aujourd'hui.

Les Messes se disent de bonne heure, dès 4, a. m., car les Mauriciens se lèvent avec l'alouette; les églises sont remplies, les jours de semaine autant que le dimanche. Il est consolant de constater le respect qui entoure les prêtres et les religieuses, même de la part des non-catholiques.

Port Louis, la capitale, est admirablement situé sur le port. La partie sud-ouest de la ville a été complètement détruite par l'ouragan du 29 avril, 1892, qui fit tant de victimes et causa tant de ravages, et l'année suivante, un incendie dans le centre le plus commercial de la ville y causa d'autres désastres.

Notre couvent est très gracieusement placé au milieu des montagnes; de la verangue on a une belle vue de la mer et du port. Les religieuses ont un joli oratoire, mais elles parlent avec des larmes aux yeux de leur belle chapelle, entièrement rasée par le grand cyclone. Elles ont une pension et un externat, ainsi qu'une grande école du Gouvernement, où 200 enfants sont instruits.

Pendant notre séjour à Port Louis, nous visitâmes plusieurs églises, entre autres la Cathédrale, Saint François Xavier, et la jolie église de l'Immaculée Conception. Aux Cassis, tout près de la ville, se trouve la belle église du Saint Sacrement, construite par M. et Mme. d'Arifat—on y voit aussi leur tombeau—malheureusement ses environs sont déserts, la fièvre ayant fait fuir les habitants.

À l'église de Ste. Croix, nous visitâmes le tombeau du P. Laval, prêtre de l'ordre du Saint Esprit, qui en 1864, mourut en odeur de sainteté. Il va être béatifié—son nom est vénéré par les Mauriciens—et le nombre d'ex-votos déposés à son caveau, atteste des grâces reçues, et prouve la confiance et l'amour du peuple.

Près du couvent s'étend le "Champ de Mars," bel hippodrome, où se font les courses, et où se déroule la procession publique du St. Sacrement aux jours de fête, comme dans les anciens jours heureux de France.

Depuis l'épidémie de fièvre à Port Louis et dans ses environs, Curepipe est devenu très important. Bâti sur le plus haut plateau de l'île, à 1832 pieds au-dessus du niveau de la mer, dont il est fort éloigné, c'est le lieu de résidence des officiers du Gouvernement et des hommes d'affaires qui se rendent facilement en ville par le train.

"Porta Coeli," ainsi que se nomme notre couvent de Curepipe, est la Maison-Mère et le noviciat. L'Institut possède là une magnifique école, comptant 140 élèves environ, à peu près tous Français.

Nos Soeurs sont affiliées au Collège Royal et font suivre à leurs élèves les programmes de la "Higher Education of Girls" et du "Cambridge." Les enfants remportent des médailles d'or et d'argent ainsi que des prix, et les trois couvents par leur succès tiennent le premier rang sur la liste des résultats.

Nous avons constaté que les jeunes Mauriciennes de Lorette ont autant d'aptitudes que les jeunes filles des autres pays, et qu'elles sont aussi studieuses et instruites.

Pendant notre séjour, nous avons admiré quelques curiosités naturelles des environs:—Le "Trou aux Cerfs," qu'on suppose être le cratère d'un volcan éteint—les pierres calcinées prouvent que Maurice est d'origine volcanique. Le "Trou aux Cerfs" est profond, il a une ouverture d'environ 2000 mètres de circonférence, qui va en se retrécissant jusqu'à 200 pieds au fond où il y a une petite source.

Du sommet de 1900 pieds de haut, nous avons une vue splendide de l'île; nous allâmes aussi aux "Sept Cascades," connues sous le nom de "Tamarind Falls." Nous les vîmes sous un jour défavorable, à cause de la forte pluie presque continuelle à Curepipe, mais même à travers ce voile de brume, la vue est magnifique, et les chutes ressemblent par leur beauté à une miniature de Schaffhausen. Sur notre passage, nous visitâmes aussi la "Mare aux Vacoas," lac qui fournit l'eau aux villes voisines. Les "Water Works" nous intéressèrent vivement, nous fûmes surprises de constater que les derniers perfec-

tionnements de l'art mécanique sont parvenus jusqu'à une île si isolée.

Au cimetière de Rose Hill—St. Jean—reposent les deux Religieuses qui ont fondé notre Institut à Maurice, il y a environ 62 ans. Leurs noms sont encore chers au riche et au pauvre.

Quatre Bornes, notre troisième couvent mauricien, est à une demi-heure en chemin de fer de Curepipe. Il a été très récemment fondé par la Mère Supérieure de Curepipe, il y a quatre ans environ, et laisse entrevoir de belles espérances.

Le jardin de devant n'est qu'un tapis de roses et de begonias, et de tous les autres côtés on ne voit que des fruits et des légumes des tropiques et d'Europe. En face, pour compléter le paysage, s'étend la montagne, le grand "Corps de Garde," semblable à une gigantesque sentinelle au poste, tandis que de la terrasse on jouit de la vue reposante de la mer.

Les six semaines s'écoulèrent trop vite; mais les témoignages de bonté que nous reçûmes de nos Soeurs, et l'amitié que nous avons rencontrée à Maurice, ont laissé une ineffaçable impression dans nos coeurs. Avec cette courtoisie et ce raffinement innés, tout particuliers aux Français, ils rivalisèrent à l'envi pour nous être agréables. Ils trouveront peut-être quelque plaisir à lire ces pages qui rendent un sincère hommage à leur hospitalité, et dans lesquelles nous voudrions leur exprimer notre reconnaissance pour leur bienveillance envers nous. Maintenant que nous avons appris à connaître nos Soeurs et leur pays, nous espérons que les liens se resserreront davantage, et que nous nous aiderons mutuellement à faire progresser le noble travail de notre Institut.

Chronique de L'Île Maurice.

Parmi les passagers partis par le *Fultala* se trouvait Mlle. Alice Cunningham. Pour qui connaît les liens étroitement affectueux qui unissent Mlle. Cunningham à ses soeurs, ce départ serait inexplicable s'il n'était motivé par un appel d'en haut. Notre gracieuse compatriote entre, en effet, dans l'Institut de Lorette et se rend au noviciat du bel établissement qu'il possède à Darjeeling, non loin des Himalayas. La tristesse de la voir s'éloigner est adoucie par la pensée qu'en étant une digne fille de Dieu, elle sera une digne fille de Maurice.

* * * * *

Nous sommes heureux d'apprendre que Mlle. Alice, bien arrivée à Darjeeling, après un voyage dont le pittoresque l'a grandement charmé a pris le saint habit sous le nom de Soeur M. Pétronille et est entrée au noviciat.

Le couvent de Darjeeling, fondé en 1844, possède une institution où les jeunes filles reçoivent une éducation de premier ordre, comprenant une solide instruction conforme aux programmes de l'Université, les arts d'agrément et l'économie domestique. Il est inutile d'ajouter qu'une solide formation morale et religieuse en est la base.

La Maison-Mère, qui date de 1842, est à Calcutta. Elle possède une institution du même genre. Cinq autres établissements scolaires, notamment un orphelinat avec école industrielle pour les filles, se groupent autour d'elle. D'autres couvents, où l'éducation chrétienne est l'objectif principal, existent à Simla, à Lucknow, à Asansol, et à Morapai.

L'Institut édite annuellement une fort belle publication illustrée, intitulée *Palm Leaves from Loreto in India*, qui permet de se faire une idée de l'importance des établissements qu'il a fondés dans l'Inde et de la gracieuse élégance de style des maîtresses et des élèves qui y collaborent.

Sous le titre de *Six Weeks in Mauritius*, nous avons eu le plaisir d'y lire le récit, tout pénétré de sentiments sympathiques pour notre pays, du voyage que firent à Maurice, à la fin de l'année dernière, la Révérende Mère Borgia et la Soeur M. Paulinus.

Un voile de tristesse s'est pourtant étendu pour nous sur ces pages admirables lorsque nous avons appris que la seconde de ces pieuses voyageuses venait de mourir.

"La Soeur M. Paulinus," lisons-nous dans le *Catholic Herald*, excellente revue éditée par les RR. PP. Jésuites à Calcutta, "s'est pieusement éteinte à Darjeeling, le 9 Août. La jeune Soeur était venue d'Irlande avec la Mère Provinciale, en Novembre dernier, mais elle n'était arrivée à Calcutta qu'en Janvier, ayant accompagné la Mère visiteuse dans sa tournée à l'île Maurice. De là elle fut envoyée à Darjeeling, où, pendant sa trop courte carrière, elle travailla avec un zèle, une énergie et un entrain extraordinaires, se rendant chère à ses soeurs en religion, et aux élèves des classes élevées, qu'elle enseignait. C'est pour la communauté une très grande perte."

Les Religieuses des couvents de l'Institut à

Maurice, qui ont pu apprécier les qualités de la jeune Irlandaise, ont dû éprouver, en apprenant la triste nouvelle, une peine à laquelle nous sympathisons sincèrement.

A Great Man.

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON is one of the eminent men of the country to the south of us. Although colored, and decidedly unattractive in appearance, he has won the esteem and confidence of many thousands of his countrymen.

Fifty-two years ago, Mr. Booker T. Washington first saw the light of day in a one-room cabin in Salesford, Virginia. His parents were slaves, but, at the close of the Civil War, gained their freedom. Then his father took the family to Malden, where Booker had the advantage of attending school three or four months out of the year. Soon, however, the untimely death of his mother compelled him to seek a livelihood. His first employment was helping the shaft-men in the neighboring mines, but this kind of work was unsuited to the great man-to-be.

Hearing that young Washington was remarkably thorough in his methods, Mrs. Kuffener—a most exacting woman, who made no secret of her disposition—engaged him. His first duty was to dust this lady's boudoir. He dusted the ceiling, the walls, the window-panes, the chairs, under the chairs—in short, everything that came within range of his vision. Mrs. Kuffener was charmed to such an extent that she gave him an opportunity to study. But the lad's whole ambition was to attend the Hampton Institute. Accordingly, from week to week, he put by his small earnings till, at last, one bright day, he set out for Hampton, but by the time he reached Richmond, he was absolutely penniless. He looked around, trying to solve the problem of shelter—no money, no friends, what was he to do? An excavation of some sort furnished a canopy for him that night. When he awoke, next morning, he found himself near a vessel from which pig iron was being unloaded. He applied to the captain for a position, and obtained it. He worked steadily until he had sufficient money to defray his expenses to Hampton, with a surplus of fifty cents in his pocket.

Admitted into Hampton Institute, his great

desire was, at last, realized. Although he had to work his way through college, yet he was graduated with honors, in three years. Fully qualified to teach, he went, as instructor, to West Virginia, but, soon after this appointment, he returned to teach in his old college.

At this time, the people of Tuskagee were petitioning the Government for a school like that of Hampton. Their request was granted, and Mr. Washington was recommended to take charge. The Government gave neither lands nor money, but despite the fact, the school was started in an old church, which, with a shanty, accommodated thirty students and their teacher.

Success crowned Mr. Booker T. Washington's efforts. Nothing did the students enjoy more than a talk with him because of his extensive knowledge. Thousands are now attending the Institution which had such a humble beginning.

That a person having such responsibilities as Mr. Washington should, at times, be absent-minded is not at all strange. His pupils relate with delight, a story of a wet Sunday, last winter, when, at the close of the forenoon services in the school chapel, while yet the young men and women were seated, waiting for the Sunday School exercises to begin, Mr. Washington rose, and calmly opening his umbrella and holding it over his head, walked across the chapel, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was still indoors.

Mr. Washington has made himself famous by his untiring efforts in forwarding the cause of his fellow-beings, lecturing and addressing persons of all nationalities. He possesses a large stock of patience and a keen sense of humor. Once, in speaking to an audience in the concert hall of Trinity Church, Boston, he began by saying: "Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must say I feel out of place—just like a blackberry in a bowl of milk."

It has been said that Mr. Washington has the faculty of getting at the kernel of the nut, at all times. He still labors at his glorious work—let us hope that he may be spared for greater achievements. He has uplifted his race and started them on the first rung of the ladder—"He has succeeded where Julius Cæsar would have failed."

Alice McLELLAND.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Alumnae Column.

Mendelssohn Choir.

Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction.—*Aristides.*

THIS year, the musical world celebrates the centenary of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. In Europe and in America, the event is being commemorated by special concerts, but, perhaps, no other city has more fittingly paid homage to the memory of the popular composer than musical Toronto. And it is to the Mendelssohn Choir and its renowned conductor, Dr. A. S. Vogt, that thousands of people are indebted for a musical festival of five concerts, each in itself a glorious treat.

We point with pride to the fact that, through the untiring zeal and energy of a Canadian, this society has become an attraction that has turned the eyes of Europe and America inquiringly towards our young and growing country. Fifteen years ago, the Mendelssohn Choir was organized, and the perfection it has now attained has been "the gradual working out of an intensely musical bent, developed by industry and intelligence."

Along with the growth of the Choir, it is interesting to note something connected with the life of its Conductor. Dr. Vogt is a Canadian by birth. His musical talents asserted themselves early in life. At twelve years of age, the child was organist in the little church in the village of Elmira, and ever since then he has been more or less associated with church choirs. In 1885, Dr. Vogt went to Leipsic, Germany, where, for three years, he studied piano, organ, and harmony. There was the old historic church of St. Thomas, where, long ago, Bach conducted the choir, and produced some of his divine music, for the first time. There, also, Mendelssohn revived that music, and there, Dr. Vogt received the inspiration that led him to undertake in Canada such work as was still being done by that splendid choir.

Dr. Vogt came to Toronto in October, 1888, where his musical achievements brought him many tempting offers from various parts of the United States. In 1894, he founded the Men-

delssohn Choir, and, after fifteen years of untiring industry, during which time both Choir and Conductor have had to pass through thorny as well as flowery paths, the Choral Society has reached a standard which allures critics, not only from the leading cities of the United States, but from the world beyond the sea.

The concert season of this year has given the Canadian and American public a very favorable opportunity to discover the real merits of our Toronto organization. The Sheffield Choir, lauded as the foremost of the world, paid us a long and eagerly-looked-for visit. Great this Choir undoubtedly is, nevertheless, critics have been unanimous in claiming that the rising choral bodies of America have as yet no higher ideal to attain than that set by Dr. Vogt's Choir.

The Mendelssohn, in their last series of concerts, proved that their progress, during the past year, has been quite in keeping with their growth in former years. This was evinced by the enthusiastic audiences that thronged the spacious auditorium at the various performances, royalty itself being present on two occasions.

The interesting and varied programs embraced some of the most comprehensive works of the world's famous composers. Who could resist the spell of anything half so beautiful as Mendelssohn's beautiful motet, "Judge Me, O God," or Eaton Fanning's "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps upon this Bank," or that exquisite choral number of Gounod's, "By Babylon's Wave," or, indeed, any of those excellent numbers by such composers as Palestrina, Brahms, Lotti, Tschai-kowsky, Grieg, Richard Strauss, and others? "But," as one critic remarks, "when these works are sung with such tone purity, such marvellous balance, such delicacy and depth of expression, such richness of volume, and such wonderful pianissimos as the Mendelssohn Choir produced, the effect upon an audience, conspicuous for intelligence, culture and refinement, was that of ethereal delight, which found expression in wave after wave of applause."

The Choir showed their patriotic spirit by devoting one performance exclusively to two compositions of the celebrated English composer, Sir Edward Elgar; these works were, Concert Overture, "Cockaigne" (in London Town), opus 40, for full orchestra, and the Cantata, "Caractacus," opus 35, for solo, chorus and orchestra.

The words of a noted musician, in reference to this "Elgar Night," appropriately voice the opinions of thousands in regard to the entire musical festival: "The exquisite blending of 'sounds symphonious' under the enchanting control of the composer's genius, and Dr. Vogt's bâton, resulted in a supreme achievement of art."

* * * * *

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born in Hamburg, February the third, eighteen hundred and nine. The son of a wealthy banker, Felix received all the advantages of a thoroughly classical education, and was most fortunate in possessing ideal home surroundings.

Besides being a great and gifted musician, Mendelssohn was a most perfect and lovable character. We are told that, early in life, his precocious intelligence, combined with the freshness of childhood, caused such men as Goethe to delight in the society of the young artist.

The boy Felix was as remarkable for industry as he was for extraordinary talent. He began to compose when only eleven years of age, and, at seventeen, produced that most elaborate and beautiful piece of fairy music, to which the world has ever listened, the Overture to Shakespeare's immortal dramatic poem, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Speaking of its famous Wedding March, a French critic has said: "It should ever accompany the nuptials of love, for it sings a passion which alone can make love perfect, and a wisdom which alone can make it lasting."

In his day, Mendelssohn was idolized as the appealing master of music, and even now his name is endeared to hundreds of the music-loving masses. Still there are some critics who depreciate his works as sentimental and lacking in depth. They believe the ease and affluence in which he was born, together with the thoroughly classical education he received, have made Mendelssohn a composer of exquisite grace rather than of commanding grandeur. There seems to be little foundation for such a supposition; one of his most noted disciples, Rubenstein, says: "Mendelssohn was never overcome by an outburst of feeling, such as sometimes mastered the romanticists, and sent them to the café to drink beer and curse the world. He lived constantly

in a Greek world and could not help his reverence for form, which became almost a mannerism with him."

And even though Mendelssohn had not the passionate loftiness of Beethoven, or the sympathetic tenderness of Schubert, he will always remain the charming composer of symmetry and grace, with a delicacy finer than Weber's, and a mastery of form, which was the envy of Schumann.

Mendelssohn's life, on the whole, was a remarkably happy one, but not, as many suppose, entirely care-free. His very talents and zeal in his chosen art brought upon him much adverse criticism. He has left us a few clever verses expressive of his feelings at such times; they contain a philosophy applicable to many stations of life.

"If the artist gravely writes,
To sleep it will beguile;
If the artist gaily writes,
It is a vulgar style.

If the artist writes at length,
How sad his hearer's lot!
If the artist briefly writes,
No man will care a jot.

If an artist simply writes,
A fool he's said to be;
If an artist deeply writes,
He's mad: 'tis plain to see.

In whatsoever way he writes
He can't please every man;
Therefore let an artist write
How he likes and can."

The works of Mendelssohn, notably his oratorios, his organ music, his violin concerto, and especially his ever-popular "Songs Without Words," will always remain classics, worthy of a composer whose influence was great and far-reaching.

In his comparatively short life of thirty-seven years, he had achieved a wonderful position in the world of art, being famous all over Europe and Britain, and leaving behind him works of solid and enduring quality, and what was more, the memory of a true Christian character, possessed verily of all the virtues.

MERCEDES DOYLE.

Celebration of Washington's Birthday at Loreto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie.

Novel Entertainment by the Pupils, in which Prizes Were Given to Those Best Disguised.

Washington's birthday was celebrated with more than usual festivity by the pupils of Loreto Academy, who carried out to perfection their novel idea of a "paper ball." An ardent patriotic spirit was manifested in the military decorations of the assembly hall, which appeared to advantage with its gracefully streaming tri-color bunting, while from every possible nook and corner floated "The flag without a stain." To the inspiring music of a triumphal march the pupils entered the hall, dressed in every variety of costume, artistically made of crêpe paper, and representing some particular character. It was surely "a dream of fair women" assuming actuality. The wealth of rich colors, the exquisite gowns, the diversity of rôles adopted, the graceful gliding on the light fantastic toe—all contributed to the charms of the scene. Owing to the masks worn, even daily companions were not recognized, which occasioned great merriment and taxed the divining powers of the onlookers, who had the privilege of naming the discovered personalities. Of the last identities to be discerned, Miss Maud Hinsperger, a very real looking Dutch maid, was fortunate in gaining the first prize, a dainty blotter, with painted cover displaying prominently the Loreto colors, blue and white. The consolation prize was presented to Miss Inez O'Neill, the first unmasked, being conspicuous as the Goddess of Liberty. Miss Anna Kelly received the prize awarded to the acknowledged best representative character—a perfect type of colonial fashion. The gift was a pretty pen and ink "Gibson Girl" sketch in a delicate oval frame.

A tasteful programme followed, consisting of national choruses, a charming vocal solo, instrumental selections, a recitation, the minuet and Satsuma San, from "The Geisha." Those taking part in the minuet wore effective colonial costumes and performed this graceful, stately dance in a manner that captivated everyone. A repetition was called for, which was certainly a feast for lovers of beauty, elegance and dignity.

Of quite a different nature, though equally attractive, was the scene in which the Japanese

maids figured. It was irresistibly droll, as one amusing action followed another. The bewitching solos and choruses, accompanied by the expressive gestures, enchanted and greatly amused those present. After this highly entertaining programme, all wended their way to the supper room, which vied with the assembly hall in attractiveness. Stars and Stripes were again in evidence for decorations and the paper device was cleverly carried out. The wonderful achievements of Denison's designs were conspicuous, even table appointments were taken advantage of and instead of the conventional monogrammed table linen, the national emblem was prominent on the crêpe paper substitutes. The dainty supper was enjoyed by all and brought to a close a most delightful evening. The academy realizes the necessity of excelling not only in mental and moral education, but of training the pupils in the most desirable art of entertaining, affording them that ease and grace which characterize the ideal interpretation of cultured social observances.

Obituary.

At three o'clock, Sunday, March 21st, our dear Sr. Imelda Raby passed to her reward.

It was, indeed, fitting that she should have winged her way to heaven during the octave of St. Joseph, to whom she had been especially devoted during her long years of consecrated service within the hallowed precincts of the Institute.

The life of one religious is so much like that of another—so much like the Divine Model during His thirty years of hidden labor in the home of Mary and Joseph—that it may be summed up as His was—"She was subject." Subject as the hours grew to days and the days to months and the months to years—subject to the Divine laws and to all the lesser laws which they include. And now, let us thank God that such souls have lived and that such souls are still living, and that we have been privileged to know and love them. R. I. P.

GARNEAU—At Asheville, N. C., on March 12, Edith M., beloved daughter of Mary Garneau (née Wall), and the late John Garneau. Funeral Tuesday, March 16th., from 79 West 102nd. St.,

at half past ten a. m. Solemn Requiem Mass at the Church of the Holy Name, 96th. St. and Amsterdam Ave.

The above simple notice gleaned from one of the great New York dailies, is all that tells of the close of a particularly beautiful life. But two short years ago, this promising graduate acted in the capacity of chronicler for the RAINBOW. All the notable events of school life were chronicled in her own bright and brilliant way. Seven years were spent at Loreto, Niagara, during which time she endeared herself to both companions and teachers by her cheerful, generous disposition. A very decided taste for literature, which was carefully cultivated, led to her being the recipient of the Governor-General's Medal—the academic diploma and graduating medal of the institution were conferred on her in June of nineteen seven. Better far than mere natural talents were her strict adherence to duty, her love of our holy Faith, and tender devotion to the Mother of God.

This favored child had hoped to consecrate her young life to the special service of the Master, but the Heavenly Gleaner culled the fair flower for a brighter land.

About five or six months after her arrival home, she contracted a heavy cold, which developed into bronchial pneumonia. The doctor ordered her to the mountains, where she remained for about a year, but, finding that she was not regaining strength, as a last resource, she went to Asheville, North Carolina, where the end came peacefully, on the Feast of the Canonization of St. Francis Xavier. The Reverend J. Chestnut, C. M., blessed the remains. She was dressed in her graduating gown, her Child of Mary medal was pinned to her dress, and a pearl rosary entwined the wax-like fingers.

A number of the Loreto pupils attended the funeral, notably, the Misses Eleanor, Clare and Anna Ryan, Helen Guinée, Mary and Margaret Burchill.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was offered by the Reverend J. Norris, D. D., assisted by the Reverend E. Rafter and Reverend J. Britt.

Our hearts go out to the sorrow-stricken mother, and we take this occasion to extend our sincere sympathy. R. I. P.

Eschew pessimism. Look on the bright side.

Letter Box.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Sunny skies and fine, bracing air ushered in the "King's Week," in Berlin, where such a brilliantly-cordial welcome was extended to Their Majesties. It was the first visit the King had made to that city since his accession; though His Majesty and the Emperor had met four times on German soil—at Kiel, in 1904, at Cronberg, in 1906 and 1908, and at Wilhelmshohe, in 1907. It was twenty-five years since King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was in Berlin, which he found grown from a prosperous provincial centre of 750,000 inhabitants into a *Weltstadt* of more than 3,000,000, and as unlike the Berlin of 1884 as the simple life of that day differs from the luxurious era in which the new Germany has its being.

The Kaiser had taken a characteristic interest in preparing for the reception of his royal relatives, and had given to the programme not a little of the charm of variety. It must be remembered that King Edward was the first English King to set foot in Berlin for one hundred and eighty-six years. Since George I. came to the Prussian capital, in 1723, to arrange with Frederick William I. for a double marriage between four of their respective heirs, no male British Sovereign had honored the city with his presence.

The day of Their Majesties' arrival opened under the most auspicious circumstances—superb sunshine and glittering military pageantry—Hohenzollern weather and Hohenzollern pomp—and all public buildings flagged, by order of the Emperor. The platform at which the royal train was to halt was occupied by a guard of honor of the 1st. Foot Guards. At the exit end was a canopy, emblazoned with the British and German arms.

Wearing the uniform and plumed hat of a British field-marshal, the Kaiser, looking conspicuously well and happy, reached the station at 10.40. He was accompanied by a brilliant suite, including his brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, his brothers-in-law, &c.

The Empress, who looked charming in a light

lavender silk gown and mauve cape, was escorted to the waiting-room by the Crown Princess, Princess Victoria Luise, Princess Eitel Fritz, and other Princesses of the Royal House.

The train entered the station precisely at eleven o'clock. A band struck up "God Save the King," and the streets rang with cheers.

The King, leaning out of the window of his saloon carriage, before the train halted, waved his hand to the Kaiser, who returned the salute and began to run down the platform to be the first to greet his royal uncle.

In her keen anxiety to be in her proper place, exactly opposite the spot where the King and Queen were expected to alight, the Empress threw etiquette to the winds, and, instead of her usual stately tread, ran from the waiting-room to join the Emperor and her sons, while the train steamed in.

When the train stopped, the King, clad in the uniform of a colonel of his German Dragoons, stepped lightly from the carriage. He and the Kaiser embraced affectionately.

The Emperor then helped the Queen to alight, kissing her hand and presenting a bouquet of red roses and white carnations. Her Majesty wore a costume of Parma violet velvet, with ermine cape, and toque decked with violets.

After the King had greeted the Kaiserin and kissed her hand, he stepped to where the Crown Prince was standing and exchanged with him especially warm greetings. The King took both the Crown Prince's hands in his own, shaking them cordially.

Five minutes were spent in the introduction of the English and German suites. Then a pleasant little impromptu interlude occurred. An orderly had been despatched to bring a top-coat belonging to the King's Dragoon uniform. The Kaiser took the coat from the orderly and insisted upon helping His Majesty to put it on, and even buttoned it for him.

Meanwhile, the Queen, escorted by the Kaiserin, moved down the scarlet-carpeted platform, amid cheers. She bowed graciously in all directions, smiling with her accustomed sweetness. On her progress, passing the six fair-haired, good-looking sons of the Kaiser, who, soldier-fashion, were standing stiffly at the salute, Queen Alexandra, waiving all ceremony, stopped to kiss them affectionately on the cheek, one and all,

from the tall Crown Prince in his glittering Cuirassier uniform, down to his small brother, Prince Joachim, who was wearing the uniform of a simple lieutenant of the Guards.

A minute later, amid a fresh outburst of cheers, the Emperor led the King out of the station to enter the carriages for the drive to the castle. When the familiar figures of the royal couples emerged they were greeted with thunderous cheering.

The King and the Kaiser occupied the first carriage, which was open, and drawn by six black horses, with postilions. The Queen, the Kaiserin, and Princess Victoria Luise followed next in a closed carriage. The rear was brought up by a squadron of the Gardes du Corps, in their famous white uniforms, with black steel breastplates and steel helmets, surmounted by silver eagles.

The procession started amid a roar of acclaim, and proceeded at a brisk pace through the Alsenstrasse, the Avenue of Victory, and the Charlottenburg Chaussée, to the Brandenburg Gate. As the cortège filed under a huge Union Jack drooping from the central portal of the gate, into the Pariser Platz, massed bands broke into a cavalry march, while thousands of spectators on the Platz, in the municipal grand stands, and in the houses, clubs, hotels, and embassies fringing the square, sent up a prodigious paean of greeting.

The carriage of the King stopped directly before the red-roofed pavilion, where the Lord Mayor of Berlin was in waiting to deliver an address of welcome. The Queen's carriage was driven abreast of the King's at this point, to enable her to hear the address. After the King had briefly and graciously thanked the Lord Mayor, a bevy of pretty maids of honor, wearing white feather hats, trimmed with pink roses, advanced to the Queen's carriage and presented her with a bouquet. A constant stream of admiring comments could be heard from the crowd: "Isn't she sweet," exclaimed one Berliner; and another, "How young she looks!" The respectful silence while these ceremonies were going on gave way to renewed cheers when the procession restarted down the troop-lined boulevard in the direction of the castle.

As the King's carriage came abreast of each regiment, the troops presented arms and shouted hearty "Hurrahs." The crowds on the pave-

ments and roofs and at the windows, took up the soldiers' cheers and converted the rest of Their Majesties' drive along the garlanded and festooned avenue into a veritable triumphal progress.

At the statue of Frederick the Great, half-way to the castle, the artillery thundered a salute of 101 guns. The castle was reached just before midday. A Company of Foot Guards, whose officers included the Kaiser's three youngest sons, were drawn up in the courtyard and presented arms as the King and the Queen mounted the "Knights' Stairs" to the Gardes du Corps hall on the first floor, the vestibule to Their Majesties' private apartments, where they retired for repose before attending, at one o'clock, the family luncheon party in the "Knights' Hall."

The State banquet in the White Hall of the Imperial Palace was a magnificent spectacle. This great hall, into which the principal entrance is obtained from the long picture-gallery, is notable for its white marble side arches and for the mass of fine gilding with which it is decorated. One extremely picturesque feature in the matter of Court ceremonial at Berlin, is the number of boy pages always much *en evidence*, on great occasions of state. Dressed in early seventeenth century style, with scarlet and gold lace coats, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and white lace cravats, twenty or thirty of these handsome boys herald the approach of Royalty, when the sound of the three knockings on the floor, coming from the official staff, used by the Grand Master of the Court Ceremonies, proclaim the advent of Their Imperial Majesties.

On Wednesday night, there was a magnificent ball. A very few minutes after nine, escorted by their Imperial host and hostess and a brilliant suite, King Edward and Queen Alexandra entered the hall. This time, the King was wearing the claret-colored uniform of the Ziethen Hussars—of which His Majesty is honorary colonel—leading the Empress, who wore a white embroidered satin gown, with splendid diamonds. Closely following, came the Emperor, wearing his British field-marshal's uniform, with Queen Alexandra, radiant in palest yellow, and, like the Empress, ablaze with splendid jewels.

It may prove interesting here to note that the German Empress owns one of the finest collection of jewels of all kinds, belonging to any

crowned head in Europe. Her Imperial Majesty's well-known preference for simplicity in dress is the reason why, except on rare occasions, these priceless parures are comparatively rarely seen. Her diamonds alone are valued at a quarter of a million pounds, and her pearls are nowhere surpassed. One jewel which she wears constantly, and which she values far above any other, is the beautiful diamond-set bracelet, the gift of the Kaiser. This bracelet is made in separate diamond-studded links, and, in finest miniature painting, on these are portraits of all their seven children, whilst, as a finish to the chain of links, is a large diamond-set heart, which, on being opened, is seen to contain a finely-wrought miniature of the Kaiser himself.

In my next letter I shall give you a description of the Schloss and the rooms occupied by Their Majesties, during their visit. D. M.

INSTITUTE OF THE B. V. MARY,
MADRID.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

I am sure you will be pleased to hear something about our Convent in Madrid.

I have been a day boarder since the foundation, in 1904, in Paseo de Rosales, and have now the honor of being head of the school and, of course, a Child of Mary.

The other pupils who are still at school and who claim the honor of being foundresses, are, Valentina and Ventura Manso de Zúñiga y Lopez de Ayala, Anita Tirado y Vazquez, Margarita Maura y Salas, Pilar and Blanca Perez de Guzmán y Sanjuán, Blanca Borbón y Leon.

During the first year, there were not more than eighteen pupils, and now they number eighty, and all the foundresses have the blue ribbon.

The house in Paseo de Rosales was beautifully situated, having the Guadarrama Mountains to the north, which were covered with snow during eight months of the year, and magnificent in their rugged grandeur. In front, due west, we had a lovely view of the Casa de Campo, one of the royal game-preserves, where the King of Spain enjoys an occasional hunt. We have a permit to go there, and from time to time avail ourselves of it and enjoy the drive and the walk very much.

The house at Paseo de Rosales became too small for our increased numbers and we removed to the present house, in the beginning of February. It is much larger and far better situated, as Zurbarán leads directly to the "Castellana," the fashionable quarter of Madrid, and, consequently, far nearer to all our homes.

Two carriages, each drawn by three horses, go around, morning and evening, to bring to school and take home the day-boarders, and, on Sundays, these carriages are at the disposal of the boarders, who, accompanied by a nun, go to the "Casa di Campo," or the Retiro, the Park, Moncloa, or to some other nice place, where they get down and have a glorious run, games, etc.

We have a Sodality of Children of Mary, and now that we have larger space, the nuns are thinking of establishing meetings for the extern Children of Mary, former pupils both of Paseo de Rosales and of Castilleja, of the latter many live in Madrid.

The following former pupils are amongst those who have given in their names to become members of the Sodality, about to be formed:

Consuelo Moreno, Duchess of Montemar, Fernanda Moreno, Marchioness of Anlencia, Lola Perez de Guzmán y Sanjuán, Concepción Perez de Guzmán y Sanjuán, Rosario Pombo é Ybarra, Maria Luisa Manso de Zúñiga y Lopez de Ayala, Consuelo Villanueva y Maruri, Pilar Adaro y Abaitua, Concha Espinosa y Villapeccellin, Maria, Matilde y Fernanda Alwares, Luisa Peironcely y Puig de la Bellacasa, Julia Herrera, Condesa de la Mortera, Carmela Herrera, Condesa de los Andes, Concha Ruiz de Rivas, Laura Cavestany y de Anduaga, and many others.

Good-bye, now, dear RAINBOW, I hope this will not be our last correspondence.

Yours,

VIRGINIA POMBO É YBARRA.

INSTITUTE OF THE B. V. MARY,
MADRID.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

I have heard that you would like to receive a chronicle of our school life in Madrid, so I shall collect a few items and make a beginning, next time I hope to send something more interesting.

The first event of importance in the I. B. V. M., Paseo de Rosales, Madrid, was the arrival of Mother Provincial, accompanied by M. M. Borgia. The former remained for nearly a month, during which time we had the pleasure of meeting her very often.

On the 12th. of December, four "Children of Mary" were received: Luisa Peironcely y Puig de la Bellacasa, Ana Tirado y Vasquez, Concepción Espinosa y Villapeccellin and Pilar Adaro Abaitua.

At Christmas, we had vacation for a fortnight. We all went home and enjoyed the holidays heartily.

In the beginning of February, the nuns changed from Paseo de Rosales to the present house in Zurbarán, and we are all pleased, as the rooms are larger and brighter and the corridors more spacious.

On the 7th. of February, we had a very pleasant surprise in the announcement that Reverend Mother General had left Ireland for Spain. She arrived on the 10th. and remained for four days, when she left for Seville.

On Sunday, the 21st., Carnival began. As our new convent is situated close by the "Castellana," one of the most fashionable promenades in Madrid, we were able to see some of the fun, both from the front and back windows. Some of the decorated carriages, which we call "Carrozas," were very attractive, for instance, one represented a flock of sheep. The grown members were dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, and the young people as sheep. There was also a dog. All the horses had fleeces. But, on the whole, there was less animation than usual.

We had a great deal of amusement in the convent. On Tuesday, we had what is called a "Piñata." It consists of a large earthenware urn, very fragile, being specially made for this purpose. This is decorated and filled with sweets and other things, tied in packets. It is then hung in the "patio," and each child, in turn, holding a long pole in her hand, is led, blindfolded, to within striking distance. She then aims three blows at the urn, the failures cause great amusement, as the child so often aims very wide of the object. At last, when one succeeds in striking the urn, the blow breaks it, and all the treasures fall to the ground, and are quickly



VIRGINIA POMBO É YBARRA,
HEAD OF THE SCHOOL, LORETO CONVENT, MADRID, SPAIN.

distributed, the lucky one who has succeeded gets a special prize.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely and the nuns did their utmost to make these days pleasant for us.

I fear, dear RAINBOW, you will think your latest correspondent is like the brook, or a person who cannot stop when she begins, so lest I should make an unfavorable impression, I shall now conclude, with a promise to comply with the wish you have expressed—to send you, from time to time, a chronicle of our doings.

I am, dear RAINBOW, your latest Spanish correspondent,

MARGARITA CAVESTANY Y DE ANDUAGA.

S. S. "ROMANIC."

DEAR FRIEND:

The delightfully warm weather has been so conducive to lethargy that I really have felt in no mood for writing until now. It was my intention to write, day by day, to note down the various happenings, but, like many other well-formed intentions, that was not fulfilled.

I would sit in my easy chair on deck, and either gaze out on the calm, peaceful waters for hours, engage in useful and entertaining conversation with the passengers or members of the crew, or make vain endeavors to read a book. Last evening, I was especially delighted with the reflection of the moon on the blue waters. The ship is so steady that, thus far, none have been sick.

We Americans are too often inclined to think that there are no people in the world like ourselves, but, I am afraid, if we cared to admit the truth we would be obliged to acknowledge that, in many things, we are glaringly deficient. So that though we are broad-minded and tolerant, we are, in some respects, intolerant and narrow. It surely does not lessen our love for our own country to concede that civilization and culture and refinement may exist in a high degree in other countries as well as in our own. I cannot help remarking that the inhabitants of many of the European countries have more culture and refinement in manners than we. They are invariably kind, considerate, not too assertive, and not inclined to be disputatious. Whatever their private lives may be, they are certainly very

agreeable and congenial people to meet. We do not behold any pale-faced women or disconsolate men slowly and languidly pacing the deck. People informed me, before I embarked, that, after a few days, life on board would become dull and monotonous, but I have been agreeably disappointed. The passengers are so amusing and sociable that the days pass by only too quickly. Take a brief promenade and you encounter a lusty, open-hearted, sturdy denizen of California, Texas, or Louisiana. Each will have some interesting tale to tell of his various experiences. Again, by continuing, your auditory faculties will be charmed by the soft, dulcet notes of the Italian, or the grave, dignified tones of the inhabitants of Spain. I never before realized what an educational value should be placed on travel. I believe that we will really regret our speedily-approaching and permanent separation. Although we have been together but a few days, we have become attracted to one another. The effects of such a trip will be lasting, not only from a physical but also from a mental point of view.

To-morrow, at 8.30, we will be permitted to go ashore and mingle with the inhabitants of the Azores, and enrich our mental vision by gazing at the flowers which grow in luxurious abundance, the quaint, primitive costumes, and the magnificent ecclesiastical and civic structures.

* * * * *

Our passage from the Azores to Gibraltar was not characterized by any untoward event to disturb our usual serenity. The men and the women were still as congenial, and had ample opportunities for discussing a variety of topics, for exchanging reminiscences and telling stories for their mutual amusement and entertainment. The time glides by with such lightning rapidity and, I might add, with such infinite profit, that all are beginning to dread the approaching parting, so happy have they been. As soon as we arrive in Italy, many will break away from the general party and betake themselves to their various routes, previously determined. During the past few days, the Mediterranean has been as calm and placid as a small rural lake, hidden away amongst the hills. At some seasons of the year, it does, so we are informed, cut up some desperate capers and keep the ships' officials constantly on the alert. I remember, some years ago, a gen-

tleman told me that he was on this route when such a violent storm blew up that all on board became greatly alarmed. The captain and the crew made the most strenuous efforts to reduce her to control, but failed. It only goes to show that there are certain times when Nature seems determined, and succeeds in throwing off the artificial restraints that are thrown around her. She seems to be coquetting with the genius of man to reveal to him his limitations, and to warn him that a higher power rules and controls the destinies of the world. But, to return. My informant continued to state that the agitation of the passengers had reached such a pitch, that they were firmly convinced they were destined soon to become the prey of the angry, turbulent waves. One person, with more presence of mind than the others, in order to divert their frenzied attention, walked over to a piano and began to play some popular and stirring air. This timely act seemed to have accomplished the desired purpose, and the storm soon abating, their precious lives were safely landed at the nearest port.

Well, my pen runs along so riotously that I almost forgot to tell you of our last stop—Gibraltar. We arrived there, yesterday morning, at about 8 o'clock. With as little delay as possible we boarded a tender and soon reached the shore, where, carriages being provided, we took a drive round the portion subjected to British rule, and that still under the Spanish. This was the first real glimpse I had ever had of this most formidable and well-nigh impregnable fortress. The colossal Rock, hundreds of feet in height, stands so prominently that it can be seen for miles. On one side, it seems to frown on the trespasser, while, on the other, it seems to bid him a cheerful welcome. It looks like an immense triangle. There it has stood for ages, and many and mythical stories were related of it even in ancient times. Large holes can be seen, in which are, probably, guns that could, if skilfully manipulated, speedily destroy a hostile fleet or force that would seek to destroy it.

For very good reasons, it is practically impossible to procure such information as would give one any clear or definite idea of the vast extent of the fortifications. Repairs and improvements are constantly going on and large sums of money expended. We found the town, with its customary narrow, but unusually clean, streets. The

stores are not so attractive as in America. The sable, shrewd, industrious Moors are everywhere to be seen. Of course, the tourists are eagerly sought after and catered to. If they observe one who is over anxious to secure a delicate piece of tapestry or embroidery, they will charge most extravagant prices.

When we had finished in the British portion, we drove to the Spanish, which is called La Linea. There we at once observed the contrast. Although the people seemed to be cleanly and, after a manner, neatly attired, the houses and streets were not so. We entered a church in the latter place, which, according to the original design, seemed to be somewhat pretentious, but was in an unfinished condition.

We walked to the gate and looked in at the field wherein are held the bull-fight exhibitions, almost every Sunday. This barbarous pastime, the Church has endeavored unsuccessfully to stop. She has surrounded it with every evidence of her gravest displeasure, and has visited the participants and accomplices with heavy ecclesiastical censures. The guide showed large clots of blood which had reddened the soil. He told us that it was the result of a fight which occurred the previous Sunday. These exhibitions are attended by vast concourses of people from far and near. It is not surprising that the widely-extended colonial possessions should be taken from a country that has, for ages, notwithstanding her signal services to humanity, in general, shown such a glaring and unpardonable disrespect for the Lord's day. You know that, at one time, half the continent of North America and the whole of South America, belonged to Spain, and still, although long since seceded, speak her language. The western portion of the United States is still rich in historical lore, gathered from early Spanish sources. We must not forget that it was under Spanish auspices and the noble encouragement of Isabella that Columbus was enabled to undertake that long and perilous journey which resulted in the discovery of what has since been called America; and again, that during, and subsequent to the Revolutionary war, the Spaniards were our valued friends. We must not throw up our arms in holy horror at a bull-fight so long as we tolerate the game of football, as it is usually played. In one case, beasts are killed, but rarely men; in the other, men are sometimes



THE MISSES ISABEL, ANITA AND MARIA VICTORIA MANSO DE ZÚÑIGA,
PUPILS OF LORETO CONVENT, CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLE, SPAIN.

maliciously killed, or maimed for life. Let us not while away our time uselessly in pointing out the deficiencies, material or spiritual, of other nations, but let us jealously guard and develop the gifts with which a bountiful Providence has endowed us.

If I remember rightly, the fortress of Gibraltar was captured from Spain by the genius and prowess of the English, during the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, 1704.

We will reach Naples on Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock. Au revoir.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

HAMILTON HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Having been among the number of those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Inauguration of William Howard Taft as President of the United States, I thought it might be of interest to you to hear something of what I saw.

It is estimated that about \$100,000 were expended for decorations, fireworks, etc. The Court of Honor was erected on Pennsylvania Avenue, directly in front of the White House, and extended from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Street. In the centre of the Court, was placed the President's reviewing stand. About every ten or fifteen feet, were large white columns, surmounted by baskets of flowers and twined with green garlands. Festoons of evergreens, studded with electric lights and flowers, were strung from column to column; and the four immense pillars, near the reviewing stand, were decorated with large white plaques of Taft and Sherman.

Flags, bunting, greens, and electric decorations were displayed on almost all public and private buildings, so that the beautiful city of Washington presented a brilliant sight.

About every two hundred feet along Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the Army and Navy Building, were large archways of electric lights, which, at night, made the avenue look almost like a fairyland.

On March the third, the President-elect was in the city, decorations were all in order, and every one was in a great state of excitement for

the morrow. But, during the night, one of the fiercest blizzards ever witnessed here, raged over Washington.

It was rather a stormy outlook. On Thursday, about 7 a. m., it was snowing and drifting. In some places, the streets were covered with frozen snow, in others, with slush. The prospect of a grand parade was rather uncertain.

About nine o'clock, however, the fury of the elements had become somewhat moderated, and a number of street-cleaners were put to work.

At ten o'clock, President Roosevelt and President-elect Taft, Vice-President Fairbanks and Vice-President-elect Sherman, and their party, left the White House for the Capitol.

When there a hurried meeting of Congress had to be held for the purpose of passing a bill whereby President-elect Taft could take the oath of office and deliver his inaugural address in the Capitol. It is customary for these ceremonies to take place out-of-doors, but, owing to the inclement weather, it was impossible. So at one o'clock, William Howard Taft took the oath as President of the United States and delivered his inaugural address in the Senate Chamber. He was then escorted to his carriage, and, at the head of the procession, drove to the reviewing stand in front of the White House, where, for three hours, he witnessed the parade in his honor.

Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Sherman established a precedent by driving with their husbands from the Capitol to the White House. This was at the urgent request of the people of Washington.

Immediately after President Taft's address, ex-President Roosevelt was escorted to the Union Station by thousands of admirers, and, at 3.29, he took the train for his home in Oyster Bay.

To describe the parade in detail would be almost impossible. It is estimated that about 30,000 persons marched. Different States were represented by the governor and his staff. The National Guards and the regular armies, infantry, cavalry, Field and Coast Artillery, the Red Cross service, the many bands, sailors from the world-touring fleet, cadets from various military academies; many civil organizations—some a thousand strong—the colored soldiers and the Filipino Constabulary Band—all formed part of a grand cavalcade, which was one of the greatest military displays that have taken place here.

From seven-thirty till nine o'clock, Thursday evening, a mammoth display of fireworks took place on Monument Lot. The weather, from about noon, had become clear and cold, making it a very fine night for such an exhibition. Hundreds of bombs, rockets and Roman candles were sent off. Also large pieces, such as "An Electric Storm," "An Immense Fountain," and a "Battle in the Air." The sight was gorgeous while it lasted, and was witnessed by thousands and thousands of people.

The great event—the Inaugural Ball—took place on Thursday night, at ten o'clock, in the large hall of the Pension Building. President Taft's Ball was the largest of all the Inaugural Balls. President and Mrs. Taft and Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman walked through the hall, and then took their places in the private box that had been erected at one end of it. The music of the evening was furnished by the Marine Band, and dancing was kept up till one o'clock.

The decorations of the hall were very fine. The galleries were simply banked with greens, and every few feet along the side of the galleries, great clusters of pink azaleas formed a pretty contrast to their dark green background. Just in front of the President's box, were placed large bunches of American Beauty roses, and the box was surmounted by four flags and an American eagle.

On Friday and Saturday, five promenade concerts were given in the ballroom, and they were attended by over thirty thousand people. The decorations and illuminations were the same for the remainder of the week, and the city was filled to overflowing with visitors, so that Washington was at its best during Inaugural Week.

On Friday, Mr. Taft at once commenced his work as President, and ex-President Roosevelt began to enjoy life at his home in Oyster Bay.

I consider myself very fortunate to have witnessed the Inauguration of a President. Since my arrival in Washington, I attended the Congressional reception at the White House, and had the honor of being introduced to President Roosevelt, and of shaking hands with him.

Hoping that this may be of interest to you and to my Abbey schoolmates of 1906-1908.

I remain, sincerely yours,

BEATRICE H. FRAWLEY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Several very important items were too late for the Christmas number of the "Bow"—prominent among them being the reception of Miss Mary Leary, Mary Eagan, Agnes Ruddles and Mary Dolan as Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The Reverend W. F. Clarke, S. J., of Buffalo, delivered a very beautiful sermon, which was quite appropriate to the occasion. The same eloquent speaker also favored us—previous to the vacation—with a very interesting lecture on "The Characteristics of Poetry." Mr. Sidney Woolett, the renowned Shakespearean reader, also gave a very interesting interpretation of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

And now for a peep into the New Year.

January seventh—School reopened. All returned, happy as larks, and bubbling over with fun and good resolutions for the New Year. In two days the news had been exhausted and we settled down to regular school routine, once more. It hardly seems possible that it is almost six months since the beginning of the school term, and that, in five more months, the summer vacation will be here again. For those who graduate at the end of that time, it will be a year filled with much pleasure and work, also a little sadness at the thought of leaving Loreto's walls forever, going from the "Life of School" to the "School of Life." Here, where everything is planned for us to do, it is much easier to know what is right, but, in after life, when it will be necessary to decide for ourselves, life will be more complex. It remains for us, however, to so apply the principles taught while at school that we shall always, even when far distant, try our best to attain the standard placed before us by the "Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

January thirteenth—The first snow-fight of the season took place. The combatants were led by their respective captains, Lillice Matthews and Vivian Spence. On account of the dryness of the snow it was impossible to make snowballs, and the attacks had to be made with the soft, loose snow, as ammunition. This proved a very effective weapon, however, when used in large

enough quantities, and both sides soon realized this. The flag was captured, first from one side, then from the other, all fighting bravely, meanwhile. The third and final attack, in which many were injured, but few killed, was led by Miss Lillice Matthews, who had the great glory of winning the victory.

January tenth—An unexpected pleasure was vouchsafed us in the shape of a trip across the "River," where we visited a large music store, the proprietor of which rendered a programme on the Edison phonograph, for our benefit. It was with difficulty that we realized that the dulcet tones of Sembrich, Nordica, Calvé, Tetracini, Madame Schumann-Heink, and Caruso, were not proceeding from the lips of those famous artists. As in a dream, one charming selection followed another, until, with much regret, we suddenly realized the afternoon was waning and that we must bid adieu to the realm of fancy, to come back once more to a material world. With much glee, the afternoon's performance was discussed on our homeward way, and it was unanimously agreed that we had enjoyed a more than ordinary musical treat and a very happy afternoon.

February seventh—Father Rosa came over from the University, bringing with him some beautiful magic-lantern views of the Holy Land and pictures from the great artists. This was a treat to which we had been looking forward for some time, and our expectations were fully realized. It was a delightful as well as an educational treat to feast our eyes on very excellent copies of the masterpieces of Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Perugino, Raphael, Carlo Dolce, Giotto, Correggio and Da Vinci.

February twelfth—Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Enoch Arden," was most beautifully rendered, this afternoon, by Miss Carr of Buffalo. Strauss' beautiful musical setting was played by Miss Bray of Buffalo, and added an additional charm to the delightful reading. The characters in the poem were represented in the music by different themes. In the opening scene, representing the ocean dashing on a wild and rocky coast, the music comes in faintly at first, then gradually increases in volume until one could almost imagine herself beside the sea. The little trills, as the

water recedes from the shore, with the great boom of the bass, as the large waves dash against the rocks, were very realistic and altogether enchanting. One plaintive melody, called Annie's theme, occurs many times during the selection. Then Enoch appears. His theme is strong and manly, suggesting the great story of his self-denial and heroic death. Next, Philip, the patient, enduring, loving, second father to Annie's children, whose love is so strong that he cannot deny himself, for many years, suffering in what seems to him hopeless love, but which, at last, secures his great happiness. Enoch captivated all hearts. We admired Philip, with his enduring love, but it is for Enoch who, having had this love, returns to find another in his place, we mourn. The last scene in which Enoch is praying, and making his last act of self-denial, denying himself even the pleasure of having his children at his death-bed, was too inexpressibly sad for words. As the last word died away and the music ceased, sobs were heard on all sides.

February thirteenth—All were delighted with another set of views, brought by Father Rosa, representing "Evangeline," and a delightful evening was spent recalling those old familiar scenes.

February fourteenth — Religious valentines were drawn after breakfast, the names of a male and female saint being written on slips of paper and a pious practice.

The St. Valentine party, which we had been planning for several weeks, took place and was a great success. Each girl was dressed so as to represent the title of a book, and all took part in the guessing contest. The four best costumes were worn by Miss Kathleen Foy, who represented "An Everyday Girl," Miss Jean Sears, as "Sentimental Tommy," the Misses Rosina Macdonald and Merle as "Rose Ladies." The prize, however, was awarded, unanimously, to Miss Cecil McLaughlin, who had caused much perplexity by wearing nothing but her ordinary school costume. It was, at last, discovered that she represented "Not Like Other Girls." Miss Hazel Freeman as "The Light Behind," carrying a small lantern at her back, occasioned untold merriment. At the end of the guessing book contest, all the valentines that had been reserved through the week's mail were distributed by the Superior.

Reverend Dr. Tracy of Toronto visited the convent and gave a lecture on the Catacombs of Rome. This was a subject which interested us greatly on account of so many of the early martyrs of the Church being martyred there, and we listened with great pleasure to Dr. Tracy as he described the life led by the primitive Christians, their sufferings, persecutions, and, finally, death suffered for their faith. It brought vividly to our minds the thought of how much we have to be thankful for—the freedom to live up to our holy faith—a sharp contrast to the lives of those men having to worship by stealth in churches built down in the earth. Over 250,000 Christians were put to death in Nero's reign alone. The Romans did not believe in burying their dead, but the Jews did, and the Christians sometimes used their graveyards. The Jews would not have this, so the Christians made subterranean cemeteries. These are now the Catacombs, which extend 750 miles.

February sixteenth—A number of the Seniors attended a musicale in Buffalo. This great event had cheered us for weeks before at our studies, and the realization was fully equal to the anticipation. Mr. Spalding, violinist, Madam Jomelli, one of the grand opera singers of the present day, and Mr. Oswald, pianist, were the performers. The entire programme was enjoyed to the utmost. The *Buffalo Courier* speaks of these artists in the following terms: "Signal as have been Mme. Jomelli's successes in opera, she has also been acclaimed a most satisfactory concert artist. It is a well-known fact that many of the great opera stars, when in concert, and deprived of the support of orchestra, scenery, and other stage paraphernalia, lost most of their interest. In concert, it is different. One is absolutely face to face with the singer, and all the peculiarities of the singer are presented in plain view. In the case of Mme. Jomelli, the concert-goer sees before him a refined gentlewoman. Her every action reveals the culture of the highest social life of the Old World. She reveals in her concert singing an attractive personality and a complete mastery of all the subtle details of the standard schools of singing. Her interpretations are always sane, never sensational, and, as a model for students and artists to copy, it is probable that the great Stockhausen never turned out a better." We append Philip Hale's criticism from the Bos-

ton *Herald* of February 8th.: "Mme. Jomelli has an unusually beautiful voice, and this voice of pure quality, warm and not colorless, has been trained skillfully. Charming in lyric phrases, Mme. Jomelli was dramatic in recitative. She sang with the breadth and dignity that characterize the grand style and with an unerring sense of appropriate expression. It is to be hoped that she will be heard here again, and often."

Although Mr. Spalding, the new American violinist, is barely twenty, he has already proved his fibre in the European field. Nowhere among his press notices do we find him relegated to the "prodigy class," but he is everywhere ranked and compared with old and natural artists. He is at home in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc., where he has won the most enthusiastic praise for his technical skill, his purity and beauty of tone, and sound interpretation of classical music.

It is not often that an artist's interpretation of music receives the approbation of its composer. He is usually obliged to interpret according to tradition, or his own ideas. In the case, however, of the rendering of Saint-Saens' Concerto in B Minor, as well as others by the same composer, Spalding has had the advantage of playing it with Saint-Saens conducting, and the great composer himself said of the performance: "You play my concerto perfectly and as I wish to have it interpreted."

The simple nobility of Saint-Saens' music requires interpretation of the most delicate shading to bring out all the beauties and it is in exquisite harmony with Spalding's sensitive artistic nature. His music is the very essence of all harmony. The programme was as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| Concerto in G Minor..... | <i>Bruch</i> |
| | MR. SPALDING. |
| Louise Aria | <i>Charpentier</i> |
| | MME. JOMELLI. |
| (a) Caprice | <i>Scarlatti</i> |
| (b) Pastorale | <i>Scarlatti</i> |
| (c) Zigue | <i>Scarlatti</i> |
| | MR. OSWALD. |
| Chacone | <i>Bach</i> |
| | MR. SPALDING. |
| (a) "Trahison" | <i>Chaminade</i> |
| (b) "Du bist die Ruh"..... | <i>Schumann</i> |
| (c) "Nymphs and Sylvains"..... | <i>Bemberg</i> |
| | MME. JOMELLI. |

- (a) "Garten Mélodie"Schumann
 - (b) "Am Spring Brunnen".....Schumann
 - (c) "Polonaise in D".....Wieniawski
- MR. SPALDING.

- (a) "The Flower Rain".....Edwin Schneider
 - (b) "To-morrow"Charles Gilbert Spross
 - (c) "Summer" Chaminade
- MME. JOMELLI.

"Ave Maria," with violin obligato.....Gounod
MME. JOMELLI AND MR. SPALDING.

As every joy must come to an end, sometime, however, the concert closed and we donned our wraps once again. All hurried to some tea-rooms well known to school-girls, then rushed away once more to catch the train. We arrived at the convent at eight o'clock and found Father Rosa had been giving views of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Those who had been away were entertained with a description of these.

February seventeenth — Our long-delayed sleigh-ride to St. Catharines, at last took place. At nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, the sleighs drove up and all took their places. After a drive of fourteen miles, we arrived at our destination. Mrs. McSloy came to the door, as we drove up, and asked us to wait a few minutes. Our curiosity was aroused and great was our delight when we heard the order, "Drive to the New Murray House." Here we had dinner, then returned to Mrs. Larkin's home, where we were entertained with music. The sleighs appeared at three o'clock, and just as we were preparing to leave, all were pressed to take afternoon tea (a joy to the schoolgirl's heart). We at length said good-bye and were well started upon our homeward way when it was discovered that our kind hostess had placed a large box of candy in each sleigh. We did not reach home until later than was expected on account of two of the horses becoming tired, but we kept out the cold by singing every song ever heard at school, and when we did finally reach the convent, an oyster supper awaited us. The great kindness and hospitality which were extended to us will never be forgotten.

February twenty-second — George Washington's birthday dawned bright and clear, and all arose refreshed after a long sleep to assist at

Mass, a little later than usual. After the sketch of the life of the saint of the day, Margaret of Cortona, had been read, at breakfast, one of the juniors announced in a short poem the order of the day. First, a drawing contest took place, of which familiar quotations and their authors were the subject. Miss Neenah Brady was the fortunate winner of the prize given for the greatest number of correct answers. Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, etc., were well represented in the quotations. The remainder of the day was spent in preparation for the evening's entertainment. The school was profusely decorated with American flags and colors, which added much to the effectiveness of the scene. The three most popular numbers on the programme were: "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," a solo by Miss Mary Leary, which was beautifully rendered and gained great applause. The Sailor's Hornpipe, a dance in which Miss Cecil McLaughlin, Dorothy Rochford, Fanny Best and Kathleen Foy acquitted themselves most creditably; and a Japanese dance by Miss Rosina Merle, Rosina Macdonald, Grace Sears, and Vivian Spence, were much appreciated by the audience. The programme closed with a magnificent oration from Father Rosa, in which he paid a just and glowing tribute to the memory of George Washington.

The yearly masquerade, which terminated our pleasant holiday, given in honor of George Washington's birthday, was much appreciated on account of its novel character. To each class was given a certain musical term, orchestral, instrumental, or musical composer, to represent. Many characters from Grand Opera were also taken. The following took part: Miss Minnie Eagen, Duchess, from "Lohengrin"; Mary Leary, Rhine Maiden, from "Parsifal"; Grace Sears, Maid from the "Mikado"; Rosina Merle, "Madame Butterfly"; Dorothy Rochford, Sailor from "Pirates of Penzance"; Isabel Elliot, Lady Harriet, from "Martha"; Cecilia Merle, Nancy, from "Martha"; Rita Coffey, Marguerite, from "Faust"; Ruby Suttles, Rhine Maiden, from "Parsifal"; Marjorie Vrooman, Händel; Esther Losada, Carmen; Pachita Losada, Aïda; Kathleen O'Gorman, Elsa, from "Lohengrin"; Rosina Macdonald, Maid from "Mikado"; Agnes Robinson, Mendelssohn; Jean Sears, Mozart; Anna Williams, Paderewski; Alice Brayshaw, Faust;

Jessie Newton, Staccato; Winefred Marvin, Pianissimo; Mary Maxwell, Senta, from "Flying Dutchman"; Fanny Best, Kathleen Foy, Sailors from "Pirates of Penzance"; Rose Lilley, Largo; Hazel Freeman, Beethoven; Helen Lundy, Violin; Beatrice Byero, Agitato; Neenah Brady, Lucia di Lammermoor; Marguerite Durkin, Cigarette Girl, from "Carmen"; Mary Dolan, Chopin; Mary Lundy, Bach; Stella Talbot, Flower Girl, from "Parsifal"; Agnes Buddles, English horn; Mary Shepherd, "Bohemian Girl"; Lillice Matthews, Maid to "Madame Butterfly"; Mildred Bricka, Brunhilde; Cecil McLaughlin, Sailor, from "Pirates of Penzance"; Helen McCarney, Flower Girl, from "Parsifal"; Grace Nichols, Flower Girl, from "Parsifal"; Gertrude Renn, Flower Girl, from "Parsifal"; Margaret Bampfield, Fortissimo; Louise Cunningham, Presto; Irene Dolan, 'Cello; Loretto Kelly, Flute; Maria Losada, Mignon; Rose Mudd, Sieghinde; Madeleine McMahan, Elizabeth, from "Tannhäuser"; Elizabeth Cunningham, Trombone; Edna Duffy, Clarinet; Agnes Flynn, Viola; Beatrice Taylor, Oboe; Lucia Olmsted, Harp; Winifred Stevens, Piccolo.

Great credit for the success of the evening's entertainment is due to the musical committee—the members being Miss Stella Talbot, Agnes Robinson, Dorothy Rochford, and Hazel Freeman—the last three young ladies are to be congratulated on their acceptable manner of playing the accompaniments.

March first—We enjoyed a beautiful sermon from Reverend William Clark, S. J., of Buffalo, the text being those pathetic words of Christ, "So long a time have I been with you, Philip, and you have not known Me." Enlarging upon this subject, Father Clark pointed out the many ways in which the people of to-day are neglecting to learn more about the Saviour of men, how they spend many anxious hours upon some unimportant matter while the one subject worthy of consideration is allowed to pass without a moment's thought, and some schools are even advocating the entire abolishment of religion in our educational system. Father Clark spoke strongly upon this tendency of the period and urged the plea that we should always remember in after life that if there is anything in the world which is worthy of the best of our minds and hearts it is the cause of Christ.

March second — The following morning, Father Clark delivered a lecture upon "Poetry," in general. He then divided it into three classes, the Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic. This, then, included the nature of the subject, the nature of the genius, and treatment of subject. The extremes are the Lyric and Dramatic, while the Epic comes between. Various subdivisions were made and the objective and subjective poets discussed. After reading several selections, illustrating his different points, and dwelling upon the merits of certain poets, Father Clark suggested that Shakespeare should be taken as a guide to perfection in poetry.

After the interesting lecture of the morning, we were surprised and delighted to hear that Reverend G. Eckhardt, C. M., of Niagara University, would address us that afternoon. His talk on Literature was exceedingly interesting in that the relative merits of all classes of literature were enlarged upon. The novel, the moral novel, the historical novel, the scientific novel and the ethical novel, were all discussed. Many of the old favorites were mentioned, among which were "Ben Hur," "Marble Faun," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Honorable Peter Sterling." The short story was then introduced, the cause of its invention being the hurry and rush of the age. Father Eckhardt then suggested how one might discover if a book is fit to be read. In the first place, it should be moral, should have purpose, be dogmatic and useful. The style of the book, however, generally pronounces its character. The language used should be simple and effective, and the plot definite, intelligent, possible, and finished.

March ninth—Consternation and gloom visited our hearts at the announcement that Mr. Losada, Minister of War, Bogota, S. A., had just passed away.

The sad tidings were wholly unexpected, and his sister, Pachita, and his two daughters, Maria and Ester, are prostrated by the shock. Our sincerest sympathy is, and will ever be, with the dear girls, who have won the affection of all during their sojourn with us.

Accompanied by their brother, Master Que-milo Losado, who has been attending St. Michael's College, Toronto, they leave New York, on their home-journey to South America, on Thursday, 18th. inst.

That they may have a safe voyage, and may return to us when time has somewhat soothed their grief, is the fervent wish of their friends at Loreto, Niagara.

March sixteenth—The annual concert, in honor of Ireland's great patron, was given this evening.

At 6.30 o'clock, the members of the Little School gave a programme, quite unique, including recitations, choruses, flag-drill, and, not least interesting, a geography match on Ireland.

With sympathies for the dear Emerald Isle, just revived by the sweet, baby voices, singing its praises, the audience passed to the concert hall, which was artistically decorated in green and white. Here, the senior pupils had in readiness a choice collection of tributes to St. Patrick and to the land of his choice. Entering entirely into the spirit of the feast, by declamation and song, they increased the sympathy of all present for the little island, far across the sea. The various numbers were excellently rendered—those by Miss Wechter, and Miss Elinore Lilley, one of our graduates of last year, being particularly appreciated.

Among the guests were Reverend C. Malloy, C. M., Reverend J. Corcoran, C. M., and Reverend A. Dawson, C. M., of Niagara University, and Reverend F. Trumpeter of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The remarks made by Reverend C. Malloy, at the close of the concert, were in the happiest vein, and formed a climax to the evening's proceedings.

March eighteenth—A great pleasure was afforded us, this evening, when Very Reverend E. J. Walsh, C. M., President of Niagara University, delivered, in our assembly hall, a lecture on "The Glories of the Irish Nation."

Referring to the annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day, Father Walsh called our attention to the strangeness of the fact, that the 17th. of March is, and has ever been, since the Saint's own time, so widely celebrated—countries far distant from Erin, singing, annually, on this day, the great Saint's praises, as enthusiastically as do those in the Emerald Isle.

This was a tribute to the Irish nation, whose suffering and endurance and unwavering loyalty

to the faith are justly revered by every human heart, of whatever nation or creed.

He said that the past of any human being, particularly of one who had reached maturer years, was of intense interest, at least, to that one individual, and, likewise, the past of a nation—the story of its failures, its triumphs, its myriad experiences—must ever be a source of interest, often of pride, to that nation. And so was it with Ireland.

Vividly did Father Walsh recall those olden days when Erin yet knew but paganism, paganism, however, of an exalted type—the worship of the sun and other heavenly bodies, and all that was beautiful in nature; how this had prepared the hearts of those Celts to accept the beautiful religion that St. Patrick preached; how, without the shedding of one drop of blood, the conversion of Ireland had been effected, almost instantaneously. It was usual for great undertakings to reach their full accomplishment only after those who had originated them had passed away, but to St. Patrick was it vouchsafed to see, within fifty years, the most glorious results of his labors—the conversion of the entire nation to Christianity.

Much that was of interest with regard to Ireland, as a home of learning, in the middle ages, did Father next tell us, and how, when dark days came, her sons and daughters carried the light of the gospel into other lands.

As with every human being, so with every nation is there a destiny to be worked out, and Ireland's, our Reverend speaker thought, was to carry God's Word to many lands, and, incidentally, to be a potent agent in the spread of the best civilization, which has gone steadily, hand in hand, with evangelization.

Next, Father spoke of the highly imaginative character of the people; of the wonderful charm of their music; of the sweet melodies that would, through the coming years, find in every human heart, as they had done in the past, responsive echoes; of the entrancing scenery—the valleys, lakes and streams of that fair land, and, then, of the indescribable loneliness and pathos dwelling there.

The sorrows she had known had, undoubtedly, beautified and sanctified her. With all the fair promise of a day of glory now at hand, there might still be sorrows in store for her, but, while

her children continued to treasure faithfully the precious gift which St. Patrick had brought to their forefathers, she would still be a land worthy of veneration.

Byron had said of Rome that, when the Coliseum fell, she, too, would fall, and with her fall, would come the fall of the world; of Ireland, might it be as truly prophesied:

"While stand her altars, Erin stands"—and for a second line, might we not add:

"When Erin falls, then falls the world"?

March nineteenth—Father Nash, S. J., delivered a lecture upon British India. As he himself is a missionary in that country and has had a wide experience among its people, one may well imagine how very interesting such a topic would be.

British India forms three-fourths of the British Empire, and the present King of England is Sovereign of four thousand million subjects in that country. Canada and the United States, taken three times, would still leave a remainder of several millions. These are divided into four religions. There are two hundred and twenty million Hindus, sixty-five million Mohammedans, three million Christians, that is two million Roman Catholics, and one million Protestants. It has been truly said by Kipling that, "East is east and west is west, but the twain shall never meet." Pantheism in philosophy extends from the east of Persia to Japan. It is a material view of God to say that "God is everything and everything is God"; that there is no existence after death if one has been good—if wicked, one is transmigrated from one animal to another.

In illustrating his talk with magic lantern views, Father Nash introduced us to the most noted and interesting spots connected with the struggle of England to obtain India and to civilize its people. Calcutta, the capital of India, one of the most flourishing commercial cities in the world, was our first view. Here is situated the bathing court, the High Court of Appeal, and the old Town-Hall where Judge Norman was basely murdered by a Mohammedan. Next the old mode of conveyance, called the *ecca*, and the bullock cart which is used for the inland produce of three million people. Then the garden of Ashley Eden, situated behind the court-house, Government House, the seat of the Viceroy of

India, a building which cost five million dollars, and erected by Marquis Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, Winter's Buildings, the place where Clive and Hastings stayed, and the spot where the victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta met their death. The natives' huts, which are in the majority throughout the city, are very different from the European residences. Twelve or fourteen natives live in the tiniest huts, and often whole families are born, married, and die in the same dwelling.

One form of worship is Buddhism. The members of this faith have a very convenient way of praying. They take a long strip of paper, write their particular petition on it, carry it about with them all day, turning it in a small silver box towards them, without having to utter any prayers themselves.

The women of India wear many jewels, and have a curious custom of staining their foreheads and cheeks with bullocks' blood, when they are married. This is a sign that they must be beautiful only to their husbands.

The scenes of the mutiny were next presented, also the mosque at Benares, the famous Burning Gate, where the Hindus burn their dead. The ruin at Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence was killed, and the image erected over the well at Cawnpore, and the Cashmere Gate. Beyond this gate lies a little Anglican church, called Skinner's Church. A man of that name, the child of a Mohammedan father and a Hindu mother, became a Christian, and at their deaths, had a mosque erected for them, and a church for himself.

In closing, Father Nash spoke very beautifully of the Loreto Nuns in India, and of the splendid work being done there by them. He earnestly requested that we should pray for the foreign missions, and their success in that far mystic land.

One of the views, the Loreto Convent at Darjeeling, proved of great interest to us, and the eloquent lecturer was loud in his praise of the zealous efforts of the Religious in this beautifully situated convent.

VIVIAN SPENCE.

No one can be good or great or happy except through the inward efforts of his own.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount Saint Mary, Hamilton, Ont.

It is meet that the New Year's greeting of the Hamilton Bard, whose friendship the *staff* is privileged to enjoy, should find a place in the opening page of our chronicle:

"Wishing yourself and the Maids of 'The Mount'
All happiness fresh from their favorite Fount;
With all that they docket delightful or dear;
Throughout every hour of the incoming year."

Of course, we have reciprocated all the good wishes, and when the sweet spirit of poesy walks with us, we shall do so in verse.

Soon after the reopening of school, it was our pleasure to welcome beloved Reverend Mother, whose gracious presence at the Mount is always hailed with the fondest delight. During her sojourn, many pleasant surprises were daily afforded us, among them, visits from former teachers, notably, M. M. Stanislaus, Loreto Abbey, Toronto; M. M. Christina, Loreto Convent, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; M. M. Catharine and M. M. Evangelista, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls; M. M. of the Angels and S. M. Canisia, Loreto Convent, Guelph; S. M. Melanie, Loreto Convent, Stratford.

To the enjoyment of Sr. Melanie's visit was added the happiness of meeting her brother, Mr. J. Lacy, and her little niece, Melanie Lacy, who was our guest for some days. In her honor, the little ones gave a party, and oh, what a function it was! Every incident connected with the event has been minutely described, long ere this, to interested juvenile listeners at the Eganville fire-side, and how the little tots must long for their turn to come when they will accompany Daddy to see Aunt Melanie and Aunt Benigna.

January fifteenth—Reverend R. E. Brady made the hour of his visit to-day not only enjoyable but instructive, for he gave us many particulars of the frightful woe wrought in Italy by the earthquake that destroyed Messina and Reggio; of the consolation afforded the sufferers by the heroic Queen of the devastated realm, who kept so close to the danger zone that she narrowly escaped being injured in a belated shock; and of the unostentatious way in which the nuns took up the work of assisting the injured, and, when possible, nursing men, women, and chil-

dren. Father Brady gave us an idea of the loss sustained in Italy and Sicily in a half an hour!—more than that of the Germans in the war with France, or of the British in the Boer War, or of the Romans at Cannae, or of all three together! His lucid remarks on seismography were also very satisfying.

January twenty-sixth—A visit to the Art Exhibit, where we saw not only paintings by Canadian, but also by the best foreign artists.

In the oil painting group, we were especially interested in "Washington Arch," "New England Village Street," and "Union Square in Spring," by Childe Hassam, N. A.

In the Artists of the Netherlands water colors, we preferred "The Hague," by Floris Arntzenius; "Canal Bridge," by Du Chattel; "Village Street," by Groenewegen; "Mother and Child," by Mrs. B. Grandmont-Hubrecht; "Landscape," by Roelofs; "Dinner Time," by Hendrik Valkenburg; "Landscape and Mills," by Weissenbruch; "The Spinner," and "Baby's Dinner," by Johannes Weiland.

Among the etchings, we were attracted by "Baby in Chair," "Fishermen," and "Mother and Child," by Joseph Israels; and "Willows," by C. Van Der Windt.

"Child with Rabbits," and "Old Sailor," were pieces of sculpture which won universal admiration.

Mr. H. A. Neyland's valued explanation of the pictures was a help, not only from an artistic but from a literary standpoint, to the study of their excellence. "As a book," he said, "they convey images to the mind, and the more clearly they portray these images, the greater their worth; as works of art, they must have unity, variety, and a development of the one prominent feature of the picture."

Mr. Neyland then described the method of etching, showing plates in different stages of preparation, and a bronze and an etching for which the same person had stood as model.

February fourth—An afternoon tea in celebration of the fourth birthday of Mary Regis Harris, a dainty little maid who quite enjoyed the distinction. Among the guests were her sister, Evelyn, and her brother, Master Jack—both radiantly joyful and keenly appreciative of the many congratulations, compliments, and delicate

attentions of which their baby sister was the object. To our intense amusement, Mary Regis fairly beamed upon every one and every one beamed upon her, in return, as with acquiescent smile, she partook of the proffered dainties and chatted with her entertainers, who, by the way, have become quite proficient in the gentle art, and are always ready for another party.

February sixth—A magnificent lecture on the "Niagara Frontier," by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.

This was Father Rosa's first visit to Mount St. Mary, but the warmth of the reception which he received from those who had heard his illustrated lectures at Niagara Falls, will surely be an inducement to come again, whenever his arduous missionary labors leave a day at his disposal. Father Rosa possesses the art of making every one feel at ease in his presence, and he has ever been a welcome guest at every Loreto house as well as at the home of the pupils who made his acquaintance during their school-days.

One point in the lecture appealed particularly to us—the fact that it was near Grimsby or Stony Creek Father Bréboeuf was kneeling in the snow, in prayer, when he saw in the heavens the red cross, which presaged his martyrdom. Our Reverend guest reminded us that we had, unconsciously, been treading on sacred ground around here, in our daily rambles and holiday excursions, walking in the footsteps of the early missionaries who had so heroically given up their lives.

At the close of the lecture, an informal hour was spent in conversation with Father Rosa, whose stock of amusing anecdotes is inexhaustible. Greatly to our delight, he celebrated a late Mass, next morning—and we had a "sleep!"

February tenth—A large sleigh, carrying a goodly company of merrymakers, sped through the convent grounds to-day, en route to Dundas—what a storehouse of memories the announcement must open for the "old girls," who, in the days ago, experienced the delightful exhilaration of this spin into the country—and the equally pleasant rapid whirl toward the lights of the Mount, where the steaming oyster supper invariably awaited them!

Our keen delight in outdoor sports and recreations—tobogganing, skating, ice yachting—

makes winter a very enjoyable season at the Court of King Frost—I verily believe the young ladies of the early Victorian era would, undoubtedly, swoon away or be overcome by one of the genteel ailments of those days, if they were to meet their sisters of the present generation in their healthy participation in games, and the brisk camaraderie, which those patterns of "gentility" were accustomed to note only in their brothers, whenever those lords of creation deigned to notice them.

February fourteenth—We attended the Golden-Jubilee celebration of St. Mary's Cathedral—an account of which will be found in our columns—and were much impressed by the ceremonies. The singing of the boys' choir was excellent, and reflected a great deal of credit on them and their teacher.

February fifteenth—Very Reverend Dr. Teefy gave a beautiful lecture on the "Eternal City," its architecture, sculpture, paintings, Basilicas, and that grandest of temples—St. Peter's—of which it has been said, "The architecture of St. Peter's is frozen music." No man, possessing a soul susceptible of fine emotions, could ascend the steps of St. Peter's, enter the portico, stand beneath that wonderful dome, gaze upon the realization in stone of the most extraordinary dream that ever haunted the brain of architect or artist, without feeling that he is drawn nearer to God, has become more in touch with the sublimity of creative power, and has been raised a degree nearer to the unseen mansions of ineffable glory.

The Basilica of St. Peter's, the central cathedral of Christendom, was begun in 1506, under Pope Julius II., whose name is a household word to all lovers of letters and of art; and together with the Vatican it forms the greatest continuous mass of buildings in the world. St. Peter's alone is 205 yards long and 156 broad, a description of it conveys no clear conception; seen for the first time, the impression produced cannot be put into language—

"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."

Referring to the Italian artists of the Renaissance—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, &c.—Dr. Teefy remarked that Pagan art was the work of the imagination, Christian art of the soul; that when we compare the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias with the Moses of Michael Angelo, we find the former lifeless and cold, the latter alive and animated by the breath of religious inspiration.

The Reverend speaker conducted us through the Vatican libraries, with their precious manuscripts; the Vatican galleries, where our attention was drawn to that wonderful epic of the prince of painters, "The Dispute of the Holy Sacrament"; the Catacombs, where Christian painting began; the Sistine Chapel, where the mighty Angelo has portrayed the two extreme points of the life of the human race—the "Creation" and the "Last Judgment."

Dr. Teefy visited Rome during the pontificate of Leo XIII., and that of the present Pope, of whom he gave a charming description; hence all the information that he imparted was from the standpoint of an eye-witness. Whilst every one in the audience was an attentive listener, those of us who had read Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis* followed the lecturer with unabated interest, and found it very pleasant, indeed, to have our memories of the "Eternal City" so delightfully refreshed by such an eloquent orator as Very Reverend Dr. Te fy.

February twenty-second—Everyone was delighted to see Mrs. Secord—née Margaret Brownley—and her sister, Florence, spent some very pleasant hours in the city with her today. We endeavored to make her visit as enjoyable as possible, invited her to the Masquerade, but as she could not remain until next day, we gave her a glimpse of the rehearsal, at which she laughed as heartily as when she was one of us, two years ago.

February twenty-third—Mardi Gras—A Tennyson Masquerade Dance, followed by a banquet.

When fanfares announced the opening of the festivities, every conceivable costume—gay, picturesque, historic—greeted the eye, as the procession—a triumphant and highly spectacular pageant—wended its way to the hall, led by "Britannia," at whose side walked "Our Lady of the Snows," followed by groups representing "A

Dream of Fair Women," the "Idylls of the King," "The Muses," "Queen Mary," "The Lady of Shalott," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "Maud," "Dora," "Lady Clare," "The May Queen," "The Lotos-Eaters," and the many other poems written by Tennyson—then came "Court Jesters," "Flower Girls," and "Shepherdesses."

After the various groups had made their obeisance to the audience, the "Fair Women" were conducted to the platform by "Britannia," where they performed a *Danse Antique*, with a dignity and grace becoming their antiquity, and afterwards gave an exquisite rendition of "Sweet and low," which was heartily applauded.

The appearance of the "Jesters" was a call to laughter of the most hilarious kind, as in jingling caps and bells they capered on the stage and danced and sang with an abandon which fairly brought down the house. Of course, they were recalled again and again, and seemed well pleased to respond—as long as the tight-fitting shoes and caps would stand the demand made upon their frail existence.

And now the courtly dames and knights of the "Idylls" proceeded to the stage to tread a really unique measure. As the audience followed the graceful movements of the dance and looked at the bright faces of the performers, they could not but smile at the keen, unspoiled enjoyment, which they evidently found in life and in each other.

Just here, let me tell you of the plight of Sir Galahad, who was almost on the point of spontaneous combustion, and from whom the Express Co. may expect to hear, one of these days, for not delivering his costume, in time.

At the last moment, that noble Knight of the Round Table failed to appear. Were we doomed to see our ideal of chivalry fall from the pedestal upon which we had placed him? No, indeed. Brushing away the tears that rose unbidden to his luminous orbs, and stifling the indignation to which he was a prey, the gallant hero seized a piano cover, draped it in ample folds on his erect form, girded a sword which some luckless knight had carelessly laid on a chair, donned a plumed hat—rather modern in design, to be sure—and was ready for—the dance!—to the untold relief of all concerned. At his approach, Guinevere bowed low, Lynette tittered, the gentle Enid smiled. Elaine made visible effort to refrain

from laughter, but the knights applauded, and all went well.

The "Carnival of the Muses" was next presented, and greatly appreciated—Calliope had finally ascertained what she was to wear.

A veritable Tennysonian glamor suffused the stage when the groups representing "Poems" passed before us in the intricate mazes of old-time cotillions, quadrilles, &c. And when the "Flower Girls" and the "Shepherdesses" tripped through the country-dance, waving their beribboned crooks and pretty baskets in acknowledgment of applause, the scene was lovely beyond description.

But what was our dismay, just as we were about to reform the procession and march to the banquet hall, when the "Ghost" of Tennyson appeared!—surely not to harm us, for had we not honored to the best of our ability, the distinguished Centenarian Poet Laureate. With scrutinizing glance the specter passed along, appearing and disappearing at intervals, until catching a glimpse through the mask of his partner—as yet in the flesh—conveniently appropriating a more agreeable companion, he speedily discarded his ghostly trappings, and, in all the glory of silk and tinsel, rushed to the rescue, to the intense amusement of the onlookers.

The legends on the place cards caused a great deal of merriment at the banquet. Some of the recipients felt complimented, others amused, and others again, too strongly characterized; but as the cards had been indiscriminately distributed, no one was offended.

The judges had a difficult task in awarding the prizes set apart by the committee; however, the result proved satisfactory.

Individual prizes were awarded to Miss Emily Watson—"Eleanor of Castile"—Marion Sweeney—"Airy Fairy Lilian"—and Olive Donohue—"Shepherdess."

Among the groups, the first prize was awarded to the "Idylls of the King," the second to the "Dream of Fair Women," and the third to the "Jesters."

February twenty-fourth—Mary Leyes, Marie Coughlan, Mary Gordon, Margaret Gordon, Louise Voisard, Josephine Taylor, Phyllis Leatherdale, Irene Carroll, and myself had the privilege of hearing Paderewski in the Grand Opera House. What a rare musical treat the playing

of the great Polish master was! No words could describe it. Mary went into such raptures that we had to hold her down lest she might rise in the air and achieve more notoriety—considering she had no aeroplane—than the Wright Brothers. And when we returned, and Sister said: "You must be very cold," Mary exclaimed, "Oh, Sister, I felt as if I had been driven out of heaven when the Opera House doors closed." Then we all talked together—of "Paddy's" hair, the gowns worn by So-and-So in such a box, while Mary interjected, "Oh, that Hunting-Song! I hear it still!" and Marie said she preferred tea to hot lemonade, and Louise ventured to remark that she wondered if we would have to rise early next morning. While we scrambled upstairs in semi-darkness, Mary's soliloquy became quite audible—"I am sure I shall be playing sonatas on the bed post, in my dreams."

March seventh—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., assisted by Reverend J. Bonomi.

His Lordship was celebrating his patronal feast, and, after Benediction, gave a most instructive sermon on devotion to our patron saints, beginning with his own, St. Thomas of Aquin, whose life he recommended us to read and study. "The saints," His Lordship remarked, "though one in their sanctity, vary in their history, in their conditions during their lives on earth, in their individual gifts, and in their characteristic graces. It is, therefore, eminently conducive to edification to study their lives, and meditate upon their histories and characters, separately. One of the evils of to-day, perhaps, the most prevalent one, is a spirit of indifference, of cold, skeptical neglect and disregard of devotion, and an absence of genuine love of God and His saints. The words of the prophet, bewailing the fact that the world was desolate because no man thought seriously in his heart, were not as true, perhaps, in that day as in the present."

His Lordship then depicted many interesting events with which he had not only been closely and intimately identified but, to a certain extent, a shaper of them, gave us an idea of the responsibilities which devolve upon him, asked our prayers for the success of future undertakings, and gave us his blessing.

REGINA PIGOTT.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

Our Christmas holidays commenced on the twenty-first of December. Christmas Eve was a warm, but rather gloomy, day. Notwithstanding the fact, we were very gay, indeed, preparing a crib, and arranging holly and mistletoe. Every trace of work had been removed from the school, which was daintily fitted up as a sitting-room. Being rather tired in the evening, we were not quite sorry to retire at an unusually early hour, knowing that we were to be awakened in time to prepare for Midnight Mass. Rain was pouring in torrents, making us feel grateful for the light and warmth within.

The chapel was beautifully adorned and brilliantly lighted. The crib, with its graceful palms and ferns surrounding the sweet figure of the Divine Infant, excited devotion in all. Then came the familiar words of the "Communion Beads," always associated with Christmas at Loreto; and the musical notes of the "Adeste Fideles," followed, at midnight, by two Masses in succession.

Notwithstanding wind and weather, our congregation was increased by the presence of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," whose grounds adjoin ours, and who are always among our most welcome visitors.

The news of the terrible disaster at Messina cast a gloom over our vacation, which would otherwise have been delightful.

School recommenced on the seventh of January. On the evening of the following day, we went to the Elementary School attached to the convent, to assist some ladies who had provided a Fête for the poor children. The school was prettily decorated, and the tables were laden with good things, which were highly appreciated by the youthful guests. The entertainment concluded with an Optical Lantern, which was most enjoyable.

The beautiful Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus was rendered more impressive by the presence of His Lordship Mgr. Barbieri, who came to impart the special Papal Benediction, sent by His Holiness Pope Pius X. to the Community and pupils of Loreto. After the Blessing had been given, His Lordship gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the twenty-first and twenty-second of January, Gibraltar was visited by a thunderstorm of unusual magnitude. The first night, the thunder and lightning were continual, and were accompanied by torrents of rain. On the second night, to these were added a high wind. The convent, fortunately, escaped injury, but the fine trees were much shaken, and, in the morning, the grounds were strewn with débris, including forty palm branches.

I do wish you could have seen the harbor during the first week of February. Besides English, French, Russian, and Danish men-of-war, we had the "American Fleet," with the "Stars and Stripes" proudly waving—the last-named are special favorites of ours. It was really a beautiful sight, at night, when all the vessels were lighted up. The soft light of the moon added to the attraction of the scene, and every coign of vantage on the Rock was occupied, until it seemed as if the entire population had massed on the water-front. The Connecticut saluted the port and the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir James Goodrich, with twenty-one guns, and when these had been returned, gun for gun, from a shore battery and the British battleship Albemarle, other salutes were fired to and answered by the Russian, French, and Dutch warships in port.

The official calls began as soon as the visiting ships were moored. Vice-Admiral Sir James E. C. Goodrich, although Rear-Admiral Sperry's senior in rank, did not wait for the latter's visit, but immediately boarded the Connecticut to extend his greetings.

Later in the day, Rear-Admiral Sperry, accompanied by the members of his *staff*, came ashore and called officially upon General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, the Governor. A guard of honor, consisting of a Company of the Norfolkshire Regiment, in red coats, met the Admiral's launch at Kings Stairs and escorted the carriages of the American naval officers to the residence of the Governor.

Despite the rather unofficial character of the visit, the English gave the Americans a splendid reception. Among the functions were a dinner at the Admiralty House, a dinner given by the Governor, General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, followed by a ball at the Assembly Rooms, arranged by Mr. R. L. Sprague, the American Consul; a race-meeting, &c., &c.

A pleasant incident for us of the stay of the "American Fleet," was the visit to the convent of Reverend M. C. Gleeson, chaplain to the Fleet.

Now I must tell you a little story about an officer of the "American Fleet." One of the boarders—a quaint little Spanish maiden of 12 years—had gone out shopping with her mother, who had come to spend a day in Gibraltar. While making purchases, three American officers entered the shop, bent on the acquisition of souvenirs, probably for dear ones at home. One of the officers accosted Mary Rose, in French, but, as her acquaintance with the language is limited to the programme of the Preparatory Class, she answered with a marked absence of fluency. Then he tried English. In this language she was quite at home. The gentleman apologized for speaking to her, by saying he had a little girl just like her waiting for him in America. Further conversation revealed the fact that Mary Rose was a pupil of Loreto Convent, Europa. This drew from her new friend the information: "I, also, am a Catholic" (probably, of Irish descent). Mary Rose is now quite enthusiastic about the Americans.

During the first week of February, we got a new pupil from Cordova. She bears an historic name—*Maria del Carmen Fernandez de Cordova*—and belongs to the family of *Gonzalo de Cordova*, "El Capitan," the chivalrous adversary of Bayard.

We are to have the Examinations of the Royal Academy of Music, London, on Wednesday. My sister is going in for the Lower Division, and I for Advanced Grade, Local Centre. There are many other pupils from the convent to be examined. I hope we shall all be successful.

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

Personals.

"The definite article is used before heaven, earth, hell, and other places of public resort!"—so says a bright German pupil.

"Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has? Do you know when I first saw it, for a full moment I couldn't speak."

"Marvellous! Marvellous!!"

"We spent the greater part of the Christmas holidays *slaying*."

"Are you going to have your album bound in Turkey or Morocco?"

"Neither. I'm going to have it bound in America."

"Song mitoudt vordts! Listen! I blay."

"No, we won't. We don't want to hear it. It's recreation now and we're going to talk."

"Song mit vordts—lots of vordts!"

"Your sister Annie is a model."

"I'll just look for that word in the dictionary." Model: "A small imitation of the real thing."

"Oliver Cromwell was a man with coarse features and having a large red nose with deep religious convictions beneath."

"Was your house damaged by that cyclone?"

"We don't know. We haven't found it yet."

Henriette hears the bell and is determined to speak correct English this time. "He-she-it-rings."

"We had a *spellin* match in school to-day, and I spelled all the other girls down and won the *Meddle*."

Senza sordini: "Without sordidness—that is, the music is not to be played or sung in a dull manner."

"Were you a good girl while at the party this afternoon?"

"I don't know. I had so much fun that I forgot to pay any attention to myself."

"In the very ancient days they used to write letters on bricks."

"What did the letter-carriers do then?"

"Irma and Myra are like two leetle mices—since de last time."

"What on earth is she doing up there, at this hour?"

"I suppose she's trying to find out the latest from Mars, as usual."

"She is a very clever girl. She has brains enough for two."

"Some of these noblemen ought to marry her."

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

An Easter Prayer.

So many eyes, tear-blinded, scarcely see
The gracious hope and promise of the spring;
Though leaf and bud are rich in prophecy
They have no vision of the blossoming.

Oh, God of pity! at this Eastertide
May all the sweet, glad promise of the day
Steal into troubled hearts, and there abide—
Great visions unto such as these, we pray.

EDITH V. BRADT.

Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people, do not be critical of their little faults but rather quick to find their virtues and to praise them.

Every human being sounds his or her note in the great diapason of life. That note gives the key to character. Other lives catch their life tone from it, and are lifted or depressed in harmony. The tones struck in family life give the keynote of the home. They may clash and produce a discord, or they may blend into a symphony. To strike the note that dominates another life is no slight responsibility, but it is one often thoughtlessly incurred.

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RAINBOW

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VOL. XVI.

JULY, 1909.

No. 3.

**May-Day, Nineteen Hundred and Nine, the
Twenty-Second Anniversary of the
Consecration of the Right Reverend
C. J. Dowling, D.D.,
Bishop of Hamilton.**

SPRING, the glad and gladdening season of the year, has come, and its culmination is ever the beautiful month of May—the month of awakening bloom and beauty, to which the heart especially belongs.

The season's balmy breezes seem to tell us that the glorious sunshine is the beams from angels' eyes, and the welcome showers but their happy tears, which wash away the gloom and grime of darker days. If there were dark days in the exterior life, and even gloom upon the soul, surely all this return of benefits and manifold delights lavishly scattered for our happiness, is evidence of God's goodness and ever-abiding love for us.

When sunshine and blossom are covering the earth with a flowery mantle, Spring's sweetest day—May-Day—returns, to bring to this Loreto its most honored, cherished, and best-beloved guest—His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton.

Every year, our beloved Bishop becomes dearer and dearer to his Loreto children, who have received so many evidences of his watchful encouragement, untiring kindness, and fatherly interest in their behalf. Firmly and wisely has he held before us the highest standards, the noblest ideals. From his lips we have learned to improve the opportunities within our grasp and to appreciate the advantages that are ours.

Words fail when we would express our gratitude for our good Bishop's kindness, and our appreciation of all that he would wish us to be.

May, the month of sweetness and purity, the month of flowers, has been dedicated by the Church to "the Lily of Israel," the Blessed Immaculate Mother of God, that sole spotless creature, whom even one of our separated brethren, the poet Wordsworth, styles "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." Hers, and only hers, is the Church's standard of purity—that standard of thought, word, and action by which the poor human nature of every creature, of every maid, wife, or mother, stands or falls; that standard ever kept before our eyes to be imprinted upon the heart.

The Blessed Mother of our Lord being also our mother, in grateful reverence, our beloved Bishop, who would honor her as did St. John, chose, twenty-two years ago, to be consecrated Bishop in Mary's month, and on May-Day.

Therefore, it is no small honor that on this sacred anniversary His Lordship, in the full spirit of his consecration, in true missionary zeal, annually favors Loreto with a special visit.

This year, as always, our preparations for his coming, our words of welcome, could but poorly express the joy of our hearts.

At the hour appointed for the entertainment, His Lordship, accompanied by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, St. Mary's Cathedral; Reverend J. H. Coty, Pastor of St. Patrick's; Reverend R. E. M. Brady, Pastor of St. Lawrence's; and Reverend J. Bonomi, Chaplain, entered the hall, and was appropriately greeted by the triumphant strains of "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." Elizabeth McSloy then stepped forward, and, with characteristic grace and simplicity,

delivered an address, which was followed by a floral presentation and a poetic address by Phyllis McIntyre, Marie McCarthy and Helen Sullivan, who represented the Juniors. Then the programme was continued.

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.
Address.

ELIZABETH MCSLOY.

Presentation of Spiritual Bouquet.

Chorus—A Merry Song *Whittler*
THE MINIMS.

Greeting and Floral Presentation.

PHYLLIS MCINTYRE, MARIE MCCARTHY, HELEN
SULLIVAN.

Piano—

(a) The Rainbow

(b) The Placid Lake..... *Dennée*
LOUISE VOISARD.

Vocal Solo, The Shoogy-Shoo... *Paul Ambrose*
EMILY WATSON.

Chorus—May Song *Gaul*
Recitation—Ammiel's Gift *Jean Blewett*

ELIZABETH MCSLOY.

Vocal Solo—A Maiden's Wish.....

ISABEL PRESNAIL.

Piano—Liebesträume *Liszt*
MARY LEYES.

Vocal Solo—Calm as the Night..... *Bohm*
HELEN SMITH.

Chorus—Schlafe lieb Röschen.....
..... *Campbell-Tipton*
THE MINIMS.

Vocal Solo—The Last Rose of Summer.. *Moore*
ELIZABETH MCSLOY.

Chorus—Hymn to Our Lady.....

His Lordship's happy speech was—and is—the substance, the letter of that moral law so dear to his heart, which he upholds before us, as the guide of life, our observance of which will enable us to do good, to be the highest example to others, to secure peace and happiness in this world, and to gain eternal happiness for the next.

Every year, our dear Bishop finds many familiar faces missing—gone like the flowers of other Mays—but new flower-faces of hope and promise have taken their places. The missing ones have gone forth to live their lives among the thorns of earth, and to suffer them for a time, in the joyous hope and faith that the thorns of this earth may be changed for the roses of Paradise.

Long may our beloved Bishop of Hamilton be spared to bring new zeal and heaven's inspirations to Mt. St. Mary!

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '08.

Heart Experience.

BY CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

When shadow of night on earth appears,
The heaven illumes with its sparkling spheres;
And darker the curtain below unrolls,
More dazzling bright are the spangled scrolls—
So when human nature receives a blow,
The heart in a shadow that none may know;
The Comforter comes through the Gates of Day,
And, soothingly, lovingly, points the way.

The Famous Caledonian Canal.

NO one visiting Scotland fails, if he can help it, to traverse, survey and admire its world-renowned Caledonian Canal and the magnificent mountains by which it is flanked. This superb waterway, which was constructed by the British Government about 150 years ago to enable it to convey gunboats and war-material from the North Sea on the east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west, or vice-versa, without a break, is a chain of natural lakes united by artificial bulwarked cuttings running straight across the North of Scotland in a south-westerly line from sea to sea, through Glenmore, or the Great Glen of Albyn, in Inverness-shire, and touching Argyllshire at its southern extremity. Costly as it was in its construction, it is of small consequence nowadays either from a military or commercial point of view; but for health and pleasure-seekers and admirers of nature in its grandest garb, it will always be indispensable. Ascending the country from the south through

Glenorchy and the famous deer forest of the Marquis of Breadalbane in Argyllshire, by the West Highland Railway (the highest line of railway in Great Britain) you enter at Fort William (named after the Stewart-supplanting hero, or ogre, of Orange) the westmost lock of the canal by a comfortable little steamer suited to the size or width of the channel (Dreadnoughts or Mauretianas were undreamt of in the eighteenth century), and proceed through lock



ELLEN'S ISLE.

after lock and lock after lock, passing Achnacarry Castle, the seat of Cameron of Lochiel and the lofty Ben Nevis on the right, and as many old "keeps," castles and hills as you wish on both right and left, you stop for an hour at Port August—an august building, of course, for the time at which it was built, and call at the monastery there, where the kindest and best equipped body of monks in the world teach "the young idea" of Catholic Scotland "how to shoot"—reading, writing, arithmetic, religion, and respect for his superiors. By and bye, you arrive at grand and ancient Inverness, "the capital of the Highlands," at the east end of the stretch.

Situated as it is at the entrance to the wide, capacious Moray Firth, Inverness can boast of having been a seaport of importance before either Glasgow or Liverpool was heard of, maintaining, as it did, considerable commercial intercourse for centuries with France, Denmark, and Holland. It is still a place of much consequence as a healthful summer resort, and as the centre of the Grouse and Deer-Shooting interests in the North of Scotland, as well as from its associations with "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who fought his last unfortunate fight at Culloden, a few miles south of the town, "as every schoolboy" or schoolgirl tearfully "knows." Did space permit, much of interest could be said of the fights and feuds of the Camerons, Macphersons, Mackintoshes and other ancient clans around these lovely lakes, in the "good old times." The lions and the lambs, of course, all now lie down lovingly together, as loyal as London, and are perfectly willing, for mutually satisfactory reasons, to relieve the sportive "Sassenach" of the south of all the sunny sovereigns he can spare when he comes north to shoot. Donald, it must be confessed, has still a royal relish for "the drink of the country." Asked by an inquisitive traveller one day what among all earth's luxuries or benefits he would choose if he had the chance, he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "A Loch Lomond o' Whuskey." Told that that should keep him lively at least over the winter, he was asked what he would like next best to that oceanic contribution towards his comfort, without a blush the hero replied, "Weel, I think I couldna do better than just tak *anither* Loch Lomond o' Whuskey."

"The high-road from Inverness south—

Through Athol, the ample dominion of Murray,
Doon by the Tummel and Banks o' the Garry,"

to dainty Dunkeld, is one of the best-constructed in the world, and is therefore now almost monopolized by the omnipresent automobiles—the Highland Railway, running parallel with it, taking the ordinary traffic. This Grand Tunk Highland coach road was built by the Government soon after the Stewart "rising" of 1745, to facilitate the passage of troops and guns north "to keep doon the clans." Its construction was superintended by General Wade, a famous engineer of that day. Up to that time the

so-called Highland roads were little better than footpaths, ornamented by bogs. Hence the ditty, "If you' saw the Highland roads before they were made
You'd rise from your grave and thank General Wade."

The present *picture* is "Ellen's Isle," Loch Katrine, familiar to all who have read Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake":

Although, of course, they cannot all
Contrive to traverse the canal,
"The Maids" must own 'tis worth their while
At least to lunch at "Ellen's Isle."

W. M.

Francis Thompson.

"Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars,
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places,
Turn but a stone, and start a wing
'Tis ye! 'tis ye! estrangèd faces
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But when so sad thou canst not sadder
Cry, and upon thy so sad loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

* * * * *

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth but Thames."

I HAVE thought it well to quote these striking lines by way of introduction to a poet whose claim to greatness, though hardly established in the world at large, rests already with a favored few, upon a foundation which cannot easily be shaken; also, because, in attempting an appreciation of his works, I find myself hampered by some old-fashioned ideas which I hold, and have held for many years.

I have always believed that unless the acquaintance of an artist is made first-hand, unassisted, and therefore unbiassed, by another's

ideas or interpretation, how erudite soever, small benefit and a very much smaller pleasure is likely to accrue, any more than a careful analysis of the elements of water will suffice to allay a burning thirst.

This belief, instead of becoming blurred by time, or converted by prevailing precedent, has hardened into a prepossession.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," the infallibility of which statement, considering my authority, none but heretics will deny, then the proper study of an artist has little or nothing to do with the outward man, his appearance, manner, habits or conversation, much less with contemporary criticism and press-comment, but concerns itself solely with his work, that true essence of the real man, without admixture of external accident or social environment.

This, it seems, is peculiarly true of the poet, whose life endeavor is self-expression, and whose highest office consists in relating to us his visions in a language which opens out ever new and glorious vistas of his thought, while proving at the same time the inspired interpreter of our own.

The only one, therefore, who can with any degree of fairness or adequateness translate an artist's works for me, must himself lay claim to an equal, if not, indeed, a superior possession of the divine fire. Of course, if we take Emerson's word for it, that "every man is a potential genius," the problem easily and naturally resolves itself into a matter of mere willing or not willing; for who among us will disobey that autocrat's implied injunction to "be a genius"? And who, from such a vantage-ground, will hesitate to attempt any daring enterprise that offers, trusting results to the assured favor of the gods?

But that was more than a potential poet, who, in estimating the qualities of one already secure upon the list of Immortals, established by that very act so undeniable a claim to be himself numbered among them.

Yet true to history, and to those cross-currents which bewilder the newly-launched barque, a masterly essay on Shelley by Francis Thompson, which has been pronounced second to but one in the language, was rejected by the *Dublin Review* at its first presentation. Its final acceptance was due to a change of editors; upon hearing which,

it is hard to decide which is the more pressing duty devolving upon the reading public: the heaping of laurels upon the head of the present incumbent of office, or of reproaches upon the head of his luckless predecessor.

However, as the latter served but another proof in support of our argument, it may be as well to pronounce him "no poet" and let it go at that.

Few can fail to see the great charm that lies in the graceful and delicate piece of imagery which forms a part of this beautiful essay.

"Coming to Shelley's poetry," he says, "we peep over the wild mass of revolutionary metaphysics and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shellenian than 'The Cloud,' and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of 'make-believe,' raised to the 'Nth power.'

"He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children."

"The universe is a box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with trembling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors muzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of his fiery chain. He dances in and out the gates of heaven; its floor is lettered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands on the lap of patient nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions to see how she will look nicest in his song."

What a debt do we not owe to that enlightened editor, and what a hundredfold one to the Meynells, those good Samaritans whose timely and merciful intervention prevented the threatened loss to the world of letters of so bright a star, as well as, perhaps, to the Church of Christ, an immortal soul.

A very strong friendship existed between Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson. The marked similarity of their ideas, no less than the ode form, which attracted both men, and provided so fitting a vehicle for their line of

thought, proves this without other testimony. But the likeness, in no sense, impairs the absolute originality of the younger man, who, in "A Captain of Song," written on Sargent's portrait of Patmore, yields him so noble a tribute—

"If any be
That shall with rites of reverent piety
Approach this strong
Sad soul of sovereign song,
Nor fail nor falter with the intimidate throng:
If such there be,
These, these are only they
Have trod the self-same way,
The never twice revolving portals heard
Behind them clang infernal, and that word
Abhorred sighed of kind mortality
As he—
Even as he!"—

Had the productive period of this poet's life been twenty times the two or three years which formed its limit line, he could hardly have given us a fairer specimen of his genius than we find in the two volumes of his poems now in print. His "Ode to the Setting Sun," "An Anthem of Earth," and "Contemplation" teem with mystic revelations. There may be no essential analogy between a poet and a saint, but to hold the Catholic faith in a vital sense, and at the same time to possess poetic genius is perforce to be a mystic. That freedom from earthly impediment presupposed, in a true mystic, seems to insure an eagle's flight and a heavenward course. Few will deny that mysticism, even in a non-religious sense, is a favorable condition towards the making of a saint. May not the rareness of this element furnish a cause for the small number of great Catholic poets?

It would seem so, if poetic fame rests upon the world's verdict.

Yet how many who have worn the laurel are capable of such flights as we find in that sublime poem, "Contemplation"? Or that majestic ritual addressed to the Setting Sun, employing, as it does, the phenomena of nature, as only the true mystic can, to interpret the supernatural?

"If with exultant tread
Thou foot the eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the west an angry red,

Thou dost image, thou dost follow,
 The King-maker of Creation,
 Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo
 Gave thee, Angel-god, thy station;
 Thou art of Him a type memorial.
 Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of
 blood
 Upon thy western rood;
 And his stained brow did veil like thine to-night
 Yet lift once more its light,
 And, risen, again departed from our ball,
 But when it set on earth arose in Heaven.
 Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
 And so of all which form inheriteth
 The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
 For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
 But death hath in itself the germ of birth.
 The falling rain that bears the greenery,
 The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise,
 For there is nothing lives but something dies
 And there is nothing dies but something lives."

And still, as if to prove the vastness of this poet's range, or to sound depths by which we can the better measure the loftiness of his vision, he strikes that tenderly simple, child-like strain "Ex Ore Infantium." The worlds of inspiration that lie between speak for themselves, more eloquently than volumes of multiplied images and figures of speech can ever do.

"HILDEGARDE."

The secret of being the best is being steadily with the best. If you would realize your ideals you must keep yourself in the presence of the ideals, as they are already realized in other persons, or in other conditions. High thoughts come only from the practice of high thinking. In our friendships, habits, customs, we must live in the presence of the best.

There are those in whose presence it is easy to think low thoughts; to cherish ignoble ambitions; there are those with whom this is altogether impossible, whose presence stirs the best in us, whose nobility suggests yet greater, fairer heights of life. We may not be able always to choose our companions, but we can select our friends, or, at least, open our lives only to those who lead us out and up.

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

MARIA AGNES BABTHORPE.—THE FIFTH GENERAL SUPERIOR, 1711-1720.—THE FOUNDATION OF THE INSTITUTE AT BAMBERG, 1717.

AMONG those present at the death-bed of the Chief Superior, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, was her sister, Maria Agnes. She had come from Burghausen, in which place she had held the office of Superior since 1705, undergoing many trials and hardships, owing to the wars then desolating the country. Both sisters, Anna Barbara and Maria Agnes, grandnieces of the first Chief Superior of the Institute, Countess Barbara Babthorpe, had been entrusted in their early years by their father, Sir Ralph Babthorpe, to the care of the noble lady, Mary Poyntz, and, with her, had come to Munich, in the year 1653, where they remained until they were educated. Later on, they were transferred to Augsburg, accompanied thither by Mary Poyntz, whom they loved and venerated as a mother, and whose spirit they had imbibed. After some time they were appointed to different offices, which caused them to be separated from each other. Both, however, were destined by Almighty God to fill the office of Chief Superior, in order to further the interests of the Institute.

Through a wise forethought, the Mother-General, Anna Barbara Babthorpe, had, some time before her death, confided the care of the Institute to Frau Maria Anna von Rehlingen, who filled the office of Vicar till the 4th. of December, 1711, when Maria Agnes Babthorpe, by a majority of votes, was elected successor to her sister, as Chief Superior.

Soon after her election, a request was made by the Countess Amalia von Rotenhan for a foundation in Bamberg. Owing to circumstances, however, the foundation did not take place till the 21st. of June, 1717. With the approbation of the Prince Lothar Franz von Mainz, Bishop of Bamberg, the Institute opened with eight members, under Mother Anna von Rehlingen, who, at that time, was Superior at Augsburg.

and was transferred to Bamberg to fill the same office.

Fräulein Mary Cramlington, the careful analyst of the house at York, who had come to Munich, in 1699, with Mother Bedingfield, was sent back to England by the Mother-General at Munich in order to make visitation in her name in Hammersmith and York. The Superior of the first-mentioned house, Cecilia Cornwallis, was much perplexed as to whether she should place her house under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese or remain united with Munich. Therefore, the arrival of Mary Cramlington was greeted with hope and gladness. However, even she was not able to remove the difficulties that existed on both sides; disappointed, she returned to Munich, and from this time forth, the house at Hammersmith gradually approached its end, which was inevitable.

The central house at Munich received at that time many private donations; the house for poor girls found a great benefactress in the previously-named Frau Theresia Knobl, who bestowed upon it a legacy of 5000 fl., the yearly interest on which amounted to 150 fl.

At this time, the so-called Congregation of Our Lady of Humility, at the Munich house, was in a flourishing condition; the noble ladies of this Congregation, which had been placed under the patronage of the Princess Maria Anna Karolina, made use of a manual of devotion which had been compiled specially for them—a copy of which may still be seen in the Nymphenburg archives, printed in 1714.

The words Mary Agnes Babthorpe are plainly printed in the introductory dedication to the illustrious patroness, Maria Anna Karolina, the only daughter of the Prince Elector Max Emanuel, and who was soon to prefer the humble yoke of Christ to the splendor of an earthly crown. In 1750, she closed a holy life by a saintly death in the Convent of Poor Clares at Munich. Her name in religion was Emanuella Theresa.

The annals give the following brief account of Mary Agnes Babthorpe: "Her holy vocation and the welfare of the Institute she cherished above everything. She not only maintained the most beautiful order in the house at Munich but was herself a living example of it. She closed her life on the 20th. of February, 1720, at the age of

66, after a wise and zealous government of nine years, deeply mourned by her devoted community.

MARIA MAGDALENA THERESIA VON SCHNEGG.

The Sixth General Superior, 1720-1743.—The Foundation of the Institute at Altötting, 1721, Meran, 1724, Fulda, 1732, Brixen, 1739.

Through the election which took place on the 28th. of March, 1720, Frau Maria Theresia von Schnegg was elected Chief Superior, after having filled the office as Vicar-General up to that time.

In the spirit of pious appreciation, she continued to carry out the plan of her predecessor, viz., to erect a novitiate house of the whole Institute at the favorite place, Altötting. Although she did not see this desire realized, she did not abandon the idea of founding there a house of the Institute and she set to work with great ardor for its accomplishment. As soon as the necessary permissions had been obtained from both civil and ecclesiastical Government, she sent Frau Elisabeth von Gigenbach as Superior, with four other members from the Munich house to Altötting, she herself accompanying them. This new foundation suffered during its first years from extreme poverty, but afterwards, however, became a flourishing house of the Institute, and remained, like that at Burghausen, in an uninterrupted union with the mother house and the Chief Superior at Munich. They likewise endeavored to follow closely the customs and discipline of the central house, which fact is highly spoken of in the archives of Nymphenburg.

Soon after this foundation, a house was opened at Meran, the first in the Tyrol. At that time might still be seen a true picture of Alt-Meran—which reminds us, that we are standing upon primitive and historical ground at the boundary of two worlds and of two periods of civilization, viz., the Germanic and Roman; we perceive likewise in the physical world the charm of different zones, abundant vineyards and shady chestnut forests, mingling with dark pine forests and high, towering mountain peaks, the whole making a picture of surpassing beauty.

As early as 1708, the then ruling prince had given permission for the English Ladies to open a house at Meran, however, there were many obstacles to be removed, so that not until the year 1721 were suitable terms arranged. In July, 1724, the Institute house was ready for occupation. The first members were Franziska von Hauser as Superior, Fräulein Antonia von Wolkenstein, Fräulein Euphemia von Uberacker, Jungfrau Barbara Haid and Jungfrau Anna Gotsch. This new affiliation had to undergo great trials on account of its extreme poverty, during the first years of its existence. The Superior, Franziska von Hauser, from the Augsburg Institute, a Religious who was as humble as she was spiritual, adapting herself to the most menial occupations, and shrinking from no hardships, was suited to cope, as no one else could, with those trying circumstances of the house at Meran. For some weeks after their arrival, the sole possession of the little Community consisted of a single hen, which, to the sorrow of its owners, strayed away. When, however, after a few weeks, she returned surrounded by twelve chickens, the event was regarded as a good omen of the future flourishing condition of the Institute.

The house being small and situated close to a rapid river, was the cause of much anxiety, but the fact that it was not paid for, added to the distress of the inmates. Throughout the whole year, the day on which they were to meet a payment was a source of fear and dread, for they were in constant danger of being cast out on the street, because of their inability to discharge their debt. However, notwithstanding these privations, they remained united in sisterly love, and shared every morsel of food with one another. Frequently, the Seniors decided that they would observe a rigorous fast in order to lighten this hard life for the Juniors; these, on the other hand, began a holy contest of love, that the Seniors might at least take half of what was there, and, at times, when the cupboard was entirely empty, the Superior would propose saying the Rosary instead of taking their dinner. These brave champions forgot hunger and thirst in their desire to advance the great work in the Tyrol, and God blessed their spirit of sacrifice and generosity.

In the year 1728, a candidate presented herself, possessing some means. The pious Su-

perior said: "I can not expect you to enter with us for from day to day we can not say where we shall get our next meal." "That does not trouble me!" was the answer of the self-sacrificing young Countess Magdalena von Mohr, "that which is good enough for you, will also be good enough for me." She would not accept a refusal, and finally made her vows. Several other ladies of fortune followed her example. In addition to this, a distinguished lady from the Netherlands, although having never met the English Ladies, bestowed upon them the considerable legacy of 10,000 fl. The much-astonished Superior received this gift with deep gratitude to divine Providence.

From this time forth the Institute at Meran was able to develop its activity more extensively. The number of boarders also increased and soon many pupils from the families in Southern Tyrol were found amongst them. Thus was founded the first convent of the English Ladies in Tyrol and which was afterwards spoken of with love and veneration throughout the whole country. The House of the Institute at Meran, as it stands now, with a beautiful church of the Sacred Heart is an ornament in this far-famed watering-place, surrounded by a wealth of castles, fortresses and villas, the gardens of which are teeming with beautiful roses; but the greatest glory of this lovely landscape is due to the Edeltraube, which is found everywhere.

The English Ladies have also charge of the schools in the neighboring mountain village, Tyrol, with a castle bearing the same name, reminding us of the old Terioli of the Romans.

They likewise attend to the school at Obermais, celebrated because of its Philippinum Sanitarium for German and Austrian priests, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent, from Innsbruck.

The highest praise that can be given to any girl is: "She was never heard to speak the slightest ill of any one." The slightest ill, remember! If you are a lady, then, in the truest sense of that abused term, you will not even criticize unfavorably your neighbor's new hat, or manner of walking, or her squint, perhaps—you may speak not the slightest ill.

An Historic Shrine.

THE thirteenth century opened on the Spanish people with bright prospects for the reconquest of their nation; and, although a desultory warfare was carried on from the beginning, the progress was slow and confined to a small corner of the Peninsula. The signal defeat at Eagle's Mount (called by the Arabian Chroniclers *Kelat-al-Nosor*) near the site of the ancient Numancia, over the united Moorish forces under Almanzor, who died of his wounds, was the first decisive blow given to Moslem dominion (A. D., 1002). Almanzor was born A. D. 939, in Algeciras—famous for the Treaty (1906)—and, like Hannibal of old, in the same town, swore eternal war to the Christians, as the former did to the Romans. But more glorious triumphs were reserved for Ferdinand III., who reigned over the two kingdoms of Castile and Leon. It would seem as if all the innate valor and chivalry of the ancient Visi-Goths were revived in the person of this great Monarch. His numerous campaigns were one series of victories. The Moorish Kingdom of Baeza yielded to his arms, in 1225, Ubeda, in 1234, Jaen and Cordova, in 1236, and Valencia, in 1238.

In Cordova he converted the famous Mosque into a church, and caused the great bells of Compostella, which Almanzor, 260 years before, sent thither on the backs of the Christians, to be brought back on the same route on the backs of the Moors. This event, mentioned by Mariana, and several historians, the poet Longfellow has elegantly put in verse:

“There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps, the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's Shrine.”

At the siege of Valencia, several English nobles fought on the side of Ferdinand.

The incorrupt body of this warrior-saint is enshrined in a silver coffin in the Cathedral of Seville, where it was seen by the writer, together with many others of Spanish saints and heroes. Every year on the feast of St. Ferdinand, 30th. May, the shrine is opened and the holy relics are

exposed to the view of the congregation. On these occasions, thousands of strangers are present.

The writer also saw the *great* statue of the Blessed Virgin—literally covered with jewels and brilliants—before which this pious King used to pray before going to battle; also the precious statuette which he always carried before him in the pommel of his saddle, in all his campaigns.

Seville, the largest and strongest of the Moorish cities in Spain, surrendered to him after a siege of sixteen months (A. D. 1249). St. Ferdinand died on 30th. May, 1252, and was canonized by Pope Clement X. in 1671.

Not less successful was the campaign of Alonzo el Sabio, who won the memorable battle of Las Saladas, near Tarifa, in 1340, and who, after a twenty months' siege, wrested Algeciras from the Moors, in 1344. Here also, several illustrious English Knights fought in the ranks of the Spanish Monarch. Among them were Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Derby, Salisbury and Rivers. The first act of Alonzo was to convert the Mosque of Algeciras into a church, which was dedicated under the title of “Nuestra Señora de las Palmas” (“Our Lady of the Palms”)—the present Parish Church.

Following up his success, *Alonzo* pushed on towards Gibraltar, which was very likely to share the same fate as Algeciras, had not the death of the heroic King, by the plague which broke out in his camp (between the rivers Palmones and Guadaranque), prevented its accomplishment.

The announcement of the death of their beloved King threw the Spanish people into the deepest mourning. The wound was the more poignant as it occurred at such a crisis and blighted their hopes of reconquest, for the time being. Alonzo was as true a Christian as a warrior. He kept all the festivals of the Church, and fasted rigorously on their vigils, especially that of St. Barbara, to whom he had a special devotion.

When asked to partake of better food, during the campaigns, than that used by the army, he refused, saying: “No, I shall deny myself everything at table but what is given to the humblest of my soldiers.”

At various times, efforts were made to retake Gibraltar, and the Spanish historians mention no less than eight sieges, between 1309 and 1462. At this time, however, the opportunities seemed favorable, and the desires more ardent, and, through the vigilance of the *Alcaide* of Tarifa, these were soon to ripen into deeds. This notable event took place on the 20th. August, 1462, when the Keys of Gibraltar were formally delivered up by the Moorish Chief into the hands of Ponce Leon, in the name of his father, the Count of Arcos, who represented the senior branch of the family of Guzmán. Amongst the goodly array of Spanish nobility was the Duke of Medina Sidonia, ancestor of the proprietor of Almoraima; who is also of the House of Guzmán.

After the expulsion of the Moors from Gibraltar, one of the first acts of the Spaniards was to convert an *Ataláya*, or Moorish watch-tower, at the most southerly point of the mountain, into a sanctuary. This they consecrated as a thanksgiving offering in honor of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Our Lady of Europa," doubtless, from the site on which it stood, as also from the fact that, on the opposite shore near the foot of Mount *Abyla*, there was a very old statue, and a sanctuary dedicated to "Our Lady of Africa," and which exists to this day. Thus did the famous "Pillars of Hercules" (*Mons Calpe* and *Abyla*) come to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin!

A lamp was so placed on the tower over the sanctuary as to serve as a lighthouse for mariners, and it was the custom for every war-sloop, passing up and down the Straits, to salute *la Virgen de Europa* with salvos of artillery.

The devotion to Our Lady's Shrine spread with admirable rapidity. Pilgrims from all parts flocked to its precincts, either in fulfilment of vows or in thanksgiving for favors received. Admirals of fleets and princes offered their costly presents, and Sovereign Pontiffs enriched it with special privileges and indulgences. But the people of Gibraltar and its surroundings venerated it with singular devotion. It was their constant refuge and consolation in all their tribulations, and especially in the frequent and inhuman attacks of the Turks.

Amongst the distinguished personages who presented costly offerings to this venerable Shrine are John Andrew Dória, who presented a

silver lamp, in 1568, in thanksgiving for his victory over the Turks, and the capture of five of their galleys in the Straits of Gibraltar, in the same year; also Fabricio Colonna, who died in this city, in 1580, and whose aunt presented a similar votive offering.



OUR LADY OF EUROPA.

Portillo, who was a Notary Public and chronicler in Gibraltar, mentions several distinguished citizens whose names have already appeared in the columns of this paper. From all, as well as from the facts just mentioned, it is evident that the Shrine of Europa Point was of European celebrity; and that it counted among its devotees many illustrious princes and warriors of the age. To this we may add that it derived additional splendor from its association with the heroes of Lepanto, where, owing to Our Lady's intercession, the fatal blow was given to the

naval supremacy of the Turks in Europe (1571).

We give here the words of Portillo himself when describing the shrine and statue of "Our Lady of Europa": "It now remains for us to speak of the most ancient and venerable sanctuary of 'Our Lady of Europa,' which was situated at the most southerly point of the 'Rock,' and of the continent of Europe, in which the Lord, through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, has wrought many miracles, some of which we have seen with our own eyes. The image and hermitage are held in great veneration in the city and its surroundings; so much so, that all classes of persons have enriched it with many gifts. Generals (captains) of Galleys have presented it with lamps of silver and with a yearly contribution of oil in order that a lamp may be perpetually burning before the holy image.

"Prince John Adrew Dória gave one, in 1568, in thanksgiving for the capture of five Turkish Galleys, in the Straits of Gibraltar, the same year. A similar offering was made by an aunt of Fabricius Colonna, General of the Sicilian Galleys, who died in this city, in 1580. (nine years after the Battle of Lepanto). Don Martin de Padilla, Count of Santa Gadéa, Governor-General of Castile, and admiral of the Spanish fleet, gave another silver lamp. A like gift was presented by Don Pedro de Toledo, duke of Ferdinandino and Marquess of Villa Franche. Nor would it be just to omit to mention, among others, a gentleman of the city, named Francisco de Molina, who gave another silver lamp, since it is right that the names and actions of the good should live forever in the memory of men. A beautiful silver lamp was also given by another native of the city, named Baltazar Benitez Rendon; another by Fernando de Biedma, who went to the West Indies, and having gained there an immense fortune, returned with it to Gibraltar, where he died most devoted to this holy image.

"Another silver lamp was presented by Don Pedro Machado, also a native of the city, and who returned from the Indies.

"Don Louis of Spain presented a sceptre of silver, and Michael Bravo a rich mantle.

"The Hermitage, to all appearance, was the work of the Moors, as shown by the Moorish arches and vaults therein contained. The chapel

was greatly enlarged and extended to double its original dimensions. Within the chapel was a tower, possibly one where the muezzin* often ascended to perform the usual Mahometan ceremony by proclaiming aloud—"To the only God and Mahomed his prophet"; but of this is no certainty from its appearance as the tower showed that it had been renovated.

"This holy hermitage enjoyed great privileges and indulgences, with several precious relics of saints and votive offerings, all which were preserved and augmented up to the time of the English possession (1704)."

The sanctuary of "Our Lady of Europa" continued in the enjoyment of these gifts and privileges up to the year 1704, when the city was captured by Sir George Rooke. Masters of the garrison, the common soldiers gave themselves up to all manner of excesses, especially the sacking of churches and the profanation of sacred relics and emblems. Entering the little Chapel of Europa, they despoiled it of its precious ornaments, dragged its venerated statue into the street, where they treated it with derision, and ended, according to the tradition of the oldest inhabitants, by striking off the head of the figure of the Divine Infant. Fortunately, this was secured, as well as the entire statue, by a pious and courageous woman, who, while the soldiers were occupied about the spoils, wrapped them up in her cloak, and aided by some devout persons, deposited her treasure in the Church of "St. Mary the Crowned." Here it was guarded by the worthy parish priest, Revdo. Padre Juan Romero de Figueroa, whom history loves to name as the priest who remained to guard the Church during the terrible siege, under a shower of 15,000 balls and shells, which poured down on the city in less than six hours.†

But, fearing fresh outrages to the venerated image, Padre Romero had it secretly carried to Algeciras, where it was kept in a chapel under the care of the parish priest.

The statue of "Our Lady of Europa" remained in Algeciras for more than a century and a half, up to the year 1864. At this time the Right Rev.

* The Moor who calls the men to prayer in the Mosque, at various hours of the day. The word is Arabic.

† The writer has read, many a time, in the Archives of San Roque, the full details of the above from the pen of Father Romero himself.

John Baptist Scandella, Vicar Apostolic, desirous to see "Our Lady of Europa" brought back to Gibraltar, applied to that effect to the then parish priest of Algeciras, the Rev. Father Eugenio Romero, descendant of the family of the priest already named. The latter was not slow in recognizing the just claims of the Vicar Apostolic and the Catholics of Gibraltar; and having in view, likewise, the honor which was likely to redound to her whom the image represented, if once more installed in the place where she had formerly been insulted, generously sent back the statue towards the end of the same year (1864). It was, for the time being, confided to the care of the Loreto nuns; but, two years later, a new home was prepared for it, through the persevering efforts of the good Bishop and the generous coöperation of the soldiers of the garrison.

The site chosen was the most eligible that could be desired. It was erected at a considerable height up the mountain, over St. Bernard's College, surrounded with the eucalyptus and the wild olive. The view from this is surpassingly grand and interesting, whether we consider the natural composition of the scene, or its classic and historic associations. At one glance the visitor takes in a long stretch of the Libyan coast, from Ceuta to *Old Tingitana* (Tangier), at the entrance of the Straits; also the Mountains of Tetuan with some peaks of the Atlas, to the promontory leading to Cape Spartel in the distant horizon. Crossing the Straits, the eye runs along the Spanish Coast, from the vicinity of Tarifa and Cabrita Point, its ranges of mountains and the historic town of Algeciras, where *Alonzo el Sabio* and *Guzmán el Bueno* measured swords with the Mussulmans, more than five centuries ago. Here was prepared—not far from the original situation—the new sanctuary for "Our Lady of Europa."

In 1868, on the appointed day, the venerable image was taken in a carriage by Rev. Mother Superior of Loreto from the convent gate to the entrance to St. Bernard's College, and there formally delivered up to the Vicar Apostolic. Here the procession was formed, headed by the band of the 86th. Regiment, which, with the 67th., took a very prominent part. The order of the procession was as follows: After the band came the children of the Catholic schools, under their respective teachers; the students of St. Ber-

nard's College and professors; the Nuns of Loreto Convent and their students; the Bishop and clergy; and last of all the "Miraculous Image," borne on a chair of state by relays of sergeants, selected from the several regiments of the garrison. To the credit of the latter be it said that, both by generous contributions and skilled labor, this noble tribute to "Our Lady of Europa," in reparation for the past, was mainly the work of the soldiers of the garrison.

During the procession, pauses were made at several stations previously marked out, where the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and a selection of suitable hymns were sung by the church choir, as well as by the military and the children of the schools. The ceremony represented all classes of the people, civil and military. The entire route from Europa Convent, on both sides, was thronged with dense files of spectators reaching to the door of the New Chapel and filling every available space—the processionists and others, meanwhile, bearing lighted tapers. At last the procession reached the top of St. Bernard's, at the entrance to the chapel. Here the statue was lowered and then solemnly enthroned over the rich marble altar of the new sanctuary which, that same morning, was dedicated in her honor. His Lordship then intoned the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by the choir, and the memorable function ended with an eloquent discourse by His Lordship, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then followed Triduums and Novenas, during which an unusually large number of persons approached the Holy Sacraments.

On the 18th. of August, 1894, the pious curiosity of many in Gibraltar was awakened by the report that the site of the ancient Chapel of Europa was accidentally discovered by some workmen in their excavations at the Lighthouse. On visiting the spot, the writer saw, at a depth of six or seven feet below the surface, portions of the foundation walls of the structure with other walls, covered with old whitewash. There were also arches and vaults covered with the same, together with other vestiges, that would fairly answer to the descriptions given by Portillo and others of the Ancient Chapel and hermitage. The present building for the officials of the Lighthouse is erected over the spot. Further evidence of quite an assuring nature, and appar-

ently of the identity of the site, also came to light, in the shape of a leaden coffin with pieces of a mahogany one, in which the former had been enclosed. On being opened, in the presence of the Vicar Apostolic, the Right Rev. Gonzalo Canilla, no document was found with the skeleton (which measured about six feet) nor anything that might give a clue to the identity of the deceased. Judging from circumstances of place, the costly materials of the coffins, etc., the remains must certainly have been those of a prince or distinguished personage. The coffin and remains were reinterred at the North Front Cemetery, under the supervision of His Lordship the Vicar Apostolic.

Nothing more authentic could have been adduced in favor of the ancient Shrine of Europa than the voice of the Church herself. For, be it known to all, that it is honored with a special Mass, is daily commemorated in the Church Office and Breviary for the Vicariate of Gibraltar; also that its festival is fixed for the first Sunday after the Ascension of Our Lord. There is also an appropriate prayer, to which an indulgence is attached; and lastly, an authorized medal has been struck off with the seated statue of the "Virgin and Child" on one side, and that of St. Joseph on the other.

The Chapel of "Our Lady of Europa" is now part of the "Institution for the Aged and Infirm," under the care of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." Though not available for the inmates by reason of the ascent, still it is by no means abandoned. Every year on the feast-day (the first Sunday after the Ascension) there is a Pontifical High Mass, with Benediction, sung by the church choir. It is also a favorite resort for the pupils and ex-pupils of the Catholic schools, on two Sundays in the year,—one being the feast-day. On these occasions, it is a most imposing sight, between 12.30 and 1 o'clock, to witness hundreds of children, headed by their teachers, streaming in from all parts, to see and venerate this marvellous image which has withstood the wreck of time for nearly five centuries! The functions consist of a solemn procession and Benediction. The same is repeated, later on in the afternoon, by the Loreto Nuns and their pupils. It is only just to add here, that the "Little Sisters" spare no pains in the neat and respectable adornment of the little chapel.

These reunions, from time to time, bearing as they do a recreative as well as a religious character, cannot fail to be productive of salutary effects on the youth of our city. For, apart from the religious sentiments which they awaken, they also serve to diffuse among them a social spirit and a friendly intercourse, to elevate their ideas and to cultivate a taste for history and local traditions.

N. B.—The above is taken from the Histories of Spain by Mariana and Lafuente;* and from the historians of Gibraltar—Ayala and Montero and others; and from the traditions of the older inhabitants.

In this way, something is being done to perpetuate in Gibraltar this salutary devotion to "Our Lady of Europa," and this, too, by a little effort on the part of those who, by a loving obligation and privilege, are bound to render her special homage, as their Queen and Patroness.

M. V. JONES.

Visit of His Grace Archbishop McEvay to Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

ON the feast of St. Philip Neri—that well-beloved Apostle of Rome—His Grace Archbishop McEvay, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

During the Holy Sacrifice, the pupils sang congregationally liturgical hymns. This convent since its foundation in 1861, by the late Archbishop Lynch, has ever been noted for its exact conformity to the wishes of the Holy See in respect to Church music. In this, as in other matters, carrying out the traditional spirit of loyal devotedness to the Holy See, which was so characteristic of the venerable foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Mother Mary Ward.

After the last Gospel, His Grace delivered an impressive sermon on the perfect fulfilment of the duties of one's state in life and the means to attain that end, particular stress being laid on the two virtues which were predominant in the saint of the day—gratitude and cheerfulness.

* Those who read Castellano will be highly interested in reading the full account in these authors.

After the déjeuner, His Grace, accompanied by his Secretary, Dr. Kidd of Toronto, and Rev. A. J. Smits, O. C. C., proceeded to the Assembly Hall where the students, looking a veritable "rose-bud garden of girls," were waiting to tender the following reception.

PROGRAMME.

- Antiphon *Ludwig Bonvin, S. J.*
 Ecce sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis, placuit Deo.
 Ideo jure jurando fecit illum Dominus crescere in plebem suam.
 Address to the Most Reverend Patrick Fergus McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.
 Floral Presentation.
 Vocal Solo, Irish Melody..... *Moore*
 MISS KATHLEEN FOY.
 By Galilee's Sea *Anon*
 MISS STELLA TALBOT.
 Ave Maria *Vincent*
 God Bless the Pope..... *Ganss*

At the close, His Grace again addressed the pupils, recalling incidents of his own sojourn in the Holy Land, contrasting the status of woman under Mahomedan conditions, and those of Holy Mother Church.

After bestowing his blessing, His Grace left the convent to continue his episcopal visitation in the Niagara district of the Archdiocese.

Madame Modjeska.

(In view of the recent death of Madame Modjeska, the following tribute to her art and charming personality, written for the RAINBOW, a few years ago, by her intimate friend, Molly Elliot Seawell, the noted American writer, will be of timely interest.)

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*, to produce the smallest illusion. Great geniuses, like Sarah Bernhardt, or Madame Duse, may reconcile us to doing without that indefinable thing called high-breeding. These 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. Germain, and not of the pavements of Paris, and to wonder how she got into her environment.

One great trouble with us is that our imaginations age prematurely. The hard, exacting conditions of our modern strenuous life tend to harden and dry up the brain and nerve cells, and thus seriously injure the power of the imagination, which should be kept fresh, buoyant, elastic. People who take life too seriously, whose lives are one continuous grind in living-getting, have a hard expression; their thought outpictures itself in their faces. These people age early in life, become wrinkled; their tissues become as hard as their thought.

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 of 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 the 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 if she had any favorite airs, that the band might play, and her reply was 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 into 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.

Adversity.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

LIKE the Angel with whom Jacob wrestled, adversity blesses those who strive against it. It is the test of a man's greatness, the measure of his capabilities, the refining process by which all base alloy is removed, and the beauty of his character revealed. Few strong, true men are overborne by trials,—they rise above them, purified and strengthened; but myriads of giant souls have forgotten manhood and honor in the lotus-land of prosperity.

As in time of storm the lightning flash reveals the rugged grandeur of the mountain, the upheaving of the deep, its awful extent and vastness, so adversity brings out the moral worth and beauty of a soul.

We cannot know great men until sorrow has touched their hearts. The greatest musicians have expressed their pain and anguish in the exquisite harmonies which the world treasures as masterpieces. Painters and poets have achieved their greatest triumphs while under sorrow's pressure. The immortal Dante was enduring the bitterness of banishment, poverty, and heart-devouring grief, when he wrote the Divine Comedy. This time of misfortune was

the time of his real greatness, when, travelling in Northern Italy and accepting hospitality, first at one castle and then at another, he learned,

“How salt the savor is of others' bread;
How hard the passage, to ascend and climb
By others' stairs.”

It is with nations as with men. The great empires that flourished so long and so gloriously had first to struggle with difficulty and adversity. They extended their confines by self-denial and economy, but excessive wealth brought enervation and ruin. Rome put forth her best endeavors while Carthage was her rival, but, with the destruction of that city, began the decline of the Roman republic. It is remarkable also that persecuted peoples are the hardiest. The Jews have lost their national identity, and, for thousands of years, have borne every kind of misfortune, yet, in every civilized country, their minority is strong in wealth and influence. For centuries the Irish have groaned under atrocious tyranny, they have been driven from their island home and scattered throughout the world, but they are everywhere in the van of progress, and they have made their mark in every nation under the sun.

As the dazzling beauty of the diamond is brought out by keen instruments, and the graceful statue hewn from the marble by blows of the chisel, so perfection comes to man through pain. Life does to his soul what civilization does to inanimate nature—it tears, cuts and smoothes it to beauty and usefulness. It is in hours of adversity that we learn to be kind and sympathetic, to be humble and prayerful and resigned to God's will.

It is in sorrow that we awaken to the reality of things and understand that we have a higher destiny than mere enjoyment of pleasure. Christ has sanctified suffering, and, by treading the road to Calvary, He has proved that the path of adversity is the way to heaven.

MARGUERITE SCHMUCK.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Most people overlook the great end of reading. The thing sought is not what you will get in an author, but what the author will enable you to find in yourself.

Paulist Chorister Society at Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls.

THE Assembly Hall at the above-named institution held a large audience, Tuesday morning, when the Paulist Chorister Society of Chicago gave a concert, under the direction of the efficient conductor, Rev. W. Finn, C. S. P.

This Society has been in existence three years. Its distinctive purpose is exploiting the possi-



REV. W. FINN, C. S. P.

bilities of artistic musical work with a chorus of boys and men.

Father Finn's success as a musical conductor is renowned, and the splendid results he has obtained with his choristers caused much pressure to be brought to bear upon him to make a road tour—the first one ever attempted by the organization. He has devoted years to the study of boy choirs and to the training of a chorus of boys and men. He has succeeded in bringing the Paulist Chorister Society up to a degree of perfection that cannot be equalled in this country, and he has the only Choral Society of its kind in the world.

There are many beautiful voices in the Paulist Chorister forces.

Harold Dee and Ralph Summers each contributed a solo which heartily aroused the enthusiasm of the very appreciative audience; such purity and sweetness of tone, apart from the sympathetic and intelligent interpretation of these two numbers, was a revelation as to the possibilities of the boy's voice under careful training. Mr. Rose, in his incidental solo work, showed not only a mellow and beautiful melodious voice, but proved himself to be the possessor of those artistic qualities which are invariably included in that intangible something—temperament.

The chorus was heard in several sacred selections, with accompaniment of piano, and also in unaccompanied numbers. "Praise Ye the Father," by Gounod, was sung with that fine abandon which is characteristic of the singing of this famous organization. "Salve Regina" (as sung at the Westminster Eucharistic Congress) was one of the most highly appreciated numbers on the programme. The glorious climax of the "Salve," at the close of the hymn, formed such a contrast to the previous pianissimo passages that an imperceptible thrill seemed to seize the entire audience. It was as a wave of the sincerest homage wafted to the throne of our Lady by the pure bird-like voices of those wonderful choristers. "Alla Trinità," sung a capella, was another delightful number—the perfect phrasing of this quaint old melody afforded an additional charm to the very clever rendition of this pleasing motet.

The applause given to the chorus "Gallia" was so vigorous that the latter portion was repeated in response to the persistent encores, the fresh soprano voice of Ralph Summers being heard to splendid advantage in this selection.

Such a perfect illustration of what can be effected in accordance with the requirements of the "Motu Proprio" of the Holy Father on Church Music, should be an incentive to all earnest musical laborers in the vineyard of the Master.

Father Finn voices our sentiments exactly when he says that—"The boy's voice is incomparably the most perfect vehicle for the expression of sacred music in the world. It possesses a subtle sweetness and an almost divine something which is an intimation of an unseen world. The art of training boys is unfortunately a lost

art, and its restoration has been the purpose of the Paulist Chorister Society. Unquestionably, the boys' and men's choir is coming again into its own."

Father Finn is to be congratulated on the results obtained during his short musical missionary career.

Amongst those present were—Very Reverend A. Murphy, O. C. C., Very Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., President of Niagara University; Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; Very Reverend D. Morris, Dean, St. Catharines, Ont.; Reverend F. O'Connor, Sioux City, Iowa; Reverend J. Bray, Lewiston, N. Y.; Reverend P. J. Holden, Hamilton, Ont.; Reverend A. Smits, O. C. C., Falls View; Reverend B. Fink, O. C. C., Niagara Falls; Reverend S. Quigley, O. C. C., Falls View; Reverend J. Carberry, Thorold, Ont.; Reverend F. Smyth, Merritton, Ont.; Reverend F. Powell, St. Catharines, Ont.; Reverend O. Welch, C. S. P.—the last-named is accompanying Father Finn on his eastern tour. Dr. Dickin-son, the able choirmaster of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and Mr. Compton, choirmaster and organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont., also honored the occasion with their presence.

Chopin.

FREDERICK CHOPIN, the poet of the piano, was born near Warsaw, in Poland, on March 1, 1809.

His father was a scholarly French gentleman, but Polish in politics, and his admirable Polish mother was patriotic in the extreme, so that Frederick inherited from both parents an intense love for his country.

Though not wealthy, the father, who was a professor in the Warsaw Lyceum, was prosperous, and the children were brought up in an atmosphere of charming simplicity, refinement, and love.

As Frederick at an early age gave evidence of his great love for music, he received the best pianoforte instruction, and made rapid progress. He played his first concerto in public at the age of nine, while he was still childish enough to be greatly pleased with a new collar that he wore. The following year, Catalini, the great singer,

came to Warsaw, and was so pleased with the boy's playing that she presented him with a beautiful watch.

Young as Chopin was when he began to compose, he did not limit himself to the practice or performance of complete compositions. He loved to sit for hours at his instrument, improvising his own fancies, living in a dream-world, already tinged with melancholy.

In 1830, Chopin left Warsaw and went to Vienna, where he was less warmly received than he had expected. The following year he went to Paris, which, at that time, was the home of arts and letters and one of the most delightful cities in the world for the culture-loving. Here he was welcomed in the best circles, and was honored with the friendship and sympathy of such eminent men as Liszt, Schumann, Meyerbeer, Beriloz, Balzac, and Heine. He won immediate and brilliant fame as a composer, but although he performed at private concerts, he rarely appeared in public. His dislike for public concerts was probably due to his weak physical condition, which rendered him extremely nervous.

In 1848, however, he visited England and Scotland, and in both places met with an enthusiastic reception. Contrary to his former habits, he entered much into society, and performed frequently at private concerts, but only three times in public, the last being at a concert for the benefit of the Poles. He returned to Paris utterly broken in health and thenceforth incapable of any continued labor. His purse was empty and he was too ill to earn anything, but a kind-hearted admirer, who had once been a pupil of his, sent him 25,000 francs, which maintained him in comfort till his death, in October, 1849.

As a composer, Chopin ranks in the first class although he produced no great continuous work. He never attempted anything epic or dramatic, never produced an oratorio, an opera, or any work of great breadth of conception. His genius was essentially lyrical, and his fame rests entirely upon his smaller pieces, the études, waltzes, polonaises, mazurkas and nocturnes. The nocturnes are the most admired of his compositions.

Chopin dearly loved the soft mysteries of twilight, the deeper shades of night and the glimmering of far-off stars. In his passionate and

martial polonaises are reflected all the misery of exile, of rebellious anger, of hopeless despair, and all his deep sense of the misfortunes of his unhappy country, and his ideal of the nobility of ancient Poland.

His piano was his confidant; to it he entrusted the secrets of his soul,—and how beautifully it expressed the hopes and heartaches of his restless, melancholy life!

The most complete biography of Chopin was written by Liszt, his friend and admirer, who was well qualified for the work by his long and familiar acquaintance with Chopin, and his own knowledge of music.

In discussing the character of his works, he says: "We meet with beauties of a high order, expressions entirely new, and a harmonic tissue as original as erudite. In his compositions boldness is always justified; richness, even exuberance, never interferes with clearness. Daring, brilliant and attractive, his works disguise their profundity under so much grace, their science under so many charms, that it is with difficulty we free ourselves sufficiently from their magical enthrallment to judge coldly of their theoretical value." This refers especially to the earlier compositions, "written in the commencement of his career, and characterized by a youthful vigor not to be found in some of his subsequent works, even when more elaborate, finished, and richer in combinations; a vigor which is entirely lost in his latest productions, marked by an over-excited sensibility, a morbid irritability, and giving painful intimations of his own state of suffering and exhaustion. His nocturnes, ballads, impromptus and scherzos are full of refinements of harmony never heard before; bold and of startling originality. His concertos and sonatas are beautiful indeed, but we may discern in them more effort than inspiration.

Some of these efforts are resplendent with a rare dignity of style, and passages of exceeding interest, beauty and grandeur may be found among them." HELEN FOLEY.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Every environment is a cause. Its effect upon me is exactly proportionate to my correspondence with it. . . . If I correspond with the world, I become worldly; if with God, I become divine.

An Evening With Tennyson at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

- Semi-chorus, "Sweet and Low".....
 ELIZABETH MCSLOY, EMILY WATSON, BEULAH LAKE, LOUISE VOISARD, ELIZABETH ROBINSON, HELEN SMITH.
- "The Gardener's Daughter".....
 ISABEL PRESNAIL.
- Piano, "Ich liebe dich".....*Grieg*
 FRANCES PIGOTT.
- "Welcome to Alexandra".....
 KATHLEEN SULLIVAN.
- "Come Into the Garden, Maud".....
 ELIZABETH MCSLOY.
- "The Lady of Shalott".....
 ELIZABETH ROBINSON.
- Selections from "In Memoriam."
 (a) REGINA PIGOTT.
 (b) GENEVIEVE VAILLENCOURT.
- "St. Agnes' Eve"
 JEAN MICHAEL.
- Piano, "Idilio"*Th. Lack*
 MARY MICHAEL.
- Scene I., "The May Queen".....
 FRANCES PIGOTT.
- Piano, Polonaise *Chopin*
 MARION MCGUIRE.
- Scene II., Conclusion of "May Queen"....
 MISS IRVING.
- Piano, "Hungarian Dance"*Brahm*
 TERESA COUGHLAN.
- "The Lotos-Eaters"
 THE ELOCUTION CLASS.
- Poems—
 (a) "Break, Break, Break".....
 (b) "Crossing the Bar"
 MISS IRVING.
- God Save the King.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JULY, 1909.

The recent Beatification of Joan of Arc, the noblest, the most heroic, most patriotic, and the most spiritually-minded woman of her age, under the vast dome of St. Peter's, has a significance which should not be lost upon us—the stupendous influence her Catholic training had in enabling her to accomplish her mission. Without it she would have been incapable of doing anything out of the ordinary. It was her faith that made her great. It was her absolute and unquestioning loyalty and obedience to the Church which lifted her above contemporaries and transmitted her name and fame to our times.

With remarkable unanimity non-Catholic writers, so divergent in other respects—as Schiller and Coleridge and Andrew Lang and Mark Twain, are in accord in offering to the peasant girl of Domremy the tribute of their admiration and praise. Andrew Lang, in "The Maid of France," replying to the unworthy view Anatole France takes of Blessed Joan of Arc, writes:

"She was the consummation and ideal of two noble human efforts toward perfection. The

peasant's daughter was the Flower of Chivalry, brave, gentle, merciful, courteous, kind and loyal.

She was the most perfect daughter of her Church; to her its sacraments were the very bread of life; her conscience, by frequent confession, was kept fair and pure as the lilies of Paradise. In a tragedy without parallel or precedent, the Flower of Chivalry died for France and the Chivalry of France which had deserted her; she died by the chivalry of England, which shamefully mistreated and destroyed her."

* * * * *

One of the qualifications for sainthood in the Catholic Church is that the candidate has worked miracles, either personally or through relics. What greater miracle could the world have witnessed in the iron age of the Regent Bedford than the redemption of a faction-rent kingdom by the hand of a peasant maiden? Demoralized nobles, panic-stricken commons, a craven prince—these were the materials from which this child, for Joan was little more than seventeen when, in response to the Voices, she revealed her mission to the worthless Charles,—rebuilt the shattered sovereignty of France. The history of the world may be searched in vain for a parallel to her achievements. She is the miracle not of one age alone, but of all the ages.

The Materialists will still insist that her sublime patriotism was merely the fruit of an exalted hysteria. But if the source of her miraculous strength be estimated from the work she accomplished, surely no human being since the days of the Apostles has a better claim to sanctity and reverence as the duly appointed agent of a divine Providence. Religion, Patriotism, Humanity, Literature and Art owe to her more than five centuries have been able to repay.

* * * * *

M. Clemenceau, on the occasion of the renewal of the ceremonies by which, for centuries, the city of Orleans has celebrated its gratitude for the deliverance Joan of Arc brought to it, laid down the dictum that in one country at least the



"I HAVE HERE THIS DAY
FULFILLED MY MISSION, AND ANOINTED THEE
CHIEF SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE."

maiden warrior and inspired virgin must not be honored as a saint—though the remainder of the world concede her a place among the elect, France for whom she fought and died will permit her to be honored only in a civic sense!

The Premier of France based his objection to the Church's recognition of the personal sanctity of the Maid of Orleans, as well as its recognition of the divine nature of her mission, on the proposition that the evolution of society depends on the gradual abandonment of certain traditions. In voting the separation of Church and State, he said, the French Republic had renounced many ancient forms and secular traditions. In his eyes, it would be a step backward to take Joan of Arc from her place as a warrior and patriot and put her in the list of religious characters. M. Clemenceau has evidently ignored the self-evident fact that true patriotism is never divorced from religion, and that the marvellous achievements of this inspired champion of God were due to the strength she derived from the practice of her religion.

* * * * *

The prayers of Joan of Arc may yet save France from spiritual ruin, as her sword once saved it from territorial conquest. The demons of immorality and unbelief to-day are worse enemies of the souls of the people than were the English knights and men at arms, who, five hundred years ago, menaced the lives, liberties, and possessions of their forefathers. France is again in mortal peril and needs the help of Joan of Arc before the Great White Throne of a Monarch mightier far than ever was poor Charles the Seventh.

Beata Joanna, ora pro nobis.

*

The London *Tablet* has this reminiscence of Henry Harland, an American convert, who died in Norwich, Conn., a few years ago:

"Readers of '*The Royal End*,' the posthumously published story of Henry Harland, will

mourn afresh that that delightful author, who was also the most delightful among men, is no more. Mr. Harland was not what he called 'a practising American.' Like his brother novelist and great friend, he preferred English life to American. But his love for the States may be read between, and on, the lines of his newly published work. 'So many religions,' he makes his heroine soliloquise; 'but no Faith! Where every man, in disobedience to Christ, chooses to be his own pope! Yet the Holy Father has dedicated America to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. And the very elements in America, so violent and so ferocious—the burning summers, the cruel winters, the appalling cataclysms of Nature, if these are reproduced in the violent characters of the people, inclined to rape and rapine, on a big or little scale—at what end, *left to its own devices*, will the American character issue? Will it,' she asked herself, 'become inflated with power, the great Master Robber of the world? Or will it perish utterly, hoist by its own petard? . . . No Man at the Helm,' she sorrowfully said to herself, 'shall save us for more than his few years of tenure. The race cries for direction, a sane outlet to its emotions. The sole influence which holds anarchy at bay is Holy Mother Church, wise men tell us. Yes, the Divine authority! The sweet miracle of the Catholic faith may save our people from ending as a nation of brutes; may open to us the gates of Humility and show to us the road to the Greater Glory of God.'"

Henry Harland is mourned all the more widely and sincerely in his early death the more that the public knows about him personally and the more his works are read. At the time of his death he left unfinished a story which is now printed under the above title. Mrs. Harland collaborated with her husband in the production and thus was able to bring it to conclusion, after his death. It represents the latest effort of his genius and it is marked by all the brilliant and charming qualities of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "My Friend Prospero," and another of the works of genius which came from the same author.

The scenes of "The Royal End" are laid in Italy. The author knows his Venice and Flor-

ence, and his sketch of the wooing of an American heiress by an Italian prince is conducted in the leisurely and high-bred manner of the writer, while the pages sparkle with brilliant conversation and with a wit that seems to be inexhaustible. Ultimately, the scene is shifted to America, to New England, and there, too, Mr. Harland is just as much at home as in his beloved Italy. The conclusion should be saved for the reading, but it is quite as original as the rest of the story.

*

The true teacher, writes Professor G. H. Palmer, must have a readiness to be forgotten. And what is harder? Many a one is ready to be generous, if by it he can win praise. The love of praise—it is almost our last infirmity; but there is no more baffling infirmity for the teacher. If praise and recognition are dear to him, he may as well stop work. Dear to him, perhaps, they must be, as a human being; but as a teacher, he is called on to rise above ordinary human conditions. A teacher does not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts. His aim is to be a colorless medium through which that truth may shine on an opening mind. How can he be this if he is continually interposing himself and saying, "Instead of looking at the truth, my children, look at me and see how skilfully I do my work. I thought I taught you admirably to-day. I hope you have thought so, too."

No, the teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing young attention on the proffered knowledge and not on anything so small as him who brings it. Only so can he be wholehearted in invigorating the lives committed to his charge.

*

Visitors to France usually make the mistake of judging the French temperament from certain legendary amusements, attributed to that gay capital. The real type of France must be studied in the provinces, among the ultra conservatives, who have owned their soil for a few centuries,

and among whom socialism and all such new-fangled ideas never take root.

In the Elysée Palace, the stately residence of the chief magistrate of France, Mme. Fallières seems an incongruous figure. The setting is so gorgeous, and she such a plain, unassuming little body. In a city where the women are so enthusiastically decorative she has the courage of her convictions, and gowns herself for comfort and utility. Tyrants in the Rue de la Paix may change the cut of the skirt every other week, if they wish. They may become dogmatic over the shape of a sleeve and the hue which all the elect must wear. Mme. Fallières buys a gown of excellent material—cloth, silk, or velvet. She has it made appropriately for her years, and she dons it on occasion until it has survived its usefulness.

"Think of it," said a prominent Parisienne, scornfully, "she has worn the same velvet gown, trimmed with point, the entire season, at church, driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and calling; and, I verily believe, the same bonnet and gloves."

Paris women may puff and marcel-wave their hair, dye and bleach it, Mme. Fallières's dark-brown locks, just streaked with gray, are parted and drawn, with Puritanic plainness, over her ears, in the same manner that she has worn them for twenty years.

Like her forbears for more than a thousand years, she believes that managing the big affairs of life—politics, the amount of taxes, &c.—is essentially man's work. She adheres strictly to her share in the domestic scheme, and her home, even in the environment of the Elysée, is a model of comfort and frugality. She is an excellent housewife of the type fast disappearing even in provincial France. Her linen has been spun in her own home from flax raised on her own acre.

*

Miss M. Eager, the lady who, for some years, was in charge of the Russian Imperial nurseries,

tells a charming story concerning the youngest of the Czar's four daughters—the Grand Duchess Anastasia—who is now in her eighth year. "We were driving in the Nevski, one day," says Miss Eager, "and got into a block of traffic. A great many people had assembled to see them. Among the crowd was a young student, who stood with his hands in his coat pockets, neither smiling nor taking any notice beyond frowning severely at the children. Anastasia, who was sitting in my lap, turned to me and said: "Just look at that boy. He is rude, for I bowed to him and he took no notice.' I told her he might not have seen her bow, and she bowed two or three times to him, and only met a very cold stare in response. Then she said: 'Poor boy, perhaps no one taught him any manners; he doesn't know it's polite to bow when a lady bows,' and putting her head through the carriage window, she kissed her little hand to him again and again. Even our student could not resist. He smiled broadly, took off his cap, and bowed to the child, who turned to me and said: 'Oh, the dear boy. Now he knows. I taught him.'"

*

An accomplished girl knows how to talk. She is not a conversationalist; neither is she a mute. She informs herself on a variety of topics, so that if she cannot meet a specialist on his own grounds in discussion, she can, at least, listen intelligently.

She likewise keeps her wits about her, and uses some discretion in tempering her conversation to the companion of the moment. She does not tell an invalid how ill she looks, and how her dearest friend had that very disease and died of it, after all the doctors in the country had tried in vain to save her life. But she knows how to entertain, or seem to be entertained, when occasion calls for it; and when a hostess sends her down to dinner, or asks her to a reception, it is with the blessed assurance that she will harmon-

ize with every one, no matter with whom she may be thrown.

An accomplished girl knows how to sit and stand and walk. She does not sprawl over a chair, and when she enters a room, she moves with that grace and ease which may be likened to that of the ladies of the old school, who gave society its true tone and were little known outside of their own circle.

*

The success that has come, especially to the American woman, within the past twenty years or so, has been almost unbalancing. She has developed a certain outside manner of independence that foreigners do not understand. They call it masculinity.

It is simply a woman's way of trying to express that she is not afraid. She squares her shoulders and holds her head high, and it never occurs to her that this attitude of hers may strike old-fashioned persons as unfeminine.

The new times and the new manners have dispensed with many of the little airs and graces and frilliness of dress that suggest femininity.

Even the features of the American girl have changed within the last decade, and we are all familiar now with the healthy, hearty, athletic young woman who has become the national type.

But she must not go too fast in her independent strides if she would retain the birthright of sex.

The gentler virtues must be kept alive as long as we are to have hearthstones that will require the guardianship of home angels. No matter how fine or brilliant the achievements of women have become, we cannot do away with the sympathy and love that we associate with home—with the mothers of the race.

*

Sweet Girl Graduates, would you be beautiful? Of course, you would. Then cultivate in your hearts cheerfulness, contentment, and kindness. They are the greatest of beautifiers. No paints

or powders can give the winsome glow to the cheek, the sparkling glint to the eye, or the lithe and graceful carriage to the body which these impart; but do not be vain, do not be obtrusive. Modesty gives special charm to beauty, and usefulness conceals many defects of form.

An ancient English poet set forth "A Fair Lady's Wish" in the following sensible lines:

"If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have formed me fair,
And that in all my vainest hours
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you are ever kind,
What envious time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind."

*

It would be difficult to imagine a bridal of more social moment, from a convent girl's viewpoint, than that of Miss Marjorie German, whose marriage to Mr. J. H. Rolph took place in the Church of the Japanese Martyrs, Welland, Ont., on Tuesday, June the second.

The event had been looked forward to for months, and, being the bridal of an Alumna, its charm and interest were emphatic.

Marjorie was one of the brightest, cleverest, dearest and best girls who ever studied in the halls of Mt. St. Mary, loyal to her school and teachers, and loved by nuns and companions for her sunny, amiable disposition. She was always the perfect little lady and the soul of honor, and yet she was the leader in every kind of fun as well as in all that was serious and uplifting. She was graduated with exceptionally high honors, and passed out from her Alma Mater, full of the joy of living, and leaving memories that the years will scarcely dim.

Ever after, many a dainty treat of fruit, candy, and other good things was received by the Literary Circle—of which she was Secretary—always at the right time—on Friday evenings.

Whatever of joy the future may hold for dear Marjorie, she richly deserves. That her path may be rose-strewn, and her life crowned with a happiness on which heaven's own benediction rests, is the heartfelt wish and prayer of her friends at Mt. St. Mary.

Alfred Tennyson.

NOT always is the laurel placed on the brow of the most deserving, but when Alfred Tennyson was crowned Poet Laureate, on the death of Wordsworth, the English-speaking world was unanimous in declaring that no one was worthier of that honor, and that none could more nobly fill that exalted position.

The poet was born on the 6th. of August, 1809, in the town of Somersby, one of the sunniest spots in Lincolnshire, not far from the sea-coast. The scenery of his native village and its neighborhood made a deep impression on his mind, and again and again in his earlier poems we find references to these landscapes,—“the level wastes,” “the tangled watercourses,” “the dark fens,” and “the ocean roaring into cataracts.”

Alfred was the fourth of twelve children, two of whom, his elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, gained some distinction in poetry. His father, the Rev. George Tennyson, was a man of high intelligence and scholarly attainments, but the victim of an incurable melancholy, which, in a mitigated degree, became the birthright of his son. At the age of seven, Tennyson was sent to Louth, where he lived with his grandmother and attended the grammar-school of the place. Before he was twelve he returned home, and his real education began under his father's tuition. Besides acquiring a competent knowledge of classics, natural sciences and mathematics, the boys had access to a well-filled library, where they learned to love the best English authors. It was probably at this period that Horace was so “thoroughly drummed” into him; to use his own words, that he took a decided dislike to that author. In after years when his own poems began to appear in the school-books, he complained, “They use *me* as a lesson-book at schools and they will call me ‘That horrible Tennyson’.”

In 1828, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and, in 1829, won the Chancellor's prize for English verse, by a poem on "Timbuctoo." It was at Cambridge that Tennyson made the acquaintance of Arthur Hallam, an acquaintance which soon ripened into the friendship that has been immortalized in his "In Memoriam." In 1831, his college career was brought to a close by the death of his father, and he returned to Somersby. Here he completed a volume of poems, which was published in 1832. This was severely criticised by the *Quarterly*, with the result that, Tennyson, who was morbidly sensitive, ceased to publish for nearly ten years. In 1842, two volumes appeared which first opened the eyes of the English public to the fact that another star had arisen on the horizon of poetry. In 1845, he was awarded a pension of £200 per annum, and, in 1850, he was made Poet Laureate. In 1855, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and, in 1884, he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford. He died at Aldworth House, in Surrey, October 6, 1892.

Tennyson's poetic career was unusually long, extending over more than sixty years, during which time there is no decadence of power, but, on the contrary, a steady development and growth in firmness of artistic touch. But this delicacy, strength and finish were not spontaneous, they were the result of intense labor carried on without intermission during his whole career.

The period in which Tennyson began to write was the close of that great movement which had its beginning in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and reached its culmination in the work of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Several alternatives lay before the young poet, who judged that success lay in the perfection of his art. If he could avoid the inequalities of Wordsworth, the incompleteness of Coleridge, the frequent carelessness of Byron and Shelley, he might rise above the disadvantage of being born in an age in which all the great subjects had been exhausted. There is no evidence of originality in his early work, but he succeeded in maintaining a uniform height of excellence.

To his natural aptitude for detail, and careful, finished work. Tennyson added breadth of taste

and great powers of assimilation. He was well read not only in his mother tongue, but in Greek, Latin and Italian literatures, and so effectively has he borrowed from antiquity that some of his poems are a "veritable mosaic of classical allusion and paraphrase." In *Cenone*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, and *Ulysses*, we see how he avails himself of the picturesque framework of a classical theme to weave in the beautiful details which charm the aesthetic taste, and to infuse the modern spirit which gives more profound significance to the subject. *Cenone* is, in style and character, an imitation of Theocritus, while several of his compound epithets are taken from the Greek idyllic poets. "Many-fountain'd Ida" is an exact translation of Homer. The character of *Ulysses* is taken from Dante's *Inferno*, where the hero's untempered desire for wider experience is emphasized. Another instance of his admiration for the great Italian is his adaptation of the line—"No greater grief than to remember days of joy, when misery is at hand."

Many of Dante's successors have used this thought, but none more beautifully than Tennyson, in the lines—"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The minuteness and delicacy of Tennyson's observation of natural phenomena give him a place among the great English poets of nature. It is true that he has none of Wordsworth's spiritual exaltation in the beauty and power of the outward world, none of Shelley's thrilling rapture, nor do we catch the mirth of spring-time, as in Chaucer's verse. With Tennyson, Nature was a rich storehouse of beauty, without joy or sorrow of her own, and indifferent to our moods. But while not endowing Nature with conscious life, he gives us, with perfect success, the characteristic mood of a landscape, whether it be the dreamy, languid beauty in "The Lotos-Eaters," or the bleakness of the low-lying, marsh-fed prospect in "The Dying Swan." With this carefulness of observation, he possessed a masterly skill in adapting sound to sense. What imitative harmony there is in the lines—

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

What could better express the strange, wild harmonies and the mysterious beauty of nightfall on the ocean than—

"The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:
the deep
Moans round with many voices";

or what could more aptly echo the light, playful
music that ripples through the lines—

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

Tennyson attempted a variety of subjects and styles; classic, romantic, domestic themes; lyric, dramatic, narrative poetry; song, monologue, and idyll. He was less successful in the drama than in any other department, and it is to be regretted that he here leaves himself open to the charge of narrow bigotry. Whether it is merely poetic license or not, he has certainly misrepresented King Edward the Confessor, Queen Mary, and Becket, and has placed them in a false historical light. His earlier poems were criticized for "artificiality of diction," yet, what is condemned by some critics as affectation, is commended by others as unique distinction of style. More just, perhaps, is the charge that he lacks "power of characterization." Whatever may be said of his studies of men, his women are lifeless and disappointing, although when he deals, in the "Princess," with the problem of woman's sphere, we feel that she holds the right place in the poet's heart.

His greatest poem, "In Memoriam," is one of the most representative poems of our age. It is not merely a lament for a dear departed friend. It is the cry of a soul struggling with the philosophical doubts that hover over the mystery of the grave, questioning, and groping through the darkness of doubt, and finally passing into the light of Christian revelation.

Whatever may have been the faith of Tennyson, it is true of him as of all great poets, his sublimest passages were inspired by Catholic thought and sentiment. The "Idylls of the King" are Catholic, and Tennyson never wrote more beautiful lines than those in which Arthur bids farewell to Bedivere:

" . . . But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Tennyson's strong conservatism made him unsympathetic with progress or change of any sort. He lived apart from the masses and was ill-fitted by his temper to lead public opinion. But his lofty, moral character, the noble purity and elevation of his life, joined with his extraordinary powers as a poet and his wonderful technical skill, make the name of Tennyson, without a doubt, the greatest of his time among the poets of the English-speaking race.

GERTRUDE FOLEY.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Wilhelmina.

Queen and Mother.

"**W**ILHELMINA, Queen of the Netherlands."

That is how she signs herself, and that is how she wishes always to be styled. It is not only incorrect to speak of her as "Queen of Holland"; at Court it is "bad form," and those who do it get snubbed for their pains.

Holland is merely a geographical term. The Netherlands have a famous history, and Queen Wilhelmina is very proud of it, as becomes a daughter of the House of Orange. When she was a child, the story of the war between Spain and her country moved her to such horror that she declared she would never have anything to do with the Spanish Royal Family when she became Queen. Yet, curiously enough, King Alfonso was the first monarch with whom, of her own accord, she made friends.

One day, she heard her mother speak with pity of the Baby-King, younger even than her own daughter. "But if you're sorry for him," said Wilhelmina, with the remorseless logic of the childish mind, "you ought to be sorry for me, too." "But poor little Alfonso is so much

younger than you are," said Queen Emma. "Then I'll write a letter to him," replied Wilhelmina; and at once began a correspondence which lasted for many years and is intermittently kept up still.

Her sudden decision to write to Madrid was characteristic of the young Queen. She makes up her mind quickly. She has none of the cautious stolidity which is supposed to be a typical Dutch trait. Her grandmother was Russian, and certainly there is something of the Slav in her composition. There are times when it disconcerts her Ministers and courtiers, even now. Here is an instance. When the German Emperor visited her, she talked to him in French. "Why don't you speak German?" he asked, knowing that she could do so with perfect ease and fluency. "Because I prefer French," she said, with a gleam of mischief in her eye.

A QUEEN OF DECISION.

When Wilhelmina was younger there were naturally many more occasions than there are now upon which her self-will and quick temper blazed out. One morning, she knocked at her mother's door. No answer. She knocked again impatiently. "Who's there?" inquired her mother's voice. "The Queen," was the tart reply, in a tone implying, "Why is the Queen kept waiting outside?" "I cannot let you in," returned the Queen-mother, and a very angry girl of fourteen went back to her own room.

A little later, Queen Emma heard a subdued knock, and to her query, "Who is it?" came the answer, "Your little Mina." "Come in, little Mina," said her mother gladly. "I cannot always receive the Queen of the Netherlands, but I am always glad to see you, my child."

Many were the tussles which the little girl had with her English governess, Miss Saxon Winter. One afternoon, as they walked on the pleasant road between the Hague and Scheveningen—pronounced, for some occult reason, "Schrävénige"—black clouds gathered suddenly and a storm seemed imminent. "Hadn't we better get into a tramway-car?" said the child. "Certainly," the governess agreed, and hailed one to stop. "But everybody else must get out," declared Wilhelmina. "We must have it to ourselves." To this the governess refused assent. She had been specially asked to try to

curb the little girl's haughty spirit. So the tramway-car went on without them. The Queen-mother told the governess she had done quite right.

Not long afterwards, however, Wilhelmina "got even" in an amusing way. She hated bowing to the people as she drove about. Once she told a visitor to the palace that one of her dolls had been naughty. "How will Your Majesty punish her?" "She will have to drive about for an hour and bow all the time," was the grave—and pathetic—reply. But, of course, Miss Saxon Winter had to insist on her pupil's acknowledging salutes, and, by way of correction for not being gracious enough in this respect, Wilhelmina was set to draw a map of Europe when they got home. The map came out with Holland an enormous country, sprawling over the whole Continent, and the British Isles invisible. "But where is England?" the governess wanted to know. "That dot there in the corner," was the disdainful reply. "But I can't see it at all," the governess persisted. "No, you can't," admitted Wilhelmina. "You see, it's always hidden by fog!"

A QUEEN DEVOTED TO DUTY.

These and such-like exhibitions of a high spirit were by no means a bad sign. They proved that the child had plenty of character, which, as soon as it was disciplined, showed itself in a devotion to duty as remarkable as that of our own young Queen Victoria. She has never spared herself since she reached years of discretion from any fatigue or boredom which she felt her position demanded of her. She has hardened herself to drive in an open carriage, no matter what the weather may be, and, at Army manoeuvres, she has been known to ride for hours in drenching rain, firmly declining her mother's offer of a seat in the closed carriage. She goes through all business of State most conscientiously, and she even used to sit through concerts, when it was necessary, with exemplary patience, trying to conceal the fact that music was not only indifferent but positively a nuisance to her.

However, she has since her marriage felt more sympathy with singers and musicians for the reason that Prince Henry is, like most Germans, very musical. She now does her best to

appreciate music—she took singing lessons with the Prince soon after they were married because he wished it. The silly and malicious stories about the strained relations between husband and wife are only worth mentioning to give them a contemptuous denial.

Of course, the Queen and Prince Henry, like all other married people, have their differences of opinion and taste. She does not share his sporting interests, for example, and he is not quite so ardently religious as she is. But she follows with affectionate attention the size of his "bags" in the shooting season, and he turns up pretty regularly at the "morning prayers," which the Queen instituted a few years ago, and which she conducts herself. The servants and officials gather in the dining-room, at nine o'clock; she reads to them a psalm, a chapter of the Bible, and the Lord's Prayer; and then they all sing a hymn. No one is obliged to attend, but it is needless to say that so short a cut to the royal favor is not neglected.

A LOVING WIFE.

At first, the Prince was not popular. They do not like Germans in Holland, least of all at the Hague. But his good-humored acceptance of a difficult position gradually broke down hostile feeling, and when he took so prominent a part in the rescue of the Berlin survivors at the Hook of Holland—receiving from King Edward the G. C. B. for his bravery—the tide of opinion turned and ran strongly in his favor. The Queen never likes him to be long away from her. They ride and drive together a great deal, and they are both very keen about their farm at the Loo, where they are buying a great deal of land. As often as they can they dine together quietly, and breakfast is a meal they always share—the breakfast peculiar to Holland, consisting of ham, cooked and raw, liver sausage, and cheese, all eaten sandwich-fashion, with honey or jam to follow, and café au lait.

It sounds fairly substantial, but the Queen is a healthy young woman, with a good appetite. The simple, hard-working life she leads saves her from the modern complaint of "nerves." She is always good-humored and enjoys a little joke immensely. Visiting a model dwelling in Amsterdam, not long ago, she discovered a reporter in a cupboard, where he had concealed himself

in the hope of getting exclusive news. Instead of being angry, she burst out laughing and sent him away kindly, making him promise to send her a copy of the paper containing his report.

The etiquette at Court may be severe and old-fashioned. The clinging to old ways may seem to people of other nations almost to justify the saying that the Dutch are "the Chinese of Europe." The homely, domestic course of existence at the palace may strike other monarchs—as in fact it does: they make no secret of it—as scarcely up to date. But when one knows the Dutch people—whom to know is to like and value—one can understand that Wilhelmina of Orange-Nassau is just the Queen for them. They love her with all the deep affection of their undemonstrative souls, both for her own fine qualities and for the lineage of which she was until April the thirtieth the last direct survivor. It is a feeling with which we can sympathize, especially at such a moment as this, when there is a prospect of her descendants reigning happily over Holland for generations yet to come.

Blessed Joan of Arc.

TH EARLY five centuries have gone since the Maid of Orleans was burned in the market place at Rouen, and, at last, the solemn seal of the Church's approval has been set upon her heroic virtues. In the whole history of the Middle Ages there is no story more simple and more beautiful, no tragedy more sorrowful than that of the little shepherdess, who, by her sublime faith, raised her country from the depths of degradation to victory and honor, only to suffer at the hands of her enemies, the cruellest of all deaths.

From the crowded streets of great cities and from the luxurious palaces of wealth, may come military heroes and statesmen, but from the thoughtful, quiet and sweet shadow of humble rural life, come more often the leaders and deliverers of the people, and they for whom wait the sombre triumphs of martyrdom. It is by communing with God more than with man that they learn the true grandeur of humanity and the sacredness of human liberty.

On a bright May morning, in the year 1411, in the little village of Donremy, was born a peasant



girl, to whom modern Frenchmen owe the fact that the sovereign of England does not now wear the crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland and France. The family of Jacques Darc was poor, and the girl did not learn to read or write, but she was carefully trained in her religion by a pious mother. When Joan was about seventeen, the English forces, aided by the rebellious subjects of Charles VII., had made all France, north of the Loire, subject to the boy-king, Henry VI. of England. The Duke of Bedford ruled the land by a spell of terror, born of a long line of English victories, and the French soldiers had so lost courage that it seemed they would never again have the heart to face their foe in a pitched battle. Orleans was the last strong city left to the Dauphin, and it was closely besieged.

It was about this time that Joan heard at her home a voice, which she believed to be that of the Archangel Michael, commanding her to raise the siege of Orleans and drive the English from France. With great difficulty she prevailed on one of her uncles to visit the Governor of Vaucouleurs and to unfold to him her design of assisting her country. This rough soldier suggested to her uncle that a good whipping would cure her of that nonsense, but, however, his hard scepticism at length gave way before the simple eloquence and holy zeal of the inspired peasant girl. In obedience to her "Voices" she donned male attire for her protection among the soldiery, and, girding on the sword which the Governor gave her, she started on her perilous journey, February 13, 1429.

When Joan arrived at the French Court, she sent a letter to Charles, telling him that she brought help by the command of God. Eventually, she was led to the audience-chamber, where the King, in disguise, had mingled with the courtiers. At once she advanced to Charles and said: "God grant you a happy life, my liege." Charles denied that he was the King, but Joan answered: "In the name of God, you are the King." At last she convinced him that she had been divinely inspired to save France from her enemies, and he abandoned himself to her guidance. The deputies from Orleans returned to the city, full of hope, that the siege would be raised. But before Joan should be entrusted with any military expedition, the royal advisers deemed it prudent

that she should be examined by the most learned prelates and by doctors well versed in Scripture and law. The examination was satisfactory and, as a result, it was decided that the fortunes of France should be entrusted to the Maid. She put on the insignia of the King's officer; her armor was a gift from Charles, but she claimed that her banner and sword came from God.

Before setting out, Joan predicted that she would be wounded before Orleans, but that, nevertheless, she would complete her task. After many difficulties, she led the royal troops of France from victory to victory, and, on July 17, 1429, Charles VII. was crowned in Rheims. When the Archbishop had performed the ceremony, the simple peasant girl whose hand had led her king from the depths of misfortune to the height of power, considered her mission ended, and, falling at the king's feet, she entreated, with tears, that she might be allowed to sheathe her sword and fold her banner forever—to return to her home and the tending of her flocks at Donremy. But the King's advisers, thinking it wise to take advantage of the enthusiasm excited by the prestige of the Maid, compelled her to continue her service with the army.

How soon, after leaving Rheims, her path began to darken with the vast shadows of doom, stretching backward from Rouen! With what sublime patience and pathetic grandeur she endured misfortune and reverses! When her sword of St. Catherine was broken, and her sacred banner trailed in the dust, when men and angels seemed alike forgetful, she looked up and prayed from the valley of humiliation as she had done from the heights of triumph.

On May 30, 1431, Joan was carried to the place of her execution by an escort of eight hundred soldiers, who allowed none to approach her. She asked forgiveness of all whom she might have injured, forgave all who had injured her, and prayed fervently for strength in her great trial. At the stake, she again bravely proclaimed her faith in her "Voices," and nobly defended her king. Well had the young martyr learned the self-forgetful spirit of her Master. In her intense agony she saw the danger of the faithful priest who held the crucifix before her, and entreated him to leave her. Her last words were, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,"—a cry of joyful recogni-

tion as she passed through the fiery gate of martyrdom into the welcoming arms of His infinite love.

In Joan of Arc shine forth all the virtues which make a saint. Her faith was deep and lively and firmly attached to the teachings of the Church. Her hope was firm, and her confidence in God unswerving. Her only ambition was to save her soul, and she awaited God's good pleasure in the fulfilment of His promises. She manifested her ardent love for God by a tender piety, by a love of prayer, and the frequentation of the sacraments. Moved by this love of God, she was kind, sympathetic, and generous towards her neighbor. From her childhood she was the friend of the poor, and even in war she endeavored to save the lives of her enemies, fighting only after she had adjured them to abandon the territory they occupied unjustly. She helped to dress the wounds not only of her own soldiers, but of the English, and many of these poor fellows owed their salvation to her gentle zeal.

Humble in the midst of her triumphs, she referred all honors to God. Brave as a lion in battle, she was courageous as a martyr in prison, before her judges, and in the face of death.

In the following May, the French were defeated at Compiègne and Joan was betrayed into the hands of the English. By them she was tried on charges of "idolatry and other crimes against faith." During seventeen sessions, she was surrounded by snares, deafened with questions, and allowed neither counsel nor assistance. Nevertheless, she remained firm and tranquil and always answered with calm and simple dignity.

The death of the heroine had been determined. Her iniquitous trial at the hands of the Bishop of Beauvais, instigated by the English, and aided by men wholly devoted to the interests of the English, is one of the foulest blots on the pages of human history. The unprincipled ecclesiastic who conducted the trial did not represent the Church. On the contrary, he suppressed the Maid's appeal to Rome lest his wicked machinations should be discovered and punished by the Church authorities. The Church righted the wrong that had been done by this execrable prelate to the glorious Maid of Orleans, and, while the witnesses of the plot against her and the participants in it were still living, the judgment of Cauchon was reversed during the pontificate of

Calixtus, and the name and honor of Joan of Arc vindicated.

As she stands forth to-day resplendent with the honors of the Church, solemnly crowned as the personification of blended religion and patriotism, let us rejoice that our century has witnessed the vindication and glorious exaltation of the Maid of Orleans.

TERESA PIGOTT.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Shall or Will?

The Mysteries of Correctly Using These and Other Perplexing Little Words.

"The Radical Significance of Will is Purpose; That of Shall is Obligation." Other Polite Distinctions.

LONG treatises have been written upon "shall" and "will," "should" and "would," but most speakers and many writers nowadays disregard the most difficult of the nice distinctions in the use of these words.

It is probably impossible now to recover for general use the mastery of these auxiliaries in all their maddening intricacies, and it is possible that all but the simplest of these distinctions must soon be lost in general practice; nevertheless, it is really not hard to master the leading distinctions. What we need is not a set of arbitrary rules, but just such a governing principle as the grammarians have commonly neglected to provide, and no clearer principle has been set forth by any one than that given by Richard Grant White in his "Words and Their Uses." One hesitates to recommend White's book, for it reeks with the most offensive snobbery, and while professing a horror of pedantry, it belongs in fact and in spirit to that sad time, thirty or forty years ago, when purists became hot over words, and those ambitious of speaking precisely ranged themselves on one side or the other as eager and angry partisans. It is to be hoped that no one to-day will catch the spirit of White's book, and, certainly, few are likely to master all the intricacies of the auxiliaries as set forth by him, but his broad general principle is easily mastered, and, with some allowances, it may be safely applied. Incidentally, he has given us a bit of farce comedy, illustrative of usages in

many cases of "shall" and "will," "should" and "would," that is the best thing to come out of the distressing "logomachy" which marked that vanished period.

White's principle is embodied in these words: "The radical significance of will—Anglo-Saxon *willan*—is purpose, intention, determination; that of shall—Anglo-Saxon *scéal*, ought—is obligation." He thinks that, in most cases, these root ideas still inhere in the words "shall" and "will," and in "should" and "would." This general principle, he teaches, must be applied with due regard to the laws of courtesy in address, which forbid that, in ordinary social intercourse, we assume or imply control over the volition of another person present. It is true that cases occur in which it is hard to see how the principle applies, but it is equally true that, with allowances to be noted later, the principle seems to apply clearly enough in most such cases as arise in daily conversation.

Let us examine a few cases in the light of the principle that "shall" implies obligation, "will," volition. "Will you go to town to-morrow?" is the proper form of the question if you are asking a promise of the person addressed, or an immediate declaration of an intention not already formed. If, however, you seek to learn what is already predetermined for the person addressed, you must say, "Shall you go to town to-morrow?" which means, "Has it been already determined for you that you go to town to-morrow?" The distinction in use is illustrated in this sentence: "Shall you go to town to-morrow, or will you wait and go with me next day?" In the first member of the sentence, the inquiry is not as to the immediate will of the person addressed, but as to something predetermined for him; while in the second, the inquiry is as to the willingness of the person addressed to go, at a certain time, in the company of the speaker.

"I shall be glad to go with you, and I will meet you at the station," is the grammatically correct answer to the question above propounded. Here the word "glad" implies willingness, so the speaker employs not "will," but "shall" in the first member of the sentence, and "shall" here loses its significance of obligation and expresses futurity. "Will," however, in the second member of the sentence, as expressing a promise, carries its full sense of volition. Again, the

reply might be, "I should like to go with you, but on that day I shall probably be obliged to stay at home." Here "like" implies willingness, and the auxiliary is properly "should," not "would." On the other hand, the proper form in the second member of the sentence is, "I shall probably," etc., because "I will probably be obliged" is absurd, since we do not will to be obliged to do anything. What we are obliged to do, we do without our own volition. "Shall you be able to join us on the picnic?" is sound English, because the inquiry is not as to volition, but ability, and ability is not a matter of volition. The grammatical reply to such a question is, "I hope I shall be able, and I will join you if I can." It would be absurd to say "I hope I will be able, since our willing cannot insure ability. In the second member of the sentence, "will" is used because the speaker gives a promise, which is a matter of volition. "Will John call for us to-morrow?" is a question directed toward learning what John himself wills. "Shall John stop for the bread, or will you?" is a question directed toward learning what the person addressed intends as to himself; hence "will" in the second member of the sentence. If John were not present, the grammatical and entirely polite reply would be, "John shall do it," but if John were present, the grammatical and polite reply would be, "John will do it, I think," with a look toward John for his assent. John's reply to this polite appeal might be, "I will do it," or "I shall not be able to do it," with such polite additional phrasing as his breeding might prompt.

We say, "Where shall I find the book?" "Where shall he find the book?" "Where shall we find the book?" because finding the book in a particular place is not a matter of will, but of necessity, since "I," "we," or "he," must find it where it is and not elsewhere. But we say, "You will find the book on the third shelf," because it is impolite to assume the attitude of control over the person addressed, implied in "You shall find the book," etc. At one time, however, the latter form seems to have been both polite and grammatical. There are perhaps fifty other cases of these auxiliaries, in many of which it is difficult or impossible to discern the application of White's principle. In others, the sense of obligation in "shall" and "should" fades and fades until it entirely disappears, and the principle

must be applied negatively, so to speak; that is, we must justify the use of "shall" upon the ground that "will" in such a connection would imply an absurdity. Often, also, the matter of courtesy comes in to modify the use of the auxiliaries. In ordinary cases, however, the simple inquiry, addressed to oneself, "Is this a matter of will?" enables us to decide upon which auxiliary to use.

VOGUE.

Portia.

"In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues."

THUS is the heiress of Belmont introduced to us by her infatuated lover, but as the play proceeds we are convinced that, despite his rapturous description of her "sunny locks," not even Bassanio was capable of appreciating her "wondrous virtues."

Of all Shakespeare's feminine creations, Portia is the most wonderful. She is a witty, vivacious, sympathetic girl, susceptible to tender and romantic love, and, at the same time, she is a sensible, strong-minded woman, possessed of the highest intellectual endowments, and capable of the most perfect self-abnegation. As Dowden says, "Her intellect and emotions play into one another with exquisite swiftness, brightness, and vital warmth." When she tells us that "her little body is weary of this great world," it is not as Nerissa supposes, an imaginary ailment, the result of satiety; it is a pang of that heart-hunger, peculiar to natures which are too deep to find satisfaction even in the most luxurious surroundings. Unlike Antonio, however, she does not allow sadness to make "a want-wit" of her,—her keen sense of humor immediately displays itself as she describes her suitors.

With all the eagerness that courtesy will permit, she tries to dissuade Morocco and Arragon from choosing the caskets, and, when they are unsuccessful, she dismisses them with a smile, but she is far too genuine to make any feigned expressions of regret. This sincerity, so characteristic of Portia, shows itself when Bassanio comes to choose. She cannot give him her hand, but she instantly surrenders her heart. She is

perfectly candid with him, and tries to delay his choice, through dread of what his failure will mean, and yet—with maidenly modesty, she tries to persuade herself that it is not love which makes her fear to lose him. In the awful suspense which follows, her self-control and courage waver for the moment, but immediately her love of honor asserts itself.

"I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me."

And when Bassanio does choose the right casket, how love transforms the girl into the woman! How the intellectual plays into the emotional! She is still the gifted, dignified Portia, but her heart has awakened to a new life, and she is radiantly lovely with the light of affection beaming in her eyes. The great heart-hunger has been appeased.

How beautiful are her words of self-surrender! She unreservedly gives herself and what is hers to Bassanio as to "her lord, her governor, her king." Up to this, Bassanio's chief merit has been that he is loved by a man like Antonio, and a woman like Portia, but in her presence, he becomes the hero she believes him to be.

When in the very ecstasy of the moment, the evil news comes from Venice, Portia, "nothing undervalued to Cato's daughter," claims her right to share her husband's grief.

"With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you."

Her concern for Bassanio's honor rises above all other feelings, and she generously urges him to hasten to his friend. True woman that she is, her sympathy is not sentimental, it is resourceful and practical. Her quick wit grasps the point involved in the shedding of Antonio's blood, and she immediately conceives the plan of going to Venice. With all possible speed, she secures the necessary certificate, and proper costume from Bellario, and, full of the happy inspiration, she takes Nerissa into her confidence. Notwithstanding her seriousness, she is keenly alive to the humor of the situation, and playfully declares to Nerissa, "I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two." As she jests about the "puny lies"

and "raw tricks of these bragging Jacks," she shows that she is a shrewd observer of the ways of men.

At the court-house, although the situation is strange to her, she is perfectly at her ease. She speaks and acts with the calm assurance of one who is confident of triumph. Womanlike, she reserves her conclusive point until all others have been exhausted. She appeals first to Shylock's better nature, and, as she eloquently pleads for mercy, all that is noblest and loveliest in her nature shines forth in surpassing beauty.

If she could move the Jew to perform one act of mercy, of his own accord, she would esteem it a greater victory than that men should praise her knowledge of legal technicalities. But her eloquence is in vain. Next she appeals to his avarice. If he would only accept thrice the sum, she would be glad to let him escape the penalty which his malice and cruelty have deserved. But no,—he will have nothing but his bond. Then, with what masterly dignity and firmness does she pronounce the sentence which leaves Shylock at the mercy of the State of Venice.

Even in the hour of triumph, her playful spirit prevails, and she determines to betray Bassanio into parting with his ring—but with what admirable tact she drops the jest when she sees it has gone far enough.

In Portia we discern Christian goodness, intellect, decision, generosity, imagination and tenderness. In short, she possesses all the traits that form the character of an ideal woman. After considering her manifold graces and virtues, we exclaim with Jessica,

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other: for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

STELLA HEFFERNAN.

LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Every one has faults, and if we look for them we will find them, but it is a much pleasanter and more profitable occupation to look for good qualities, which we are also sure to find in every one if we look far enough.

Solemn Consecration of St. Lawrence's Church and Its New Marble Altar, Sunday, June Sixth, Nineteen Hundred and Nine.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS, RT. REV. THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING, D. D.

SERMON BY MOST REV. FERGUS PATRICK McEVAY, D. D.

CONSECRATING PRELATE, MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WEBER, D. D.

WOMP and ceremony of an unusually impressive character marked the solemn consecration of St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton, on Trinity Sunday.

The sanctuary, bathed in sunlight, with the clergy in robes of purple and gold, the magnificent new main altar of Carrara marble, standing out in bold relief, and the side altars heavily laden with a wealth of floral beauty, presented a scene of splendor.

During the consecration ceremony, His Grace was assisted by Reverend Philip J. Brady, of St. Mary's Church, Montreal, brother of Reverend R. M. E. Brady, of St. Lawrence's; by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton; and Reverend A. Simoni, C. R., of Berlin College, who acted as Master of Ceremonies.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling was celebrant of the solemn Pontifical Mass, assisted by Reverend J. H. Coty, deacon, and Reverend J. Bonomi, sub-deacon. Reverend Dr. Kidd, of Toronto, was archdeacon, and Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, and Reverend Dr. Burke, of Toronto, deacons of honor.

The sermon by His Grace Archbishop McEvay was a model of dignified thought, a discourse such as might be expected from one of his exalted position. Attired in the purple robes of his office, he made a commanding figure in the pulpit as he sketched the growth of the church, touched on the significance of the solemn occasion for which they had gathered, and extended his heartfelt appreciation of the generosity of the congregation and the work of the Rector, Reverend R. M. E. Brady, which made possible the consecration of the church, twenty years after it was built.

"I desire to thank my old friend, the Bishop of Hamilton, and Father Brady," His Grace began, "for the invitation to be with you this morning, on the occasion of the consecration of your magnificent altar and your solid, commodious church. In this new country in which we live, very few churches are in a position to comply with the conditions required for the consecration, and it very rarely happens that a church is in a position for it, twenty years after its beginning. Twenty years, after all, is a very short time in the history of God's Church, for that history began with the Founder, Jesus Christ, and will last to the end of time."

Dealing with the early days of the Church, His Grace said that, doubtless, most of those present would remember the laying of the corner-stone and the blessing of the building. At that time, he was connected with the Cathedral, and remembered well how the people in the northern section of the city prayed that a church might be built there. He recalled how anxious Bishop Dowling was that a church should be erected, and how he proceeded to establish St. Lawrence's with faith and confidence in the generosity of the people, despite the opinion of those who prophesied that a church would never be built—and never paid for, if it were erected. Father Brady became its Rector, and it was soon a flourishing parish, with the result that, within twenty years, they were able to consecrate the building.

The consecration ceremony, His Grace explained, is a very old one in the Church of God, dating back to the days of the Apostles. On this altar the sacrifice of Calvary is daily offered by the priest. In this building the sacraments are administered. And, after death, it is here that friends bring their loved ones, joining in prayer and sacrifice, imploring God to have mercy on the souls of the departed. When one grasps the significance of how closely one's whole life is associated with the church, is it any wonder that the people love the house of God and make sacrifices to adorn it?

After thanking the people for their part in the work of beautifying the church and freeing it from debt, His Grace closed with a tribute to the Rector. "I say this with great pleasure before the Bishop and people, that, after all is said and done, Father Brady deserves the lion's share of the credit. I am proud to be here to-

day because he was an old co-laborer with me in this part of the world, and I wish him and his people and all concerned God's blessing."

After Mass, Father Brady expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred by the ecclesiastical dignitaries in coming to officiate at the consecration ceremonies, and he also warmly thanked the people and kind benefactors, especially the gentlemen—Messrs. R. O. and A. B. Mackay—who donated the magnificent altar.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling spoke briefly. There is a special reason, he said, why I should be specially attached to St. Lawrence's—it was the first church I built after my consecration as Bishop.

Referring to the munificent gift of Messrs. Mackay, His Lordship said: "I am glad that there are some large-hearted men who recognize that the prosperity of Hamilton does not depend merely on its factories, schools, and large buildings. The prosperity of a city is associated with the spiritual, intellectual and moral growth, I, therefore, heartily thank the Messrs. Mackay for the good will shown to Father Brady and this church. I am told that this altar is erected as a monument to their mother. I honor the man who honors his father and his mother. There is something good in the heart of the man who honors the mother who bore him. What more beautiful monument can a dutiful son give to his mother than an altar on which the Sacrifice of the Mass is daily offered?"

St. Lawrence's Church, as a result of the indefatigable efforts of the Rector and the generosity of his people, is to-day one of the most beautiful places of worship in the country. The altar—a beautiful specimen of Italian workmanship—stands twenty-five feet from the ground. "The Last Supper," by Da Vinci, is carved in the marble, and on the altar are statues of two high priests of the Old Testament. The emblems of the four Evangelists are also shown. The panels are of carved lilies, surmounted by large coping stones and keystone, upon which rests a four-foot marble cross.

The decorations of the church, ceiling and sanctuary are lovely. The paintings, which are all done on canvas by German artists, represent, for the most part, the life of Christ. The words of the *Te Deum*—that beautiful hymn of St. Ambrose—the first ever heard in America—are in-

scribed on scrolls, borne by angels. Over the side altars are copies of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" and "Holy Family." All is ecclesiastical and most devotional. St. Lawrence's is a "house of prayer" in the fullest sense of the words.

Royal Visit to the Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, Spain.

THE Infanta Paz-Princess Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria—with her daughter, Princess Pilar, and her lady in waiting, Miss Delaney, arrived at the convent on Sunday morning, accompanied by the son of the Infanta Eulalia, the Infante Don Luis—the latter was educated at Beaumont in England, and speaks English fluently.

The Archbishop of Seville had come a few minutes before the royal party, so all immediately repaired to the chapel for Mass, after which they went to prepare for their visit to the celebrated fair in Seville, which they attended on Sunday and Monday, returning each evening to the convent.

Tuesday was a holiday of obligation. The Provisor—Vicar-General—celebrated Mass, at 9 o'clock, for the royal ladies. The chapel was arranged as for a ceremony—large square carpet, etc. There were present the Infante Don Luis Fernando, the Infanta Paz, the Princess Pilar, who occupied three priedieu in front of the altar; the other members of the party had priedieu behind them. There was no singing—harps, violins, 'cellos, etc., furnished lovely music all through the Mass.

After Mass, Princess Pilar, Carmen Barón, her husband, and Alfonso Guzmán, mounted their horses quite near the patio, and Infanta Paz and Reverend Mother-General took photos of the group. The horses were so restive that Reverend Mother's photo was spoiled, but the Infanta's was a success. Several young ladies from Seville were on horseback outside the gate, so a grand cavalcade rode down to the fair. The Infanta Paz went off shortly afterwards, accompanied by Miss Delaney. In the afternoon, they ran out to Villamanrique to pay a short visit to the Condesa de Paris, returning to the convent at half past five.

The Infanta Don Luis begged for a play and tableaux. Fortunately, the stage had been left undisturbed, therefore, a few hours' work had all in readiness. The room was exquisitely decorated, carpeted, and hung with pictures.

Two little ones came forward and presented gorgeous bouquets, and a short address in Spanish was read. For programimes we had very simple but elegant cards—white with gilt edge, the royal crown in the corner, and the initials of each underneath.

After the play, steps were placed at one side of the stage, and the pupils came down and kissed the Infanta's hand, then formed a semi-circle, and gave hearty vivas! as the party walked out, delighted with the entertainment.

During tea, which the royal party seemed to enjoy highly, the band serenaded. Shortly after, they took leave, and as the motor sped out, vivas! rent the air. The other guests had left an hour before in order to be in waiting at the station.

M. C.

Closing Exercises at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

THE forty-eighth annual Commencement Exercises were held at Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls, last Thursday afternoon. In the absence of his Grace Archbishop McEvay, the exercises were presided over by Right Reverend Mgr. McCann, Vicar-General.

The constant downpour of rain did not prevent the attendance of a large and appreciative audience, who came to enjoy the very fine program of music, songs and recitations and to congratulate the five graduates: Miss Egan of Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Leary, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Sheppard, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Sears, Preston, Ont.; Miss Spence, Toronto, Ont. The numbers were all exceedingly well rendered.

The occasion was honored by the Right Reverend Hugh McSherry, Bishop of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who made a short address to the graduates, as did also Mgr. McCann. Former graduates and numerous friends of the institution were among the invited guests. Prominent among the clergy were Very Reverend Edward Walsh, C. M., president of Niagara University; Very Reverend Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C., St. Cyril's College, Chicago; Reverend A.

Smits, O. C. C.; Reverend J. Lynch, C. M., Germantown, Pa.; Reverend J. Rosa, C. M.; Reverend F. Piper, C. M.; Reverend J. Walsh, Toronto; Reverend F. Rohleder, Reverend F. McGrand, Reverend F. Coyle, Toronto; Reverend F. Holden, Hamilton; Reverend F. Spetz, Reverend F. Trumpeter, Reverend F. Monnihan, Reverend F. Roche, Niagara Falls; Reverend F. Bernard Fink, O. C. C.; Reverend F. Carberry, Merritton.

At the conclusion of the programme and after the singing of the beautiful and well-known class hymn, "Ave Maria Loreto," the students repaired to the chapel in a body, where benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop McSherry. Previous to the singing of the "Tantum Ergo," Miss Minnie Egan read in a clear, distinct voice the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. Thus were enrolled the five graduates, whose names were registered individually. In token of their allegiance they then laid their newly-won crowns at the feet of Our Lady. The impressive ceremony closed with the chanting of "Holy God," by the entire congregation.

The principal prizes were awarded to the following young women:

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Mary Leary; honorable mention, Miss Minnie Egan.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, presented by his Grace Archbishop McEvay, D. D., obtained by Miss Mary Maxwell; honorable mention, Miss Madeline McMahon.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Vivian Spence; honorable mention, Miss Grace Sears.

Gold Medal for English Prose Composition, presented by Reverend Father Bench, obtained by Miss Grace Sears; honorable mention, Miss Vivian Spence.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Reverend P. Cauley, obtained by Miss Grace Sears; honorable mention, Miss N. Sheppard.

Gold Medal awarded Fourth Year Latin, obtained by Miss Mary Sheppard; honorable mention, Miss Grace Sears.

Gold Medal for English Prose Composition in Senior Academic, obtained by Miss Lillice Mat-

thews; honorable mention, Miss Christine Kissinger.

Gold Medal in Senior University Course in Music, presented by Reverend Dean Morris, obtained by Miss Agnes Robinson.

Gold Medal for Diploma for Elocution—Emerson Course—presented by Miss J. Wechter, obtained by Miss Minnie Egan; honorable mention, Miss Grace Sears and Miss Vivian Spence.

Gold Medal for China Painting, awarded to Miss Lillice Matthews.

Silver Medal in Junior University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Jean Sears.

Silver Lyre in Primary Course of Music, obtained by Miss Madeline McMahon.

Silver Palette for Painting, awarded to Miss Vera Browne.

Prize for French, in Fourth Year Senior Academic, awarded to Miss Rita Coffey.

Prize for German, in Third Year Senior Academic, awarded to Miss Mary Maxwell.

Farewell Banquet to Class of '09 Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls, June 14th.

THE banquet to the graduates was the most successful of any formerly held in the school. The refectory was prettily decorated with white and blue, the school colors, and glittered with a number of lighted candles, which shed their far-reaching beams all over the room, transforming it into a vision of fairyland.

On the guests' table the centerpiece was a bed of white snowballs with crimson peonies gracefully arranged, and the menu consisted of all the dainty luxuries that appeal to a schoolgirl's palate. When the pangs of hunger were fully appeased, Miss Lillice Matthews, as toastmistress, made a few introductory remarks, and then called Miss Mary Leary to respond to the toast, "Our Holy Father Pope Pius X," to which Miss Leary gave the following able response:

It is with mingled feelings of respect, admiration and awe that we think of the Chief Pastor of God's Church—our dearly-loved Pius X.

All are loud in his praises, and the secular and the religious press are unanimous in their just estimation of "The Great White Shepherd of Christendom."



GRADUATES OF 1909, LORETÓ CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

MARY EAGAN.

MARY SHEPPARD.

VIVIAN SPENCE.

MARY LEARY.

GRACE SEARS.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the events of his pontificate, suffice it to recall a few of the more recent ones—the Beatification of the thirty-five Chinese martyrs, of Joan of Arc, likewise the Beatification of Ven. Eudes, founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary and of the Order of Charity—these great events will be far-reaching in their influence on the waning faith of this materialistic age.

The next event of importance is of particular interest to all educators. To quote from one of our leading Catholic periodicals, "Few governments allow such an unlimited use of their archives as Leo XIII. did of the treasures of the Vatican. When he died there was some apprehension lest these great privileges, granted to scholars of all branches of science, might be restricted by his successor. Nothing of the kind was done. Pius X. even transferred a collection of important documents, which were kept in the Lateran Palace, to the Vatican Archives, last year, and added to the latter also the Acts of the Consistorial Archives. The last Encyclical of our Holy Father was written on the Centenary of St. Anselm."

It has been well said that "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." The enormity of the Sicilian disaster weighs down the head of the Father of Christendom. While the freedom and fundamental rights of the Church are being assailed in countries once Catholic and the bane of Modernism continues to endanger the faith of the people, the union of the Episcopate with Rome was never more staunch and whole-hearted. Let us, then, as Catholic graduates, be in the van where the interests of the Sovereign Pontiff and Holy Mother Church are concerned.

Vivian Spence's response to "The Governor-General" was received with much cordiality.

In responding to the toast proposed, I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me. Although not so high up in the world as to be acquainted with His Excellency, nevertheless, his generous kindness in bestowing a medal every year upon our "Alma Mater" calls for our warmest gratitude and proves that he is interested in the advancement of education.

My sincerest wish is that His Excellency may enjoy many years of health and happiness. I feel sure that when his term of office expires he will carry with him to the "Old Land" the esteem

of every loyal Canadian heart—the pupils of Loreto not excepted.

Mary Sheppard responded to "Our Reverend Guests."

It affords us great pleasure to be honored by the presence of our Reverend guests, and we take this occasion to congratulate the Reverend Father Walsh on his elevation to the well-merited position of President of the renowned University of Niagara. However, we have one fault to find with the new position, its many responsibilities have prevented our much-esteemed friend from visiting us as frequently as of yore. We flatter ourselves with the thought that a rigid adherence to "Duty before pleasure" may account for the few visits of this year.

We are glad to have this opportunity of thanking the renowned missionary, Rev. Father Rosa, for the numerous literary and spiritual treats afforded us during the entire scholastic term—the excursions and explorations, too, must not be omitted, and, in the name of all I tender sincere thanks and "Caed Mille Failthe" to Loreto, Niagara.

Our toastmistress will propose a toast to the youngest college president in the United States—Reverend Father Walsh, and also to the beloved missionary, Reverend Father Rosa.

Grace Sears responded to "Our Teachers."

The task that has been assigned me, that of answering the toast to "Our Teachers," is a most pleasant one. I think I may truthfully say that I voice the opinions of all in declaring that the sentiment uppermost in the minds of all is, that of deep gratitude for those who have so kindly assisted us in our ascent to the Parnassian Heights.

'Tis needless to say that we appreciate these efforts, perhaps, not to their fullest, during our schooldays, but Memory's tablet in the far future will always hold a cherished place for Our Teachers.

In the name of all the girls I thank them, one and all, for their self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of the ambitious, but well-meaning, class of 1909.

"To the Future Graduates," Minnie Eagen responded as follows:

"Oh, Heaven! that they might read the Book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the time."

To me has been accorded the proud privilege of extending the class of '09's best wishes for a bright and glorious future.

Allow us, your dignified (?) elders, to tender you some words of advice, as a guiding star to assist you in traversing that vast, still unexplored field of knowledge.

Take heed ye that follow in our wake and learn that the disciples of knowledge must not be cast down by the *little* trials and vexations of school life but on the contrary, you must use them as stepping-stones to attain that much-prized laurel crown.

Let us suppose the summer to have ended, and we see in our mind's eye, four little maids once more entering their Alma Mater, eager for conquest.

In the van we find an able representative of the *Scottish* type of beauty, who ardently desires to become a shining light in the field of literature. Her fame, however, has already spread to the American shores.

Next comes an Angle maid, who can best be described in the words of Pope Gregory, because she possesses that proverbial angelic countenance. Although she is very clever in solving problems, yet, there is a twofold one which will even baffle *her* cleverness.

Now upon the scene appears a slight and shrinking damsel, who tickles the ears of us poor mortals with her ravishing strains!

Last, but not least, comes a lassie of dignified mien, who, at all times, has the courage of her convictions.

Be mindful, dear Juniors, of these our parting admonitions, and if you do this, we feel confident that success *will* crown all your efforts!

"The Convent Graduate's Position in Society" was the next toast. Reverend E. J. Walsh, C. M., here made a very appropriate speech, from which I will quote a little:

Reverend Mother, Sisters, and Young Ladies: To the convent graduate of Loreto great favor has been shown. She has the honor of living with those who by their daily example give her ideals worthy of reproduction, leading her to an excellence un hoped for.

Therefore, those who go through college let college go through them, partaking of all sides of college life.

Such a life has three different lessons: The good you are impressed with spiritually, the girls who live with so many women consecrated to God, naturally should be lifted up to higher thoughts than those of worldly ambitions. Intellectually, a marble is polished by a marble, therefore, the graduates should be another one as the teacher is herself—and morally, a woman's influence is far-reaching. Man is what his mother, sister, and lover make him; and a woman combining meekness and strength is the stronghold of the family.

A graduate in the bloom of girlhood is a thing of beauty and she, with her high ideals, closes her life of school to enter the school of life. To her, as to all, it will prove a steep and rugged path, which she will struggle up until she reaches the top of the mountain, always hoping to gain the summit, with great aspirations; then, in after years, she will descend the other side, disillusioned and sad, the greater number of her years behind her and her earthly hopes blighted. So it is for all in youth, they live in the future, and in age, they dream of the past.

To all God has given their countenances and also their talents and faults; therefore they must remember they all belong to God and for Him they fashion their lives to the highest, in whatever station their vocation shall lead them.

The convent graduate's position in society should be among the intellectual, those who are superior in thought and high in their motives, taking her station among the greatest and becoming "Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

The last toast, "Reminiscences," was responded to by Reverend Father Rosa:

Reverend Mother, Sisters and Young Ladies: The subject makes me think of an old darkey at meeting, who disapproved of the Elder who was about to speak; so when one of his partisans moved they get three yards of rope to hang Brother Ebenezer, the old darkey quickly called out. "I second the emotion."

The school you graduate from may not be as well equipped as others you have visited, but as a little child beholds its mother's face and thinks it the most beautiful of all, so your Alma Mater is to you the dearest home of education.

In looking back, I warn you the world has many regrets. The graduates will hold this ban-

quiet one of the greatest events in their lives, but, after you leave, in two or three years, where are your schoolmates and teachers to whom you were so closely linked? How many changes take them from you until you discover you are left dis-banded from all those ties that once so tightly bound you to your Alma Mater.

Look back at the graduates of the past. How comparatively few come back, to the numbers that are lost in oblivion.

They are the few soldiers who are separated from the great mass of the unknown.

Among so many familiar faces, how soon will time change them and make them unrecognizable. The end of your school days opens out into new plans which quickly break the links made in the days of the past, and, as Father Ryan so aptly says :

“They will trust thy word in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy
power,
The new hath charms that the old hath not,
And the stranger’s face makes the friend’s
forgot.”

You are entering life with many hopes, as a fairyland composed of pleasures, but you will find

“How many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall soon
reveal.”

Father concluded by humorously asking us if we wished to hang “Uncle Ebenezer.”

The following prophecy, composed by the undergraduates, was read by Hazel Freeman:

Prophecy of Class of '09.

Ah, well they may say dreaming, but when weary of the tumult and rush of this great world, what is better than a shady nook beside a babbling brook (a brook always babbles) with a book and a box of caramels?

Such was my good fortune, one hot afternoon in August, but not long did the story of Ancient Rome interest me; longing for the memories of former days, I looked to the modern past for pleasure.

Once more I roam the large and spacious halls of our dear old “Alma Mater.” Peaceful and

quiet as ever she stands beside “Niagara’s sounding deeps.”

None of the dearly beloved faces of my former companions are seen, but those of the present time. Bright, gay little lassies, merry but not enjoying their present state, are flitting to and fro. Little did we value it either at that time, but now in truth as I look back, I recollect with pleasure our happy days.

My thoughts are not to remain here. A cottage in a small hamlet farther south, rises before my mind. Neat and trim it is, indicative of a thrifty housewife within. A tiny woman comes to the door-step, and we recognize our little “Molly” of '09. She seats herself, while clustered around her are the little “Potatoes.” A Minnie, with large blue eyes and golden locks, is nearest the mother, while standing as though shading his little Mater from the sun’s hot rays, is a tall dark lad of ten, the type of the chief sovereign of the little household, peaceful and bright, indeed, the model of a Christian home.

Next, I see a large country estate, and, amidst the maples, stands a massive stone mansion, the residence of one of our worthy generals. Here we find our dear old “Minnie,” the “pride of an old man’s heart.” Well, indeed, in the days of my youth, did I know that, in the days to come, our “Minnie” would reign supreme in just such a peaceful domain. Peace and quiet had she always sought, and always obtained. The city mansion is seldom visited, as in this home of quietness her heart is happy, and here she must live. But “Minnie,” dear, I leave you with a true fond wish, that your life may be gladdened with all best gifts.

A staid brown structure looms up now, and this I recognize as the old “Loreto Abbey.” But why should I think of this home of our dear Alma Mater?

The matin bell is ringing, and quietly through the halls are hastening the good Sisters on their way to the chapel, obedient as ever on the instant to the call of duty, whatsoever it be.

But look at that tall nun, with large blue eyes and graceful mien. What makes her face familiar? Ah, indeed, it is none other than our “May” of olden days.

I now remember her success in the literary world. Frequently have I read her contributions, and widely, indeed, are her works spread. What

a crown must hers be! Influence for God on the outer world is hers, while she rests, content and happy, behind these cloistered walls, working but to aid her fellow-creatures and to obtain a future reward.

Knowing in faith that our "May" is happy, I hasten on, but where? "Over the sea and far away," my mind has flitted. Now appears the palace of the King of England, and, as I stand in the large corridor leading up to the presence chamber of His Majesty, I see waiting, listless, nervous, and excited, the *débutantes* of the season, to be presented at court. Gorgeous are the gowns and grand—the air of importance, covering, as it were, the awful working of their hearts. This is the supreme moment in their lives, but is that not an old Loreto girl? Why, Gracie, and whence? Oh, indeed, I remember the one wish of our former Grace—to be presented at court. Our dignified graduate of former days, a belle at the court of England! This is rather sudden. But where there is a will there is a way, and as Gracie of yore, her will has won and her ambition is accomplished. The Count Schleswig Holstein looks as though he would touch the floor with the obsequiousness of his attentions—evidently for him there is but one star in the firmament, the Welland, Toronto, or is it Preston constellation? In the meantime, our haughty Grace is shrivelling the little count with the iciness of her British-Canadian stare.

Our thoughts take a turn to her companion at arms, the stately, pensive, and occasionally melancholy Vivian. True to her former aspirations of being deeply versed in book lore—her ideals have been realized by enjoying the privilege of writing the two first letters of the alphabet after her name. She has been appointed President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and her ink flows copiously, and also her tears, as she pathetically describes the neglected condition of the rodents, or those of the canine or feline species.

Her last paper on the Psychopannychism of the spirit of the lower species, has won great distinction, owing to her effulgent style and fundamental principles. Her place is high now, and her future promises greater renown. Her master mind having conquered the animal life, will in time exercise that influence upon long-suffering humanity.

But I leave you, Vivian, with best wishes for future success. Spirit of the future, I summon you, and bid you with wavering voice, guide and watch our class of '09, that, away from the home of their childhood, they may ever keep to their paths, though narrow and steep, and hold forever the principles of their dear old Alma Mater.

At last, adieu and farewell, honored class, and blessings all.

The banquet concluded with the entire assembly singing "Auld Lang Syne."

LILLICE MATTHEWS.

Loreto Academy Graduation Exercises.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

THESE important "exercises," or what should perhaps be called the grand concert of the academic year, at this favored and favorite institution, took place June 24th., in presence of at least the usual large number of prelates, priests and potentates of the city, and the invited friends of "the ladies" and pupils. The official programme, which was quite as varied and interesting as on previous occasions, and the manner in which it was executed by the pupils, will be given and described in another place or column by our ordinary reporter, and need not, therefore, be enlarged upon here. But, while all the performers—singers, players, and reciters—deserved all the proud applause they received for their proficiency in all their parts, it does no injustice to any one of them to place Miss Bessie McSloy, the accomplished and only graduate of the occasion, at the top of the tree and the triumphs. Fulfilling, as she did, with all the skill of an expert, in voice, action and manner, fully one half of the programme, without her, the performances, excellent as they all were, would be like the play of Hamlet without the Prince, or a field of fairies without their queen. Her recitations, particularly the humorous ones, threatened more than once, with the applause that followed them, to bring down the house. Her German song would enchant the Kaiser himself, and her closing solo, "Sweet of the Year," was as sweet as herself.

It is not positively necessary for even a special reporter to describe the personal appearance of



MISS BESSIE MCSLOY.

GRADUATE OF 1909, LORETO CONVENT,
MT. ST. MARY, HAMILTON.

the heroine of these exercises. If the immortal Moore were here and saw her crossing the lawn of Mount St. Mary, a refined, "finished," and lustrous young lady, he would probably exclaim as follows:

The very lilies of the field
 Bend low beneath her feet,
 Affirming they are forced to yield
 To one so fair and sweet.

It may just be added that the capacious hall in which the exercises were held, with its wealth of flowers, paintings and decorations, was a "Mid-summer Dream," and the speeches of the powers and potentates before mentioned possessed all the elegance, solemnity, and humor that so important an occasion demanded.

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.....*Beethoven*
 Orchestral Accompaniment.
 CHORAL CLASS.

Crowning of the Graduate and Conferring of
 Graduation Medal.

Roses Everywhere*Denza*
 Orchestral Accompaniment.
 CHORAL CLASS.

Recitation, "Ammiel's Gift".....*Jean Blewett*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

(a) The Rainbow, Op. 30.....*Dennée*
 (b) A Burro Ride
 LOUISE VOISARD.

Still wie die Nacht.....*Bohn*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

"Joan of Arc"—Scenes 3 and 4.....*Schiller*
 Story of the War.

Joan's Inspiration—and Decision.

Joan of Arc.....*Bessie McSloy*
 Bertrand, a visiting neighbor....*G. Vaillancourt*
 Thibaut, Joan's father.....*Frances Pigott*
 Conferring of Honor Medals.

Waltz Song, "Nina".....*Wekerlin*
 HELEN SMITH.

Recitation—

(a) "The Skeptic and the Skylark".*Hageman*
 (b) "Little Battese"
*William Henry Drummond*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

Élégie, Op. 88*Nollet*
 MARY GORDON.

Recitation—

(a) "The Obliging Lady Boarder" *Paul West*
 (b) "My Wild White Rose".....*E. Willis*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

Lovely Rose*Vincent*
 Solo and Two-Part Chorus.
 Orchestral Accompaniment.
 Soloist, HELEN SMITH.

Recitation, "Parepa Rosa".....*Myra Delano*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

Awarding of Medals.

Sweet of the Year.....*Willeby*
 BESSIE MCSLOY.

Awarding of Special Prizes.

"Ave Maria Loreto".....
 Orchestral Accompaniment.

God Save the King.

**Successful Competitors at the Closing
 Exercises of Loreto Convent, Mt. St.
 Mary, Hamilton.**

1. Graduating Honors conferred, at the completion of her Academic Course, on Miss Bessie McSloy, St. Catharines, Ont.

2. Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, graciously presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., obtained by Miss Blanche Goodrow.

3. Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Blanche Goodrow. Honorable mention, Miss Clara Doyle.

4. Bronze Medal for English Literature, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, obtained by Miss Bessie McSloy.

5. Gold Medal for English Essay, in Matriculation Class, presented by Very Rev. J. M. Mahony, obtained by Miss Blanche Goodrow.

6. Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Rev. R. M. Brady, obtained by Miss Genevieve Vaillancourt.

7. Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor, obtained by Miss Emily Watson.

8. The Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition and Literary Interpretation, obtained by Miss Bessie McSloy.

9. Gold Medal for Honors at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Intermediate Theory Examination—Harmony, Counterpoint, and Form—obtained by Miss Mary Leyes.

10. Gold Medal for Elocution, obtained by Miss Bessie McSloy. Honorable mention, Miss Frances Pigott, Genevieve Vaillancourt, Jean Michael.

11. Silver Medal for Music, Junior Grade, obtained by Miss Mary Gordon.

12. Silver Medal for Proficiency in Sixth Academic Class, obtained by Miss Josephine McCabe.

13. Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fifth Academic Class, obtained by Miss Jean Watson.

14. Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fourth Academic Class, obtained by Miss Cecelia Coughlan.

15. Silver Medal for Needlework, in Senior Department, merited by Miss Leyes, E. Wahl, K. Perry. Obtained by Miss Perry.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department obtained by Miss Genevieve Vaillancourt.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, obtained by Miss Cecelia Coughlan.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Junior Department, obtained by Miss Mary Burns.

First Prize in Art Department, obtained by Miss Muriel ffolkes.

Prizes for Special Application and Improvement in Primary, Junior and Senior Department of Piano, merited by Miss Jean Smith, Hazel Carson, Margaret Gordon, Mary Michael, Cecelia Coughlan, Jean Watson, Louise Voisard, Mary Leyes, and obtained by Miss E. Wahl, C. Coughlan, and M. Leyes.

Special Prize for Vocal Music, obtained by Miss Bessie McSloy.

Special Prize for Vocal Music, obtained by Miss Helen Smith.

Special Prize for German, in Matriculation Class, Miss Bessie McSloy.

First Prize for French; Intermediate, and Penmanship, Miss Beatrice McBrady.

First Prize for French, Third Class, obtained by Miss Josephine Taylor.

First Prize for French, Second Class, obtained by Miss Kate Nolan.

First Prize for Latin, First Class, obtained by Miss Phyllis Leatherdale.

First Prize for Proficiency, in Junior Fourth English Class, obtained by Miss May Campbell.

First Prize in Senior Third Class, obtained by Miss Stella Phelan.

First Prize for Needlework, merited by Miss H. Smith, M. Beck, B. McBrady, M. ffolkes, obtained by Miss H. Smith.

Special Prize for Samplers, merited by Miss J. Watson, A. Welsh, C. Coughlan, L. Leyes, K. Nolan, J. Smith; and obtained by Miss C. Coughlan.

Certificates for High School Entrance Examinations, obtained by Miss M. Gordon, J. Michael, M. Sweeney, J. Watson, V. Malone, A. Halteran, E. Curtis and Lorraine Tewksbury.

Graduation Exercises at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

Honored by the Presence of His Lordship Right Reverend **T. J. Dowling, D. D. Bishop of Hamilton.**

THE assembly hall of Loreto Academy presented a scene of youth and beauty last night, on the occasion of the annual Graduation Exercises, when the prizes for the past year were distributed and the Graduation Medal conferred. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives of the pupils, prominent Catholic clergymen and former students of the Academy, who always look forward to the Closing Exercises of their Alma Mater. The programme given by the pupils was of a character that commands admiration, and congratulation to the Religious of the convent. The stage on which the pupils were gathered was profusely decorated with palms and flowers, and their clever rendition of the various musical numbers



BLANCHE
GOODROW

MARY LEYES

EMILY
WATSON

GENEVIEVE
VAILLANCOURT

BESSIE McSLOY

HONOR STUDENTS OF LORETO CONVENT, MT. ST. MARY, HAMILTON.

BESSIE McSLOY, Winner of the Medal for English Literature, presented by the Governor-General; the Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition and Literary Interpretation; and the Gold Medal for Elocution, presented by Hon. Nicholas Beck.

BLANCHE GOODROW, Winner of the Papal Medal for Church History; the Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, presented by His Lordship Bishop Dowling; and the Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Very Reverend J. M. Mahony.

GENEVIEVE VAILLANCOURT, Winner of the Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Reverend R. M. E. Brady.

EMILY WATSON, Winner of the Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Hon. J. M. Gibson, the Lieutenant-Governor.

MARY LEYES, Winner of the Gold Medal for Honors at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, presented by Mrs. J. McSloy.

maintained the interest of the whole audience throughout.

The honors for the year went to Miss Bessie McSloy, of St. Catharines, who, besides graduating, carried off the first prizes for six different branches, a record of which any scholar might well feel proud.

Addressing the pupils and the audience, at the conclusion of the programme, Bishop Dowling referred in eulogistic terms to the honor and glory won by Miss McSloy during the previous year, and he expressed the hope that nothing but success would attend her in the vocation she might choose when she left Mount St. Mary. His lordship also paid a tribute to the Religious and complimented them on their efforts to inculcate into the minds of the pupils the necessity of pursuing a useful vocation and not devoting their lives to nonsense and frivolity.

Lieut.-Col. A. H. Moore also touched on the work that the Religious are doing and thanked them for again conferring on him the honor of speaking to the pupils at the Graduation Exercises. He stated that Miss McSloy's record was a credit to Loreto Convent and to herself, and he wished her success in life.

Among the clergy present were Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Reverend R. E. M. Brady, Reverend J. H. Coty, Reverend A. H. Leyes, Reverend J. Bonomi, of the city, and Reverend R. McBrady, C. S. B., St. Michael's College, Toronto.—*Herald*.

Closing Entertainment by Junior Pupils, June Twenty-fifth.

A large crowd of parents and friends gathered at Loreto Academy to-day to witness the Closing Exercises of the little children. The event was a most successful one and the performance of the wee tots was worthy of much praise. The programme was short but interesting, and the manner in which the pupils acquitted themselves redounded greatly to the honor of that Institution. The programme:

Piano Solo	HAZEL CARSON.
Recitation, "The Dead Kitten"	PHYLLIS MCINTYRE.
Piano Solo	MARIE MCCARTHY.
Cantata	BY THE CHILDREN.

Miss Isabel Presnail acted as queen in the Cantata, and sang very sweetly. She promises to be a grand soloist some day.

After the singing of "God Save the King," Bishop Dowling spoke a few words to the children. He thanked them for the excellent entertainment they had afforded. The children, he said, are beloved by the Bishop because they are specially pleasing to God, who created them to know, serve and obey Him, and to meet Him in heaven. In this Academy, the central aim is to meet God's angels, one of which had been created for each child. This was made manifest by Christ's own words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Duty is to love God and children first—other things come next. The prime aim of each child should be how to live honorably in the sight of God and the world.

Reverend J. J. Feeney, of Oakville, was also present.—*Times*.

It is commonly said that politeness costs nothing. This may well be qualified by adding the important adverb, *sometimes*. The average human being is directly subject to the charming influence it exerts in every-day life. But politeness, at times, costs much in effort and feeling to overcome the thought of the justice of a return of something other than the polite smile and expression of words for the short, sharp demand of the unfeeling one, who does not think of such a thing in the comities of life as reciprocity of kindly manner and genial form of expression. There are those who are constantly exercising the graces of courteousness and smiling complaisance, who do find that it sometimes costs very much; that it costs a strain of the nerves in self-control to be polite to the distinctly impolite; to be gracious to those who are incapable of appreciation.

Chorus	BY THE CHILDREN.
Piano Solo	PHYLLIS MCINTYRE.

Alumnae Column.

Chopin.

"So works this music upon earth!
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth—

A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His beautiful in tuneful sounds."

THE century which has passed since Chopin's birth has brought us many new and wonderful developments in music; it has raised up numerous master-musicians; some few it has immortalized as great and original composers, but it has never given us an equal for Chopin as a writer for the pianoforte, or anyone who could dispute his title to the "Poet among Composers."

Frederick François Chopin was born March the first, eighteen hundred and nine, in Zelazowa-Wola, a village not far from Warsaw; Poland. He died in Paris, October 17, 1849. But in this brief existence he lived a life devoted almost entirely to art, a life that accomplished much for music, and a life that, apart from art, enjoyed no more of that earthly happiness than is usually apportioned to a genius:

From his very infancy music exercised a marvellous influence over the little boy; so delicately susceptible was he that a strain of melody would send the tears to his eyes and fill the childish bosom with sobs. "What grieves you, my Fritzchen?" the loving mother would anxiously enquire. "Does the music pain you?" "No, Maman," was the reply, "it makes me feel very happy here," placing his little hand where he supposed his heart to be.

The father, Nicholas Chopin, a Frenchman of Polish origin, soon discovered there was a real gift to develop, and placed his son under a Bohemian, named Zwiny. From this master Frederick learned with such success that he played in public a Concerto by Gyrowetz, before he was nine years of age, and, we are told, was more preoccupied with his apparel than with his success. "Everybody was looking at my new collar," he remarked naïvely to his mother.

Being an only son, and never a very robust one, Chopin received an unusual amount of petting and attention from his Polish mother, as

well as from his sisters; this, however, was counteracted by his mingling with a number of manly boys in his father's school, where he displayed a great fondness for private theatricals, and kept his companions amused by his expert mimicry. The accomplishment remained with him all through life, and frequently brought upon him the envy of many a less gifted actor. This combination of talent might be surprising did we not know how closely allied are the dramatic and the musical art, one speaks to the eye, and the other to the ear. Far from following a histrionic career, where untold success was predicted for him, Chopin entered heart and soul into the field of musical art. Here, by bringing into play that vivid inner sense, called the Imagination, which he possessed to an extraordinary degree, he wove musical dramas of such rare beauty and quaint originality that he has become the Romanticist of Music.

In Chopin's musical career the chief influence for good was Joseph Elsner, director of the Warsaw Conservatorium. From him, according to Liszt, Chopin learned that rarely known and difficult task, "to be exacting to one's self, and to value the advantages which are only obtained by dint of patience and labor."

When, in 1831, Chopin left his much-loved home, great was the sorrow of the family, and even the enthusiastic reception accorded him in the most aristocratic circles of Paris never quite supplanted the devotion of his mother and sisters, to whom he remained tenderly attached to the end. Strange it is that, although he had hosts of friends, no one ever quite knew Chopin; "his most intimate acquaintances never penetrated into that secluded fortress, in which the soul, absent from the common life, dwelt; he pleased too much to excite much reflection; the ensemble of his person was harmonious and called for no commentary. His blue eye was more spiritual than dreamy, his bland smile never writhed into bitterness. The transparent delicacy of his complexion pleased the eye, his fair hair was soft and silky, his nose slightly aquiline, his bearing so distinguished, and his manners stamped with so much high breeding, that he was involuntarily treated 'en prince.' His gestures were many and graceful, the tone of his voice was veiled, often stifled; his stature was low and his limbs slight. His manners in society

possessed that serenity of mood which distinguished those whom no ennui annoys, because they expect no interest."

Without doubt Chopin has made himself the narrator of the Polish people, and in his works, the glories and triumphs, as well as the misfortunes of that brave and haughty but unhappy country, are given forth to the world in tone poems full of violent contrasts; extravagant mirth and magical softness, passionate triumph and intense melancholy all are there, immortalized by the power of his art. Referring to that vein of sadness, so characteristic of the Polish writer, some one has said, "It is not so much personal experience, however bitter and hopeless, but insight into the fundamental truths of life, that renders sorrow the most sympathetic and frequently chosen theme for all poets, Chopin among the number. The central theme of life is tragic with a death scene at its close for every actor. True, it has its transient moments of delight, its radiant dawns of hope, its glory-crowned summits of achievement, its fragrant vales of love and rest. But the sombre, silently expectant portal at the journey's end, never hidden from the prophetic vision of the poet, casts its shadow over the brightest hours and gives an undertone of melancholy to his happiest songs."

Chopin's music possesses a strong personal note; he wrote for the heart of his people, their joys, sorrows and capricés are painted in stronger colors than a word-painter could depict. Every Nocturne is a love sonnet, tender and sad; every Ballade and Sonata is a noble, stirring epic reminding us of the days of chivalry; every gay Waltz and sparkling Mazurka presents a dramatic picture of that one time most fascinating place, a Polish ball-room; every Polonaise breathes a spirit of glorious triumph, or chants a sombre hymn for departed glory; the Berceuse is truly a lullaby, and the Funeral March a mournful dirge. The "style" of Chopin's music is so entirely different from that of all other composers, so much more rare than that of his contemporaries, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt, that in nearly all serious recitals of piano music, Chopin still holds the place of honor.

His own playing was so exquisite and delicately brilliant as to cause some of his brother artists to declare despairingly that the man was supernatural; they could not penetrate the peculiar

charm of the young Pole; his *Tempo Rubato*, that *Tempo* "agitated, broken, interrupted, a movement flexible, yet at the same time, abrupt and languishing, and vascillating as the flame under the fluctuating breath by which it is agitated," was something new in the world of music. Men thought he must despise regularity, but they could not read the soul of the artist, and consequently failed to see, that this was not a contempt for rule, but rather a desire "to soar like the lark into the deep blue of the heavens." And yet this wonder-worker of the keyboard made but few appearances in concert, and these few ceased when he was twenty-six years of age. "The public suffocates me," he confessed to a friend.

Chopin's health, always delicate, did not improve with his years; still he worked on at his loved art; totally unsparing of himself, he would spend days and weeks and months at one piece, never leaving it till it had attained the greatest perfection. During the latter part of his life he made a few visits to England, where he was always a welcome guest, and spent some time on the Island of Majorca in the Mediterranean with the Sand family; here, for a time the balmy climate and the cheerful companionship of Madame Sand began to chase sad thoughts and mournful presentiments away, and to breathe new life into his soul; but only for a time.

When he returned to Paris, again broken in health and spirits, Chopin looked forward to death to release him from his sufferings. His end was a peaceful one, surrounded by the consolations of religion and friends. Liszt in speaking of Chopin, whom he strongly admired, both as man and artist, says, "Let us regard him as one of those whom the belief of the people marks as 'Good genii!' The attribution of superior powers to beings believed to be beneficent to man, has received a sublime confirmation from a great Italian poet, who defines genius as a 'stronger impress of the Divinity!' Let us bow before all who are marked with this mystic seal; but let us venerate with the deepest, truest, tenderness those who have only used their wondrous supremacy to give life and expression to the highest and most exquisite feelings! and among the pure and beneficent genii of earth must indubitably be ranked the artist Chopin."

MERCEDES DOYLE.

Letter Box.

THE HIBISCUS,
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

DEAR S. P.:

I have waited a favorable opportunity for a chat that I might tell you of the beauty of this Garden of the South, which is simply delightful.

I was not deeply impressed on my arrival nor in a mood to enjoy nature because of the fatigue inseparable from the long journey, but, no sooner had I opened my eyes, next morning, than I involuntarily exclaimed, Oh, what a paradise!

I left my hotel, The Hibiscus, so called from the flower of this name, which grows here in abundance. It is red and rose in color, and the walks that surround the hotel have rows and rows of this beautiful flower. Continuing my tour of exploration, I came to the Royal Poinciana, a magnificent hotel whose courts, gardens, cocoanut-palm groves, winding walks, flowers, plants and shrubs leave a never-to-be-forgotten impression. From there I walked down Palm Avenue, with its rows of palms, oleanders and hibiscus plants—and thought of heaven—could it be more beautiful—if not, I was certainly in paradise! I walked on till I came to "The Breakers," another grand hotel, under the same management, and given the name principally because it overlooks the Atlantic Ocean. Adjoining this hotel is a Casino, to which at 11 a. m.—the fashionable hour for bathers—persons from the hotels who find the surf too rough may bathe in a pool without incurring the least danger of drowning. Swimming lessons also are given, and it is most interesting to look on.

Since my first day's walk I have been taking a wheel-chair. It is the only way to get around here, as horses or carriages are not allowed on this side of Palm Beach. On the other side, called "West Palm Beach," one may ride around for a small cost, and see the beauties of nature. The wheel-chair is a combination of chair and bicycle. You sit in the chair, and a colored boy rides the bicycle at the back. I went to the "Garden of Eden" in one, passing through orange groves and pineapple plantations; then I visited the "Alligator Farm." It is reached through a natural jungle or winding path of five miles—

perfectly lovely, with trailing and drooping vines, and birds flying in every direction.

My first glimpse of the ferocious reptile was not reassuring. The man in charge, known as the original "Alligator Joe," was giving an exhibition of his method of capturing the crocodile and alligator, and, at sight of him, I wondered if he was the reptile, so repulsive and like one did he look—not jesting, I think he must have weighed four hundred pounds. He took a long pole, and the crocodiles leaped over one another into a mud pool—there was very little water in it. Then he spoke of their different sizes and ages—one crocodile there, a horrible-looking specimen, with large protruding green eyes, head shaped like a cow's, and an immense body—was twelve hundred years old, and weighed about eight hundred pounds. They are fed only twice a week on fish and raw meat—the baby alligators are fed on raw meat, cut fine.

Although alligators are captured here, articles made from their skin are more expensive than in the North. The process through which the skin goes increases the price. It is so with every thing that grows here—oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, and cocoanuts are all more expensive than elsewhere. A rare occasion it is to be given an orange or anything in growth here, for each one is valued highly. The orange-blossoms are beautiful, and their fragrance in the orange groves delicious.

Palm Beach is beautifully situated, with Lake Worth on one side and the mighty ocean on the other. Innumerable wild ducks nestle in its waters, and it is delightful to watch and feed them from the wharf. When called by a faint whistle, they fly to you, knowing they are going to get something to eat. In front of the hotels, a short distance on Lake Worth, these ducks are protected, and cannot be shot. As if by instinct, they flock there.

Many species of birds may be seen here. Buzzards, immense black birds, with huge wings, keep in the woods and seldom alight where they can be shot.

I took a trip up the Loxachatchie River and saw alligators coming out of the water to get a sun-bath. When they hear the noise made by the motion of a boat, or anything that attracts them, they glide back into the water to avoid being caught. I also saw a great many water-

snakes—and killed a black one about six feet long, that was all coiled up on a log. Rattlesnakes are numerous, too, but, so far, I am glad to say I have not encountered any. The other morning, from the fishing pier I noticed an immense object being hauled out of the water. Wishing to know what it was I inquired, and found it was a shark—and so close to the bathers! People who come here year after year, never mind this, but I was so frightened at the very thought that nothing would induce me to go in again.

The colored people here are a different type from those in Bermuda. There they take an interest in their native place, and are so energetic, ambitious, and always courteous. Here they are very coarse, and like the typical negro of the North. I am really afraid of some of them.

I have a great deal more to tell you when I return, which will be in a few weeks. Au revoir.

MARIE MCINTYRE.

LORETO CONVENT,
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

DEAR RAINBOW:

May the thirty-first was the occasion of an enjoyable social event at Loreto Convent. A banquet in honor of the graduates, Miss Maher, Miss O'Neill and Miss Anna Kelly, was given by the juniors, with Rev. I. Malone, S. J., and the graduates of '08 as special guests.

The dining-hall was tastefully festooned with blue and white, the class colors, while Loreto pennants and ferns aided in producing a very pleasing effect. The table presented a charming sight. The color scheme was effectively carried out in the dainty candle shades, favors, and place cards, each being decorated with forget-me-nots and tied with the class colors; while the glowing faces surrounding the festal board revealed the happy spirit which permeates the school life of the young ladies and added a crowning charm to the bright scene.

The dainties were served by three attractive waitresses, attired in quaint and becoming costumes. At the end of the banquet much merriment was excited as the "revelations of the magic glass" were read by Miss Lulu Bohn, prophetess.

The toastmistress, Miss Agnes Kelly, then proposed "Our School," to which Miss Agnes

Clarke gracefully replied. Miss Maher, with well-chosen words, responded to the toast, "Our Teachers," and voiced the gratitude of the class towards those whose efforts were to lead them ever to "Earth's Noblest Thing, Woman Perfected." The toast, "Our Reverend Guest," received an eloquent response from our loved Father. Miss O'Neill in happy words responded to the toast, "Our Graduates," and Miss Anna Kelly to—

"Happy days gone by,
Happy moments fled,
Ne'er to come again,
'Naught but memories in their stead."

Auld Lang Syne, sung by all present, was a fitting close for an evening which was filled with the joys of memory and hope.

"Be we near or be we far,
May God's blessing, like a star,
Shine upon us everywhere."

A JUNIOR.

LORETO CONVENT,
TARA HALL, SIMLA, INDIA.

MY DEAR S. M. F.—

The RAINBOW, received a few days before I left Calcutta, was, as usual, read with much interest.

I escaped all the snows, this year, as I left Simla for Calcutta with the school party, on the tenth of December, and only returned on the twenty-seventh of February, to find the Hills looking rather barren, but the weather bright and sunny.

Those who spent the winter on the Himalayas look much better than we who have just returned from the plains. We had a grand holiday at our Indian Alma Mater, and our good Mother Provincial made it very pleasant for all.

Of course, you have heard of the marriage of Lord Minto's youngest daughter, Lady Violet Elliot. A large piece of her wedding-cake and a wedding-favor were sent to the convent, so we all ate some of the cake and wished many years of happiness to the bride and bridegroom.

The following account of the event is from the "Illustrated Times of India":

"The great social function of the Calcutta season was the recent wedding of Lady Violet Elliot,

the third and youngest daughter of Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Minto, to Captain Lord Charles Fitzmaurice of the Royal Dragoons, the second son of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The military element helped to add to the picturesqueness of the procession; the Gordon Highlanders and the Royal West Kent Regiment, respectively, acting as Guards of Honor at the Cathedral and Government House, while the route was lined with Indian troops. The scene in the Cathedral was magnificent. In addition to the beautiful floral decorations, the dainty confections of the ladies, mingled with the brilliant colors of the military uniforms, blended to form an attractive effect.

The clock had just chimed half-past three when the pennons of the lances carried by the Viceroy's Body-Guard were seen, and the order was given to the soldiers to 'present arms.' Thus they stood until the state carriage, in which were seated His Excellency and Lady Violet Elliot, who was smiling and looking very happy, passed.

As the bride entered the church, the strains of the National Anthem rang out.

The bridegroom, who was accompanied by his brother officer, Captain H. D. McNeile, awaited at the chancel rail the arrival of the bride, who looked lovely, and was attended by the young daughters of the Hon. Sir Erle and Lady Richards, Miss Enid and Miss Katharine, and little Miss Shorrock, as bridesmaids. They were dressed in pale blue silk voile, and wore Juliet caps of silver and pearl embroidery, and carried bunches of violets. Their gifts from the bridegroom were pearl necklaces.

The service was the usual choral one, the music being furnished by the Viceroy's orchestra, conducted by Herr Büchner, and two organists.

While the register was being signed, a hymn was sung, followed by a 'Song of Thanksgiving,' written by the Scottish poet, James Thompson, and beautifully rendered by Miss Katharine Jones, to the organ accompaniment, the choir and orchestra joining in the last verse.

As the bride and bridegroom left the Cathedral, Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by the orchestra, with an organ obligato, played by Mr. Slater. Leaving the Cathedral, Lord and Lady Fitzmaurice again passed under an arch of swords, held by members of the Viceregal and Headquarters' Staff.

Within the hour, the bride and bridegroom drove back to Government House. Close behind the Viceregal Body-Guard came H. E. Lord Kitchener, the Chief Justice, and the remainder of the guests.

The scene at the reception was extremely brilliant, some six hundred persons being present. The lovely frocks of the women, the varied uniforms of the men, and the brilliancy of the colors worn by the Indian guests, among whom were the Maharajahs of Gwalior, Idar, Cooch Behar, Burdwan, &c., contributed to make a picture which it is difficult to describe.

The presents, which were displayed in the Marble Hall in the Government House, made a bewilderingly splendid show, the wealth of valuable silver bowls, salvers, and ornaments being particularly noticeable. During the afternoon, a telegram, expressing felicitations, was received from the King.

Lord and Lady Charles Fitzmaurice proceeded to Barrackpore for the honeymoon."

As you and some of the RAINBOW readers had met Lord Minto and his family, during their sojourn in Canada, when he was Governor-General there, I thought you would be interested in these details.

S. M. P.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR SR. F.—

At last, I have time to send a line from the banks of the Thames. As I write, it occurs to me that a waterfall has often had its music set to words by poets. A Thames weir is a song without words. It may be lauded and loved, but the poet who could do it verbal justice, leaves it respectfully to its own perfect interpretation. No one could tackle Marlow Weir as Southey attacked Lodore. Let us row up the backwater and listen to it. The swift eddies carry on the music of the tumbling water in their impetuous youthful way. How beautiful and rhythmical is the foamy din, rising and falling for no assignable cause, with a hundred undertones of ripple and plunge and race, like the murmuring ghost-music that always accompanies a complete ring of bells if you stand underneath the belfry and listen for it. To-day, if Mercury be a true prophet, the weather will again be fine, and Thames has in

store for us such delights as shall almost reconcile us to the loss of those that are already stowed away in Time's dorsal wallet.

We are early afloat, and feel a proprietary right in the beauty of the day. There are a few early anglers out, but we bear them no grudge. They have pegged out their claims to the summer-day goldfield by means of punts and rypecks. The rush has not begun yet, and there is room for us all, so neighborly feelings predominate, and we so far merge our nationality in the citizenship of the river as to exchange friendly greetings with the contemplative fishermen. They be still, as in Walton's day, such good, kindly, honest folk, barring their poetical licenses after dinner, that the contemplative oarsman's heart goes out to his stationary congener. *Lenis incidas* be your word to the boat as you pass lest you ruffle the water, and rob the angler of the really, without joking, biggest fish that ever sampled his bait, and was scared away by clumsy fools sculling close past him. Once only have we had words other than right pleasant words with a man fishing—we will not call him a brother of the angle. He was a Bank-holiday Midlander, striving to inflict suffering on the fish of the Warwickshire Avon. He was of the clan of Shimei, went on muttering, and would have thrown stones also, but there was nothing save dock leaves and colt's-foot and corrective nettles ready to his hand. Unwilling to ruffle Shakespearean air more than we had ruffled the lothly alien's fishing pitch, we spoke him ironically fair, and made him more and more fruitlessly furious; and so on towards Harvington, gladder and wiser men.

Quarry Woods and the river aspect in this region are rather like some portions of the Warwickshire Avon, though the fair hillsides are too evidently marked down by the builder for a prey. Let him at least deal gently and conformably with the glorious site, and forgiving Nature will heal his havoc, and presently apply her dock leaves to his æsthetic nettles. By Spade Oak Ferry we come to quite a different phase of Thames scenery—wide and open to the air, delightful enough now, and wild enough when, as once, we had to fly Cookhamwards before piling copper-colored thunder clouds, with the big rain-drops beginning to pit the sullen water, and Cookham Bridge still a thorough wetting-while off.

By Bourne End, or Bone End, as some old books unpoetically render it, is a reach beloved by sailing boats. There are two or three of these swallows of the river sailing about now in all directions, with that lofty disregard of the wind's quarter which always staggers the unscientific outsider. By Bourne End Mill the Wyke enters the Thames, and yet no philosopher has thought of christening the augmented stream the Thameswyke. Why this slight to a deserving tributary? Dorchester pauses for a reply.

Cookham is so sweet a spot that one grows into loving even its meagre and insignificant bridge. After the comparatively barren way immediately behind us, we hail with fresh rapture the wooded glories now about to be revealed. Cookham church prepares us for the charms of the village, and among numerous decent hostelries there is one which by name and nature irresistibly draws our devious and delighted steps. Bel and the Dragon—who that loves inns as good inns ought to be loved in these hotel-company days would not make a pilgrimage to an inn with such a sign? Bel and the Dragon may be a misplaced or ironical relic of Puritan tyranny. Certes there is neither greed nor fraud about Mr. Warboys; and his *al fresco* coffee-room and his fragrant rose garden are memories which it gives me hearty joy to revive. Clean the poet, from the Isles of Greece, would feel content on such a day as this to change his Cyclades for the sparkling weirs and verdant eyots of Cookham.

"Here will I lie while these long branches sway,
And yon fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out, as if at merry play."

But the day is yet far too young for stars. The light that goes in and out, as if at merry play, is sunlight sifted through quivering leaves that give it never a moment's real rest. In this green and luminous solitude we join hands, without the exertion of moving from our recumbency, with Marvel, in the garden whereof he wrote:

Two paradises are in one,
To dwell in paradise alone.

"Society," as Marvel also sings, "is all but rude to this delicious solitude." Alas! Society of some sort has been altogether wanting in good manners to the particularly delicious solitude we have happily chanced upon. For the Naiad's

haunts here are so profaned with empty bottles and loose papers that, quickly, as if we had pitched a picnic camp upon an ant-hill, we move off and find an unprofaned shade lower down.

Past Cliveden Woods we float slowly and almost silently. The sunlight is flickering up from the iron-white glow on the water to the green roof of overhanging leaves, and shining back again, faint and fantastic, upon the dusky green of the mergent waters. The meadow opposite is bathed in an opulent golden glow, and a "fisher in his chair deftly whips the dimpled deeps." So do Ben Jonson's immortal lines transform themselves while inevitably we draw nearer and nearer to the vulgarized charms of Boulter's Lock. By Ray Mead and Taplow every prospect pleases, the charms of nature being handicapped only by the comparative inadequacy of the prevalent mankind. Carmine and violet powder seem to be largely adopted just about here by the fair as a preventive of the effects of sunshine and open air. But they accord not with the simplicity of nature's neatnesses, any more than the cummerbunds and unheraldic straw hats. Past the arid stretch below Maidenhead Bridge, we come to the grateful green of the rushes and osiers, over which Bray Church so picturesquely peeps. We will call a halt at Monkey Island, to explore the quaint and desirable domain, and to recruit ourselves with a late luncheon, very comfortably and civilly served. Anon the little excursion launch gathers its scattered flock together with shrill whistling, and bustles away to Windsor, while we meditatively listen to the flop, flop, of the wash against the shores of our temporary isle.

In twilight and moonlight we will approach Windsor, grand and glorious, but, alas! associated with a very brief railway journey from Paddington or Waterloo. We will veil our nearness to home by the romance of an uncertain light, and in the silence of the darkling river, fancy ourselves hundreds of years behind the times and scores of miles further up the stream. Here we are approaching scenes sacred to Etonian tradition and sung by—who shall say—how many bards, from the master Gray himself to Mr. *Punch's* mellifluous but still anonymous Etonian Sportive Songster. How wide and trackless the river looks here! and the Great Western Railway bridge shows in the moonlight

like a bit of the Crystal Palace. The Castle stands up more grandly than it ever did before—a way which Windsor Castle has whenever one sees it under any conceivable circumstances. Here are the elms in the Brocas, mystic and wonderful in this light, and here the comfortable "Bridge House" with its boats and its pretty balconies. But to-night for old sake's sake, we will up the hill to the "Castle," hoping that the paternal waiter is still there who saw that one had a good dinner, and seemed to take a personal pleasure in seeing to it—and that is the sum and crown of all good waiterhood, as good waiterhood is the sum and crown of the resting traveller's comfort.

D. W.

S. S. "ROMANIC."

DEAR FRIEND:

Yesterday, we disembarked, according to custom, at the Island of St. Michael, and remained sightseeing about three hours. The small town—18,000 inhabitants—has been settled since 1439. It has clean, narrow, well-paved streets. The island, towards the shore, presents a rugged and rather unprepossessing appearance. All along the shore, for miles, small towns could be seen here and there, ensconced in a basin-like valley between the hills. We found the people simple, orderly, and honest. The costumes of the women are rather unique and quaint. Some of them wear rich silk gowns, with a handkerchief for a head-gear, while others of the upper class wear a large blue cloak, with a hood held in a curved position by a long piece of whalebone.

The birds are numerous, brightly-colored, and beautiful—the canary, goldfinch, wagtail, black-cap, and many others whose joyous notes from morn till night greet you from every bush and tree. There are also the kite, screech-owl and ordinary owl, and the usual sea-birds live on the cliffs of the islands.

Nature has given the Azores a remarkable climate, one where everything under the sun grows—and grows well.

The amusements of the people are extremely limited, and are confined chiefly to religious festivals, at which times all friends and relatives assemble to dance, sing, and renew their bonds. In some rural parishes, it is an ancient custom to represent plays or farces in the open air. The

simple—and often almost illiterate—peasants display surprising skill in portraying their various parts. Nearly every village has its brass bands, which have attained different degrees of proficiency, according to the knowledge and skill of the musicians.

Our meanderings through the town, with its many solid, substantial houses, chiefly built of stone, were very interesting. The houses are all numbered, and the streets have names. As we hastily passed along, we were greeted and welcomed by the good people by a nod of the head and a smile. We returned their salutations by a "good morning," which words were, to the majority, perfectly incomprehensible. Some of the men who had resided, for some time, in the United States, could speak English fairly well, while others could master a sufficient number of words to be able to ask us to accept them as guides. Some, too, principally old women and little children, made motions to give them alms. Altogether, however, we found them courteous and polite, and not inclined to bitterly resent our somewhat unjust criticisms. The storekeepers were not exorbitant in their charges, and most scrupulously exact in dispensing change. The first place of importance which we entered was the old and imposing structure, situated adjacent to the dock. This structure is a rough-cast church, with rounded arches, gilded sanctuaries, and exquisite wood-carvings. At the precise time of our entrance, two priests were celebrating Mass and engaged in the sublime act of administering Holy Communion. We all knelt down and paid our respects to our dear Lord and asked Him to bless and protect us during our voyage. Like almost all churches of the kind, it is replete with relics of various descriptions, and rich ornaments. We were shown a set of vestments of the fourteenth century, and an ostensorium of immense value and of rare and delicate workmanship. As is the custom in European places of worship, there were no pews.

Thence we wended our devious ways up hill and down dale until we reached the far-famed and justly-to-be-proud-of gardens. The flowers and tropical fruits that grew in wild and abundant profusion met us on every side. The rugged and projecting rocks, the natural bridges over little crystal streams, and the clean walks, were the chief attractions. Several people brought

kodaks with them and took pictures of the party and the various charming scenes.

On our return, we espied another church, which we entered and subjected to inspection. The altar at which the Blessed Sacrament is kept was certainly richly ornamented and decorated. There is always something that inspires awe and reverence on entering a Catholic Church. This feeling is frequently experienced by persons of an alien faith, or none at all. With our party was a lady from the West, who lowered her voice to a whisper when asking questions and making comments. Another entered quietly and, unseen, sat down in a remote corner, and remained silent for some time. She said afterwards, when narrating the surprising incident, that her strange conduct was inexplicable. It seemed as if she were in the very presence of God and He was speaking to her tired, troubled, and wayward heart.

On our return to the dock, we encountered the remaining members of the party, tired and fatigued, but well pleased with the few hours' tramping, and the golden opportunity afforded them to banish the monotony of such a long ride on the dancing and laughing waters. About twenty of us climbed into a little boat, rowed by two sturdy natives, and proceeded to the steamer, singing all the appropriate sea-songs of which we could think. About the middle of the shallow harbor, the boat halted and the men demanded the price of our fare, which being satisfactorily settled, we continued, with various heavings and occasional dashes of water, until we reached the large ship, which seemed to increase in size as we approached it. Some of the straggling members had the ill luck of unwillingly receiving a light shower of rain which we, who were earlier, fortunately escaped.

* * * * *

We arrived at Naples at eight o'clock and forthwith proceeded to the custom-house where, after a little vexatious delay, we took carriages for the hotel. On our way, all manner of amusing scenes confronted us. Various degrees and classes of beggars were to be seen plying their lucrative trade. At one time, we met a haggard, emaciated, wretched-looking old woman, or man; at another, a little boy, or girl, thinly and poorly clad; at another, boys selling books, cards and

views. In fact, throughout all our stay, we were constantly tortured and annoyed by these different classes. They would be looking in at the windows while we were at meals, confronting us when we stepped out of doors, and when we went in. The last thing at night and the first in the morning, were the constant cries of the venders and beggars. Sometimes the latter would run along the side of the carriages and send up their pitiful cries for alms. I confess that I have not, as a rule, much sympathy with professional beggars, though I have no serious objections to aiding people, if I really believe them in want. It was very amusing to see the barbers right out on the streets, and an ox and a donkey hitched together, drawing a heavy load on a two-wheeled vehicle. You very rarely see heavy loads drawn on a regular four-wheeled wagon, as in America. The horses used for trucks and carriages are very small but tough and hardy. They have almost limitless endurance. With the very fashionable people, you sometimes meet with large, beautiful horses, drawing gorgeous and luxurious equipages. The streets are narrow, well-paved, and not scrupulously clean. There are no sprinklers. The officials go about with a hose and sprinkle the streets by instalments. It is quite evident that there are no milk-wagons, for large, healthy cows can be seen, every few hundred yards, being milked into cans or bottles. By this method, people receive pure milk, since the venders have no opportunity to mix it with anything else. As far as we went, we very rarely saw any sheep. The old-fashioned, shrewd, and stubborn goats may be seen everywhere. Their milk is frequently used by many.

Wine is as plentiful as water is with us, but drunkenness is rare. During our visit, thus far, we have not observed a single case of even a semblance of intoxication, although we travelled through the most congested districts. We drove through some narrow streets where the people were packed like sardines. You know the Italian is boisterous and makes wild gesticulations, almost at every word, but he can be, at times, very courteous, polite, and gracious.

As we passed along, churches, some large and others small, seemed to be at every corner, and pictures of the Blessed Virgin and the saints were to be seen over the doors and in the smaller

stores. For the past half century, these people who have excelled all other nations in the cultivation of the higher arts and sciences, have been fast deteriorating in religion. All their great and lasting work was accomplished when the Church was at the zenith of her power. If you enter any of their churches or museums, and examine their marvellous paintings or statues, you will, invariably, be informed that they are two hundred, or more, years old, and they were produced by men of intense religious fervor—not by infidels, agnostics, or atheists. It would not be worth while for a foreigner to visit Italy, at all, if all these choice and rare productions were removed.

On the night of our landing, the whole city was illuminated by fireworks, in honor of St. Anne. Some of our tourists declared they never saw anything to surpass them in America, on the fourth of July, or any other great national holiday.

Naples has a population of nearly 700,000 souls, but very few of the men attend church services regularly. The atmosphere is tainted by some incomprehensible and subtle poison. It reminds one of a rich garment that has long since become faded and discolored, or of a noble family that has become reduced in circumstances.

Well, on Sunday, after dinner, we took carriages and drove to the monastery of St. Martin, which is now used as a national museum—it is a favorite ruse of the Government when hard up, to step in and confiscate a building which has belonged for ages to innocent, harmless, inoffensive monks. We arrived too late to see the interior, but were almost repaid for our journey by the view presented to our gaze. The old and much-abused monks certainly had an eye for the beauties and charms of nature. The clear blue sky, the lovely flowers, the crystal streams, must have afforded them subjects for frequent meditation, and served to mollify their rigid austerities.

On our return, we drove over a road known as the Posilipo. Twice we stopped, and all alighted to take a good view of the Bay of Naples. There is scarcely any one who has not read of the beauties of this expanse of water, lying placidly and calmly between the hills and mountains. Like many other things, we always think that the narrators are drawing copious draughts from their vivid imaginations and that, in consequence, they are indulging in the lan-

guage of exaggeration. But the real description of the surpassing beauties of the Bay of Naples would baffle the power of the greatest genius that ever handled a pen. The wisest thing to do is, to simply gaze and drink in, in silence, the whole scene. Our drive wound around in a kind of serpentine fashion, so that we had a many-sided view. I am glad that I have lived to see it, and I hope that a like privilege may be yours before your final departure from this mundane sphere. We also had an opportunity to visit the Royal Palace, which was erected by a Spanish king, in 1600. It is now occupied by the present king, about once or twice a year. The gorgeous and luxurious rooms, the choice productions of art, the tapestries, confronted us at every step. Many of the works of the great masters were suspended from the walls.

The next day, we drove to Pompeii, which was partly destroyed by an earthquake, and finally, completely inundated by an eruption of the volcano adjacent to Vesuvius, called Somma, in 79. After many centuries, some men, looking for a water duct, accidentally discovered a part of the ruins. Investigations were eagerly pursued and many choice productions of art were discovered. It must have been a rich city, when the ruins are so imposing. Bodies and vases were found in an almost complete state of preservation.

In walking through the various streets, we are reminded that the pavement under our feet and the walls of the houses are, perhaps, three or four thousand years old. You can also form some vague idea of what forces the Christian Church had to contend with. Here are evidences of a high degree of culture and refinement, side by side with the grossest forms of immorality. She found woman the slave and the toy of man, and she made her a queen; she found the child of little or no importance, and the parents holding the right over him of life and death, and she made him an embryo king; she found slavery in full swing, and she taught the world that the dignity of even the most insignificant specimens of humanity far surpasses that of all the creatures of God.

It is said that two-thirds of the total population of 30,000 were slaves.

On the following day, we took the boat for Capri, distant about two hours' ride from Naples. This small island of about five thou-

sand inhabitants, is very beautifully situated in the ocean. After dinner, we returned, but before arriving at the hotel, we took carriages for the celebrated cathedral of St. Januarius. The blood of this saint who was martyred during the tenth persecution during the reign of Diocletian, liquifies every year. Scientists who have no faith have tried to explain the phenomenon by natural means, but, thus far, their efforts have been a failure. There is a statue in this church which is the work of Michael Angelo. The altars, massive pillars, decorations, &c., are all calculated to impress one with the solemnity and sublimity of the place.

My next letter will be from Rome.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

DEAR MOTHER:

I had to breathe deep several times this morning, while dressing, to be sure I was still "in the flesh." It seemed as though I must be dreaming. The view up the Bosphorus from my bedroom window was magnificent. The sun was just rising above the hills on the Asiatic side and sending a flood of gold over the land and water. The country has been refreshed by the rains, and yet touches of autumn are seen in the trees and vines. I saw a beautiful bit as I went up, yesterday. A woodbine had fallen like a scalloped curtain over a gray stone wall on the shore. It had turned brilliant scarlet and was reflected in the blue waters below. In addition to the beautiful things in nature, which I saw this morning from my window, were the walls and towers you have seen pictured in the postals.

As I climbed the hill, yesterday, I felt I saw a living picture, taken from the Bible. A shepherd in ancient garb was watching his flock, which was feeding on the hillside. There are so many things which make the Bible stories seem very real.

I had a great time getting to Hissar. There are time-tables but they avail little. Sunset changes every few days. It is now 5:08. So if I want an 11, a. m. boat, I take 5:52, a. m. boat, Turkish time. Do not try to figure it out; 5:08 sunset means 5:08 sunrise, next morning—when they begin with 1 again. We add six to

their time for ours—so 11:08, a. m., would be 6, a. m., à la Turk, but we wish to leave at 11, a. m., so subtract 8 minutes from 6 hours—hence 5:52. When we want a 4, p. m., boat, we take an 11 o'clock boat—do you see why?

You have heard about the beating down here. I succeeded, to the amount of four cents, yesterday. I wanted a *caïque*. I said "Katch?" He said "Besh." I shrugged my shoulders—a necessary proceeding—and replied "Yoke"—"Uch?" He shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes. I walked off. He followed, saying, "Durt, Madam, durt." I said "Avet," and stepped in. Is that not an interesting conversation? *Besh* means five piasters—twenty cents—*Uch*, three, and *Durt*, four. You see we compromised. *Yoke* means no, *Avet* means yes. We talk with every part of our anatomy here. It is said that "all signs fail in dry weather"—I hope we will not have any dry weather until I have more Turkish at my command, for signs are most useful now.

The great Mohammedan fast season—like Lent with us—is on now. But they do not really fast. They simply invert the times of eating—fast during the day—eat and feast all night. It is called "Ramazan," and is a festal time. The city is illuminated during forty days. It is a fairyland picture each night. The Mosques are beautifully lighted, and the streets are decorated gaily. With all their gaiety the Turks never get drunk.

A gun is fired about 4:30, a. m., which tells the people to eat their last meal for the day. At sunset, guns are fired and it is time to eat. I was returning on the boat, this evening, when the cannon boomed. Instantly men began to eat cakes and buns of all sorts,—or lighted cigarettes. Some offered food to others. One fine-looking young man had sat near me, cross-legged, upon one of the seats, saying his prayers. The instant the gun fired, he took out a parcel and began to eat. Many an un-orthodox Turk eats as usual during this time.

Seven young people dropped in to tea, last evening, and there were almost as many nationalities as people present—two French, one Scotch, one Turkish, and three types of Americans—eastern, western, and southern. Oh, yes, there was a Greek, too. It is very interesting to meet these people, for they come from places of

which we have been hearing all our lives. Think of living in sight of the Acropolis!

One of the sights I saw, last week, was a gorgeous Greek funeral. Gorgeous is just the word. First two dozen men, bearing enormous wreaths—some of natural flowers, some artificial—then priests in magnificent crimson satin gold-embroidered robes—at least, twenty-five—among them boys, carrying great glittering ornaments, candles, &c. Then a man, carrying a coffin-lid. More priests, then the pall-bearers, carrying the open coffin, with corpse exposed. It is against Turkish law for Greeks to be covered. It was a most unusual sight, but not repulsive, for the man was young and well dressed in a full-dress suit, patent leather shoes, &c. The body was on cushions, which raised it above the sides of the coffin.

A week ago, I saw the funeral of a poor man. The box was wrapped in old rugs and blankets, tied on with ropes, and thrown into the grave. The mourners ran away then, so that the evil spirit when it left the corpse could not reach them. Turkish funerals are horrid things.

We had a nice ride, last Saturday. It was a perfect day, so we had a magnificent view up and down the Bosphorus, out over the Sea of Marmora, eastward over Asia, and westward over the beautiful city, called *Chämlajäh*, from the top of the hill.

Au revoir.

ANNE.

MANGOWEKA, NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR SISTER C.—

Would you like to hear something about Rotorua, the Wonderland of New Zealand? The greatest wonders, to my mind, are at Whakarewarewa, a Maori village situated about two miles from the town of Rotorua. The place simply boils and bubbles all over. Driving up to it, all you can see is steam and boiling water shooting up out of the earth. The heat is intense. We were met on the bridge by the Maori guides—all women. It is absolutely necessary to have them, as it is unsafe to walk around the place. Persons have lost their lives by stepping into a bottomless hot pool. In three different places, the mud boils—in one it leaps into the air, about two feet, and looks just like jumping frogs. In another, it boils and bubbles, and each

bubble takes the form of a large full-blown rose. In the third, called the porridge pot, it boils like porridge when cooking.

There are innumerable pools of hot water, into one of which if you throw a handful of the earth—which is composed mostly of pumice—it will sizzle and bubble like champagne; while if you throw pails of it into the pool just beside it, they will have no effect. The natives do all their cooking in the natural steam, and their washing in the natural hot water. Fuel is not included in their expenses.

There is an immense geyser which at all times emits steam, and, at short intervals, shoots the water for many feet. It is a beautiful sight.

The guides are clever, good-natured, and very interesting. The two we had were named, respectively, guide Beatrice and guide Lizzie. They speak English well, and, as a race, are really clever, but delicate, having a tendency to tubercular trouble.

Our drive, the next day, to Waimangu showed us the steaming cliff, where the eruption took place, in 1886. All over this cliff, steam comes out, and from one immense hole in its side, called the blow-hole, steam issues at a terrific rate. The ground here is lava, pumice, and great rocks and boulders, which were thrown from the mouth of the crater.

Nearby is the gridiron or frying-pan. For about one hundred yards the ground sizzles like grease on a pan, and the steam and heat from the ground are suffocating. You cannot stand upon it for more than a second without being burned. I have an idea that the whole place will blow up or sink, but T—— thinks that the quantity of steam which escapes acts as a safety valve.

As we drove on, we came to the ruins of a small village, which disappeared during the eruption. Sixty people were saved in a little hut by an old Maori guide, named Sophia, who still lives. A young English journalist—Mr. Bainbridge—perished here. We crossed a boiling lake in a launch and saw the site of what was once very beautiful pink and white natural stone terraces, which disappeared at the same time. We drove past a decidedly blue and green lake. I wish you could see these places, for really I cannot give you any idea of what they are. I have frequently read of geysers, craters, extinct

volcanoes, &c., but I have never looked on anything more wonderful than what may be seen here.

We attended a Maori entertainment. The men did the “Haka”—war dance—and of all grotesque performances, this was the worst. They try to make themselves as ugly as possible by grimacing and uttering the most unearthly yells and war-cries—candidly, I was almost afraid of them. But the “Poi Dance,” done by the girls, is as pretty as it can be and most graceful. They use Poi balls, one in each hand, on a short string, and you can have no idea how it looks. Of course, they wear the Maori costume.

On the eighteenth, we leave New Zealand for Tasmania, remain there three weeks, and then return to Australia.

Affectionate remembrance to all the nuns.

LENA T. POWER.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR S. F.—

You are waiting for the fulfilment of my promise to give you a description of the sumptuous apartments occupied by Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra, during their recent visit to Berlin. I was privileged to inspect these suites, the finest in the Castle, and reserved exclusively for the most honored guests.

To Queen Alexandra were allotted the Königs-kammern, four magnificent salons, the “Red,” “Green,” and “Mirror” Halls, and the Throne Room of Frederick William II. The walls are covered with rich red and green damask and numerous paintings commemorative of Prussian military triumphs. Bleitreu’s famous “Sedan,” depicting the Emperor William I. receiving the letter of surrender of Napoleon III., is the most striking.

These rooms are on the first floor, and the windows look out over the broad open space in front of the building, and the fountains, statues, and ornamental shrubs of the Lustgarten, on to the imposing façade of the Old Museum. The eighteen lofty and massive Ionic pillars that support this structure, by many esteemed the masterpiece of Schinkel, the Wren of Berlin, were wreathed from top to bottom in pine foliage, picked out with artificial flowers, in the British

national colors. To the right towers the vast cupola of the Dom, with which the Emperor has carried out a favorite plan of his granduncle, King Edward's godfather, Frederick William IV., whose ambition it was to erect in front of his palace a superb church which should be at once the central sanctuary of the Lutheran faith and the last resting-place of the members of his dynasty. In the crypt beneath the Dom, have now been assembled from all parts of Prussia the bones of eighty-seven princes and princesses of the House of Hohenzollern.

From the Spiegelsaal one passes to the salon. The walls of this apartment are covered with rich brocade of a delicate green tint. The chairs are upholstered in Gobelin tapestry of floral design, and were presented by King Louis XVI. to the brother of Frederick the Great. Originally, they formed part of the appointments of the lakeside hunting Schloss of Reinsberg, where the greatest of all the Prussian Kings first set up an independent household, after his marriage. Several life-size portraits adorn the walls. Their subjects include Frederick the Great and August the Strong of Saxony, the maker of modern Dresden, famous as breaker alike of hearts and horseshoes, and father of a numerous and able progeny. Opposite him, perhaps by way of contrast, hangs a picture of the beautiful and unhappy Queen Luise, who died young, in her native Mecklenburg, at a time when Prussia was still under the heel of Napoleon. She stands beside her sister, and their arms are entwined round a bust of the Queen's father-in-law, Frederick William II. But presently a little group of smaller portraits in one corner arrests attention. There is Queen Victoria in the prime of life, the Emperor and Empress Frederick, as Crown Prince and Princess; and Princess Frederica of York.

Thought was also bestowed on the choice of the books which lay on the tables. Among them were several works on the Danish language, an album of photographs of Frederick Church, at Copenhagen, a German translation of Dante, "The Microcosm of London," and a colossal and sumptuous folio, which proved to be the catalogue de luxe of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's picture gallery. On the console were exposed two keepsake volumes, edited by Lady Blessington, and published in London in the late 'forties. A fam-

ily photograph, taken against the Sandringham haystacks, in November, 1902, struck another individual note. The windows were banked up with clumps of lily of the valley.

Adjoining the salon is the Arbeitzimmer, which, on this occasion may be translated by boudoir. The personal chord vibrated even more strongly here. On the writing-table stood large photographs of King Edward and the Prince of Wales, while another table presented a portrait of Her Majesty's brother, the King of Denmark. A Louis Seize bookcase contained a strangely varied assemblage of English works. The wall, like the chairs, is covered in pink brocade, and a life-size portrait of Catherine the Great forms a fitting feminine counterpart to Saxon August in the salon. A quaint astronomical clock, one hundred and thirty years old, which stands against one wall, announces the hours of sunrise and sunset with a ready melody that seems to echo up out of the long-forgotten past. Pink marble vases on the mantelpiece come down from the collection of Frederick the Great. As in the salon, the windows were filled with hothouse flowers, masses of lilac giving the dominant note.

Queen Alexandra's sleeping apartment is tapestried in deep red. The pictures include portraits of King Christian IV. of Denmark and of King Edward—the latter painted in 1843, by Hensel, when His Majesty was but two years old, for his godfather, the King of Prussia. The room is lighted by electric lamps concealed behind the cornice, the rays being reflected into and from the ceiling.

The first of the King's apartments which I inspected was the study. Its dark oak panelling is broken by three large Gobelin tapestries, representing those brilliant festivities which made the fame of Versailles. They were presented to the Prussian Court by Louis XIV. A cheerful air is imparted to the room by a light Persian carpet, in which the delicate pattern is worked out on a background of pale yellow. Here the writing-table is the most noteworthy feature. It holds photographs of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the Emperor and Empress Frederick. An album of views of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations has a prominent position, and two handsome red leather volumes on the

console-table invite closer examination. They turned out to be Mr. Winston Churchill's life of his father. The bronze figures on the mantel-piece are valuable acquisitions of Frederick the Great.

Most interesting of all, however, was His Majesty's salon. The centre of the room is occupied by a substantial table on which stand an enormous copper vessel, brimming over with fragrant flowers. But the most significant article of furniture is again the writing-table. On it stand two large autograph photographs. One is of Queen Victoria, and is dated 1899. The other is of Queen Alexandra, holding in her arms one of her grandchildren. Beneath the picture is written,—“Granny and baby, Alexandra.”

Before closing my description, I must add that the eye was everywhere struck by the many personal attentions which the Emperor paid to his guests in the furnishing of their quarters.

D. M.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Among the many notable events which were too late for the Easter number of the RAINBOW were the following: The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours, which was carried out with all the sublime ceremonial of Holy Mother Church. Hanna's Mass of the Sacred Heart was sung, congregationally, by the pupils. In the evening, Rev. S. J. Quigley, O. C. C., gave a most beautiful and earnest exhortation on the love of Christ as manifested in the Sacrament of the altar. Marzo's Mass was sung on the second day, and Gounod's Convent Mass on the third. The exercises were brought to a close by Rev. A. J. Smits, O. C. C., who delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

Another event worthy of chronicling was the beautiful spiritual “talk,” given by our old friend, Father Rosa, C. M.

On Holy Thursday, we were favored by a visit from our esteemed friend, Father Gillis, C. S. P., of Washington, who was accompanied by Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D., of London, England. Dr. Vaughan came to this country for the express purpose of studying missionary methods,

and to accomplish this purpose, spent some months at the House of the Apostolic Missions, Washington. Previous to his return to the homeland, he wished to have a glimpse of the far-famed Cataract, and expressed himself as being highly delighted with this wonder of Nature.

Another prominent visitor was Rev. F. Ethelbert, O. F. M. This famous Franciscan Father had been giving missions throughout Canada, and a very favorable gale wafted him to this part of the world. He, too, was entranced with the beauty of Niagara.

April twenty-first—Joy reigned supreme in the hearts of the older girls when it was announced that we were to have the great privilege of hearing the famous opera, “Il Trovatore.” You may be sure that no one kept our kind chaperon, Mrs. Coste, waiting that day, and we arrived “over the river” in time for the rising of the curtain. And how we did enjoy it, even though we did not understand the Italian, but, as we were nearly all acquainted with the opera, we were able to follow the singing pretty well. Miss G. Strauss, in the character of Azucena, was particularly fine, especially in the prison scene. The following was the programme:

IL TROVATORE.

Opera in Five Acts, by G. Verdi.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LeonoraMme. Bertossi
 AzucenaMiss G. Strauss
 Inez Mlle. Zarad
 MonricoMM. N. Bari
 Count of Luna.....MM. Zara
 Fernanda MM. Gravina
 Ruiz MM. Guilliano

Conductor, G. Merola.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1. Vestibule.
 Act 2. Gipsy camp.
 Act 3. Soldiers' camp.
 Act 4. Exterior of tower.
 Act 5. Prison. The scene is near Biscay and Aragon, in the 15th. century.

May first—The “May Bands” were chosen, as in former years, the leaders being Mary Eagan and Agnes Buddles.

May fourth—The visit of the famous Paulist Chorister Society of Chicago. One sad event cast a gloom over the bright concert to which we had so eagerly looked forward—the death of one of the choristers—Joseph Cronin—who caught a live wire while out sightseeing, and was killed instantly.

May seventh—The following candidates were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary—Rita Coyney, Kathleen O’Gorman, Madeleine McMahon, Neenah Brady, and May Maynell.

Rev. S. Quigley, O.C.C., gave a very soul-stirring and beautiful address to the favored ones who had the great privilege of enrolling themselves as Mary’s Children. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

May twelfth—Opening of the annual retreat, which was conducted again this year by our former spiritual guide, Rev. J. J. Burke, C. S. P., Editor of the *Catholic World*, New York City. The instructions were very practical and the lofty principles inculcated have spurred us on to the hope of attaining great things. The exercises were brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Papal Benediction.

May nineteenth—Another delightful treat from Father Rosa. This time Father took us on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, which are situated in the central part of the Pacific Ocean. It was of interest to hear that, near these islands, the depth of the water in one place was found to be ten miles, the greatest depth yet sounded in the Pacific Ocean. After an interesting talk on the climate, etc., of the islands, we were shown some of the natives. One old man in particular interested us very much. He was making a trip through the forest and carried his provisions and clothing in immense gourds, fastened to a pole slung over his shoulder. The women carry their children in a similar manner in wicker baskets, and the cunning little babies, peeping over the side of their strange carriage, delighted us. The native grass huts are made from the palm leaves of the cocoanut tree, woven together, and the walls inside look not unlike our matting. One particularly beautiful scene was the city of Honolulu, nestling at the foot of the mountain. In this city are the famous sugar-mills, and we were

shown all the different processes of making sugar from the time it enters the mill in the form of sugar-cane until it leaves it ready for the last process, that of refining. Many more beautiful scenes, too numerous to mention, followed, and then we were transported back to our own dear Falls and saw scenes of the recent monstrous ice-jam. Few of us had been fortunate enough to see this, as the jam was during the Easter vacation, and we were delighted to have such splendid views of it, together with Father Rosa’s clear and interesting description. A grand final scene of the entire Falls closed one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent at Loreto.

May twenty-first—Visit from Rev. W. J. Finn, Director of Paulist Chorister Society. The renowned musical director very kindly paid us a passing call on his return to Chicago. It is needless to say that we were delighted to have the pleasure of meeting him.

On Wednesday, the twenty-second, we were anticipating a lecture on the fascinating subject, spiritualism, by Father Malloy, at seven in the evening.

By half after seven, Father had not appeared, and we were beginning to realize our disappointment when a cheerful ring signalled the arrival of our welcome visitor.

The Reverend lecturer commenced with a statement pertaining to the extent of his affection for us, because he said, “We only go through difficulties for those we love,” and as he had gone through numerous ones for us he felt assured that his affection for us was great. It seemed thus after the series of experiences he related to us, just having a trolley car calmly run away from him, and then the necessary tramp in the clinging spring soil which clung so persistently to him, he was afraid to confront the Canadian custom-house officer, in case he would be held up for smuggling Niagara county real estate. After extracting all the evidences of his “constitutional,” Father reached the convent without further mishap.

As an introduction to his subject, Father explained to us the difference between spiritism, the doctrine of Christianity, and spiritualism, which is the occult attempt of man by natural reasons to look into that undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Under the term spiritualism is combined hypnotism, spiritualism and magnetism, these forces through which the soul of man is constantly endeavoring to pierce into after life, and see what there is to come.

Spiritualism has been in existence ever since the coming of man. Among the ancient peoples, such as the Grecians, Buddhists, and even in the history of God's chosen people, we read of witchcraft. Every age has these spiritual phenomena, and they could not all have been false, for as Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time"; so from this fact there must be something abnormal which transcends the natural order of things.

From an historical standpoint, Darwin, Spencer, Bob Ingersoll, Hegel of Germany, considered spiritualism nothing more than a brain secretion. The two Fox sisters brought table-rapping, telepathy, and hypnotism into the French Court in the days of Louis XV., but it was considered just a trick. Franklin investigated mesmerism and set it down as a mere fraud or mental weakness worthy of a long sojourn on a funny farm.

Spiritualism became so evident in every-day life that the scientists were compelled to investigate the matter, and formed the "London Society for Psychic Research."

Sir William Crooks, who was a very skeptical and materialistic scientist, had a spirit he named Katie King through a medium who answered and communicated with him and his family for two years. Father said this peer could not help believing in spirits after he had flirted with this one for two years.

These psychic phenomena became facts. Investigations were made on all sides and hypernormal, superphysical phenomena became evident under the highest authority. Examples can be given which transcend all physical laws. One is concerning Garlanda and MacDowell. After MacDowell, the musician, had died, Garlanda had a medium come into a room where a locked piano stood. The medium sat six feet from the piano, and, at her command, two bars of MacDowell music was reproduced and the voice of the dead musician corrected the mistakes of the pianist who played on the locked piano.

It is thought by some scientists long arms proceeded from the medium to do her bidding, but other scientists hold the theory that admits separate intelligence in the spirit-world, which some mortals, by an indefinite gift, have power to control.

This lecture made us think of Shakespeare, who said, "When graveyards yawn!" It filled us with the same awesome feeling, and, truly, a very subdued company of girls realized the mighty chasm which appears in the deepness of the unknown.

May twenty-fourth—Victoria Day—great anticipations as to the ultimate result of the long-looked-for ball game—but alas! some of the disabled Americans retired, leaving the field to the Canadians. In the evening, there was a brilliant display of fireworks, and rumor has it that one of the juniors set fire to the fence!

May thirty-first—Our Lady's month closed with the usual procession around the grounds, after which came the crowning of the statue by the leader of the victorious side—Agnes Buddles.

LILLICE MATHEWS.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Easter week was a golden one for the chronicler at the Mount, honored as it was by visitors from all parts, prominent among whom was Very Reverend E. J. Walsh, C. M., the scholarly President of Niagara University, N. Y.

The welcome which greeted our Reverend guest was of the most cordial. Although comparatively few of the students here are personally acquainted with Father Walsh, his fame has reached all, and those who were privileged to enjoy at Niagara Falls his Lectures and "Talks" on every subject, with their incomparable charm of diction and oratory, are eagerly anticipating a similar literary treat.

April twenty-second—One of the acknowledged pleasures of the scholastic term is the annual entertainment given in aid of the dear little orphans of St. Joseph's Convent. For this sweet charity, different talent has been engaged, from time to time, to furnish the public with the va-

riety, so aptly styled "the spice of life." Last year, the Hamiltonians lent their aid, but this time, the management secured the services of "The Village Singers of Boston," a clever company of selected vocalists, whose matinée performance we attended—and thoroughly enjoyed.

The comedy, entitled "College Days," was a huge success, and Mr. Moore's novel attempt at introducing order into his apartment elicited peals of laughter—as did the clever burlesque, "A Church Choir," which followed.

Among the more striking features of the programme should be mentioned the violin solos of Mr. James Trethewey, whose art places him on a high plane. His numbers—"Heyre Koti," "Serenady," "L'Extase," and "Hungarian Dance," were given with a clearness and delicacy of execution and a remarkable purity of tone, and were duly appreciated by the audience.

May first—Smiling skies, sunshine and the song of birds ushered in the ever-welcome May-Day—the fairest daughter of the Spring—and we sang the praises of our Queen, decorated her altars, and organized the "May Bands," under the leadership of Ellen Turner and Elizabeth McCloy, respectively.

May fourth—A trip to the Falls to hear the Paulist Chorister Society. How can I describe the joy of our merry party, that morning, as the train began to glide away—to fun and freedom and many delights of sound and sight!—the trees a symphony in green; ferns, anemone, and tassel-flower pushing up their heads bravely through the thick carpet that had covered them during their long winter's sleep; robins and orioles singing and chirping briskly as they flew from branch to branch, evidently as full of business and as pressed for time as is the average twentieth century maiden, but being wiser than she is, they work with a song and a cheer which she is too apt to overlook, much to her own loss.

At 10.30., we steamed into Falls View station, where the full glory of the mighty Cataract burst upon our sight. A few moments' walk brought us to the convent, just as the first chorus was being sung. An elaborate programme followed, including everything in ecclesiastical music from the Gregorian and Basilian chants of the first Christian centuries to the "Salve Regina," as sung at the Westminster Eucharistic

Congress. It is of interest to recall here that, according to Mgr. de Ségur, the "Salve Regina" is a relic of the Crusades, having been composed by a famous French warrior, Adhmar de Montteil, who, having afterwards entered the ecclesiastical state, became Bishop of Ruy, and took part, as Papal Legate, in the first Crusade. The last line, "O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!" was added by that devout client of Mary, the glory of the Cistercian Order, the great St. Bernard. Finding himself at Spire, in order to take part, as Legate of Pope Innocent II., in the meeting of the German Diet, in that city, he assisted at Vespers in the Cathedral dedicated to Our Lady. When the choir had chanted the words, "And after this our exile," etc., as if impelled by a sudden inspiration, he sang out aloud, "O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!" and this pious ejaculation has been retained in the antiphon ever since.

The training of this wonderful chorus has been, we are told, a labor of love with Father Finn, and is chiefly designed to make more possible the carrying out of the reforms so urgently commanded by His Holiness Pope Pius X., and to demonstrate the latent possibilities of the boy soprano in Church music, after the fashion of the Papal Choir in Rome.

After the concert we were entertained right royally, and spent one of the pleasantest afternoons that it has been our good fortune to enjoy, this year, for the Religious and our sister students left nothing undone to make our visit to the Falls ideal.

May eighteenth—The story of "Evangeline," with all its delicate beauty and sentiment, its pathos and character delineations, delightfully retold by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., with the aid of stereopticon views.

Before exhibiting the pictures, Father Rosa, who has made an exhaustive study of the Acadians from an historic viewpoint, graphically portrayed these sweet, simple, pious people, established towards the close of the seventeenth century in one of the fairest portions of Nova Scotia, lying in the southeast of the Bay of Fundy. When, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Acadia passed from the hands of the French into those 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, but the English Governors always put obstacles to their departure, and sorely tried these good people, who endeavored to live, under every circumstance, in peace.

The cruel deportation of the Acadians, in 1755—misrepresented by some writers as a necessity in the interest of the British Crown—is one of the foulest stains on the pages of history; and, as we looked at the sad-faced men—

“Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,”

our hearts went out in pity to them and to the tearful women and children who followed.

How charmingly simple were the surroundings of “Evangeline’s” home to which Father Rosa conducted us! and—

“Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!”

There was a fascination—and a trace of sadness—in every scene so sympathetically depicted by our Reverend guide until—

“All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!”

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Very Reverend Dean Mahony thanked Father Rosa for the instructive illustrated lecture he had given, dwelling on the educational value of stereopticon views, and the amount of information, historically and geographically, which may be obtained from them.

Afterwards Father Rosa asked the chemistry class to come forward, and he kindly showed them the lime-light, carefully explaining how the reproduction of pictures is effected.

Next morning, Father Rosa celebrated a late

Mass, and, after breakfast, paid us a farewell visit in the study hall, previous to leaving for Niagara University. We were sorry to see him go—his visits are among our treasured school-day memories.

May twenty-fourth—The exodus for Victoria Day! Joy winged the steps of some fair maidens to such a degree that one gentle cynic queried—“Are you fleeing from an earthquake?”—the late epidemic of seismic disturbances may have prompted the question—but there was method in their speed.

We feared that the allurements of certain wind-dows, in all the glory of their new “creations,” might prove irresistible, but, fortunately, no “beehives” or “peach baskets” have appeared—a fact for which we are duly thankful, in view of the international complications which might result.

May thirty-first—A kindly sun which came out early and stayed late helped to make the evening one of the loveliest we have ever had for our procession at the end of May. The inspiring beauty of earth and sky—the burst of May bloom—the faint, delicious fragrance of great purple sweeping plumes of lilac among their cool green heart-shaped leaves—as we wended our way down the emerald slopes of the lawn, along the secluded stretch of pathway, odorous with blossoms, and chanting the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto, formed a picture to which we shall look back—and fondly recall—when the mist of time has gathered between the present and the past.

The banner-bearers were Mary Leyes, Ellen Turner, Phyllis Leatherdale, Genevieve Vaillancourt and Reba Malone.

As leader of the victorious “Band,” I was privileged to crown the statue of the Blessed Virgin, with a garland of white roses, borne to the shrine by Eileen O’Brien and Gertrude Murphy.

The last strains of “Farewell, Sweet May” were the prelude of our annual Triduum, for just as they died away, Reverend J. O’Reilly, C. SS. R., entered the sanctuary to announce the opening of the retreat.

The eagerness with which the pupils—present and former—responded to the call to silence and prayer, to revive the spiritual enjoyment of last year, was most edifying.

Father O'Reilly began by saying, "Your retreat is happily coincident with the first that was ever made—that of the Apostles, in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost. He then impressed upon us that we must prepare our hearts before prayer, relax our eager hold upon the pleasures of the world for a brief space, and go apart in the silence of seclusion to look upon ourselves with the frank eyes of honest introspection, and to focus our minds upon the real objects in life. Casting up our moral accounts may not be pleasant occupation, we may not feel cheered at sight of our failures to do and to be what we wished, but, if we are candid with ourselves as we ought to be—self-deception being the most subtle and besetting of all snares—we must look straight into the face of our faults and determine to amend them.

We were also exhorted to concern ourselves with those things that have more than a transient value, to beware of the fanciful or aesthetic distinctions which are now being drawn and which would fain teach us that right is not so very right after all, or wrong so very wrong, but to get back to the old-fashioned, simple, Christian thoughts, and face what is straight and strong and true.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Papal Benediction brought the retreat to a close.

Father O'Reilly sustained his reputation as a pleasing and impressive spiritual guide, and we shall not soon forget the unspeakable joy and peace of these blessed days and the benefits reaped from the untiring labors in our behalf of this zealous missionary.

June fifth—Mr. Meader, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, gave a most instructive lecture on electricity. After some interesting experiments in magnetism, and various illustrations of the effects of both static and current electricity, he explained the complexities of the dynamo and the motor.

The two hours passed very quickly and pleasantly.

June eighth—At the sound of the 7.30, p. m., bell, we flocked out into the grounds for recreation, as usual, but what was our surprise and delight to see His Lordship there! The evening was lovely, and we gathered around His Lordship, who told us many interesting and amusing stories, all conveying some excellent moral or

lesson. The hour seemed like a few moments—and had very golden wings. To the gate we followed our departing Right Reverend guest and we would have ventured even farther had not the forbidding walls protested.

June ninth—Congratulations to Miss Ethel McCardle, a former pupil of Mt. St. Mary, on her recent success in obtaining First Class Honors at the Faculty of Education Examinations.

Miss McCardle was the only candidate who obtained both parts of Senior Teachers' Certificate in Toronto, last July.

June tenth—The Feast of Corpus Christi will long be remembered by the two happy little girls—Olive Donohue and Helen Sullivan—who received their First Holy Communion on this day. Very Reverend J. M. Mahony, Dean, St. Mary's Cathedral, officiated and, as the favored children, accompanied by their tiny angels—Genevieve Arland and Janet McIntosh, bearing lilies of the valley and white roses, approached the altar, the scene was at once touching and inspiring.

After Mass, Father Mahony addressed the youthful partakers of the Bread of Life in words appropriate to the occasion, reminding them that their hearts had become the home and shrine of the God whom the angels in heaven are not worthy to receive, and that a foretaste of heaven had been vouchsafed to them on this "day of days," framed in the very Feast of Love.

June eleventh—A banquet in honor of my Graduation, birthday, and Jubilee—seven years at Mt. St. Mary!

Not having had the slightest intimation—or expectation—of the feast which had been in preparation for more than a week, imagine my surprise and bewilderment upon entering the refectory to find it transformed from its ordinary aspect into a veritable banquet hall, adorned with clusters of June roses, whose fragrance filled the air. Again, imagine my surprise, on being seated in what looked like a rose bower and confronted with a blaze of blue and white candles burning on my birthday cake!

And then, the pretty speeches made by Miss Andrews, Emily Watson, Genevieve Vaillancourt, Mary Gordon, Ethel Wahl, and dear little Genevieve Arland, who, to emphasize her sentiments, stood upon a chair. Her bright little face

was so happy that it brought a smiling response from every youthful guest.

Words are inadequate to express my gratitude to the devoted Religious and sweet girls for all their thoughtfulness and loving attention in preparing this so thoroughly enjoyable farewell party in my honor. They have helped me to store up very pleasant memories of the happiest birthday of my life.

June twelfth—The monotony of the exams. very pleasantly broken by an invitation from His Lordship to pay him a visit, and pass a few hours in his beautiful grounds.

His Lordship was most gracious in his reception of us, and, after giving his blessing to each one, conducted us to his devotional private chapel, then to his extensive library—in fact, to nearly all the rooms. After a tour of the grounds, we gathered around our dear Father on the veranda and sang his favorite hymns. Then there was an interesting little chat. Before our departure, His Lordship, ever thoughtful and kind, presented each young lady with a box of bonbons.

Would that we could express our appreciation of all the fatherly interest which His Lordship has evinced in us. We wish to assure him that our prayerful supplications shall always ascend to the Great White Throne that he may long be spared to continue his fruitful labors, and to bring to succeeding generations of Loreto children the joy and happiness he has so often brought to us.

June fourteenth—A red-letter day for the chemistry class. Seven bright students entered the laboratory and found thirty-five packages of white powder—bearing a resemblance to those used for more soothing purposes—five at each place, for identification.

To their glory be it told that, after serious investigation, and applying many tests, the identification was made—and the victors triumphantly retired with their laurels.

June sixteenth—A very pleasant visit from Reverend R. E. M. Brady, accompanied by Dr. Tracey, of Toronto. We regretted that their stay was necessarily brief, but hope to see them soon again.

A few days later, Father Brady's niece, Mrs. Clergy, of Montana, a former pupil of this

house, called. She was warmly welcomed by her old teachers, and the reunion was a very happy one.

Mrs. Clergy was accompanied by her brother, who was on his way to college.

June twenty-first—To-day the house is ringing with congratulations to dear Mary Leyes, on her brilliant success at the recent Intermediate Theory Examinations in Harmony, Counterpoint, and Form, in which she obtained Honors, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mary received congratulations also on her "splendid success," from Miss M. G. Ferguson, the Registrar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

June twenty-first—St. Aloysius' Day, with its time-honored traditions and festivities revived! Notwithstanding Exams. and preparation for the Closing Exercises, we were en fête all day, and, in the evening, had a glorious party. Strawberries, ice cream, cakes, bonbons, everything the heart of a schoolgirl could desire, in abundance.

The tables looked lovely in their sweet-pea decorations, and the chandeliers, mantels, windows, etc., in hawthorne. One would have said some night-tripping fairies, laden with fragrant boughs, were at work, so exquisitely artistic was every touch.

June twenty-third—The last day of my school life—sorrow and joy are, indeed, chanting a "mingled lay." At the farewell "Tea" which I gave to the school, and at which my mother, Miss Brophy of Ottawa, and Elizabeth Robinson, Class of '08, were guests of honor, my thoughts often wandered along the path of sweet reminiscence, and, notwithstanding the tempting display of delicious sweets, tongues were less ready with pretty speeches and graceful repartee—we were looking back to pleasant hours, as many and luxuriant as the flowers we loved to cull—hours of sweet dreaming when everything was fair and every one worthy of love and trust.

To-morrow, the eventful day, overflowing with tender memories—the day which outshines all other days—will dawn—but, before the parting hour, let me softly breathe a prayer for those generous souls who so nobly devote their lives to enlightening the minds and guiding the hearts of Loreto's children, of whom it will be my pleas-

ure and pride to consider myself one of the most loyal.

BESSIE MCSLOY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by a half-holiday. In the evening the school went en fête and the day's festivities concluded by a most enjoyable soirée.

The twenty-fifth of March brought the good news of the results of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. London Examinations. All the Europa pupils passed the practical examinations in Piano and Violin, Local School and Local Centre.

We returned to school after the Easter holidays on the thirteenth of April, and, that evening, we were treated to an Optical Lantern entertainment. The new lantern, which belongs to the convent, is worked by electricity, and will be used henceforth in demonstrating the lessons.

The pupils' annual retreat commenced on the fourteenth of April. This year it was conducted by Father Alcalá, S. J., whom we were much pleased to see again. The Exercises were terminated on Sunday morning by Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a Reception of Children of Mary.

The nineteenth of April recalls many memories to present and former pupils of Loreto, Europa. This year it was spent, as usual, very pleasantly. Second Mass was celebrated, at eight o'clock, by the Lord Bishop, and the remainder of the day passed rapidly, amusements of various kinds being provided. At five o'clock, a tea was served, and all concluded by Optical Lantern entertainment.

On the twenty-seventh of April, Reverend Mother-General arrived in Europa. Some of the pupils remember her last visit, five years ago, and all were delighted to welcome her among us. The entrance-hall and corridors were prettily decorated with garlands of evergreens and flowers, and hung with flags of different nations, prominence being given to those of the countries in which the Institute has houses.

On the seventh of May, as on previous occasions, the time-honored ceremony of carrying the picture of St. Michael in procession, took place.

The honor of bearing the picture falls to the youngest boarder, who was, this year, Anita Ordoñez, who has attained the patriarchal age of three and a half! She performed her part perfectly, but, when the "Tibi Omnes Angeli" had ended, it was very difficult to make her understand that St. Michael was not to go in procession out of the chapel, and two chubby hands clasped the picture tightly.

The eighth of May, the feast of Reverend Mother-General, was a gala day for all. At half past eight, the Lord Bishop celebrated Mass, after which he gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The day passed pleasantly, and, at five o'clock, all were invited to a variety concert, after which tea was served to the youthful guests.

On the thirteenth of May, we said farewell to Reverend Mother-General. During her stay, the elder girls were invited by her to "St. Cecilia's," where a delightful hour was spent listening to an account of her experiences in foreign lands. She also spoke a few words of counsel to the Children of Mary. We parted from her with much regret, for some whose homes are very far from Gibraltar, may never see her again; and her wonderful personality and solid holiness had made an impression which will not soon be effaced.

This month a new boarder arrived. She is a cousin of the celebrated Lord Avebury—Sir John Lubbock—whose delightful books are so well known.

We are all very busy just now preparing for the examinations of the London Collège of Preceptors, which will commence on the twenty-ninth of June. I hope we shall be successful. Pray for us.

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

It is useless to make light of the little crosses that each day brings—little in themselves, but sometimes, on account of our peculiar temperaments, very great; yet they are the ones God intends for us to bear, and we can only meet them with the courage which we would muster for some great occasion. Enthusiasm, sunshine and fresh air, will cause many of them to melt away, while a spirit of complete self-forgetfulness will turn them into joys.

Personals.

"Do you like 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table'?"

"I don't know that I ever tried it. To be candid, I'm not much for breakfast foods of any kind."

"Switzerland is a wonderful place; you can often see the mountains touring among the clouds."

"Name a bird that is now extinct."

"Dick."

"Dick? What sort of a bird is that?"

"Our canary. The cat extincted him!"

"Algebra was the wife of Euclid."

"There now, grandma has gone to heaven without her glasses. She'll have to come back for she can't read without them."

"If we had an automobile, he wouldn't eat any hay."

"Psychotherapy is the science by which you can cure yourself of a disease which you haven't got."

"Oh, please, hurry. We're late even now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, all but one."

"You must not eat your jelly with your spoon."

"I have to."

"No, dear. Put it on your bread."

"I did put it on my bread, but it wouldn't stay there; it's too nervous."

"They were to climb the height on which Quebec is situated at the dead of night."

"The English of Virginia sent a young officer out to build a fort whose name was George Washington."

"You didn't tell me this was a comic opera."

"Well, you knew it was an opera, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you knew it was to be given by an amateur company. How dense you are."

"Say, who was that Ibid, anyway? I've found Tennyson and the authors of the other quotations

in the Encyclopedia,—but I can't find anything about Ibid. Was he a Greek?"

"Oh, I've got through at last, as the camel said to the eye of the needle."

"What?"

"I think it's out of the Bible or something."

"Scientists and things are always talking of what they don't know much about."

"I suppose you enjoyed your trip abroad?"

"Oh, yes, immensely."

"And did you see the aqueducts in Rome?"

"Yes, and how I did enjoy seeing them swim."

"Seeing what swim?"

"Why, the aqua ducks."

"Do you like Maggie?"

"Well, she's got a good heart, and she means well, but—"

"Neither do I."

"I heard you singing in your room this morning."

"Oh, I was singing to kill time."

"You have a good weapon."

A proper appreciation of the opportunities each day brings and of the dignity and worth of the most homely tasks well done, would help over the rough places, and "gild the common things of the earth" with an almost heavenly light. Needless to say, in order to be good and to do good, a woman must have religion; and, after it, a saving sense of honor, simplicity of taste, and a love of good literature, will do much to preserve her sweetness of temper and to give the proper equilibrium to her character.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no one's motives, to believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely, this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums, and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

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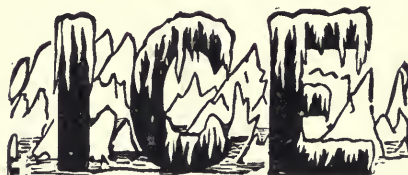
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No. 4.

Island Reveries.

"O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!

Alas! thy sorrows, fall so fast,
The happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

* * * * *

"The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,—
More highly prize.

* * * * *

"Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

* * * * *

"Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase.

* * * * *

"Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering
thought
To its high state."

—*Longfellow* (Translation from the Spanish).

DON JORGE DE MANRIQUE'S beautiful poem, so admirably translated by Longfellow, and written in the fifteenth century, will doubtless be found—in all its completeness—applicable not only to the twentieth century, but to the last moment of time.

This gentle Spanish poet, as our own Sir Philip Sydney, followed the profession of arms.

Mariana, in his "History of Spain," speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who, in this war, gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young—having been mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cunavette, in the year 1479—and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his great genius, which was already known to fame."

The father of the poet, Rodrigo de Manrique, Count of Paredes and Master of Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger De Manrique. To quote the historian: "Don Jorge de Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn.

This devoted son survived by only three years the father whom he so sublimely mourned. Four stanzas of his poem, the first beginning with "O World! so few the years we live,"—were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the battle-field.

If Spain, to witness for her national standard, had but this one voice from the fifteenth century—this poem of De Manrique's—the thinker would ask no more. De Manrique was the true man, the Christian soldier, and the Spanish grandee.

The Christian training of mind and heart, the pride of national sentiment, and heredity, have again brought before us a true De Manrique, another "Cid Campeador," in the personality of the young Don Alfonso, King of Spain.

This Alfonso the Brave-hearted, with the hopefulness of a boy and the courage of a true hero,

faced the late crisis in Spain when the anarchists—the off-scourings of eight different nations of Europe—herded in Barcelona, pledged to do Satan's bidding in the undoing of Spain.

Satan, cunning as he is, often overreaches himself. His vile dupes, the anarchists, began all too soon the persecution of God's priests, and His holy nuns; also the burning not only of churches, but of hospitals and orphan asylums, which they had in charge.

All Christendom may well thank Heaven that these "scourges of God" are being given their quietus,—at least in Spain!

* * * * *

What unrest pervades the world! Everywhere is there absence of the Lord's "peace": so we are told that Christianity has proved a failure.

In the Christianizing of the world a central Christianity sent its missionaries to all lands; and in fraternal love they became one with the people of any and of all countries.

Now, Satan from his anarchist centres, sends forth his emissaries to destroy Christianity and to spread the gospel of hatred.

When Christian nations disobey the laws of Christ, Satan's agents point to consequences, and shout—"Christianity has failed!"

The individual who has for even one day been a practical Christian and who asserts that Christianity has failed, knows that he is telling a falsehood, and adding one more sin to his burden.

"Know thyself, and prove thyself" is one of the first laws of Christianity. Let us cast aside our selfish hypocrisy, in the defense of Christianity, and acknowledge that we have it to thank for every iota of happiness. Our duty to God, neighbor, and self requires of us to fight constantly the natural inclinations of our hearts and the evil spirits who would take or keep possession of them.

Truthfully speaking, dear reader, what but Christianity commands and enables us to remember constantly God's goodness to us, and to thank Him with every breath, for that goodness? What but Christianity commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and enables us to conquer the uncharitable thought, word, and act? What but Christianity commands self-sacrifice sometimes, *commends* it always, and enables us to be self-forgetting in doing good to others?

Happiness is the pursuit of every soul on this

earth: we all know by experience that our highest happiness here is experienced only by giving God first place, our neighbor second, and ourselves third, and last!

The individual without God is a primitive savage; in his enjoyment of the goods of this world he is simply a "pig in clover." An example of this sort is the governing body of unhappy France, collectively and individually. Those Jews, freemasons, socialists, and anarchists are all avowedly anti-Christian. They are, indeed, the "scourges of God, and of Christians."

Apropos of this is an article in the London, England, "Leisure Hour" of 1891, entitled "Statesmen of Europe." In this a page is given to M. Clemenceau of French fame, whom we may take as an example. We read between the lines that, from the start, Clemenceau was but the selfish, ambitious scoundrel. The writer says: "He is the theologian of a theology without God, or, if we may coin the word, the demagogue of a democracy raised to the level of a dogma. Masterful and authoritative with his colleagues, he is all honey and flattery with his electors—flattery of the grossest and vulgarest kind, calculated to catch the suffrages of the mob, etc."

The article concludes with an optimistic expression: "That witty poet and acute observer, Heinrich Heine, said: 'When I speak of France I speak of Paris, not of the provinces; just as when I speak of a man I speak of his head, and not of his legs; to talk about the opinion of the provinces is like talking about the opinion of a man's legs.' France as a country is no longer at the beck and call of Paris. It may not be too much to say that in France two-thirds of the population are absolutely indifferent to politics; but there remains a genuine rectitude under the immense majority of the French population, and it is these who chiefly inhabit the provinces, and who have been less affected by that deplorable deterioration of French moral worth, *through her mental culture*, which has been the most disastrous feature of her *literature* since the downfall of the First Empire. It is by no means improbable that the French people may find some fine morning that the *legs* will suddenly wake up with a very positive opinion of their own, and the result may be a most important change; not only in the government of Paris, but in the government and character of the whole country."

While we thank God that we are free to enjoy all that despoiled France has lost, let us fervently pray that the afflicted French people may be freed from the tyranny of the apostate, once more to serve without fear Him who says, "My yoke is easy, and My burden light."

IDRIS.

Robert W. Service.

THE NEW CANADIAN POET, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH" AND "BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO."

ROBERT SERVICE is slightly over thirty years of age. He was born in England, but received his education in Scotland, attending for a while the Glasgow University. Some twelve years ago he came to Canada and went out to the Northwest. But, before taking up his abode in that frozen country, he did a good deal of tramping about in Mexico and along the Pacific Coast, living in all kinds of places and doing all sorts of things for a livelihood. When his first volume of poems was published, he was a teller in the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, Yukon; and, at the present time, he is at a branch of the bank at Dawson. His friends describe him as a quiet, modest fellow, who sets no value on his work, and who published only at the earnest request of friends.

As far as I can learn, he is not of the long-haired variety, nor was he an infant prodigy who "lisped in numbers." He seems to have drifted into the poetic sphere, to have taken to poetry as an amusement to while away the long, lone hours spent at White Horse. At first, he hated the country in which he found himself, but, gradually, the big, wonderful Yukon grew upon him and cast its spell about him so that he could write:

"No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
 It's the cussedest land that I know,
 From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it .
 To the deep death-like valleys below.
 Some say God was tired when He made it:
 Some say it's a fine land to shun;
 Maybe: but there's some as would trade it
 For no land on earth—and I'm one."

His versification is immediately recognized as an imitation of Kipling. He has come under

Kipling's spell, no less than under the spell of the Yukon. There is the same dash and swing which marks the verse of the English ballad-maker. The short, jerky lines with the jingle of the music-hall about them, and the long, un-studied lines, half prose, half verse; for example, in his poem "Grin":

"There's nothing gained by whining, and you're
 not that kind of stuff;
 You're a fighter from away back, and you won't
 take a rebuff;
 Your trouble is that you don't know when you
 have had enough—
 Don't give in.
 If fate should down you, just get up and take
 another cuff;
 You may bank on it that there is no philosophy
 like bluff—
 And Grin."

But, with all this enjoyable craftsmanship of Kiplingesque verses, does the writer say anything? Or is he just an empty echo of his model? No, he has something to say—and that he says in a way that is vastly compelling.

"Songs of a Sourdough" is the title of the first volume of poems published in 1907. The term "Sourdough" is of a most prosaic origin. It seems that, in the far north, where yeast is a luxury, whenever bread is made, it is the custom to keep some of the dough to use as yeast for the next batch, hence the term—Sourdough.

This charming little volume discovers to us a vein hitherto unknown in the mine of Canadian literature. This new vein is the portrayal of human life in the frozen north, a life that is rough and strenuous—that of the toiler in the wild Yukon. There is an absence of provincialism, which has been the besetting sin of most Canadian authors. The local color there is strong and correct, yet the appeal is universal alike to the cultured and to the uncultured. Human interest is what we ask for in poetry, and that is what Robert Service gives us.

True, his language is, at times, very strong and forceful—a little too indelicate, perhaps. He calls a spade a spade and writes it in capital letters. However, we must remember of whom he writes. He sings of life as he sees it. He is the voice of one crying in the Far Northwest, giving us the moods and aspirations of the gold-

hunter. His men are men of flesh and blood, who toil and sin, who win and lose.

Clever as Service is in the portrayal of life, he is no less skilful in describing the scenery about him. There are many passages which might be quoted, but here is one that seems to inspire one with the grandeur of the arctic scenery:

"I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plumb-full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace o' the world piled on top."

There are one or two poems which might better have never appeared, for there are some things that ought not to be made the subject of verse, and the "Ballad of the Brand" is one of them.

The poem entitled "The Harpy" is also not edifying, but the truth of the last four lines is masterfully and poetically spoken:

"Fate has written a tragedy; its name is 'The Human Heart.'
The theatre is the House of Life, Woman the mummer's part:
The Devil enters the prompter's box
And the play is ready to start."

Several of his minor poems included in the first volume show us that Service is versatile in his art. They exhibit another side of the author's soul—the tender and emotional one. "Unforgotten" and "The Lure of Little Voices" are songs awaiting a worthy musical setting.

The very hearty reception which the "Songs of a Sourdough" received, just two years ago, makes us quite interested in the poet's latest venture, which appeared this summer—"The Ballads of a Cheechako." (A sour dough, in the language of the Yukon, is an old-timer, while a cheechako is the term which corresponds to the name tenderfoot or newcomer.)

The style of the verse is somewhat the same as in the "Sourdough" collection. But the poems are all narrative, and it is, therefore, difficult to give any adequate idea of them by broken quo-

tations. Besides possessing a larger number of technical expressions, they are more masculine and much better suited for the camp-fire than the drawing-room. Tragedy finds a larger place here, a rare gift in any product of the Canadian muse, and one in which Service is particularly strong. The dramatic situation always appeals to him. Even in the grotesque humor of poems, like "The Cremation of Sam McGee," or "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill," he forces the dramatic situation upon us.

A reviewer in the *Saturday Night* speaks of Robert Service as a "western writer, whose work arouses hopefulness of a new school of Canadian poetry." We trust that this hope is not unfounded, that the volumes he has given us have but blazed a trail to larger and richer fields, where, in the near future, Service will stake new claims in the realm of Canadian poetry.

ALICE ROONEY, B. A.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Miss A. M. Donelan: A Christian, Indeed.

BY VERY REV. M. A. KEANE, O. P.

READERS of the lives of the saints are, in many instances, deprived of the good which might be drawn thence by a discouraging sense of the seeming impossibility of following the exalted programme those sacred biographies present. Hence it is well that we should be given a knowledge of those children of Adam who, while sufficiently near the common level to preserve us from inclination to discouragement at the recounting of their virtues, were yet generous enough in well-doing to render the memory of them helpful to us in the struggle of life. Even imperfect presentation of the character of one such, recently taken from amongst us, may be presumed to receive welcome from the readers of the *Irish Catholic*.

She was an Irish lady in whom flowed the blood of the Milesian Kings. From Heremon, son of Milesius, sprang in the course of ages Cairbre Liffechair, who was monarch of Ireland in the latter half of the third century. Two notable lines of Celtic blood flowed from King Cairbre Liffechair: the O'Conors, represented

in our day by The O'Connor Don, and the O'Donelans, of Ballydonelan, Co. Galway. We learn from the Book of Lecan that the O'Donelans and the O'Kellys, Princes of Hy-Many, sprang from the same stock. After the former had ceased to reign as independent rulers, they held as "first princes of the blood," the envied post of royal standard-bearers, in the sustenance of which proud charge, eighteen of them laid down their lives. The "Black Castle" of Ballydonelan was built by a head of the sept, in far-away times, and, after it had suffered sorely from many a fierce attack of hostile clans, as well as from the ravages of time, the Ballydonelan Castle, whose ruins are still to be seen on the way from Ballinasloe to Loughrea, was erected by Tully O'Donelan, in the year 1412. Tourists, gifted with the historic sense, who visit the venerable Abbey of Kilconnel, will learn with interest that the "Chapel Tully," the ruins of which are included in the ancient Abbey, takes its name from the same O'Donelan, whose piety led to its erection. Within its walls is the family burying-place. Another item among the relics of bygone days, which invites the gaze of the intelligent traveller in the West of Ireland, is the stone cross standing on the roadside leading to Kilconnel Abbey. It was set up there by Melaghlin (Malachy) O'Donelan, in 1682. This Malachy was Colonel in the army of James the Second; he was wounded at the battle of Aughrim, and died at his Dublin residence, in 1726. Of his twenty-one children, one became the wife of Oliver Martyn, of Tillyra Castle. Of his great-grandchildren, one married the 8th. Earl of Fingal; another married Antony Strong Hussey, of Westown, Naul, Co. Dublin; while the eldest son took to wife the daughter of Sir Patrick Bellew, of Barmeath, Co. Louth.

The marriage of this Malachy Donelan to Miss Bellew explains the fact that it was at Barmeath, the residence of her cousin, Lord Bellew, Anna Maria Donelan, the subject of this sketch, was born, in the year 1840. She was sent for her education to Loreto Convent, North Great George's Street, Dublin, where she had for schoolmate the present Superior-General of the Rathfarnham group of Loreto Nuns, Mother Mary Michael Corcoran. Those who were brought in contact with her in that time of girlhood have described her as one of uncommon

talent and of grave, almost solemn, demeanor. The grave are not wont to attract the pleased smile of youthful gaiety, nor does pre-eminence in class usually lead to popularity; but, this twofold counterpoise notwithstanding, Miss Donelan, by the charm of her amiability, won, not merely the esteem, but the affection, of all companions. An exceptional wisdom, which seemed "born with her," made her appreciate more than does the average girl the importance of good education; therefore, did she use well all means of advancement which came within her reach. The religious instruction of youth was for her not a mere condition of successful answering at an examination; it was the taking in of food for mind and heart, the assimilation of which, in her case, produced the enlightened and strong conscience that was faithful in every serious demand of her future life.

She issued forth from the seclusion of school into a life of simple, and, for the most part, uneventful character. If one were asked regarding her in that morning of her career what particular groove she should walk in, to what particular occupation she should give herself, probably the wise answer would be: Let her just live, and move about her world; let her be as the air, that quiet, unobtrusive thing which is a continuous blessing to us all. And so it was. She went through a simple life's course, which one may describe as an apostolate of an informal kind, such as has been exercised by not a few celibate ladies whom Providence has not called to religious life in the cloisters. The friends who appreciated her—and they were all who had the opportunity of knowing her—ever hailed her as a welcome guest in their homes, seeing in her, at all times, the cultured gentlewoman and the edifying-Christian. A lady of her kith and kin has said to me more than once that she has often thanked Providence for this notable favor, that at the formative age of her children she had Miss Donelan to spend a considerable portion of each year in her house, shedding on the young people's path the light of her faultless demeanor, and exhibiting to them the high principles whereby her own life was ruled. And she, the grave one, never failed to make allowance for the trying ways of childhood; no word, look or gesture of irritation was ever heard or seen from her. The waywardness of the young, the shortcom-

ings of others, which the intercommunion of daily life now and then brings out—the disappointments of earthly hopes—these things are a notable part of the test whereby solid virtue is proved. Tried by all such experiences, the Christian spirit in Miss Donelan was never found wanting.

. One trait which her friends associate most vividly with her memory, is her rare freedom from selfishness. Never for an instant did her thought and solicitude turn on self in unworthy sense. To be good; to do good; to promote the happiness and weal of everybody around her—this was her persistent aim. Perhaps she had read and pondered Bacon's dictum: "It is a poor centre of a man's actions—himself." She certainly had read and pondered—had transfused her entire being with the teaching of a more august Philosopher—Who laid down denial of self as the foundation of Christian morality. No unworthy thought of self-seeking ever reached up to the lofty regions wherein that high mind found its exercise; no unworthy emotion, such as self-love is wont to generate, was ever permitted to disfigure the beauty of that fine soul. And, whereas most of us are compelled to encounter unlovely things in this world, wherein a fallen race has its dwelling, it was a refreshment for one's spirit to pass from the low-level of selfish, insincere, petty, worldly-minded conversation, and mount up into the serene atmosphere of a talk with Anna Maria Donelan.

With the spirit of charity she was richly endowed. It was remarked, while she was yet a young woman, that she was never known to say an unkind word. They may write the same eulogy on her tombstone. Then there was the positive virtue of charity, which went out in practical sympathy with all who were afflicted. Rarely does one meet the thoroughness, depth, strength, and vividity of compassionate feeling for the sufferings of others which inspired many a verbal appeal, dictated many a touching letter, prompted many a troublesome journey, and elicited many a sigh of pain in the life of this noble-hearted lady. Of a truth, compassion, according to the etymological force of the word, was illustrated in her; she really suffered with those who suffered. "Who is weak, and I am not weak?" she seemed to ask with the great Apostle, and many tears shed to-day from eyes

often gladdened by her, attest the loss her death is to numerous needy ones. Overflowing was Miss Donelan's charity, not merely in the sense that it poured out gifts on those in want, but likewise in the sense that she dealt out instalments of her own compassionate spirit to enrich with inspirations of charity the hearts of others. Some who received the thankful benedictions of the needy for benefactions bestowed upon them were but the vicars of her kindness, the channels through which flowed streamlets from the fulness of charity that welled up in her large and tender heart. The Holy Book tells us that "charity envieth not." It must be confessed that Miss Donelan's charity did cherish envy. She envied the opulent the power that was theirs of scattering blessings on the multitude of the needy. Near and dear friends can readily recall her attitude and speech when mention was made of some millionaire. The quick-drawn breath, the expressive sigh, and then the exclamation straight from the heart: "Oh, the delight of the good one could do with wealth like that!"

Her charitable solicitude was comprehensive; it was not set at rest on seeing the naked and the hungry clothed and fed. Her chief concern was for the higher interests of her fellow creatures, and especially of her compatriots. She had learned that not in bread alone do men and nations live. Hence her zeal for supplying the need she saw the community lie under of thorough Catholic education, and, as means thereto, of improvement in the methods of teaching in our Catholic secondary schools. After long and searching inquiries, she betook herself to the Training College for Women Teachers in connection with the University at Cambridge, and there spent three months to see for herself how the art of teaching was to be imparted, and the students given opportunities for putting in practice the theories they studied under experts in all branches of secular education. In her Christian zeal, she always hoped that Nuns belonging to teaching Orders would take the subject up and start a Training College. In this admirable enterprise she had the experience of all who launch upon projects designed to effect notable good. She had to face ridicule, rebuffs, and misrepresentation, for four years before she succeeded in opening her House of Residence for Catholic students at Cambridge, in September, 1894. She

has been amply vindicated by the happy results of that foundation, though it lasted but six years. Thirty-three students passed through her House. The Education Department of the Catholic Training College, Melbourne, was started by one of her students, who, for thirteen years, has organized schools in all the Australasian dioceses, with brilliant success; another is Government Inspector of Schools, in Bombay Presidency; four students of the non-Catholic Training College entered the Church, through the salutary influence of the small Catholic institution, they having, through Miss Donelan's doing, obtained posts in Catholic schools; three of them eventually became nuns, and enriched the convents they entered with the dowry of their splendid training. In all, eleven of her students entered convents, and have added to the work already being done in those teaching establishments, the improved efficiency for the production of which their Cambridge experience qualified them; the remainder are teaching in Training Colleges, High Schools, and London County Schools. The Training Colleges in Waterford, Limerick, Cork and Belfast were all started by her students, and in all of them they are still carrying out her work. This year's Catholic "Who's Who" tells, under Miss Donelan's name, that it was entirely owing to her that the Convent School in Cambridge was founded from the well-known institution of Mickel-gate Bar, York. One of the York nuns who was trained at the Cambridge College, is now at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, preparing some of the young nuns and novices to undergo the examination for the Cambridge University Teachers' certificate. The Cambridge Convent has now received episcopal sanction to open a department in connection with the College, and another religious community is thinking of going to Cambridge for the training of its subjects. Miss Donelan fought long, gallantly, and loyally, for what she felt to be the highest ideal in education. Her great desire was that the Nuns, adding to their religious spirit of self-devotion the art of teaching acquired at Cambridge, should be the better able to turn out young gentlewomen, fully developed in body, mind, and soul. That ideal was never absent from her thought, even when her active share in the work came to a close and her health began to fail. To the very last, she was a source of en-

couragement and stimulus to all her "old students," and to everyone engaged in the profession of teaching who sought her counsel. Her work was the advance movement for the better preparation of those who intend to teach, and enterprises now working on those lines are entirely owing to her initiative, zeal, and self-sacrifice. The Catholic young ladies whom she drew within the salutary action of the educational machinery she set in motion, with one voice acclaim her as their signal benefactress. The temptation is being felt to transcribe lengthy extracts from some who were witnesses of her work at Cambridge; let it be yielded to in some small degree. The Baroness Anatole von Hügel, wife to the well-known Curator of the Archaeological Museum in the University, expresses her mind thus: "I wish I could say anything worthy to be said of dear Miss Donelan; but words are poor things, and every year that I have lived since I knew her, and perhaps even more since I have watched, in late years, the course of things here, I have more and more loved, valued, and admired the thought of that generous selfless work. If ever anyone built out of her own life-power the foundations of a work only half recognized by the rest of mankind, but now yearly showing its great needfulness; indeed I feel it was she, and, thank God! she must now be rejoicing, as she deserves, in the light of all she bore and did in that good cause. And how she kept patience and patient understanding all the time! In many and many a time of worry and trial since then, the image of her goodness has risen up to help me." The reader will note a significant parallel between the opening words of the extract from Baroness von Hügel and those which we are about to cite from a nun who is doing excellent work in the college of one of our best teaching orders. She writes: "It would be useless for me to try to pen her praises. She has already heard, 'Well done! good and faithful servant,' from Him Who knows her worth. I thank Him for letting me know her, and come under her influence, which was ever ennobling, inspiring in each interview fresh zeal for the training of Catholic girls. Her's was none of the narrowing anxiety for her own little band, but a world-wide interest in developing the mind and preparing Catholic womanhood as efficient members of 'The King's Corps.'" Let one other testimony

suffice. It shall be from one of the Irish girls who composed the first batch of Cambridge Catholic students, and who has for years, in Ireland and England, been reaping the material benefit to herself, and dispensing the intellectual and moral advantages to others, which are to be credited to the enlightened zeal of this noble woman. "In my opinion," writes this lady, "Miss D. did the greatest work for religion in stirring up bishops, priests, and nuns to make the needed effort for the higher education of girls. Her insight, her courage, and her humility, were marvellous. . . . Truly, many will rise up and call her blessed. Only later on will the outer world realize all that her work meant for the Faith."

What has been written of Miss Donelan's lofty spirit and nobility of character will, doubtless, lead some readers to judge that she was one for whom the bright light and the warming influence of splendid faith made a life of good works and resignation to earth's inevitable trials an easy thing. Splendid faith, certainly, was hers; and bright light shone from faith's grand principles to show the way to rectitude of action. But, warming impulse, if by it is meant the sensible cheering influence proceeding from faith, was not accorded her. Faith in her was like the electric current as we observe it in familiar use; it was illuminating; not warming. Perhaps the Divine Master saw that her generous spirit would bear harder test than is appointed to the average Christian. None of the sensible comfort and sustainment which the Irish peasant is accustomed to draw from his faith was felt by her. No favoring breeze of emotional relish in her religion swelled the sails to bear her serenely along the way of God's service. For this high-purposed of life the region of the emotions was often dry and cold, whilst the noble woman went ever steadily onward under the guidance of the light that came of her Christian education and the imperious urgency of her exalted love for the Good and the True.

A threefold personal ambition she entertained. She desired to pass from life at brief notice. She dreaded what she called, quoting, I think, Cardinal Manning, the "slowing into the station"—the debility, whether of age or disease, which robs one of the power of beneficent activity. Again, she desired to have the Last Sac-

raments administered while she had clear use of reason. Her third yearning was, that when the final hour came, a certain small group of esteemed and loved friends should be at her side. The threefold ambition was realized. On the 15th. of April, a letter from her to the writer of these lines—she was then in what was her usual health in recent times—concluded with the request: "Do ask Our Lord to take me home soon." On Sunday, the 18th., He laid His Hand on her in visitation of severe pain; He let her stay on the cross till 6.30 p. m. on the following day; then, her soul, radiant with the fresh grace of the Holy Sacraments, and her dearest ones praying beside her, He took her home.

Her body lies in the great Dublin necropolis at Glasnevin. Popular tradition in the West has it that, at the transferring of the remains of one of her house from Ballydonelan to the family burial-place in Chapel Tully, the great stone cross of Kilconnel bows in recognition of the name and fame of the historic clan. Had the body of this worthy daughter of the old sept been assigned its last resting-place in Chapel Tully, one feels that the venerable cross would then, if ever, have given its mute testimony to the worth of the soul that had for sixty-nine years animated that tabernacle of flesh.

To know Anna Maria Donelan was one of heaven's favors; to hold converse with her was refining; to enjoy her friendship was an honor. Her departure leaves a blank in the world for her intimates; but her memory is salutary inspiration to loftiness of thought and of life. May eternal light shine upon her!

There is no more demoralizing influence in modern life than the unnatural straining to seem other than we are. Nothing else so quickly lowers self-respect, takes the fine edge off honor, and blunts the conscience, as the sense of being a sham, a gilded fraud, or an unreality. It cheapens standard, lowers ideals, saps ambition, and takes the spring and joy out of living. It is pitiable to think of the devices that people resort to in order to live a lie, and to foist themselves upon the public for what they are not. There seems to be no limit to the depths of silliness, meanness, falsity, and dishonor to which the straining for appearances will not lead some men and women.



MR. C. E. W. GRIFFITH — AMERICA'S MOST EMINENT READER OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare.

"Let the Reader's art exalt the Poet."

"We study literature to learn of life. We hear drama for the purpose of education through the observation of the logic of events and the results of action."

"Art is one of the means of Spiritual Education. Beauty leads to truth; truth to virtue; and virtue to faith."

SCIENTISTS have given us the history of the earth. Historians have given us the history of man. Philosophers have given us the reasons and results of conditions and actions. Poets have recorded the heart-throbs of humanity in the long continued struggle from the Garden of Eden to the conflict of the present hour.

Great were the battles of Marathon, Hastings, and Lexington; greater the battles of the intellect with error, and of the soul with sin. Art is the concentration and idealization of experience. Literature is the most valuable form of art, and drama the most important portion of literary art. The drama is the crystalization of the despair and hope, sorrow and joy, failure and triumph of man. An art work should be judged by its message; therefore, the Exile of Florence is the greatest of the poets; the Bard of Avon is the greatest of the dramatic poets because he is the most universal. He is optimistic and idealistic. He is the flower and epitome of the ages of faith that preceded him. He combines the dramatic structure of Aeschylus, Molière, Schiller. He is replete with the wisdom of Confucius, Buddha, Solomon, Homer and St. Thomas of Aquinas. His poetry is both ancient and modern. He indulges every fancy, he knows no rule, he has no limitations.

He is his own grammarian, rhetorician, and geographer. Simile, metaphor, and hyperbole; aphorism, precept, and parable; marvellous anachronism and unlimited plagiarism; Christian rites and Delphic oracle; Puritans, dancing to hornpipes, Bohemia on the seacoast and clocks striking three in a Roman orchard! He conforms to no style, he recognizes no critic. He is ancient or modern.

The musical measure of Keats, the minstrelsy of Scott, the spirituality of Wordsworth, the rural simplicity of Burns, the courtly elegance of Tennyson, and the majesty of Milton, were all anticipated by Shakespeare.

He observes the Greek unities or disregards them. He writes in jingling rhymes or in blank verse without a couplet.

He is didactic, dramatic, philosophical, arguative, narrative, descriptive, sublime or ridiculous, rythmical or prosaic, doggerel or delicate, according to his mood. He is immortal because he is strong in plot, replete with incident, exquisite in poetry, and resplendent in philosophy.

Shakespeare is Strong in Plot.

A handkerchief is dropped—a wife is betrayed—a family is destroyed—a play is enacted—a guilty king is discovered—a crime is avenged—a daughter is silent—a father is abandoned—a letter is discovered—a villain is exposed—an exiled son rescues his father—a banished daughter rescues the father who has abandoned her—imperialism, deceit, and flattery meet their doom. Virtue is not rewarded but it is exonerated. The drama is ethical because our sympathy is with the virtuous characters although they are crushed by the course of events. A bond, a casket and a ring! A point of law; avarice is punished and mercy is rewarded! Note the lessons of these scenes. The Nemesis of selfishness is loneliness and of crime, overwhelming remorse—this is what the life of Richard III. tells us. Anarchy and misrule are a failure. No certain good is wrought by violence. This is the lesson of Julius Cæsar, that great political drama of Pagan Rome—a world without God—a world of *men-made* gods!

Beautiful is wisdom, hideous is ignorance—an echo from "The Tempest."

Consider the characters that are called upon to unfold the logic of events and results of action in these scenes for the purpose of the edification of our own lives.

The bitter Rosaline, the merry Rosalind, the disdainful Beatrice, the intellectual Portia, the beautiful Juliet, the religious Isabella, the noble Helena! Consider the patriotic Volumnia, the unsophisticated Miranda, the shrewish Katherine, the delicate Marina, the unfortunate Lavinia, the gentle Desdama, and the fair Ophelia! Consider the ideal wife, Hermoine, the faithful Imogen, the passionate Cleopatra, the ideal Queen Catherine! Consider the egotistical Cæsar, the jealous Othello, the ambitious Macbeth, the sighing Romeo, the exasperated Posthu-

mus, the idiotic Slender, the chuckling Falstaff, the Puritanical Malvolio, the inhuman Caliban, the beastly Thersites, the heroic King Henry, the usurping John, the intriguing Iago, the yellow Iachimo and the bold Richard,—last of the Plantagenets.

Shakespeare is Replete with Incident.

What a pageant! Feasts, funerals, weddings, suicides, murders, duels, shipwrecks, reunions, dances, plays, festivals, pilgrimages, tournaments; bells ringing, trumpets blaring, drums beating, sennets sounding, women weeping and men doing battle!

All this with a magnificently appropriate natural setting of sky and sea and land! Love in the moonlight, parting in the shipwreck, and murder in the dark; madness in the tempest and dancing on the flowers; magic in the cavern and orations in the forum!

Shakespeare is Beautiful in Poetry.

"I know a bank where the wild Thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows";

"She hangs like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

"Morning stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

"There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out."

"Her eyes in heaven would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

"She is my own and I in having her am far more rich
Than if I owned the seas and all their sands were pearls and all their rocks pure gold."

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign is crimson
In thy lips and on thy cheek."

"In maiden meditation fancy free."

"In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep or hearing die!"

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is:
My lady sweet, arise."

Shakespeare is Rich in Philosophy.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"In the reproof a chance lies the true proof of man."

"Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels."

"Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw when honor's at the stake."

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

"Heaven is above all, yet there sits a judge that no king can corrupt."

"The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance."

"There is no blemish but of the mind,
None can be called deformed but the unkind."

"I will give thee adversity's sweet milk philosophy to comfort thee!"

"Wisely and slow, my son,
They stumble that run fast."

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

"Prayer pierces so that it assaults mercy itself and frees all faults."

"My penitence comes after all the rest imploring pardon."

"To Thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes."

"Give me that man that is not passion's slave
And I will wear him in my heart's core,
Ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee."

"Then happy low lie down.
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
 "The season of all natures—sleep."

Raphael painted life, Angelo carved it, Wagner composed it, Shakespeare sung it! Most poets must be interpreted, translated to our age and our needs. Shakespeare interprets himself. Commentators, beware!

"Harsh are the words of Mercury
 After the songs of Apollo."

A Trip to the Mountain.

*The Mountain Looked on Hamilton and Hamilton
 Looked on the Bay.*

THE announcement of our first outing, after the reopening of school, sent a thrill of delightful anticipation through every heart, for many of the students who had crossed the border from Uncle Sam's dominions, or, who had come from different parts of Canada, and elsewhere, to drink deep at the fountain of knowledge in this far-famed Canadian Institution, had not yet enjoyed the invigorating air and healthful recreation afforded by this charmingly diversified spot, of which Hamiltonians are so justly proud. Then, ho for the Mountain! Nature is there in her best mood, holding high festival, and ready to satisfy our instinctive love of fragrance and color.

The September sun shone full and bright on the bevy of light-hearted maidens starting off gaily for a pleasant ramble, all in jubilant spirits over an event in convent days to be long remembered. No one murmured at the length of the walk through the city, which occupied about an hour, nor at the weight of the well-filled lunch-baskets—which, let me whisper, grew gradually lighter on the way—the delicious fruit they contained was evidently not in the category of the forbidden—and all seemed unwontedly generous, and perfectly willing, that day, to comply with the Scriptural injunction to bear one another's burdens.

When the foot of the Mountain was reached, we stood for awhile to feast our eyes on its picturesque beauty and admire the costly mansions which adorn its slopes. Stairway after stairway leads to the summit those who are disposed to

climb, but we took the "Incline," and, in a few minutes, after a ride that created the strangest sensations, were far above the level of the city and the Bay, gazing on the magnificent view presented—the broad blue waters of Lake Ontario stretching away to the distant horizon, the plain dotted with thriving villas, and the beautifully-laid-out city of Hamilton. The Mountain is quite an ideal summer resort and seems like a little town by itself, refreshed by morning and evening health-laden breezes.

After we had lingered some time in the pretty nooks in which the Mountain abounds, and completed our tour of exploration, a chorus of pleading voices reminded us that the fresh breeze is a splendid appetizer. The suggestion that we partake of luncheon then and there was enthusiastically received, and, amid a chattering of voices, pleasant to hear in this lovely environment, and a narration of summer travels and piscatorial ventures, the contents of the baskets disappeared.

To hear the various comments on the way home, you would think our outing was an event of national importance—to us it was more—a red-letter day in our memories of Mount St. Mary.

MARY FARRELLY.

A Visit to the University.

AT two o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, as we were closing our zoologies, and ready for our next period, instead of hearing "Now we shall have our Botany," to our utter surprise and pleasure, we heard Sister say, "This afternoon, you shall visit the University, so you may go now and prepare."

Need I say that we hurried, for, in less than half an hour, we were on our way!

Although the afternoon looked cloudy still the atmosphere was invigorating, and our minds as happy as may be expected of eight privileged students, so we decided that it would be more pleasant to walk than to ride.

We went up Spadina Avenue, and then along College Street, all the while burning with enthusiasm for the exploration of the well-known museum. We reached the building a few moments after the great city clock had struck the hour of three, and immediately began our eager investigation.

As we entered, first, we were agreeably surprised by the numerous show-cases before us. Which would we examine first? Here lay the doubt, but one little voice chimed in, "Let us begin at the beginning, and end at the end." This timely advice was immediately followed. Our attention was attracted by the cases containing fossils—those objects of wonder that have so concisely revealed past ages to man. These we carefully inspected with an interest justly due them; then we proceeded to the minerals and rocks.

There stood Mr. Silver, bold and defiant in stature, as though endeavoring to overshadow Miss Gold, in her calm, peaceful elegance. Again, farther off, shone out the rich and radiant hue of the Amethyst, in her maiden simplicity, surrounded on all sides by glimmering crystals of quartz. Then, came the study in carbon. Here lay a bed of black, brilliant charcoal, and, beside it, in most beautiful contrast, the pure white diamond.

All was so intensely interesting it was with feelings of pleasure mingled with sorrow that we left, after an hour had passed, happy that we now had learned what, for so long, had been to us but a vague conception of real minerals, and sad that we could spend no more time in this department of treasured contents.

Once out again, we began to realize our great privilege, and the permission to visit even the stores which was granted us. Every one may not consider this a privilege, but every convent girl readily understands what an honor it is to be out without a chaperone.

The day-pupils of the party now left us, and the five remaining began a shopping expedition. We decided to ride home, and arrived just at five—our study hour! But none of us objected to study that evening, as we wished to show our gratitude for the honor conferred and the pleasure we received through it.

MARY RODDEN.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Royal Babe of Holland.

Descended from and Related to St. Elizabeth of Hungary
and St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

NEERPELT, Belgium, May 13, 1909.

Very Rev. Editor *The Record*:

Having noticed that frequently contributions from persons living or traveling in Europe are taken up in your excellent paper, I thought, but not without hesitation, that you would be pleased with what I herewith send you, namely, an article from the first page of the great Dutch Catholic newspaper *De Maasbode*, of Friday, April 30, 1909, the great and memorable day for Holland, on account of the birth of a Royal Princess who will live, as we hope, to continue the House of Orange.

The article I send you gives:

1st. The Genealogical Trees showing our young Princess to be a lineal descendant of St. Elizabeth of Hungary;

2d. View of relationship existing between the Houses of

Orange— Thuringia— Gonzaga.
(*Wilhelmina*) (*St. Elizabeth*) (*St. Aloysius*)

As you will notice from the article, the "View of relationship" existing between the "Houses of Orange (*Wilhelmina*), Thuringia (*St. Elizabeth*), and Gonzaga (*St. Aloysius*)," is made up by the learned Jesuit, the Rev. Father L. Steger, hence it will need no further comment.

Of course it will be no news to your readers to be told that a little Princess is come to Holland, which is a source of joy and gladness to good old sleepy Holland, as it seems to have been, judging at least from the newspapers, in all the civilized world. But I have my doubts if our Catholics have any idea that our future Queen is a lineal descendant of one great Saint, and a blood relation of another. Thinking that these facts might perhaps be interesting to your readers I send them to you to make them known through your paper if you should consider it of enough interest to them.

The Crown Princess of Holland.

A descendant, both on the side of her mother and her father, of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, Countess of Hessen and Thuringia.

Saint Elizabeth, † 1231 x Louis Count of Hessen and Thuringia † 1227.

1. Sophie † 1284 x Henry II., Count of Lorraine and Brabant † 1248.
2. Henry † 1308 x Adelaide of Brunswick.
3. Otto, Count of Hessen † 1328 x Adelaide, Countess of Ravensperg.
4. Louis, Prince of Grebenstein † 1343 x Marguerite, Countess of Spanheim.
5. Herman, the Wise, † 1413 x Marguerite of Nuremberg.
6. Louis, the Peaceful, † 1458 x Anna of Saxony.
7. Louis II., the Brave, † 1471 x Mathilda, Countess of Wurtemberg.
8. William, Count of Hessen, † 1509 x Anna, Countess of Mecklenburg.
9. Philip, the Generous, † 1567 x Christine, Countess of Saxony.
10. William, the Prudent, Count of Hesse-Cassel † 1592 x Sabina of Wurtemberg.
11. Maurice, Count of Hesse-Cassel † 1632 x Juliana von Nassau.
12. William V., Count of Hesse-Cassel † 1637 x Amalia, Countess of Hanau.
13. William VI., Count of Hesse-Cassel † 1663 x Hedwig of Brandenburg.
14. Charles † 1730 x Mary Anna van Koerland.
15. Mary Louisa x John William Friso, Prince of Orange-Nassau † 1711 (*).
16. William IV., Prince of Orange-Nassau Stadhouder † 1751 x Anna of Brunswick.
17. William V., Prince of Orange-Nassau Stadhouder † 1806 x Wilhelmina of Prussia.
18. William I., King of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange-Nassau † 1843 x Wilhelmina of Prussia.
19. William II., King of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange-Nassau † 1849 x Anna Paulowna of Russia.
20. William III., King of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange-Nassau † 1890 x Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont.
21. Wilhelmina, Helena, Paulina, Maria, Queen of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin †.
10. George, the Pious, Count of Hesse-Darmstadt † 1596 x Magdalena von Lippe.
11. Frederic, Count of Hesse-Homburg † 1638 x Mary Elizabeth, Countess of-Linanze.
12. William Christoffel, Count of Hesse-Homburg, † 1681 x Sophie of Hesse-Darmstadt.
13. Wilhelmina † 1722 x Frederic of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (**).
14. Christian Louis, Duke of Meckl-Schwerin, † 1756 and Charlotte Sophie of Saxon-Coburg.
15. Francis, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin † 1837 x Louisa of Saxony-Gotha.
16. Frederic, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin † 1819 x Carolina of Weimar.
17. Paul Frederic, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin † 1842 x Alexandrina of Prussia.
18. Frederic Francis II., Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin † 1883 x Maria Carolina of Schwarzburg-Rudolfstadt.
19. Hendrik Wladimir, Albert, Ernest, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince of the Netherlands.

(February 7th., 1901.)

Princess of Orange-Nassau, born April 30th., 1909.

From this genealogical table it appears that the Royal Child is a descendant of Saint Elizabeth, on the side of her mother, in the 22d generation, on the side of her father, in the 20th generation. Furthermore it shows that the nine first generations after St. Elizabeth are the same; that through the marriage of Mary

Louise of Hesse-Cassel (see * 15) with John William Friso, the House of Orange-Nassau comes into the genealogical list and through the marriage of Wilhelmina of Hesse-Homburg * 1722 (see ** 13) with Frederica of Mecklemburg-Schwerin, the house of Mecklemburg-Schwerin.

To the Catholics of the Netherlands:

The glad birth of the new Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklemburg, causes us Catholics of the Netherlands joyfully to raise our voices in unison with all our Dutch citizens, because we now have the sweet hope that the blessings, which the sensible and peaceful Government of the House of Orange has given the Catholic Church in the Netherlands in these days of opposition against Altar and Throne, may be continued.

This grateful, this thankful adherence may perhaps become stronger by the knowledge of the historical fact, here below plainly and convincingly shown, that the House of Orange is connected with St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, and with St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, the Patron of our Christian youth.

For this reason I pray you to join me in placing our Royal Mother under the protection of the Holy Woman [St. Elizabeth], image of heroic motherhood, and the little Baby of the House of Orange, under the protection of the Angelic Patron of Youth [St. Aloysius].

ROTTERDAM, 30 April, 1909.

L. STEGER, S. J.

[Father Steger appends a further general view showing the relationship of the recently born Princess of Holland to St. Aloysius, and the Emperor of Germany, William II.—*Editor Record.*]

—K. W. F., in *Louisville Record.*

Francis Thompson the Poet.

FRANCIS THOMPSON is, perhaps, the least known of English poets. His forty-eight years of life offer, however, strange themes of mystery to evoke curiosity and pity.

Since his death on November 13, 1907, the choice few with whom he had been in almost daily communion of friendship and affection have outlined with loving reticence the main events of his singular story. These accounts hint darkly at the devious errors of many days; days not spent in sin, God forbid; not sin, but the narcotic habit was the secret of Francis Thompson's inexplicable ways.

He has a record more weirdly pathetic than the few fitful, fevered years of Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, De Quincey, Mangau, or even Poe.

Until his seventeenth year Thomson was sheltered and secluded in the old-fashioned boys' school near Durham. Ushaw College, famous

with the memory of Lingard and Wiseman, and now with the added names of Lafcadio Hearn and Francis Thompson himself.

He dreamed these years of quiet, reflective boyhood away in the secret passion for English literature and verse, knowing that his absorbing ambition to be a poet would be frowned down by an unsympathetic stepmother and by his still more practical father, a physician at Asheton-under-Lyne, near Preston in Lancashire, says a writer in the *Providence Visitor*.

Though an ardent athlete, cricket being his darling passion next to poetry, Francis Thompson, under the guidance of Father Cuthbert, his English teacher, devoured, with an unexampled voracity, the stores of English classics, and left Ushaw at seventeen, knowing more of the treasures of sixteenth and seventeenth century poets than any literary adept of his time.

Wilfrid Meynell used often to say that Thompson knew more than Solomon; and Coventry

Patmore and William Henley, the veterans of English erudition, felt like pygmies in Thompson's company.

Holy Aspirations.

Combined with his passion for poetry was Thompson's yearning for sanctity. Nobody who has read aright his "Hound of Heaven," or his "Orient Ode," or "Any Saint," will be surprised to know that Francis Thompson longed to be a consecrated priest of God.

But his stepmother's tyrannical will crushed out this incipient vocation and determined that the frail, dreamy, unworldly lad under her jurisdiction should study medicine and play a sane rôle in the drama of life, like his father, and be of some definite use in a sensible community.

To yield to parental mandates, Francis Thompson most unwillingly surrendered his own tastes, and matriculated at Owens Medical College in Manchester.

He fainted like a delicate girl at the first sight of flowing blood during his initial clinic. He slunk away from lectures and examinations to seek refuge in the public libraries.

When Dr. Thompson was informed of the failure of his son by the medical faculty, stormy scenes ensued, with the result that the proud boy, the gentle dreamer, a baby in worldly guile, ran away to London.

When his father ferreted out his whereabouts he kept him in pocket-money by a slim allowance, and secured him from vagrancy by procuring several situations suited to his class and capabilities.

His Failures.

But browsing in book-stalls, the Guildhall Library and the British Museum, did not satisfy his exacting employers; and Francis Thompson, after a few short months, found himself stranded in London with nothing in his pocket but a copy of Aeschylus and the "Songs of Innocence" of his beloved William Blake.

His father, worn out by these perversities, cut off his dreamer of a son without a farthing.

Thompson could find no shelter even in London's fetid alleys for a night without the compensating coin which his sordid landlady required. He needed at least eleven pence daily to keep from starving. To earn these, the frail

and delicate youth sold matches, called cabs, held horses before theatres, staggered under a load of penny journals whose contents he loathed, or collected unpaid bills for a bookseller, under whose burdens of books he often bent double, consoling himself for his bruised and broken back by the childish thought that, at least, they were books which he loved so passionately.

A good-natured cobbler consented to hire him to help in repairing soles and heels and uppers, but the irregular appearances of his gentlemanly apprentice roused his latent ire and ejection followed soon. Despite these odd and desultory jobs, poor Francis Thompson's stomach was void of nourishment.

Acquires Fatal Habit.

To quiet the pinching pains due to hunger and exposure from sleeping on the refuse vegetable heaps in Covent Garden or under the shadowy arches of the Thames embankments, Thompson began the use of the fatal laudanum.

With the delusive solace of the insidious opium he shivered in the cold, bleak, foggy London nights, or gazed vacantly at the eternal stars rolling over their course in the firmament, in the supreme utter abandonment of a human soul without hope or stay from flagons or apples.

These were the bitter nights and weary days of unspeakable length and duration, whose very memory was loathsome to him, and whose existence he so skilfully hid until latterly in his life, when the claims of gratitude forced him to reveal a past he preferred to forget.

When he lay dying far away from London among the Sussex downs, overlooking the Welsh hills, propped up by his pillows and poring over his missal and breviary, he confessed it all to his hospitable host, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

He owned to having partially completed his autobiography. Whether it is yet among the poor possessions of a hundred and fifty note books which he left to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who is to know?

It seems ludicrous to think of Francis Thompson with possessions. As James Mangan left behind for his legacy a faded coat and a family umbrella, so Francis Thompson bequeathed to his sole residuary legatee a shabby, frayed, brown ulster that had never been seen off his back, winter and summer, for seventeen years

past, one shiny suit of clothes and one unspeakable pipe, with a rusty satchel which, in rain or sunshine, he carried slung over his shoulder, packed to bulging with the manuscripts of books recently reviewed, or with new volumes whose contents would furnish him sufficient matter for a composition which would enable him to pay his landlady and to buy the indispensable dose of laudanum.—*Catholic Transcript.*

The Afterglow.

“There’s a light of wondrous beauty,
Called by some the “Afterglow,”
And it follows day’s receding
As the shadows come and go.

There’s a light of time in fancy
That bedims that afterglow—
And its shadows are extended
To the years of long ago.”

TWILIGHT fell apace in the mountains, softening the great grey boulders and shrouding in a charitable maze the huge, gaunt trees—trees so old and sear that they had long since ceased to be things of beauty, except to those who revel in the rugged and the gnarled; but, for my part, I prefer the slender sapling, with its wealth of dainty verdure, for to me the comparison of a century oak to such a shrub is that of a fragile, hand-painted vase to a huge earthen urn. The very delicacy of the former enhances its value, and therein lies the charm. And you sit and dream that you are in a fairyland, and, as you dream, as if by magic, a golden haze dispels the twilight and the mountains are wrapped in a glamour. You start up like a schoolboy on the *qui vive*, for who but a fairy could have wrought such a wondrous change? The great bald and unsightly boulders assume a glittering splendor; the shrubs and vines are tinged with a Midas-like golden touch, and even the very ravines themselves, before a maze of rocks and unkempt shrubbery, now present a glorious vista,—a seductive and pleasing valley.

You sit still—breathless—a statue—and drink in the exquisite glory, which, alas! fades rapidly, and, as darkness settles over the hills, you rouse yourself and murmur, “Only the afterglow.”

Only the afterglow!

’Tis ever thus: the afterglow softens and beautifies all harsh lines, all discordant notes, and makes the past one beautiful dream. Strange, but the pictures of memory only reveal what is pleasing and cheerful. The little trials, the aches and the pains—and the big ones, too, I ween,—are all forgotten, and only the joys and successes are remembered. What a wonderful thing this blessed afterglow of our imagination is! You go back to childhood, to the time when

“The glint of gold from our happy days
Shines through the somber shades,
And love’s warm gleams, like morning’s rays,
And beauty that never fades.”

You recall your first top. It was all very well enough for a top for a lively boy, but you would pass that self-same top in the down-town stores, a hundred times a day, and not consider it nearly good enough to bestow on that cunning little nephew of yours, for your first top has assumed wonderful proportions, wonderful hues and wonderful qualities. You almost imagine you can hear it humming—humming—and father telling you “if you must spin you had better take that noisy top to the barn.” And so you haunt the toy-counter while the weary clerk shows you tops—other tops—until the tables are strewn with them, and the children gather around, with their great saucer-like eyes, and wonder if you are Santa’s advance agent. At last, in sheer desperation, you select a toy—the very biggest and most expensive you can find—and carry it home in triumph. Little nephew winds it up with all the zest for a new top, and sends it spinning across the floor, while mother holds her ears and father laughs. But you are disappointed and you say so.

Mother looks up in surprise. “Why, Ted, ’tis a beauty, and your first top was a mean little affair and made a dreadful din. If I remember rightly, it cost but twenty cents.”

And this cost you one dollar and sixty-five cents!

Oh, that afterglow!

You throw back your head and laugh at the remembrance of your first whipping. It is all very well to laugh now, but then,—you see a lad of ten bravely—mother said stubbornly—trying

to keep back his tears until he mounts to his own little bedroom. He throws himself down by the window-seat and then he sobs,—the deep, heart-felt sobs of a wee chap whose pride has been hurt and who is misunderstood. Yes! we have all been there,—after the whipping.

“Now I lay me down to sleep,—
Don't want to sleep,—I want to think.
Didn't mean to spill that ink,—
Only meant to be a bear,
And softly creep upon the chair—
'Tain't 'bout the whipping that I care.”

* * * * *

“If I should die before I wake,—
Maybe I ain't got a soul,—
Maybe there is just a hole
Where it ought to be,—there's such an ache
Down here somewhere. She seemed to think
That I just loved to spill that ink.”

Of course, mother never thought anything of the kind, but then you were such a careless mortal, and mother's whippings were never severe. It took father to administer those, and even now—in the blaze of the afterglow—you wince as you recall father's “good whippings.”

And the night after that baseball game at “The Meadows”—you laugh again,—boyishly, heartily,—another instance which almost proved a tragedy, but, now, appears too ridiculous. Your team had won and you were captain! Ah! how you feel your blood course faster, faster, as you think of the way the boys cheered you—“A Ted!—A Ted! Good boy, Ted! Hurrah for our captain!”

“Be his titles what they may,
In spite of manhood's claim,
The grey-head is a schoolboy still
And loves his schoolboy's name.”

You forget how tired you were and your long, weary tramp across the muddy fields; you forget how your head ached and your eyes danced; you remember only the joy of the victory. You forget stumbling up the front steps—the back entrance, indeed! Victors have the right of way—that you did not wipe your mud-stained boots, but that you boldly strode into the drawing-room where Cordelia was entertaining a bevy of girls—maidens in snowy dresses and with blossoms

in their sunny hair. The chatter and music came to an abrupt termination, and the guests gazed in bewilderment while you cried, enthusiastically, “Cordelia, old girl, we won! Shake, Cordelia, shake!”

But instead of the “Ted, Ted, I'm so glad,” your sister eyed you askance and said, witheringly, “Thomas Edward Bernard Wilkins, leave this room instantly.”

And you went, crestfallen, leaving in your wake a vivid stain of mud on the delicate grey carpet, intertwined with rosebuds, and as you made that inglorious exit, you heard Cordelia explain—and you knew she was blushing—“that boy is simply incorrigible and shouldn't be allowed out of mother's sight.”

This from Cordelia, and before someone you think “a heap of”—oh!—oh!

And you went away to mother in the sitting-room and she entered into your feelings following the various strikes, foul balls, home runs, etc., so enthusiastically that you almost see the game again and play it, too. You hear again the umpire call “strike one; strike two.” You see Dick Morgan in his exciting home run—Dick in his blue-and-white sweater, his red hair flying in the breeze, his face set and hard; he comes nearer, nearer, every muscle is tense and he is striving for the last great effort. The opponents have the ball, it is thrown rapidly and with unerring aim; will he—will he win the goal? Dick—Dick—mirabile dictu! he is home; he falls onto the base; willing and eager hands raise him and clap him on the back. Gradually the set expression disappears and one of his rare, sweet smiles lights up his countenance, for only a red-haired chap can give that peculiar sunshiny smile. All praise to the red-haired lad! Anyway, it was a wonderful run, and the best of it all was the way mother understood and followed it so closely, so eagerly, that you would almost wager mother had been an athletic girl in her day if such beings had been in existence; but, happily, they weren't and mother is just the dearest, sweetest woman in creation, and knows, appreciates and understands a growing boy. And by the time the coffee was served, you had slipped into fresh clothing and ventured into the drawing-room. Cordelia even yet was freezingly polite to you, but a pair of bright eyes had lost their surprised look and shone on you in fa-

vor. Mary Mackie Tracy was just the sweetest girl alive. You laughed again, and then you sighed while the unbidden tears rose and hid the light. Mary Mackie Tracy became your wife, but, for years and years, the October winds have wailed over her little grave in Calgary cemetery. Dear wife! She is ever in your thoughts, but never so much as in this beautiful October weather when All Souls' Day creeps on.

Dear Mary Mackie Tracy! We know that the rest of the simple girl-wife is peaceful; we know that she is enjoying a resplendent "After-glow," following the twilight of pain and trouble that ended her short life.


"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart by absence wrung ;
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung.

O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross; sweetheart, to kiss the
Cross."

KATY C. ADAMS.

Scenes Around Us.

" H, what a lovely night—just to sit outside and think of scenes around us, instead of sitting down and writing about them!" This was the exclamation which escaped from the lips of discontented me, as I sat upon the front porch, gazing upon a most perfect night. The myriads of bright stars, twinkling here and twinkling there, seemed to vie with one another in paying their homage to their Creator. Over this glittering field of blue, the beautiful Queen Moon smiled complacently.

As I gazed long and wonderingly upon God's pure heavens, I grew particularly dreamy. But the thoughts of Cicero, Algebra, German, Ethics, and Composition, patiently awaiting me inside, changed my dreamy mood to one of discontent. But just for a moment, I thought, I shall let my thoughts wander upon this subject, "Scenes

Around Us." Then, as if by magic, the god of dreams presented to my wondering gaze a picture of one of the many eventful days of my life.

The morning sunlight was slowly creeping in between the cracks of a closely-drawn window shade. Rising, with a sigh, I was angry with myself for awaking so early, as it was Saturday and the coming day seemed useless. As I had declared to myself more than once: "This has been my 'blue' week, both at home and at school."

However, about half-past ten, the dark blue record was to undergo a pleasant change. At that hour my younger sister came running upstairs to tell me that we were going to spend the day in the woods. In less than half an hour a merry carriage load was on its way to a wood nearby, there to spend the merriest of merry days. I then concluded that, like the frolicing leaves of autumn, our lives, too, must bear many a varied hue.

The god who had, as it were, come to my rescue, as if afraid that he had presented too delightful a scene to my view, turned my gaze to the picture of a cold December day. One cloud tried to outdo the other in forming darkness. The many thick and fast-flying snowflakes were covering housetops and sidewalks in their ermine folds. But this scene only tended to increase the anticipated joys of our coming holidays, for the next day our longed-for Christmas vacation was to commence.

Suddenly opening my eyes to the world around me, my happy spirit was changed to one of sorrow and pity upon seeing a poor, wretched woman walking down the street, dragging after her a wash-basket on a tiny sled. Into that poor woman's heart, I thought, the glad Christmas spirit has not yet entered.

Scenes around us, potent teachers,
In life's lessons, hard to learn;
With thy help, may we, God's creatures,
The heav'nly scene above, all earn.

ROZELLA PACKRITZ.

St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

There are persons who pride themselves on bluntness as if it were a virtue. In reality, it is a sure sign of insolence, vanity, and a lack of charity. Who on earth would care to dwell with a human hedgehog?

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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OCTOBER, 1909.

With extreme delight we hail the return of our much-beloved prelate, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, who spent the summer on and across the sea, in the hope of restoring the health and strength so necessary to the discharge of his onerous duties. That hope, thank God, has been realized to the unbounded joy of his diocese.

Loreto, mindful of all that we owe to his Lordship, with profound gratitude joins in the thanksgiving, and prays our kind Heavenly Father to spare for many years our dearest benefactor.

His Lordship, accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Mahoney, took a slow boat from Boston, so as

to get the benefit of the ocean breezes; therefore his trip was, for the greater part of the time, in the nature of a cruise. The weather, with slight variations, was ideal. The trip extended to the British Isles. His Lordship spent only eight days ashore; but managed to visit Liverpool, Oxford, London, Durham, York, Glasgow,—and Edinburgh. When visiting Oxford University he lingered, much interested, in the rooms once occupied by Cardinal Newman.

His Lordship returned by way of Philadelphia, where he was the guest of Archbishop Ryan and Mgr. Kieran.

The anxiety experienced before and at time of his departure, the loneliness of the prayerful days that told his absence, have given place to gratitude to Heaven, and the felicitations that on every hand greet our most-esteemed and dearly-beloved Bishop of Hamilton.

We beg to offer our felicitations to our highly-esteemed Dean Mahony, upon his appointment as Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hamilton. This great honor is well merited. By his energy and efficiency in his multifarious duties, and his numerous virtues as man and priest, our present Vicar-General has endeared himself to his Bishop, who cherishes him as a very dear brother.

We trust that our respected Vicar-General, as our good Bishop, derived all desirable benefit from the voyage, and that Heaven may amply bless his entering upon new and additional duties.

Hark! The Chime of Golden Jubilee Bells at Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

“Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life.” This munificent reward, tendered by the Word of Truth itself, has been obtained by many Christians after having labored in the vineyard during a comparatively short space. What then will be the beauty and value of the crown in store for one who has labored faithfully for two score years and ten! One who

generously responded to the invitation, "Come, follow Me," in the early years of her perfected womanhood, one who joyfully left loving friends, a happy home, and all that this world holds dear, to accept instead, poverty, labor, and the many privations heroically borne by the first members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in America, thus to imitate more closely the Divine Saviour, who, having joy set before Him, chose sorrow.

Self-sacrificing, noble souls were those ladies who resolved to devote their lives and talents to the education of the young, and the consequent upbuilding of the Church in Canada. Then was sown and carefully nurtured the symbolic mustard-seed, which has since grown up and become a great, flourishing, educational institution.

The interior esteem for the venerated Religious, Mother M. Gonzaga Gallivan, found some exterior expression in the Jubilee Celebration held in her honor, at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, September the nineteenth, the Feast of Our Lady of Dolours. The spacious chapel was well filled with Religious and pupils, who devoutly assisted at the special High Mass. The appropriate hymns, Jubilantes and Veni Sponsa Christi, were sweetly and touchingly rendered by the choir of well-trained voices.

His Grace Most Reverend Archbishop McEvay was unable to assist, but sent a telegram of congratulation from Quebec, as he was in attendance at the first Plenary Council of Canada. His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, also sent congratulations.

The venerable Jubilarian was the recipient of many kind and valuable remembrances from relatives: and friends who realized, that it is owing, under God's providence, to the efforts of the early workers of Loreto, that the great and good work of the present day became possible.

During these five decades of devoted service, many responsible offices have been entrusted to this faithful Religious, who strove with unflinching devotedness, to lead those of the household

of the faith, entrusted to her motherly care, to great heights of sanctity by her edifying life and daily, hourly example.

May the bounteous Lord of the vineyard continue to bestow His choicest blessings on this faithful spouse, and may many such zealous workers hear and accept the gracious invitation, "Come, follow Me, and you shall have a hundredfold in this life and eternal happiness in the next."

In the October issue of *The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Reverend E. J. Devine, S. J., pays a glowing tribute to the ability and sterling worth of Miss K. Gethin, a former pupil of Loreto Abbey, Toronto, whom he styles "An Apostle of Good Reading."

Referring to the "coming of age" of the Catholic Free Circulating Library on Bleury Street, otherwise known as the Montreal Free Library, Father Devine writes:

"When the Montreal Free Library was started by Father Connolly, S. J., and his Promoters, in 1888, there were only two hundred books on the shelves, but the rapid circulation of even this small number showed that a popular need had been signalled. This tentative effort revealed the possibilities of the future, and urged the reverend director and the ladies associated with him to widen the sphere of their influence by augmenting the number of books. This work of development fell to the share of Miss Gethin, a gifted lady, who, if she was not the actual foundress, must be considered the one person responsible for any success the Free Library has effected during the past twenty-one years. It was Miss Gethin, who—as chief-librarian and president of the work, and possessed of a mastery of details, as well as a knowledge of the importance of little things, even pennies—evolved this Library out of its primitive state. Knowing well that we are in a reading age, and that if people cannot get Catholic literature to read they will read what they can get, this lady's one object in life, during

the past twenty-one years, has been to supply the reading needs of the Catholic public. So well has she succeeded that there are now on the shelves of the Montreal Free Library *sixteen thousand* volumes, with an annual circulation for many years past of over *eighty thousand* volumes. Notwithstanding the limitations as to ways and means necessarily imposed upon her, she has succeeded in keeping her clients supplied with all that is unobjectionable among modern authors, a feat at times by no means easy. Writers whose names are identified with works tending to weaken faith or to belittle moral worth, she has always rigorously excluded. Religious and controversial sections have been provided by her for those seeking information on matters of faith and disputed points of history. Even little children have had, through her efforts, their share in the benefits of this truly Catholic work. A whole section of the Library is reserved exclusively for the little ones; reading suitable for them is selected; and their minds are thus early given impressions that will remain with them all their lives.

The question may be asked, How could this enormous work, rivalling that of libraries of greater prominence, be accomplished by one person, without the financial aid of some Pittsburg millionaire or other? Incredible as it may seem,—and there is a hint here for many of us—the only sources of revenue Miss Gethin and her Free Library have had during the past twenty-one years, have been a few afternoon teas, an occasional cheque from a friend for the purchase of new books, gifts of old books, the sale of catalogues, and the fines usually paid by readers for the non-observance of library rules. Buying new books, mending the old ones, tracing the strayed, replacing the lost, condemning the bad, recommending the good, are duties that have filled up an apostolate of twenty-one years. During three days every week this devoted lady and her young assistants, hundreds of whom have been formed by her, may be seen earnestly at

work, receiving books from readers, checking their return, and throwing them into circulation again; in a word, systematically doling out Catholic literature gratis to every class of society. Who will say that this is not an apostolate? or that this monotonous work, kept up every week for the past twenty-one years, is not worthy of special mention, an inspiration to urge others to go and do likewise?

There is a lesson to be drawn from these pages. The evil of bad books is always threatening us, and we should be ever on our guard to prevent any encroachment. What has been done by the energy and devotedness of one lady in Montreal may be done in other cities and towns in Canada, if the same personal energy and devotedness can be enlisted. And dare we assert that these elements are wanting among our zealous Canadian Catholics? Already several libraries modelled on the Montreal Free Library, have been formed in some of our centers in Ontario. Miss Gethin has many a time given to inquirers the results of her long experience in library equipment and her methods for controlling book-circulation. Let us hope that her efforts have not been made in vain, and that other Centers throughout Canada may follow her admirable example, which, after all, is a true apostolate undertaken in the interests of God and souls."

* * * * *

The columns of the *Educational Times* bring to our notice the results of the recent Examinations of the London College of Preceptors. The List of Honors and Certificates clearly evidences the earnest progress made by the pupils of Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar, who, having followed the prescribed course, competed at its close for success in the above Examinations.

We warmly congratulate our sister students on what must have been thorough and practical work during the scholastic year, while their minds and intellects were being cultivated by their efficient teachers, the Religious of the In-

stitute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the result must prove very satisfactory and encouraging. We also congratulate them on the high standard they maintain in the field of education.

In the List of Successes, First Class (Pass Certificates) were obtained by the following young ladies: Clemencia Novella, Mary Black, Pepita Rodriguez.

Second Class (Honor Certificates)—Ethel Cheverton Smith, Gladys Lane, Cyrene Novella, Isabel Dotto, Eliza Rodriguez.

Pass Certificates: Marie Neuville, Ada Imossi.

Third Class (Honor Certificates): Cicely Mosley, Lylie Cressingham.

Pass Certificates (Lower Forms): Thyra Clark, Adelaide Pogue, Emmie Imossi, Rosa Russo.

* * * * *

That "Death loves a shining mark" has been exemplified in the case of one of its most recent victims, Miss Alice Powers, of Chicago, who passed away on Saturday, September the nineteenth, at her home on Sixty-sixth Street, after a protracted and painful illness.

Miss Powers was a graduate of Loreto Convent, Stewart Avenue, Class of '07, and her sorrowing classmates and friends to whom she had endeared herself by her goodness, bear testimony to her many virtues and sterling worth.

Her example was always a "shining light," and the piety which distinguished her—even as a child—seemed but to grow with her growth,—to beautify and perfect a character by nature most lovable.

Although Alice had entered the sphere of early womanhood, she had not parted with the sweet simplicity and candor of her girlhood, nor its admirable innocence.

While extending our sincere condolence to the bereaved family, who mourn the life thus cut off in its blossom, we can feel with them, that it will bear eternal fruit, and that those who grieve

have gained one more devoted advocate before the throne of God. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

* * * * *

A truly valiant woman was recently called to her eternal reward in the person of Mrs. J. G. Moylan, of Ottawa, whose long and exemplary life, crowned by a peaceful death, was a reflection of the strong faith, firm and unwavering hope, and self-sacrificing love of God of a beautiful Christian character. Eminently prayerful and possessed of a strength of mind begotten of piety and fidelity to duty, the deceased was scrupulously charitable on all occasions, and a derogatory remark, uttered in her presence, was certain to provoke a ready defense from her lips.

A life-long and devoted friend of the Institute from the hour she placed her little daughters under its fostering care, where they grew to sweet, accomplished young womanhood, until stricken by her last illness, Mrs. Moylan's kind solicitude for its members, especially those best loved by "the children," bordered on the maternal; and eyes grow dim with tender memories, to-day, while petitions rise to heaven for the eternal repose of her dear soul.

* * * * *

Not only will the ancient city of Lichfield, in England, celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of her most distinguished son, Dr. Samuel Johnson, compiler of the immortal "dixonary," but the whole English-speaking world will recognize the anniversary and take part in the celebration of the natal day of a man who stamped his individuality upon the mother tongue, for it is to Johnson's credit that he made English conversation a fine art.

In Boswell's "Life"—the most living biography ever written—we find the real Johnson, sitting as the literary arbiter of his time, rolling out his ponderous judgments upon men and affairs—in fact, the clever record gives this remarkable man a place in our literature more se-

cure than that which he has obtained by his writings, whose reputation was above their deserts. It is there we learn who he was, what he said, and what he thought—and we close the volume with a sense of gratitude to the oft-censured “Bozzy.”

* * * * *

From an Irish *Correspondent*, Loreto Convent, Bray, the following description of a procession was received too late for insertion in the July number of the RAINBOW:

“Our seventy acres, enclosed by woodland, sea, or mountain, became on the twenty-third, the scene of a May-day pageant not unworthy of such setting as ‘the gate of the garden of Ireland’ can boast. If we are sometimes reproached as a *green* people, perhaps we may take credit in keeping green *her* memory who compares herself to the flower of the field, and so that Sabbath afternoon saw assembled all the pupils of the convent national schools, with the boarders, day pupils, and nuns, the archdeacon, senior curate, and acolytes, bearing banners and preceded by the Cross. A brass band led the way, playing hymns and followed by members of the National Foresters in their picturesque dress, all wending their way to the grotto of Lourdes, which is said to have much natural resemblance to that in the fair—and false—land of France.

A fine statue is set on high, above a rivulet which tumbles down the rocks into a pond fringed with fern and having in its centre a little rockery from which springs a mimic fountain that plays adown the verdure and lichen clothing the stones.

The Canon said the Rosary aloud, as all moved along the route, which was lined three deep—and what a length!—with hundreds and hundreds of reverent spectators, hat in hand, or with bowed head.

Arrived at the grotto, where every nook was occupied, even the topmost rocks, yet in silence and order, the Reverend W. Henry, S. J., preached a ten minutes’ sermon on the Divine Mother, Mother of God and Mother of men, “our tainted nature’s solitary boast,” and reasoned from a human mother’s love, which outlives and outlasts all, to that unfailing well-spring in Mary’s Immaculate Heart.

And now the procession reforms and files away from the hallowed spot where the poor, rich in faith, remain to pray to the same Lady of Lourdes as away amid the vines of France, where faith flourishes not! No water-worship or well-cult usurps the place of prayer, we have but the streamlet leaping down from the mountains towards the great ocean near its foot, where “purple-dyed, the mists of evening float” from its burnished floor.

“Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep,—
When the night falls and deadly winds are loud,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?
Deem not, thou stranger, that such trust is vain;
Faith walks not on these weary waves alone.”

On re-entering the convent, the members of the Foresters’ Club formed a guard of honor, two standing at the porch, with drawn swords crossed, and beneath these the household of the faith passed in to Benediction, thronging the Lord, as of old, the little ones around the altar rail to be blessed, and the elders, with reach of faith, to touch the hem of His garment, who said: “Come ye all to me.”

* * * * *

The RAINBOW extends sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kelly and family, Toronto, on the loss of their beloved daughter, Helen.

The deceased was a pupil at our Academy on Wellesley Crescent. Her more than ordinary mental ability and never-failing love of study gave promise of brilliant results, educationally, while her unassuming manner with her classmates, and her high principles of action foreshadowed a social future, rich in influence for good.

When the dear child realized her illness was fatal, her thoughts turned constantly to heaven and she spoke with beautiful and touching certainty of the eternal happiness soon to be hers.

On the fourth of August the end came so peacefully that the joy her pure soul experienced on hearing the coveted “Well done” of the Master, sweetened the sacrifice of her loved ones and

enabled them to accept with resignation the will of Him who "disposeth all things sweetly."

* * * * *

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." How truly appealing are these words of the Sacred Text to all Christians, but especially to those who "live in an inverted order," who are bereft of their children while those cherished ones are yet in the morning of life, ere the sunshine that enveloped their cradles is clouded or dimmed. It seems only yesterday that Loreto, in the RAINBOW, extended its most cordial greeting to the fair bride of Mr. Allan Murray, of Toronto, the beloved Margaret Hennessy, whose sobriquet among her companions was "The Beautiful." And truly more beautiful in soul than in person (if one may judge of the interior by the manifestation of acts of gentleness and charity) was the fair maiden, whose five summers at Loreto, might have been taken as modeled on the life of our Lady in the temple. In the words of Wordsworth,

"Twice seven consenting years had shed
Their utmost bounty on her head,"

when she first appeared at Loreto, Niagara, and her first action on the evening of her arrival, might be taken as the key-note of her whole school life; from that eventful first day to the day of her graduation. The procession of girls was wending its way to the chapel, when the mistress in charge, suddenly remembered that some one had to remain to entertain the newly-arrived, when lo, on looking along the line, she espied the fair head already in its place, moving along in the ranks, to visit the Blessed Sacrament.

She always seemed to do the right thing at the right time, and her kindly appreciation of small courtesies, made her the recipient of unlimited affection.

Her last communication with her Alma Mater

was radiant of the sweet spirit of charity, ever the mark of the true Christian lady.

Her blessed end, fortified by the rites and consolations of holy Church, was a fitting close to her beautiful life. R. I. P.

To a Belated Poppy.

I.

Fair little flower,
Of softest, silken, petals pink, white-fringed;
And golden-bright thy heart;
This dreamy hour
With trustful summer joy from thee is tinged;
True loveliness thou art!

II.

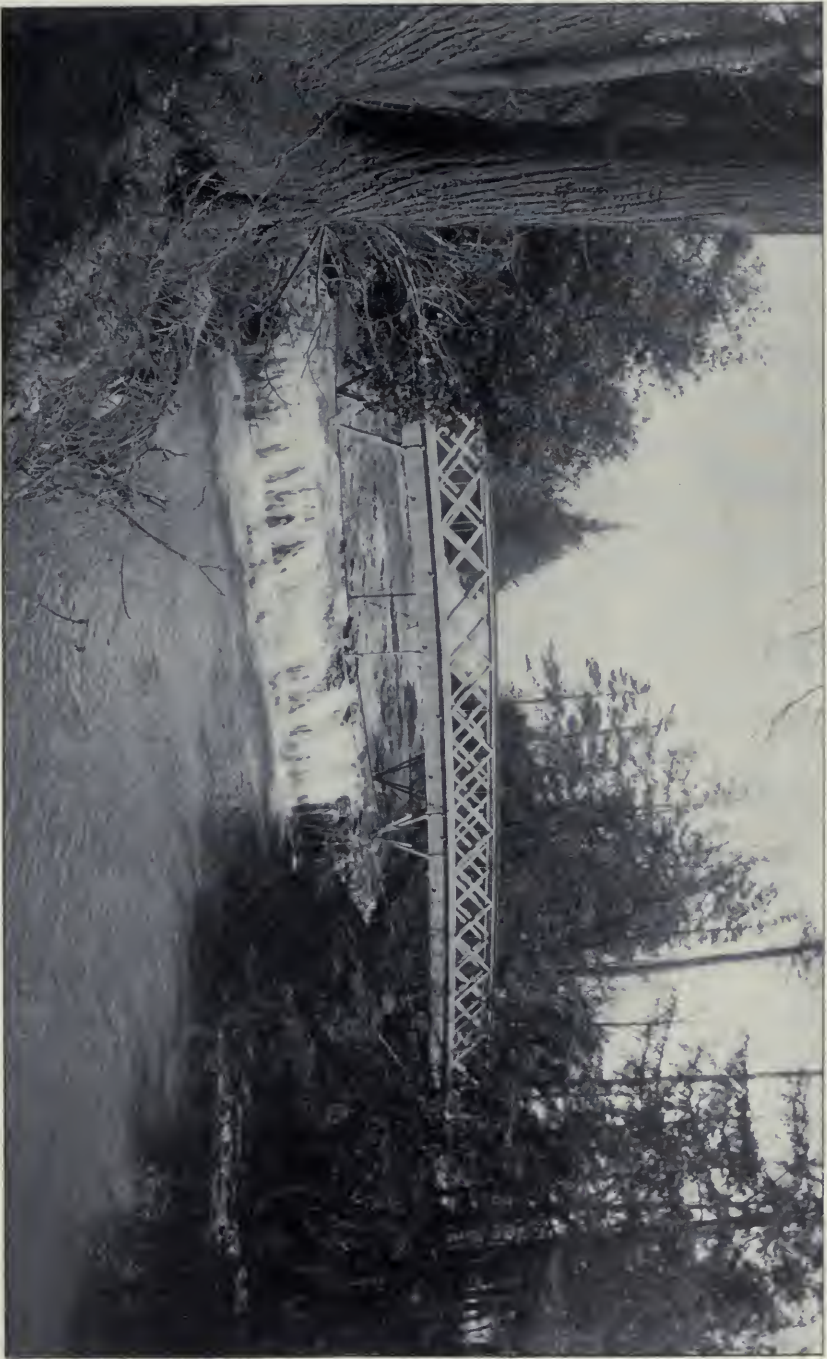
Frail beauty's trust
Given to October's borrowed smile, is sweet:
Some friends and hopes lie dead
In gloating dust,—
But, dear, thy trust for me is lesson meet,
And heaven is still o'erhead!

III.

Sweet poppy bloom,
Were summer bounties cheapen'd e'er by me,
To chastening fate I bow:
While waiting gloom,
Again comes back a paradise in thee!—
Hear my atoning now!

—IDRIS.

We may not solve the mystery of suffering, but we can face it and sing through it; we can take all the good there is in it to ourselves and make our own lives sweet and refreshing through it. We can sing songs in the night; we can learn patience with one another. We can keep our hearts open in sympathy; we can turn the dreary hours to song in some other life; for to think of the sorrows of others is to find the joy that lies hidden in every sorrow for us.



OLD BRIDGE FROM GOAT ISLAND TO FIRST SISTER ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.



NEW STONE BRIDGE TO GOAT ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.

The Memory of a Guest that has Passed Away.

“**A** DAY will come followed by no night, or a night followed by no day. For the last time I shall look out at the stars—the eternal stars. Soon I shall be beyond these stars, in an hour, perhaps. A man will come to me—a *man*, thank God, and tell me the end has come.” Yes, a *man*, for no woman would have the heart to do it, so I thought as I listened then.

And now when I sit in spirit at the foot of the Mount and hear again my great and dear Saviour speak—I am not afraid—not afraid that he may not do well, that he may be confused by the searching question from the clever lawyer, that he may commit himself to the evil, but subtle-minded, high-priest messenger,—I am not afraid of these things. He is equal to all occasions—My Beloved, My All. And in my heart I smile at the presumptuous questioner, for I know well how completely and how utterly he will be confounded, and I smile, too, at Herod’s messengers. They will not take Him, rather He will lead them captive into His divine Heart. Oh, My Saviour’s Blessedness! Surely, no one ever spoke as He spoke, and it needs must be the whole world ran after Him.

Something of this confidence was mine, each and every time I heard Father O’Brien Pardow speak. Light and sweet persuasion came forth from his words, and I prayed that God might let him live for years and years until all the world should grow better listening to this saintly, sweet, inspiring priest. And now, so much energy, so much holy spirit—gone,—so much faith, so much beautiful intellect. Truly, God’s ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. And so his body is returning to its parent dust, his dear eyes—keen, luminous, kindly,—are dimmed forever; his voice that held our hearts and heads, raising them above the passing things of earth, up to God’s grand love, is stilled. Beautiful sculptor of God’s thoughts, of God’s ways, of God’s images! Vivid, graphic, strong, firm, and true! Thy like we shall not see again!

How nearly and how well he had modeled himself by his Master, Christ. No superfluous word in season or out of season—serious, gentle,

simple as a child, yet steadfast, resourceful, commanding as Heaven’s high envoy to the houses of men. Like Him, too, in his attitude towards the lowly and disconsolate.

“Terrified, oh, that is not the object. Tonight the sermons will change.”

Shall I ever forget how they changed. “So far we have been getting the anchor out from the mud, and now for the High Sea! Would it not have been foolish to have attempted leaving the shore while the anchor gripped the bottom? Would it not have been fruitless, and would not all efforts end only in bringing us back to the very shore again? But the anchor is raised; we are free, and now for the High Sea!”

And the waves of the ocean, and the wind, and the refreshing flavor of the salt water seemed on the spot a reality. Beautiful, wise, ideal speaker, thou art gone, but nothing can undo the force of thy being here; no power can efface the fond memory of thy saintly spirit. Oh, if my pen were golden to draw one true picture of thee, for this would I lay down treasures and treasures, until the world held one diamond pyramid to God!

When I was a child, a visitor came to our home. He was tall and manly. I can remember his black clothes, his white face, and shock of black hair. I can remember, too, what my mother said to the other ladies—“He would make his mark—clever—and, of course, law was the province for such as he.” In a few days, he had departed for the great West and we never saw him again. But his memory remained, and, as years came and went, this memory survived, adjusting itself with the years. Some day he would return, a great man,—or the tidings of his success would span distance and reach us where we lived. And so a journal, or a paper, or a great man’s picture, recalled or kept alive the expectancy that never died. And once, years afterwards, in a great assemblage in a strange city, I scanned the occupants of the high stage for him. Identification could offer no difficulty,—his shining black hair, and white face, and tall figure, were the marks not to be mistaken. Well, never mind, a wholesome memory is a rich heritage, and it is no little thing to be able to idealize. And if we have built castles in the air, that’s where they should be, now put foundations under them. But the foundations were already

secure in the air-castles over and about and above this saintly, departed man. His international reputation was an earnest that the world recognized his greatness. The tributes in paper and magazine paid to his memory tell of hearts too grateful to be silent. And yet, expression falls far below thought in writing about Father O'Brien Pardow. Words are powerless and have no force. One can only think while reality passes out from blurred eyes, and the consciousness that God has been very near us bows the head. Oh, how truly worth while it is to live one's highest, to have done all things well, and, when the clear call comes, to pass from the earth and its toiling, only remembered for a life that is like the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME,
GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF
THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

FOUNDATIONS UNDER MARIA MAGDALENA THE-
RESIA VON SCHNEGG, FULDA, 1732—
BRIXEN, 1739.

A FEW years after the foundation of Meran, a second house of the Institute was founded in the venerable old Episcopal city of Brixen, the so-called "Rome of the Tyrol." More than a thousand years have passed since the foundation upon the old Roman Fort, Sabiona Castra, through the last Carolingian King, Ludwig the Child. In the Court Archives of the Prince Bishop are kept the documents concerning the deeding of the landmark, Prichsna, to Bishop Zacharias von Saeben, bearing the date, September 13, 901. From that day forth, the city of St. Kassianus, who first had built his modest hermitage on the wild, lonely and romantic rock of Saeben, has, under the sign of the Cross, developed into a venerable city of high civilization, and it was fully justified in celebrating, with great pride, its thousandth an-

niversary, on the 26th. and 27th. of October, 1901. The city stood a queen amidst its embattlements. The Institute of the "English Ladies," situated in the very heart of this rejoicing city—and which, indeed, is still very young, compared to its thousand-year-old mother—was joined by it in celebrating at that time the hundred and sixtieth year of its existence.

At the request of the Prince Bishop, Kaspar Ignaz, Count von Kuenigl,—1702-1747—who had done so much in behalf of the Church of the Tyrol, Anna Josepha, Countess Sarnthein, went from Augsburg to Brixen, on the 11th of June, 1739, as foundress and first Superior. She was accompanied by two other members and one candidate. On their journey from Bavaria to the Tyrol, she and her companions stopped at Kautbeuren, where they visited Maria Kreszentia, who, at that time, was far-famed for her piety, and whose Beatification took place on the 7th. of October, 1901. This noble soul, so highly favored by Almighty God, encouraged this little band, urged them to carry out their noble intention, and dismissed them with the words: "Just go on without fear, you will, indeed, have to pass through many difficulties, however, a great deal of good will result therefrom." Even later on, the venerable servant of God remained a true adviser and friend of the Institute, and many a revered object is kept in the Institute house at Brixen as a souvenir of this intercourse with the saint. The hardships at the beginning of their work were, indeed, great. On the 9th. of November, 1739, the foundresses opened their schools in a house, rented for that purpose, yet struggles and trials did not end—not until the year 1743 were they able to begin a building suitable for an Institute house.

The Prince Bishop, Kaspar Ignaz Count von Kuenigl, the same who, in 1745, built the Cathedral in Brixen, laid the foundation-stone of the new convent, on the 28th. of March, and remained during his lifetime a generous benefactor of the little Community. Two years later, 1745, the new house of the Institute was placed under his protection. After a lapse of twenty years, the Community undertook the building of an Institute church.

Exactly one hundred years after the foundation, on the 26th. of April, 1839, a fire broke out in its neighborhood and reduced both the Insti-

tute house and church to ashes. However, shelter was soon offered by numerous friends and benefactors. The Canons of Neustift, only a half a mile distant, under the direction of the worthy prelate, Ludwig Mayr, came to the rescue by placing a part of their cloister at the disposal of the Religious, thus enabling them to continue their schools without interruption. By means of the generous gifts bestowed upon them, the "English Ladies" were enabled to begin the new building, even in the same year, and with the blessing of God, they made rapid progress; as early as March, 1842, the building was ready for occupation. Since that time, the Institute at Brixen has not been visited by similar trials, but has continued to labor, as before, in the spirit of its holy foundress, Anna Josepha Countess Sarnthein. These two foundations of Meran and of Brixen, as well as the circumstances attendant on the changing of the cloister of the Carmelites at Rovereto into an Institute house of the "English Ladies," in 1782, proved that the civil government was pleased with their manner of teaching and training, and that, even at a time when every one was opposed to religious institutions. As already mentioned, these three Institute houses in the Tyrol were, through a Decree of the 31st. of May, 1816, placed under the government of the Chief Superior at St. Pölten, as the Mother-House at Munich, of which these were filiations, had been secularized as early as 1809. Between the foundation of Meran, in 1724, and that of Brixen, in 1739, took place the first foundation of the Institute in Central Germany, in 1732, in the city of Fulda, so celebrated in the past for its monastic activities. The foundation of the Cloister Fulda, so closely connected with the names of the great Winifred and Boniface, was made in the year 744. This favorite cloister was not only the centre of the monastic and spiritual life of the whole of Germany but a model for all similar foundations; and gradually appeared, like oases in a desert, throughout the whole country, churches and cloisters, as so many foci of religion and civilization.

Again and again, the holy founder was drawn towards Fulda, notwithstanding his extensive field of labor. Every year he returned for rest to his beloved cloister, and here he was to find a last resting-place, a wish he so often expressed during his lifetime.

On the 5th. of June, 755, this indefatigable man of God, then at the great age of seventy-five, set out once more for the conversion of the heathens. He took with him fifty-two of his companions. They directed their steps toward the shores of Friesland, where they met their death at the hands of the idolaters. St. Sturm, the first Abbot of the cloister, 744-779, had the bodies of the martyrs conveyed from Utrecht to Fulda. Soon a magnificent church rose over these venerated remains, in the midst of an immense beechwood forest, around which soon sprang up a large town which, like the river and the cloister, was named Fulda. Ere long, it was surrounded by walls, gates, and turrets, and received, about the year 1200, civic rights. Whoever visits to-day the ancient and beautiful city of St. Boniface, with its many towers, situated on the idyllic banks of the Fulda, will first of all direct his steps to that spot which has given to the place its great renown. On the same spot, where, long ago, St. Sturm, according to the direction of his holy teacher, planted the wooden cross in the soil of the forest to mark their first hermitage, stands now a third church, the present Cathedral, which was completed in the year 1712. It is a three-naved Basilica, built in the Roman baroco style, with the magnificent Boniface crypta, the national sanctuary of the German Catholic people.

Behind the wall of the Cathedral we find the extensive building of the cloister, where, in days gone by, Germany's learned men lived and labored, and which, during the last century, served as a seminary for priests.

The "English Ladies" are to be congratulated on having a foundation within the walls of this favored city. At the expiration of twenty-five years, they will celebrate, if God permits, with joy and thanksgiving, the Bicentenary of their arrival in Fulda.

To leave undone those things which we ought to have done, to leave unspoken the words of recognition or appreciation that we should have said, is, perhaps, as positive a wrong as it is to do the thing we should not have done. We talk of success as an aim of life; but what better form can it take than that of easy and sympathetic relation with every one with whom we have to do?

Day by Day.

N the seventh of September, as I alighted from the car at the convent gate, with sensations akin to those of little "Sarah Crewe," my eyes fell on the glaring letters, "Loreto Convent, Academy for Young Ladies." Was this Academy to be like the one "Sarah Crewe" attended—and was I to be treated as she was? Then on the endless walls that surrounded my future home—walls, walls, everywhere, and pointed spikes on the top to prevent my escape if I made an undignified attempt. Still, the gate was invitingly open, and the great sweep of green lawns and shade trees leading to the stately pile of buildings, had a restful and reassuring effect, to the extent of dispelling my imaginary fears and imbuing me with the cheerful philosophy that—"sometimes the thing our life misses helps more than the thing which it gets." Again the saving thought took possession of me, "Why not examine the place of which you have such a dread before you make your final decision"—I did—and an entirely different scene from the one I pictured met my expectant gaze—it was as if the sun had suddenly burst out on a cloudy day. Tired and travel-stained as I was, the affectionate greeting of the Faculty gave me a sense of happiness, a home-like feeling, which presaged all sorts of delightful things about to happen. And the feeling was prophetic, for in the afternoon, a stroke of singular good fortune befell me. Miss Walsh, who had come from Buffalo to visit her little nieces, Ruth and Anna McSorley, very thoughtfully invited me and Miss Josephine Ellis, of Niagara Falls, to join the motor party which she gave that day—never were the joys of motoring more keenly relished—nor the beautiful city of Hamilton seen under more favorable circumstances! The fact that my veil was not of the approved type—not quite the vogue—it was a chapel one dexterously improvised for the occasion—did not in the least detract from the enjoyment; indeed, the pleasurable distractions of new scenes were greatly enhanced by the delightful conditions under which they were viewed. Rest assured, dear reader, I shall never again cross the bridge until I reach it.

* * * * *

We have heard of soaring ambition, but never in its highest flights has it attained the altitude

of that of our very youngest maiden, who, on being found this morning arrayed in colors, and with even an improvised cross, explained, "I am the Bishop!"

The tot had seen His Lordship officiate the day before, and, filled with admiration for his robes—with the imitative instinct of childhood—thus paraded her desire for the episcopacy and its adornment—to the dismay of her seven-year-old sister, whose piety suffered a severe shock at such profanity, and found vent in the mild rebuke—"Oh, Anna!"

* * * * *

Miss F. Burns, of Toronto, who had been sojourning at the Mount for a few days, joined us at recreation, on the eve of her departure, and lent the charm of her rich, musical voice to the enjoyment of the hour, contributing with grace and spirit several groups of songs, with encores after each appearance—and a storm of applause.

Miss Burns' sweet simplicity and unaffected bearing have made her deservedly popular, and we wish her all the good things that Fortune has in store for her favorites.

Helen Smith, our local nightingale, then laid hold of the heart-strings of the audience by her charmingly tuneful rendering of "Calm as the Night," "A Dream," and an "Ave Maria"—fitting close for this evening of song.

EILEEN O'BRIEN.

Which was the Count?

THERE were three of them, one a stout, elderly man with gray hair and a cast in his eye; one tall, finely built and beautiful-looking; and one young, fair, and only moderately tall.

Was the old, gray, stout man the Count? Perhaps from the back of a fierce charger came the missile that marked his eye, and, if the pages of his past were laid at our feet, the sun even could not shine brighter than the good deeds of this aged man. Or, perhaps, a duel!—no! no! no duel ever marked the career of this man. His placid, kind face masked no duelled past.

"Which is the Count?" How I wished to ask the question, but their valet had returned

with our answer. "Yes, we would show them through the Institution, and yes, we could speak French." And, at the word, three French gentlemen descended from the auto and were approaching Elizabeth and me.

"You wished to see through the Institution? We shall be pleased to take you through."

Three elegant, Old-World, French bows! Reader, imagine it. What mademoiselle can trust her pen for an adequate picture of the charm of the genteel! (If we only knew which was he.) The valet simply said, "A French Count would like to see through—would like to meet the French-speaking," etc., etc.

And now I did not want the stout old man to be the Count.

Elizabeth, with the old man (I suppose, the Count) and the young man, went first, while the tall and magnificent-looking Frenchman and I followed. He had toured our Continent—crossed the Rockies—seen Vancouver, San Francisco, and had returned, via Chicago, Buffalo, and, finally, the Falls. This was interesting, for neither man nor woman breathes who loves not his or her native land.

"Your impressions, I hope, are favorable?" I ventured. His reply was non-committal, I thought, and, by no means, ecstatic. Perhaps the rough western cow-boys, or the wild red Indians grated on the sensibilities of a Count—and oh, if I were addressing a real Count unawares!—for this gentleman could be a prince, a king in disguise. His handsome, frank, open face, his true gray-blue eyes, and his tall, athletic figure!—surely, these are the gifts of the gods to nature's princes. Then again, there seemed such restraint and goodness in his countenance that I found myself thinking of the dignity of the great melancholy soul of Plato. Indeed, Elizabeth was very welcome to her two chances of walking with the Count. For, in the event of error in my intuition regarding the old, gray, stout man, there was the very young, fair, man. Indeed, this one might be the great one, after all. But he was not tall enough, and his apparent youth had, at least, trespassed far beyond the growing-more stage. It was an irrevocable fact he would remain as he was—not tall enough to be a Count by nature. And so I found myself applying Portia's caskets. Elizabeth might give away the silver and the lead; I could

bestow the gold; but none of us should ever open them.

By this time we had arrived at the large stone steps leading up to the main entrance. We rang, were admitted and conducted to the library.

"Three French gentlemen, Sister, who wish to meet some persons who speak French," and Elizabeth accompanied the introduction with a courtsey, sufficiently graceful to honor forever the ancestry of dear old lovely Ireland. I wanted to tell somebody that one was a Count, but, for want of the opportunity of "an aside," was obliged to keep the secret. How divinely superior Sister appeared in her beautiful, simple way. Her large, dazzling, pale-blue eyes and superb beauty seemed touched with the seal of the King from whose presence she had come. *Noli me tangere Deo sum* seemed written around her sweet grace and innocent ways and words.

"May we have your addresses?" she said. With gesticulatory delight, cards were produced on the spot by the three French gentlemen. Now was the time! I held my breath. Surely, Sister's countenance would identify the Count. With what intense curiosity I watched her as she read:

Comte Ferrand de Mauvezin.
Comte Fred de Bailliencourt-Courcal.
Comte Chantemerle de Villette.

A miracle! "I nor swooned nor uttered cry." It was all owing to Sister's charity though—that retained me in the presence of—*three French Counts*. For, by this, Elizabeth had fled.

"Frenchmen are not always good Catholics"—said Sister, in her excellent French, and with the merest shade of naïveté.

"We were all at nine o'clock Mass this morning," said the Counts, *una voce*. Then followed such a conversation! I've loved the sound of the French language since that day. The music, the animation, the gesticulations and French shrugs—I shall remember forever. It was glorious and good to be there. Meredith must have caught the inspiration going out from a scene like this when he wrote:

"And I never shall hear (I well know it), one word
Of that delicate idiom of Paris without
Feeling morally sure, beyond question or doubt,

By the wild way in which my heart inwardly fluttered,
That my heart's native tongue to my heart had been uttered."

"Have you the Jesuits in France?" I was expecting this question from Sister. And how their eyes danced at the mention of the Jesuits. Again came the gesticulations of delight, the vivacity, the eagerness to express, that two, and three, sometimes, unconsciously spoke as one.

"Yes, yes, they are back in disguise, doing a great deal of good. We all three have been Jesuit pupils."

The conversation grew so brilliant and so lively that, for the second time, I fell into a mere translator. I could not quite follow; I could only feel that here in these three Christian Catholic Counts we beheld the immortal boast of the fleur-de-lis—the brilliancy and the virtue of the sunny land of France.

"Comte de Mun," said Sister again, "all Frenchmen must take a righteous pride in this grand old Catholic?"

"Comte de Mun," said they. "He is not well—he is not well, he is dying."

By this time we had reached the Music Corridor, en route through the house.

"Sister has a voice." I said, timidly—but the tall Comte, Fred de Baillencourt-Courcol caught the words.

"Mademoiselle tells us you have a voice, a good voice," he said. The young, fair Comte Chantemerle de Villette smiled delightedly, and the old, gray, stout Comte Ferrand de Mauvezin sought the cosy corner,—alas! in vain, for Sister only smiled and said:

"But I am not permitted to sing for visitors."

"We understand," said the tall Count, with a bow.

"We understand, perfectly," said the young, fair, short Count, with another. The old, gray Count Ferrand de Mauvezin rose in well-bred silence, and we proceeded to the cupola.

For some minutes they looked in silence out over the wild, surging Falls of Niagara.

"This is the most beautiful sight I have ever seen," admitted Comte Fred de Baillencourt-Courcol. We told them about Prince George's visit to the Cupola and showed them where he stood.

"I think he was afraid—"

"Afraid?" said the surprised Count.

"Oh, no, not of *falling*," I explained, "but of being a mark for a rifle from the grounds, where thousands had congregated. The anarchists, you know, and besides, it was only a month subsequent to President McKinley's tragedy in Buffalo."

There was a silence. Perhaps the tidings of the horrible assassination came untimely upon the descendants of Frenchmen, who had survived the fury of the Reign of Terror. Or, perhaps, it was a visitation of the sublime consciousness awakened by a marvellous sight when speech palls upon the spirit and silence is golden. "Fine scenes touch fine spirits finely." How true! Not even angels—and we had an angel with us—need lead us where we search for light, even so, to know a Count, for the pledge of the spirit to electship is its measure of response to the beautiful and the true.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Life on a Ranch.

EVERY man thinks his own country the best, but, all the same, there are very few who come to the west, and having spent a year here, are satisfied and content when they get back east.

There is some inexplicable charm that seems to entangle one in the meshes of its fascination—an unknown force, that, for want of a more suitable word, I will call nature-mesmerism.

Ask any of the old-timers what made them stay in this country? Ask any of the newcomers why they stop, and you will find very few who can give you a logical reason. Or, ask them again, why they like the country. "Oh, I don't know," they probably reply, "there's a something about it that attracts and holds one in its grip."

Sometimes I have been inclined to think that it must be the "call of the wild" that comes alluringly echoing down the silent passages of the night, in long-drawn-out notes of haunting enticement; floating faintly up from that vast, unknown, mysterious, lonely land to the north, that wild region of mighty rivers and vast lakes,

whither the eyes of explorers and prospectors alike are turned, the refuge of the musk-ox and wood buffalo, that seems to exercise its effect on even the skeptical imaginations of the most prosaic.

At any rate, the fact remains that such a lure exists, and is a powerful factor in building up and settling the wild west.

Whilst life on a ranch does not entail nearly as much work as farming, nevertheless, there is always something to do, from the time the ice begins to go out of the creek, in the spring, until snow flies in the fall.

When the frost is pretty well out of the ground—which usually occurs about the second week in April, in Central Alberta—the rancher starts to break in his colts for the coming summer's work. There is lots of excitement, and no little danger, in breaking a broncho; and the green hand will experience any number of thrills during his initiation into the business. To the old hand, however, who has all the necessary appliances for the work, it is nothing, and he goes about the task in a quiet, assured manner, with no hurry or excitement.

The horse having already been halter-broken, that is, taught to lead, is led into a special stall, with low sides, and is quietly harnessed; he is then taken out and hitched to a wagon beside a steady old "plug," one man standing up in the wagon, holding the reins, and the other carefully hooking up the neck-yoke and tugs. Then, when all is ready, the second man gets into the wagon, alongside the driver. A chirrup from the latter starts the horses—and the fun begins. Plunging, rearing, bucking, and running, the broncho exhausts all his strength and cunning to free himself from the jingling harness and rattling wagon behind him. However, he finds all his efforts useless, and, after being driven an hour or two round, he is hot and tired, and is beginning to understand something of what is expected of him; and except for occasional breaks to get away and general stupidity of behaviour, is becoming quite manageable.

Breaking a horse to the saddle is another matter, though, and the man who undertakes this task must be possessed of nerves of steel, a cool head, and a firm seat. To rope and saddle a wild horse that has never had a hand on him, and then get up and ride him, requires an amount of cool

courage and self-reliance that not every man, by any means, possesses.

You can never tell what a wild horse is going to do. He may only plunge and run, but, on the other hand, he may prove a veritable "outlaw" to buck, and may end his days with as bad a record as he began them.

It is not given to every man to be a "broncho buster," and many a one getting up to ride a horse he thought he could sit, has ended up by "pulling leather" for all he was worth, to save himself doing the somersault act!

Some men seem to be born riders, as some horses seem to be born buckers. Each one does his best to make good his own reputation, and to ruin that of the other. Sometimes one succeeds, sometimes the other, sometimes neither, and so the strife continues and will continue as long as men have will and horses will-nots.

Branding is part of the day's work on every ranch, and all the calves and colts, raised on the place, have to undergo the operation and bear the trademark of their owners, all their days.

To watch a skilful cowboy throw a lariat is a revelation to the uninitiated, as to what it is possible to do with a rope.

With a simple twist of the wrist he can send it whizzing, with unerring accuracy of aim, among a bunch of horses, and lasso any one he picks out.

He can ride full gallop after a bunch of cattle and throw a rope around the hind foot of any one he chooses. Reining in his horse, the tightened rope throws the steer full length, and the rider having dismounted, proceeds to tie a front and hind foot of the animal together, thus making it impossible for him to rise. The horse, meanwhile, keeps the rope attached to the saddle-horn stretched tight, so that the animal cannot get on his feet whilst the cowboy is engaged in tying him.

To show the marvellous celerity with which a practiced hand can accomplish this, I may state that, from the time the rider started in pursuit of the animal, which was allowed one hundred yards' start, until he had him tied fast, was exactly one minute.

A "cow-puncher" can go into a corral amongst a band of wild horses, and, alone and unaided, catch, throw, and tie any one of them, so that it is harmless and helpless.

These cow-punchers, though not so numerous as formerly even yet comprise no small part of the western population, and show remarkable skill and daring in their calling.

Year by year, they are being ousted by the farmer, and a huge area that a few years back, was pastured by immense herds of cattle, is now fenced and farmed. There still remain, however, millions and millions of acres in the Peace River district—a land of rolling prairies and waving grasses, where the cattle can find shelter and feed, shade, and water—a country of luxuriant pastures, wooded heights and sheltered valleys, in fact, a veritable paradise for the stock-raiser.

Here it will be that the big herds, still remaining, will make their last stand for existence against the all-conquering advance of agriculture in the Northwest.

Every day on a ranch finds something for us to do, hence, time never hangs heavily upon our hands. So the months go on, each bringing its own work, till spring opens, and wanes, and summer is once more upon us.

Early, one July morning, we are awakened by a series of yells, a crack like the shot of a rifle, and the thunder of galloping hoofs. We spring out of bed, as yet barely conscious of our whereabouts, and rush to the window, half expecting to see a band of Indians, in full war-paint, sweeping down upon the ranch, with murderous intent.

Save for the want of a rifle and the war-paint of a warrior, the lean, sun-tanned figure, astride of a barebacked cayuse, racing madly away across the prairie, might almost be mistaken for a genuine redskin, so wild and primitive does he appear.

As we watch, again comes that fierce yell and the ringing crack, which we now perceive is made by the stockwhip carried by the rider as he circles the lash round and round his head.

By this time we are broad awake, and realize that the wild figure is only one of the boys, riding out to bring in the work horses and milch cows, preparatory to commencing the day's work.

Not all the feather beds and eiderdown comforters in Canada could keep us in bed any longer, now. A wild desire to be out, emulating the example of this horseman, seizes us in its compelling grip, and we rush our dressing

through to a hasty finish; then, out of doors we hustle and hike for the barn.

As we enter, a cheery "hello, there, you're abroad early," greets us from one of the stalls. "Guess this Alberta sun disturbed your slumbers, eh?" "No," we retort, "it was the other one who just rode off," at which sally, Bill laughs heartily. "Well, if you feel like a gallop, saddle the Pinto there and take a ride after Dick; he has gone for the horses." "Right oh," you reply, and, saddling the Pinto, are soon speeding after Dick.

From away in the distance is brought the sound of galloping hoofs, and clearly to your ear comes the cry of "Get out of here; go o-on, get out of this," and anon the whinnying of a horse or the low of cow shows which way the stock are moving.

Oh, the wild joy of that early morning ride, when the dew is not yet off the grass, and the air smells fresh and earthy, when a faint mist hangs above the surface of the lake in gossamer folds, and a fitful breeze intermittently raises a corner of it and displays, for an instant, the sun mirrored on its placid surface. Then, indeed, is your brain intoxicated with the nectar of panting, straining, pulsing life. Even the Pinto seems to feel the magic of the hour, and prances and strains on the bit, in his eagerness to be amongst the cattle.

"Well, old man, get a move on you, then, if you want to," you remark, as you touch him with the spurs. Quick as chain lightning he is off, and you come near being left behind in his precipitate flight. However, you recover your seat and prepare to enjoy a good gallop. Now it is that you experience that wild desire to yell—you feel as if you had reached the acme of sensation, the height of fulfilled desire. It seems as though the cup of happiness were filling faster than you can drain it, and the contents running over. You take a deep breath, preparatory to another long draught, and when the air is emitted from your lungs it comes as a mighty yell of delight, at realizing to the full life's perfect promise.

One must experience the sensation of one of these early morning gallops across the prairie to realize fully the wild, exulting rush of air in the ears; the mad, reckless sense of daring that takes possession of the quietest man and trans-

forms him, for the time, into a dare-devil horseman. An ordinary canter along a country roadside is as different from it as candy kisses are from real ones.

"Ah, there they come," and you swing your horse to meet the approaching bunch.

To look at these horses, with heads and tails in the air, and waving manes, one would never imagine that they were sober old work horses; they run, and buck and kick just like bronchos, and appear as wild as their ancestors, which roamed the prairies with the buffalo. Yet, an hour later, they are walking quietly along, hauling a rack full of hay, and you can hardly believe that they are the same animals. Yet, tomorrow morning, they will be as wild as ever, and just as hard to corral. This is one of the traits of the western horse, however.

"Hello," says Dick, "how's this for sunny Alberta? Pretty good sample, eh?" "You bet," you reply, and proceed to herd the bunch.

As they approach the corrals, Dick proceeds to cut out the horses needed, and, having run them into the stable, turns the rest loose again, and away they go, like kids out of school, to enjoy themselves once more, with never a thought for the morrow, when it may be their turn to work.

Having fed and harnessed the horses, we are letting the hens out, when a cry of "Last call to breakfast," from the house, reminds us that, after all, the inner man rules the outer.

"Half-past six already! How time flies out here!"

Yes, indeed, especially when one is busy.

By this time, the lady of the house—if it is one of those thrice-blessed places that possess one—is about, as a table, spread with all kinds of home-made dishes, amply testifies, and even the jaded city man with his usually dainty appetite, for once thinks that a steak and fried potatoes are more in his line than a cup of black coffee and some dry toast!

"Guess I'll rake up and bunch that hay around the big slough, this morning," says Bill, "whilst you mow a bit. By the time I get through we shall be able to stack, I think, as it was pretty nearly dry last night. Lew, here, can milk the cow and do up the chores, and by that time we'll be ready to start sweeping."

Well, about nine o'clock, I take a fork and

start for the hay-field, whither Dick and Bill have already preceded me. Getting there, I find that they are all ready to commence stacking, so we hitch a team on either end of the sweep and proceed to stack.

Those westerners have certainly got "haying" down pretty fine—there is no hard work about it for them, yet they manage to stack up from fifteen to twenty tons a day without undue rush or labor.

The sweep is built like a gate, about three feet high, and from sixteen feet to eighteen feet long, with crosspieces about eight feet long, nailed on the bottom to keep it from tilting over. On each end is hitched a team, at right angles to its length. In this way it is dragged across the prairie, pushing before it the hay, which has already been bunched up in heaps all over the field. When there is perhaps half a ton of hay piled up, maybe eight feet high in front of the sweep, it is hauled to the place of stacking, in this manner, and left, the teams swinging round and going out the same way as they went in. As the stack rises, poles are laid on it, one end resting on the stack, and the other on the ground. In this way a slide is formed, up which the sweep can run with its load of hay. When the stack is high and long enough, another one is started. These stacks usually average about sixty feet long and ten feet high, and contain about twenty-five tons apiece.

By noon, we have got five or six tons of first-class upland hay stacked, and are beginning to feel like dinner.

Hitching one team to the hay-rack, and tying the other behind, we strike for home, where, after watering and feeding the horses, we go in and do justice to a good dinner.

Out west, they take things leisurely, and allow the horses a two hours' rest, at noon—part of which we employ in sharpening the knives for the mower.

At two o'clock, we inspan and drive over to the hay-field again. This time, I am set to raking up the hay which Dick cut during the morning, whilst he and Bill proceed with the stacking. I find it is a very different matter, this working on a ranch of your own, to helping a farmer in the east. Here you are your own boss, working for yourself, there a hired man, worked for every ounce that's in you.

It doesn't seem like work, as that word is generally understood.

With the glorious sunlight pouring its mellow warmth upon you and the breath of the new-mown hay in your nostrils, and the song of the birds ringing in your ears, it is rather amusement, pleasure, joy—this riding on a horse-rake, gathering into heaps the shaggy locks that waved this morning on the prairie.

After all, you think, here is the simple life that man was made to live—here the existence he was intended to lead—working close to Nature—heart to heart with life—getting his living from the soil—learning all the wonders and mysteries of creation, from the birth of the germ of life until its final decay and dissolution.

There is an unspeakable delight in watching the fruits of our labors come to maturity. To note the green shoot becoming taller, hour by hour, day by day, until at length we go out one morning to find the full-grown ear of grain peeping shyly from its sheath of green. To observe its gradual change of color as the warm embrace of the sun quickens at length a responsive glow within its breast, and a pale amber hue begins to tint the husk. Darker, gradually darker, becomes the grain, until the day dawns when it is ripe to harvest, and we reap the reward of our toil with a tenfold interest.

It isn't the thought of how many dollars that wheat will bring on the market, but rather that this is the result of *our* work, the product of *our* labor, that brings the glow of pride to our cheek, the smile of satisfaction to our lips.

About four o'clock, the girls appear in the hay-field with a tray of cakes and wild strawberries, and we call a halt whilst we make a fire and have some tea. I tell you what, it's the small things that make life enjoyable!

That informal tea-party is worth a dozen State dinner-parties.

With renewed vigor we tackle the hay again, and by six o'clock, another long stack has reared its form against the sky-line.

"A-boo-rd," calls Billy, as he levels off the last forkfull of hay on the rack and turns the horses' heads for home. Dick climbs up behind onto the load, whilst I jump on the back of one of the other horses, and, riding like an artillery man, bring up the rear.

We water the horses and give them some hay

and then go in to supper. After supper, we unharness the horses and turn them out, whilst I saddle up the Pinto and go after the cows. Milking finished, and the milk strained and put in the dairy, we sit around outside and chat, or maybe take a gun and stroll across to the slough in search of ducks. The evening is still and cool, and a distant quack-ack makes us walk with a quicker step. The slough is surrounded by tall grass, and by stooping low you can get close to it before the ducks see you. Just as you get to the edge, however, something scares them, and up they get with a whirring of wings and a wild quack-ack-ack.

Bang goes your gun, as a fine mallard rises with wings stretched for flight, and you see the flash of his green breast as he plunges head foremost amongst the reeds. Away go the rest, circling round and round the section, and returning with a whirring rush across the water. This way and that they continue to circle until one bolder than the rest drops back into the slough, with a splash. Up you get, gun in hand, and he rises for flight; bang goes your gun. "Missed him, by jove!" Another bang, as the second barrel is fired, and he falls like a stone, some five rods off, on the prairie. Having scared the rest of the flock into abandoning the slough for that night, you return home well pleased with your efforts.

All through August and the first part of September haying continues, until the prairie is dotted with long stacks of hay, representing some hundred and fifty tons or more of winter feed.

September is the month when any harvesting there is to be done on the farm is undertaken. Then the fences are repaired, new posts put in, and the wires tightened and mended where they need it.

October, usually one of the finest months of the year in Alberta, brings its own particular work. Rounding up the cattle, and weaning the calves, gathering the beef steers, and getting them ready for shipping. Repairing the corrals and generally getting things fixed up for winter. The latter part of this month and early November are slack seasons, and we spend many a day amongst the prairie chickens and wild duck, laying in a supply of fresh meat for the winter.

As soon as the freeze-up commences, which is usually about the second week in November, the

teams are put on hauling firewood and poles from the bush. The roads are as hard as iron and as smooth as oilcloth, so that we can load on all that a wagon will carry.

For any one who loves the woods, they present, at this season, a glory unequalled at any other time of the year.

The leaves have turned to all the most lovely shades of red and yellow, and the wild cranberries and blueberries cover the ground with a carpet of luscious fruit. We usually carry a rifle on these trips, as it is not uncommon to run across a lynx, a coyote, or a deer; whilst, occasionally, bruin himself is found feasting upon the berries that grow in profusion in the swamps.

Sometimes the girls go berrying with us in the early fall, in which case we take a tent along and spend a week in the woods. This is a holiday that all enjoy to the fullest extent.

Of course, the winter is not always pleasant. There are days when the temperature drops to 40 degrees below zero, or even lower, but it doesn't last long, as a rule. Anyhow, the cattle have to be fed, and watered, and hay hauled, except when we happen to have made provision for one of these storms. However, a man soon gets used to zero weather, so that, unless the wind is blowing, it doesn't feel so bitterly cold to him. Often and often we work out of doors all day, with the temperature below zero and never give it a second thought. But be out on the trail with a sleigh when it is 20 degrees below zero and the wind blowing, and you will indeed sing, "There's no place like home,"—when you get there.

But the days are short, the work light, and the nights long, so that one has an easy time on the whole.

Some days the weather is ideal, sunny, yet cold and still, and we saddle our horses, and calling out the hounds, go for a coyote hunt. This is one of those pleasures that have to be experienced to be appreciated fully—one of the notes in this western life that goes towards making the harmony of its lilt the melody of its rune.

ARTHUR L. W. SAMPSON.

Work is the artist that builds a splendid arch, and worry the enemy which removes the keystone, allowing the structure to fall.

**"Flowers, Wild-wood flowers,
In a sheltered dell they grew."**

I.

"Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
In a sheltered dell they grew."
—Hours, happy hours,
That, alas! too swiftly flew!

For those notes fore'er in my heart are ringing,
With the singers sweet, olden raptures bringing,
Early joys and hopes to their burden clinging,—
Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
Ever fresh in memory's dew!

II.

"Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
In a sheltered dell they grew."
—Bowers, brightest bowers,
O'er which zephyrs ever blew!

Once I found a dell—but a bird sat brooding,
I was stranger there, on that peace intruding,
So I turned away to my own excluding;
Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
From a heaven I once withdrew!

III.

"Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
In a sheltered dell they grew."
—Dowers, richest dowers
That my fancy ever knew!

And I seek them still with a heart all yearning,
From their quest, for gold, I would scorn a turning,
They are near, or far; to my quick discerning—
Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
Fairest Fortune's hand could strew!

IV.

"Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
In a sheltered dell they grew."
—Flowers, Heaven's own flowers,
Keep my memory ever true!

There are flowers whose bloom brings no lasting gladness,
Some bejammed,—their quest is but restless madness,
Their enjoyment brings nought of peace, but sadness:

Flowers, wild-wood flowers,
May I never love but you!

IDRIS.

**Grand Concert at Loreto Abbey,
Toronto.**

LAST Tuesday evening was the occasion of a grand musical treat, tendered the Ladies and pupils of Loreto Abbey, by the choir of St. Michael's Cathedral and the boys of Loreto Academy, Bond Street. The interpretation of each number was in itself a great joy and added not a little to the charm of this exceptionally fine concert. The voices of the small boys were a revelation in sweetness of tone and quality, evincing the perfection the (boy) voice may attain under competent training.

The programme was introduced by Gounod's "Praise Ye the Father," sung with a precision and modulation that delighted the audience.

The soloists were Dr. J. Dickinson, Messrs. E. Wilson, H. Pape, E. McGrath, T. J. O'Neill, and T. F. Gibbons. The basses and tenors were excellent. It would be difficult to signalize individuals where all were worthy of praise, yet we cannot refrain from mentioning Mr. T. J. O'Neill's selection, "Ashore," which was sung with great pathos. Mr. O'Neill possesses a voice of rare culture and sweetness.

The second part of the programme consisted, exclusively, of sacred selections, and included numbers from "Elijah" (tenor recit.), and aria, "Rend your hearts and not your garments," and "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me," Mendelssohn, sung in excellent voice by Mr. Milford Hackett.

Excerpts from Sir John Stainer's "Crucifixion" received such applause that the last part—"God so loved the world," etc., had to be repeated.

Mrs. Dickinson assisted greatly by the artistic manner in which she played the accompaniments. Dr. Dickinson deserves unbounded praise for the perfection to which he has brought St. Michael's Choir, and we do not hesitate to predict that, in the near future, St. Michael's Choir will rank second to none on the continent of America. A journal referring to Dr. Dickinson says: "He is earnest and conscientious in his teaching and consequently does not indulge in trivial effects, but aims at reflecting the spirit of the composition."

We congratulate Dr. Dickinson, and, with his

many friends, wish him every success in the realm of song. A FRIEND.

What is in a Smile?

"Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters."

THERE is something alive in a smile, for me, always. From a little child I have read, and rightly, smiles—and I read his. The first a curious smile, a set smile, a smile put on by reflex action. Neither complimented nor depressed me—that smile. It was the inevitable and I resigned myself, though somewhat nervously. Some things have to be gone through in life, some things endured, some embraced. This had to be gone through, and so the seventh hour found me waiting under the lintel of the parlor door.

"Father?"

"Miss?"—"Sheehan," I added. There was a slight commotion. Large chairs were wheeled around and I found myself looking into a pair of kindly, genial, liquid brown eyes.

"Yes, I sent for you, Miss Sheehan,—and tell me, have you kept the faith?"

"Kept the faith!" How strange the question seemed to an Irish heart. Yet the question was a real question, and the questioner held the liquid brown eyes. God bless those true brown eyes!

Came then a nervous smile—not his—through Berkeley, Kant and Spencer, Descartes, Hume and Comte it coursed with lightning rapidity and broke upon my face.

"Berkeley!—take my faith!" O father, dear—this man unsubstantiating matter,—should it *matter* what the dear man said? My sympathies go rather with the physician after statistics re outlines of his head. Remedies should be taken in all cases—barring none—where suspicions lodge in madness. And yet when a young man writes a book, and sends the book abroad upon the world, and waits with feverish anxiety for a word about the book's *sublimity*, even from a friend!—and when no word—that was a word of comfort—comes. Poor Berkeley!

Poor anybody!—that must forsooth "sit down and take his pen" and tell a friend find out for him "any little thing the critics might be saying."

Little things and critics! Shades of Trinity! The heavens are ablaze with—angles of divergence between little things and critics. But judge for thyself.

"I did but name the subject-matter of your book of Principles to some ingenious friends of mine, and they immediately treated it with ridicule, at the same time refusing to read it, which I have not yet got one to do; and indeed I have not been able myself to discourse on the book, because I had it so lately: neither when I set about it, may I be able to understand it thoroughly, for want of having studied philosophy more. A physician of my acquaintance undertook to describe your person, and argued you must needs be mad, and that you ought to take remedies. A bishop pitied you, that a desire and vanity of starting something new should put you upon such an undertaking; and when I justified you in that part of your character, and added other deserving qualities you have, he said he could not tell what to think of you."

How could the man ever smile again, I wonder. And yet, I know I love him more because he did. Suffer and hold thy soul in sweetness! Here lies the charm, I think, of one greater than Berkeley.

But what an air-castle of speculation, as I remember now, fell around about me at the name of Berkeley. My spirit, on the spot, took its leave of absence, and, for a moment, my companion looked upon another Sosia.

"Kant!"—and those brown eyes smiled in baffled amusement. This was the smile I loved. It told neither boredom, nor welcome, nor go, nor stay, but only curiosity. A curious smile is the chiefest of all smiles. I've always worshipped here. And even to this day, the highest expression of the Kantian to me is a provoked, curious smile.

It was a grandly simple smile—to analyze—that followed, and into which I read:

"Low uses for high men?"

This was the most unkindest cut of all, and only a miracle of memory saved me from the refuge of dumbness. For I remembered the great engineer, Brindley, being asked once for what purpose he supposed rivers to have been created, answered without the least hesitation: To feed canals! And so the idea of importance revived within me. Even the most acutely sen-

sitive could not despair under the evidence, and in the face of a highly optimistic Thackeray, for all know his answer when asked why Queen Anne lived, and the English under the Duke of Marlborough fought the French—"It was that I might write my delightful novel of Esmond." Of course, he thought so, but how could he, with his keen sense of humor, venture to say so?

It was something to remember Brindley and Thackeray, and yet, not everything, and, therefore, a depression of heart began to color the world. But not for long, thanks to my Sanguine. After all, what is in a smile but an expression in passing? Nevertheless, it is some small charity to one's neighbor to let a little smile lead you—at times—elsewhere. For to drive one to the extremity of "I'll see you again," seems unpardonable and irremediable.

Let only charitable conclusions be formed here, *s'il vous plait*.

I always think the rich young man chiefly blundered because he could not read the smile of Christ. Even poorly read, His smile must needs have brought the spirit down in worship, and made great possessions seem paltry tinsel by the Right Hand of Christ. O foolish and dull rich young man! Had I your chance, I feel sure I should have remained by the hem of His garment. How could you go away sad!

But have I not wandered away more than he—more than three rich young men—from my friend of the beginning? And I have no great possessions either for excuse-offering. But there was so much that was of Christ here in those wonderfully true eyes and sweet and charming personality, that, perforce, I returned.

"Will you come again?" I said,—and, O joy!—was it?—it *was* "I would like to," came back to me.

And mine?—well, who would be a fortune-teller on—on smiles! I am surprised. Besides—my dignity!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

There is a countenance so dour and censorious that it has a glacial look and produces a glacial atmosphere wherever it moves. What influence for good does it exert upon human beings? Practically none. Frozen piety is as indigestible as frozen fish.

Alumnae Column.

The Opening Meeting of the Season of the Loreto Alumnae Association, at Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

A HAPPY, vivacious crowd were gathered together in the drawing-room of Loreto Abbey on Tuesday afternoon, October 5th., when the opening meeting of the season of the Loreto Alumnae Association was held.

Interchange of greetings between old schoolmates, and former pupils with their teachers of the past, were many, and even the oldest Alumna present must have felt her blood run the quicker in the surroundings of happy schooldays and in the hearty reception of the dear Loreto Nuns. Not in the drawing-room alone, but all over the house, for the first half-hour, could be found ex-pupils visiting their old schoolrooms and hunting up their favorite teachers—no ground was forbidden—the Alumnae were welcome everywhere.

At about 4.30 the programme proper began, the president, Miss Hynes, taking the chair for the first time, surrounded by her able staff of officers. In the absence of Reverend Mother Ignatia, Mother Victorine, Mother Agatha, Mother Benedicta, Sister Delphina, Sister Camilla, and Sister Alexandrine assisted at the meeting, and Alumnae, representing each year from the earliest days of the boarding-school in Toronto, were present. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the recording secretary, Miss Josephine Collins, and approved of; then the constitution as proposed was read by the corresponding secretary, Miss Bertha Boland, and, with a couple of trivial amendments, was adopted by the unanimous vote of those present. A sound financial condition was assured by the existence of a small surplus. The president announced the desire of the Association to found a scholarship and urged the members present to unite in doubling the membership. She exhorted each one present to bring a companion with her to the next meeting, and outlined the programme for the ensuing year, which would consist of papers by members of the Alumnae, and a course of lectures on the Saturdays during Lent.

The possibility of forming a Glee Club and a Dramatic Club was also discussed.

The particular programme of the day was then opened by Miss Leonore Fulton, at present attending Loreto Abbey, playing most admirably "Tarantelle," by Karandoff. This was followed by an excellent paper descriptive of the life and works of our Canadian poet, Robert Service, the young Yukon banker, by Miss Alice Rooney, a recent graduate of Loreto Abbey and a B. A. of Toronto University. The paper was followed by selections from the published works of Robert Service, by the ever-popular Miss Teresa McKenna, whose musical voice lent an additional charm to the roughest phrases of the "Sourdough" poet. The programme was closed with a violin solo by Miss Julia O'Sullivan, Serenade by d'Ambrosio; this was of particular interest as the clever young miss was accompanied by her mother (Emma Higgins), an old graduate. Miss Julia's playing of the Serenade was delightful and most enjoyable.

A vote of thanks was tendered by the president to those assisting in the programme, and congratulations on the success of the first meeting of the year were in order. AN ALUMNA.

Silence is golden, but gold is a rare and precious commodity, indubitably hard to get. Speech is silver only when the metal rings true. Even "siller" is hard enough to come by, but most of us can get a little small change. Silence is sometimes of brassy verdigris rather than of gold, as when a good word will restore the lustre of the absent, and the good word is not spoken, even though the bad word be restrained. Perhaps the habitual talker may find it easier to defend the calumniated than to refrain from talking, and thus, for once, the greater virtue may be more feasible than the lesser. That good old mariner of breezy sea tales, Captain Marryat, makes one of his characters say: "Nothing exists so base and vile as not to have one redeeming quality. There is no poison without some antidote; no precipice, however barren, without some trace of verdure; no desert, however vast, without some spring to refresh the parched traveller, some oasis, which, from its situation, in comparison, appears most heavenly."

Letter Box.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

While many people go abroad, from year to year, comparatively few seem fortunate enough to visit the beautiful mountainous Island of Madeira.

Situated in the Atlantic near the north-west coast of Africa, this veritable paradise is not only blessed with an agreeable and temperately warm climate, but is also possessed of gorgeous scenery which, from an aesthetic point of view, might well be compared with any of the beauty spots of the universe, and, as an English writer, Mr. E. V. Harcourt, very aptly says, "No artist's pencil has ever done full justice to the scenery of Madeira."

It had a great charm for me, perhaps all the more, because it was the first land I had seen for eight days. As we approached the island on the 28th. of February last, a warm, sunny day—much appreciated by those who had left snow-clad Canada only a short time before—we were not only delighted to behold a perfectly smooth sea—in charming contrast to the immense billows to which our eyes had become accustomed—but, in the distance, something loomed up, which seemed to be an immense rock, surrounded by several smaller ones.

On coming nearer the island, the beauty of the scenery became fully apparent.

No painting could portray the exquisite coloring of the mass of volcanic rock nor show the superb tints which seem to blend with the snow on the mountain tops, through the forest and down to the sand on the beach.

We steamed slowly along the south coast, past many very quaint-looking towns, which are nestled in bays or on the hillsides, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Funchal, the capital.

Before the steamer stopped, we were surrounded by a perfect flotilla of boats—not unlike the Venetian gondola in appearance—containing natives, who were yelling as loudly as possible for us to throw in coins to the small boys who would dive to any depth for sixpence, a dozen of them spluttering and fighting for the coin, in the water, at the same time, while others were

willing to dive from the top deck, a distance of seventy feet, for fifty cents.

The people are of a mixed Portuguese, Moorish, and negro descent. They learn English and French, but the lower classes are entirely uneducated, and have to work very hard. Their costume is very odd, and many of the poor go without shoes while some of them wear a very queer-looking boot, made of a heavy kind of leather.

After the departure of the Portuguese health officer, we went ashore in small steamboats and landed at a pier, which was crowded with people for whom the arrival of a steamer is a great treat, both financially and otherwise.

At the water's edge, a curious sort of double sleigh, drawn by two oxen, was waiting. Into this we stepped and were drawn, quite rapidly, over the roads, which are made of small stones, through the town.

Being a festival day, the streets were crowded with people in their holiday attire, and the pretty little houses were decked with flags and flowers.

It rains several times a day there and nature made no exception to the rule, but provided us with many showers, accompanied by the sunshine.

On arriving at our destination, the station, we left the bullock cart, in which we had had a most enjoyable drive, and entered an incline railway carriage which conveyed us to the top of the mountain, where there were hammocks, carried by two men, for those unable to make a rather steep, but delightful, climb through rows of palm-trees and past beautiful flower beds.

The children were very numerous, some trying to sell their bouquets of pink and white camellias, while others asked for pennies. They were most desirous to have me visit the church, and I was very anxious to do so, and, as the Mass was just over, there were many people in it.

We then had lunch in a beautiful garden of palms and other tropical plants, from which one has a splendid view of the terraced farms on the mountainside and also of the sea, two thousand feet below.

Our descent of the mount, by means of a form of conveyance, usually used on the island, was very amusing. At the summit we found basket-work sleds, each constructed to hold two people, and attended by a couple of men, who managed it with great skill, steering in a most wonderful

manner round the sharp corners in the zigzag road, and often, when necessary, making use of their bare feet as brakes. We were pushed down the hill at a tremendous speed, but the gliding motion was delightful and quite a novelty.

After safely reaching the bottom, we took a walk through the town and into some of the tiny stores, which contain basket-work and beautiful embroidery, for which the women are renowned.

The whole day seemed like a story, and only too soon did the time arrive for our departure to our temporary home, the "Cedric," from which we watched the daylight slowly fading away, only to be replaced by the numerous lights in the houses, which soon became invisible by a mist that came down the mountainside.

After leaving this delightful place, and before reaching our final destination, we still had in anticipation a visit to Gibraltar, of which, I believe, one of your correspondents has already written.

MARJORIE MACTAVISH.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

MY DEAR SR. F.—

The "Bow" of April was especially interesting to me. The memoir of Edgar Allan Poe, whose artistic achievements, under stress of ill-health and abnormal tendencies, entitle him to a place among his confrères in the world of poetry, pays to his genius a tribute at once just and appreciative. In your editorial you refer to an excerpt from *Toronto Globe*, entitled "Lessons from an old Master," which is very timely, and to the point. It is true we want the "best," and as Quintilian has aptly said, "Begin right and get the best." I am led to inquire whether, in this day of higher education, we have failed to remember the need of a true, simple, refined schooling for our little people; more practical, less superficial, and that will commence them along the lines of development for the future that will be applicable to their needs, in whatever calling they may choose.

I am seeing more and more that as graft has entered every avenue of the commercial world, so it has found its way in amazing activity into the channels of educational work. The whole

educational system may be said to be under the control of one graft or another, until the greatest work in all the world—the education of our young people—is left in the hands of persons who are swayed by the thought of the most money for the least work; the least time to be spent in teaching for the largest salary obtainable; and by the people who are being ground out as teachers without respect to morals or refinement, to say nothing of fitness or adaptability for such positions.

It has been suggested by some of our educators that what we most need is a chair of Ethical Culture in our schools, but who shall fill such an important position?

It is obvious that to place our children in the hands of those who are devoting their lives to the education and advancement of the rising generations, to their moral and spiritual welfare, their genteel development, and polite behavior, would solve the problem.

As you well know, I was early sent to Loreto, Niagara Falls, amid scenes that God has so richly endowed with the charms of nature that excel in majesty or grandeur almost any other spot on earth. It was my privilege to be for nine years under the guidance and supervision of the dear teachers of your Institute, who so patiently watched over my education and instilled into my mind lessons that have been invaluable to me in my life as wife and mother. I want to say further that any young lady or child who may be placed in your school should consider that she has a great deal for which to be thankful, and only by the observance of the rules that govern her school can she show her gratitude to those who are so lovingly caring for her needs.

My attention was called to a few paragraphs in our local paper on the subject of the indecent and outrageous dress of the up-to-date woman.

The styles have, for some months, been advancing towards a most exaggerated form of headgear, and a scanty habiliment, called "Directoire gown," and while the street costumes had reached a fair length for cleanliness and comfort, those of the ultra self-conscious and sensual type have abbreviated them until it is simply appalling; and, on account of which fashions, some ladies in Chicago had gotten a petition to be signed by those opposing such styles as referred to, said petition to be sent to

His Holiness Pius X., to ask his assistance in dissuading young Catholic women from patterning after such immodest fashions. It certainly is apropos of the needs of the time, and will be heartily endorsed by all respecting and refined men and women.

How much we used to hear in days ago on the subject of "beauty unadorned," and how true it is that the graces of mind illumine one's acts and prove that we are only what we hold in consciousness: The good, the true, and the pure are ours in proportion to their occupancy of our thoughts.

The young woman whose thought is attuned to the grand example of exalted purity and humility of our blessed Mother Mary, whose life demonstrated her at-one-ment with her Principle Divine Love, will rise above the allurements of sensuous gratification of dress, and will be a real help to her sisters, as she goes through life becomingly garbed, gracefully dispensing the gifts of true Christianity that make for health and happiness.

Our Musicales have just about come to an end. I attended one given by Miss Vera La Quay in Kansas City. It is twelve miles from here, and yet the people of Independence think nothing of going so far to an entertainment. You remember Shakespeare says: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," and, by the same token, we think it good to go to hear good music, as it is so. Well, the programme was a very fine one, some of our best musicians were on it, and the numbers were well rendered, the pianist being a student of the Gadowsky method, which system, by the way, seems to be in favor here. I always feel like suspending criticism when listening to the pupils of some "great method," for, perchance, had the author of said system listened, too, he might not have recognized in it the Gadowsky style.

The current topic is the floods—the ever-recurring flood that creates so much hardship, inundating towns, and often occasioning loss of life. No one heeds the danger mark, and no one learns the lesson, not even the railroads—whose damage is immense.

Now, then, the heat! Should any one deign to speak of the weather? But when one has to sit still and try to exist and hope and pray for a cooling breeze such as you might send us off the

ice jam at Niagara,—small wonder that we sigh for our northern clime. Even the native born here complain of the radical changes, for we may have the four seasons in one hour.

I must conclude by telling you that we expect to be in Canada soon, the heat and rain have made it impossible to shut up the house until dryer weather sets in.

We send our love and trust you are having a cool and pleasant vacation.

Affectionately yours,

EMILY TUPPER BENDIT.

ROME, Italy.

DEAR FRIEND:

Our journey to Rome from Naples, last Wednesday, seemed rather shorter than it really was, for it is a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. The scenery along the way was hilly and mountainous. Here and there, perched on the very summit of a high hill, and looking about as large as a small paper-box, were monasteries. I tell you, these monks of old knew the moods, vagaries, and beauties of nature. How they ever succeeded in erecting the magnificent buildings that have so triumphantly withstood the ravages of time, is a mystery. Every foot of arable land seems to be placed under contribution, for it is tilled right out to within a few feet of the road.

On the way, we passed the royal palace of the former Kings of Naples, and the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino. The latter has been in existence for ages, and has been, like many others of its kind, the fostering of learning and piety. St. Thomas of Aquinas is said to have studied there.

I might remark here that, for the past year, all the railroads of Italy have been operated by the Government. This plan has been scarcely long enough in existence to form any just judgment of its success or failure. I am informed, on reliable authority, that in almost all countries where this plan obtains, there is a financial loss. Mr. Bryan must have known this when he strongly advocated the adoption of a similar system in the United States. This Government ownership of public utilities is a plank of the socialists in every country. I question very much its advisability, if it be true that there is so often a financial deficit.

The passenger-cars are tolerably comfortable, but very small compared to ours. There is a corridor running along one side, the whole length of the car, and the car is divided off into small compartments holding in each six, or, in an emergency, eight. The freight-cars are about one-third the size of ours, and the engines about the same size as ours were twenty years ago. The electric cars in Naples and Rome are also smaller than ours and not as well furnished. The various railroad stations appear to be clean and neatly kept.

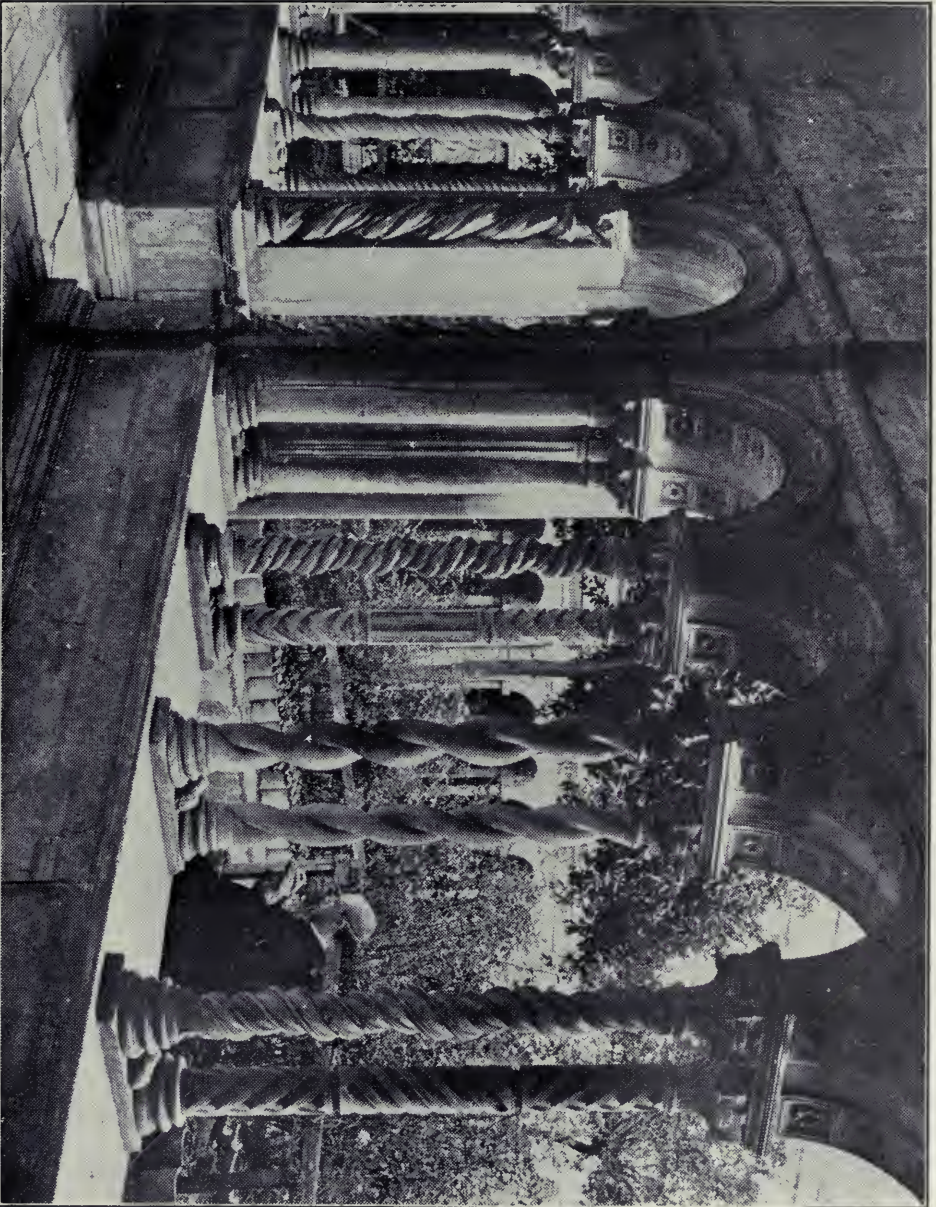
On Wednesday afternoon, about three o'clock, we steamed slowly into Rome. I could scarcely realize that I was entering the very centre of the world's history, the city, in fact, that has made the world's history. Many superficial and unthinking minds would regard this statement as extravagant, but a little serious study and reflection would convince them that there is more truth in it than fiction. I must confess that, amidst the ceaseless chattering that surrounded me, I alone was silent and pensive. To me who have inherited a thousand years of Catholic faith, this entrance was especially dear. To me who had so often, in times past, feasted on the history—both pagan and Christian—of this wonderful city, it meant more than it usually does to the ordinary American mortal whose mind is continually absorbed in material things, and who gazes on all those marvels of genius from the viewpoint of curiosity alone, or simply to gratify his ardent thirst for knowledge. I must admit that my heart was affected as well as my imagination and mind. How often had I, from my earliest childhood, longed to have an opportunity to see this day! I believe the first time I ever heard much of Rome was when I read with avidity—and devoured—the story of St. Patrick's entering this city and receiving from the then reigning Pope the commission to go forth on his mission for the conversion of the Irish people.

On the following day, we took carriages and drove to the various churches, which contain choice specimens of art and objects hallowed by their association with Christ and His devoted followers among the Apostles and saints. We climbed up a steep hill, called Janiculum, to S. Pietro in Montorio, where is shown the spot on which St. Peter was crucified head down-

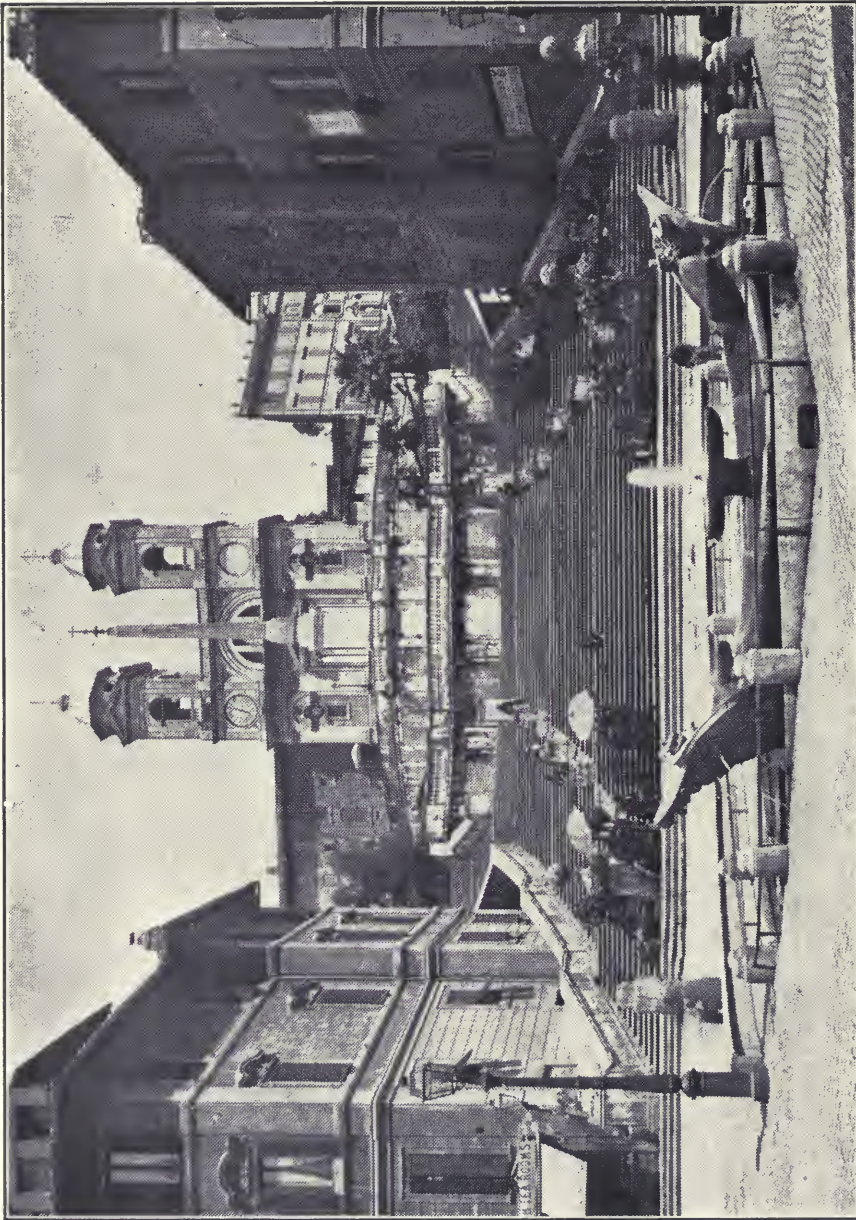
ward, because he considered that he was unworthy to be put to death in the same manner as Our Lord. This being the home of the Popes—with the exception of a brief period when they resided in Avignon—there are, naturally, many places that bear traces of their memories and that of the Prince of the Apostles. Again, hard by the Corso and the famous Pantheon, is St. Sylvester's, wherein are venerated the chains which bound Peter in the prisons of Jerusalem and Rome. This is the church in which the English sermons are usually preached by distinguished men of various countries. Here is also the original of the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, which is judged to be the most perfect masterpiece of sculpture in the world.

We entered St. John Lateran's when the sun was sending his mercilessly-burning rays down upon us. General repairs were in operation on the ceiling, which busy workmen were attempting to restore and beautify. Time is a very cruel destroyer and puts people to considerable expense. Here are to be seen the tomb of Pope Leo XIII., by a modern artist, many choice paintings, the head of John the Baptist, the musical doors, and the baptistery. From there we passed to the church of St. Prassede, where we saw the pillar of the flagellation, and the crypt where was collected the blood of three thousand martyrs. Across the way, a few steps distant, is the church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in which is preserved the original and miraculous picture of that name. This picture is very familiar to all the Catholics of America, on account of the zealous labors of the many sons of St. Alphonsus.

The following morning we rambled around St. Peter's. This Basilica is of such mammoth proportions that it is impossible to attempt anything like a real description. Others who wielded a more powerful pen than mine attempted a similar task but had to abandon it in despair. When you enter, your breath is completely taken away. You are simply astounded, stupefied, overwhelmed, and bewildered. There is no structure of any character in the world to compare to it. Harmony, symmetry, proportion, and distance are all so perfectly computed that you would think it was built by angels at the command of God. Here are many relics from pagan temples, the original chair of St. Peter, the remains of



CLOISTER OF ST. PAUL'S, ROME.



SPANISH STAIRS, ROME.

many of the Popes, the most exquisite mosaics, and altars of rare and delicate workmanship. If I went further into detail, I think I would only confuse you, and be guilty of an act bordering on desecration.

Thence we proceeded to a gallery, where we were again overwhelmed by an avalanche of genius. In the Sistine Chapel we admired the work of Raphael and his pupils on the walls and ceiling. Here let me remark that it would be utterly impossible to duplicate these paintings to-day, since there is not that intense and ardent faith which characterized the men who had all those marvels of art photographed on their minds and hearts before they took a brush in their hand. They worked for years—and often for a whole lifetime—to perfect one picture, and this was done not for money or fame but for the love of God. We find many pictures of immense size, representing various events in the life of Constantine the Great, and the final and signal triumph of Christianity over paganism. Who would have dreamed when St. Peter entered Rome, an old man and devoid of earthly power, that, before three hundred years would have elapsed, the vaunted power of the Cæsars would have passed away forever! The crisis through which the Church is now passing is a vain attempt of the lingering paganism in human nature to reassert itself and drive the world back two thousand years. But Christ still reigns, although, at times, He seems to be asleep while the waves of human passion, goaded on by Satan, are dashing against the ship.

Here, amongst many other works of genius, is the burial of Raphael in the Pantheon, by a comparatively modern artist. It would make one weep to see how realistically the sorrowing countenances of his brother artists are depicted. You could imagine that you heard their sobs and groans.

I visited the American College, whose able and energetic Rector is Mgr. Kennedy, D. D., of Philadelphia.

This seat of learning was opened for American students in 1857. The late Archbishop Corrigan and many other distinguished members of the hierarchy were educated there. It was formerly a Dominican convent, and it possesses some valuable paintings, which were unearthed through the sagacity of the present Rector. Its

little chapel of solid marble wainscoting is well worth seeing. In this out-of-the-way place Blessed Margaret Mary was beatified, and a small painting of the Sacred Heart is shown as the original from which the well-known pictures were copied.

After a drive of fifteen minutes, I reached the Canadian College, a large, spacious, modern-looking building, under the wise and fostering care of the Sulpicians. Being Irish—and proud of it—I could not refrain from paying a casual visit, at least, to St. Agatha's, the home of the Irish contingent. On entering the small chapel, I walked quickly over to the left and espied the place where the heart of O'Connell is imprisoned—until, perhaps, the day of judgment. You will remember that O'Connell, dying at Genoa, on his way to Rome, in 1847, willed his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome, and his soul to God. What a grand sentiment to be on the lips of a Christian statesman, on his departure from this world! In a marble bas-relief is represented his attitude in the House of Commons when he was asked to take the oath. "One half," he scornfully declared, "I believe to be untrue, and the other to be false." It required a great amount of moral courage, in those far-off days, to make such a bold statement. As I looked at his countenance, the whole history of the hated penal days came rushing through my mind. Thank God, those times are past, and, let us hope, never to return. O'Connell was, probably, the greatest apostle of political liberty that the modern world has produced. Some years ago, I had the pleasure of seeing a statue unveiled, representing him holding the document of Emancipation; I also placed my hand upon his coffin.

The Colosseum is a venerable pile, which traces its existence back to about A. D. 74, when it was begun by Vespasian. Titus completed it, a few years later. Here, for the amusement and entertainment of the populace, many of the Christians were put to death. In fact, these occurrences were looked upon just as children nowadays look upon a circus. The building was roofless and contained one hundred thousand people. In a subterranean passage, the animals, maddened by hunger, were led in, and, after a few moments, the hapless victims served as their food. When the people turned their thumbs upward, clemency was to be shown; when down-

ward, the fight was to continue. It is said that St. Ignatius was the last to suffer martyrdom in this place. You remember that Byron wrote of it:

“When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World.”

St. Mary Major's is amongst the grandest churches of the country—of the world. It is narrated that a Patrician family had a dream, in which they were told to erect a church on the spot which they would find, in the morning, covered with snow.

The principal buildings of modern Rome which are worthy of attention are: the Court-house, near the Castle of St. Angelo, the Fine Arts, and another in memory of King Humbert. On the highest point of the Janiculum there is a statue of Garibaldi, mounted on a noble charger and looking toward the Vatican, with a contemptuous scowl.

The third of August is a never-to-be-forgotten day. At a very early hour in the morning, all was bustle and excitement, and running hither and thither, asking and answering questions. The women laid aside their costly, and gaudy costumes, and donned black ones. A few of the young girls of the party were dressed in white. The men wore black claw-hammer suits. Altogether, when they emerged from the hotel, on their short, but memorable, journey, they presented a very prepossessing appearance. But why all this diligent and careful preparation? What great event was about to transpire? They were to have audience with the greatest sovereign on earth. They were to be ushered into the august presence of the ruler of three hundred million people, scattered in every land under the sun. They were to pay homage to the representative of Christ on earth and the only sovereign who is authorized to preach, to teach, and to govern in His name.

After climbing up several flights of stairs and passing guards at every turn, we entered the reception-hall and took the positions assigned us. After a somewhat lengthy delay in an atmosphere that was close and oppressive, the guards gave the signal that His Holiness was approaching. A venerable gray-haired, pale-faced old man, with drooping shoulders and sad-looking countenance, advanced with slow and steady step.

There we beheld the embodiment and concentration of spiritual authority represented by a kindly, benign old man. There we beheld the lineal spiritual descendant of St. Peter. As Macaulay aptly remarks: “There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. . . . No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when Camelopards and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheatre. . . .

“And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.”

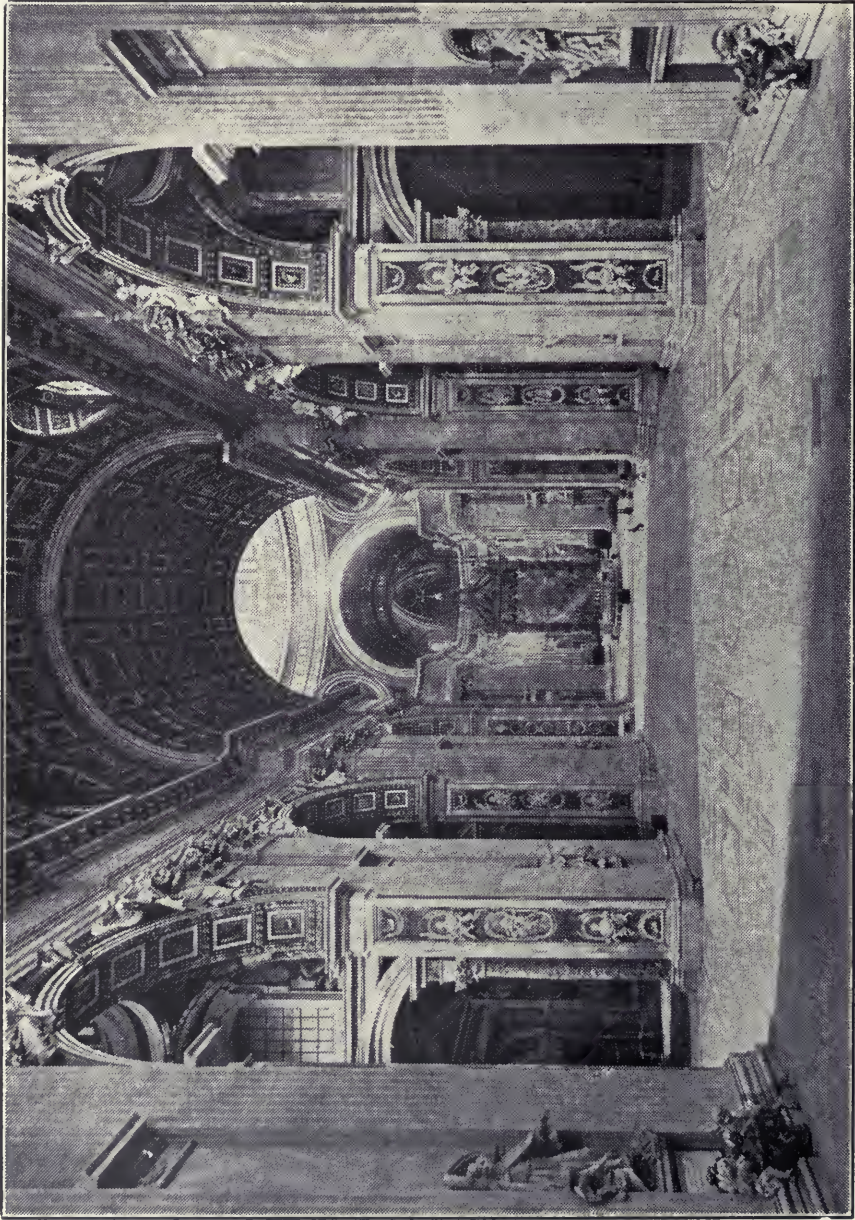
Throughout all the changes, vicissitudes, transitions, and revolutions of time, the papacy has kept the torch of learning burning, fostered the cultivation of the fine arts, and, above all, kept Christ before the world. Now it is stripped of all these adventitious aids which the world considers essential for the duration and perpetuation of power, but when St. Peter, as we have already seen, entered the city of the Cæsars, he had no numerous retinue, the only weapon he wielded, with tremendous and telling effect, was the almighty majesty of truth. So in God's own good time, the erring ones of the flock who are now causing the Holy Father sorrow and anxiety, will renew their allegiance because they cannot possess God without him.

So simple and humble did His Holiness appear when he came near that we scarcely realized his exalted dignity. In his short address, he congratulated us on our sentiments of loyalty and devotedness, and hoped that, with God's assistance, we would always continue true to His Church. Then a photographer took a picture of the group, with the Holy Father standing in the centre. As he withdrew to his apartments—a veritable prisoner in this age of liberty and freedom of speech—many of us grown old, and inured to the hollowness and shallowness of the world, could not control our emotion. Not only women, but strong, robust men, shed tears. Are you surprised that we look upon this inestimable privilege as one worthy to be remembered as long as we live?

Yesterday we saw the Forum, the seat of the



AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN ROME — SNOW-COVERED STREET.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

ancient Roman Government, situated between the Palatine Mount and the Capitoline. The ruins are grand and imposing and give one some faint idea of the wealth and culture of those days. Many of the choicé specimens of art have been removed to museums, and some were taken by the two Napoleons. Here are shown the ruins of the council-chamber from which Cicero thundered forth his matchless and eloquent diatribes against the arch-conspirator, Catiline, saved his country, and established his claim to immortal fame. Across the way are to be seen the rock from which prisoners were hurled into the deep, and the place where the cackling geese roused the sleeping soldiers to action, thus enabling them to repulse the enemy. On this hill was erected the original city, by Romulus, after whom Rome was named. Thence we repaired to the Mamertine prison where Peter was confined prior to his martyrdom. What a horrible dungeon it is! Scarcely a ray of light penetrates from without. According to a pious tradition, the miraculous well from which St. Peter drew the water to baptize his guards, is here.

In the afternoon we were driven to the church of the Santa Croce, where are venerated many of the instruments of the Passion. The nails, part of the pillar, a piece of the true Cross, one of the cross of the penitent thief, and the finger of St. Thomas, the doubting Apostle, are carefully preserved in a gold reliquary.

We drove a long distance to the church of the Immaculate Conception, in which is suspended from the wall near the door a representation of St. Michael the Archangel, driving the rebellious angels from heaven. In the basement of this church a ghastly spectacle met our gaze. Here, for ages, were interred the remains of the monks, and the skeletons are still to be seen in cowl and habit.

The drive along the Borghese and Sienna parks was very beautiful. I think it was the most pleasant we had in Rome. We went to the Vatican museum, library, and gardens—the latter afford His Holiness the only opportunity he has to get a little invigorating air. Since the spoliation of the Papal States, the Pope has not appeared in public in the streets. The reasons which prompt him to adopt this policy are: his standing protest against injustice, and his unwillingness to embarrass the Government. People

unacquainted with the condition of affairs, say that he is acting thus to attract sympathy, but the fact is that if he were to appear publicly in the streets of Rome, he would probably be attacked and his life endangered.

We visited the little chapel called "Domine Quo Vadis," which commemorates a meeting which took place between Our Lord and St. Peter. The latter, according to the legend, was leaving his post of duty in despair at the unsatisfactory results of his zealous efforts, when he was accosted by Our Lord and asked whither he was going. The footprints of Our Lord are still to be seen in the middle of the chapel.

St. Paul's outside the walls is the grandest and most imposing church edifice in Rome—except St. Peter's. The massive pillars, floor, and wainscoting are of solid marble. Pius IX. did much to erect and beautify this magnificent temple of worship.

The church of San Lorenzo is also grand. It contains the marble slab on which the body of St. Laurence was placed after he had been burned to death on a gridiron. Here repose the mortal remains of the large-hearted, generous, and holy Pontiff. I never hear his name mentioned but I think of his undaunted courage in the interests of Christ, and his lack of statesmanship and skill in dealing with the grave questions of State policy which constantly arose during his long and glorious reign. It was he who, in the teeth of opposition, proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the Papal Infallibility. Many of the errors against the Church and the State which he condemned, and for which he was severely criticised, are gradually being acknowledged by all penetrating, far-seeing, and sincere minds.

I must not forget to tell you of our lightning trip, in an automobile, to Genazzano, a round distance of seventy miles. We started at six o'clock, and dashed along, up hill and down dale, in a blazing hot sun until we arrived at a small village, perched on the side of a hill. This was the first opportunity I had of seeing much of the natives, outside of the cities—these were wretchedly poor. The church in which is jealously guarded the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, is situated in the centre. The legend is, that this beautiful picture—said to have been painted by St. Luke—was carried across the sea.

from Dalmatia, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, lest it might be desecrated by the marauding and hostile Turks. Here, in its poor and somewhat forbidding surroundings, it has reposed ever since, venerated by a simple, unsophisticated, and devoted people.

Our homeward route lay along the Campagna, the new Appian Way, and the summer residence of the students of the American College, where we were cordially welcomed by the Vice-Rector and the remaining students.

My next letter will be from Florence. Au revoir.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

September eighth—Again the doors of Loreto, Niagara, are opened to greet the old as well as the new boarders. A large number of pupils register. Mass of the Holy Ghost, for the success of the schools, was celebrated by Reverend Ignatius McDonald, O. C. C. At eight o'clock, we had the privilege of a second Mass, celebrated by Reverend Joseph McGuire, of Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana.

September twelfth—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary—and of the Institute. A General Communion day for the pupils. A most instructive sermon was preached by Reverend A. Smits, O. C. C.

September nineteenth—The reunion of St. Catharine's Literary Club—admission of new members—election of officers: Moderator, one of the teachers; Vice-President, Rosina MacDonald; Secretary, Hazel Freeman; Treasurer, Mary Maxwell; Librarian, Rita Coffey. In connection with our Club, an Anti-Slang Society has been formed.

September twenty-first—Reverend A. Werner, O. C. C., of Englewood, New Jersey—our former chaplain—paid us a visit while he was giving a retreat at the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View.

September twenty-second—A visit from our esteemed friend, Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., who kindly took some of the Seniors on an excursion to Queenston.

September twenty-third—The following we quote from the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo:

The marriage of Miss Stella Talbot, daughter of the late Dr. Talbot, for many years the leading physician at the north end of the City of Niagara Falls, to Charles Frederick Mugele, of Pittsburg, Pa., took place in the Sacred Heart Church, last week, Father Roche officiating.

The bride is an undergraduate of Loreto Academy, Falls View, Ont., while her chosen life-partner is a well-known business man of the "smoky city," where the couple will make their home. Owing to illness in the bride's family, the affair was of a quiet nature. The wedding breakfast was served at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, Ont.

We take this occasion of extending our sincerest congratulation to the young bride."

September twenty-seventh—Meeting for the election of officers and Promoters for the League of the Sacred Heart: President, Mary Maxwell; Secretary, Rita Coffey; Treasurer, Hazel Freeman; Promoters, Rosina MacDonald, Mary L. Maxwell, Kathleen O'Gorman, Isabel C. Elliott, Neenah C. Brady, Madeleine MacMahon.

September twenty-eighth—Meeting of the Children of Mary was called by the Directress that the officers for the year might be elected. The election was as follows: President, Mary Maxwell; Secretary, Neenah Brady; Treasurer, Kathleen O'Gorman.

The time-honored custom—which originated in the old historic convent of York, England—of honoring St. Michael on the eve of the two days set apart by Holy Church as special commemoration—was celebrated this year by the usual little ceremony. The statuette, on this occasion, was carried by Miss Mary Murray; the candle-bearers being Miss Hildegard Bartlett and Florence Tyron.

September twenty-ninth—The Triennial Union of the Niagara Alumni Association was held today at the far-famed University. The order of functions was as follows:

Solemn High Mass at 10.30 a. m.; celebrant, Right Reverend Mgr. N. H. Baker, V. G.; Right Reverend C. H. Colton, D. D., presiding.

11.30 a. m.—Blessing of O'Donoghue Memorial, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Colton.

12.00 m.—Business meeting of Niagara Alumni Association.

1.30 p. m.—Banquet.

7.30 p. m.—An Old-time Gaudeamus.

“Loreto,” Niagara, was honored by a visit from some of the most distinguished guests—Very Reverend Father Villette, Procurator-General of the C. M., Paris, France; Very Reverend Father Plaugon, Assistant-General of the C. M., London, England; Very Reverend John Moore, C. M., President of St. John’s College, Brooklyn, and last, but by no means least, our esteemed friend, Very Reverend P. H. McHale, C. M., Germantown, Pa.

October first—The Month of the Rosary opened very favorably on the First Friday. In addition to the regular Community Mass there were two extra Masses celebrated by the Reverend Fathers O’Shea—brothers—Holy Angels’ Church, Chicago, Ill.—the younger brother who has recently been ordained is engaged at present in parochial work at St. Joseph’s Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y. In the afternoon, the Reverend Father Gallanti, Italian Secretary of Rt. Rev. Thos. Burke, Bishop of Albany, N. Y., came to view the wonderful cataract from our new balcony. The reverend gentleman was accompanied by Rev. Father Peel, of St. Mary’s Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

October second—One of our dear companions, Miss Kathleen Foy, received an urgent telegram to return home immediately. We learned after her departure that her dear father had been stricken, while out for his evening walk, with a fatal malady, and died before any medical assistance reached him. R. I. P. Mr. Foy was very prominent in business circles in Toronto, and was well known throughout Canada. Accompanied by his wife, he took a trip to Europe a few months ago, in hopes of restoring his shattered health. He returned feeling much benefited by his sojourn abroad, but evidently the malady had taken too firm a hold of his robust constitution. The funeral is to be held from St. Basil’s Church on Monday, the fourth instant. To Kathleen and the other members of the bereaved family, the RAINBOW extends its sincerest condolences.

October sixth—Mr. and Mrs. John Valentine Schmidt have issued invitations to the marriage

of their daughter, Fatinitza Margaret, to Mr. Noel Sisson Bennett, which happy event is to transpire to-day. The fortunate groom is to be congratulated, and to both bride and groom the RAINBOW extends best wishes for future happiness.
RITA COFFEY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

September seventh—Again we are entering a new season of activity with increased intensity of purpose to conquer all obstacles—and an enthusiasm which almost looks as though we were trying to make a record—knowing that, not possibilities but the realization of them makes success, and that precious moments have the art of not returning.

What an incentive to study were the inspiring words of our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, who, with his wonted fatherly interest, came just as studies had been resumed, to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and then, to welcome, bless, and encourage his children at the Mount. Truly, we *are* privileged!

In the course of a beautiful address, His Lordship dwelt on the salutary effects of discipline in forming character, and of a religious and moral training, founded upon definite religious truths, which supplement and reinforce the work of character-building. Education, he said, if it be worthy of the name, means the development of all the faculties, moral as well as intellectual. The education that concerns itself with the mind only, is not always a blessing, for the great secret of true living is not to see how near we can go to things without danger, but how far we can keep away from them. His Lordship added that the most glorious characteristic of every woman is her power to be a “ministering angel,” and the attainments gained at school are to fit us for this mission, later on. He reminded us that we are in a home worthy of the name it bears, where happiness has virtue for its foundation, and Mater Admirabilis—mirror of true womanhood—for its Model and Patroness.

September eighth—Miss Marjory Johnstone, of Chicago, paid an afternoon call and very graciously acceded to our desire to hear her play.

The numbers selected were, Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy" and "Rigoletto," both charmingly rendered by this brilliant pianiste, who, by the way, is the winner of the diamond medal, the highest award at Balatka College, Chicago.

September ninth—A lovely walk to Dundurn Park. Apart from its historical interest, this is one of the most beautiful natural parks in the country—a veritable fairyland. Here we have Nature with all her effective contrasts of light and shade, all her subtle blendings of color, and no more beautiful groups of trees can be found anywhere. The little ones were interested in the menagerie, near the castle, which has been fitted up as a museum; and those interested in woodlore had ample opportunities for study.

September tenth—A visit from Mrs. J. J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich. It was pleasant to see the cordial welcome extended to this dear alumna of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, not only by her aunt, Sr. M. Teresa, but by former teachers, who happened to be here, and who joyed to note the bright, cheery spirit of the erstwhile school-girl in the dignified matron, who is cheating old Father Time, turning pages backward and not forward.

September twelfth—The Mistress of the minims had a most amusing experience, this evening. Standing in the recreation hall, listening to the gleeful voices of her young charge and watching their improvised indoor sports, she suddenly became aware, in the dim twilight, that the hall was deserted—the tots had vanished! Where? To greet His Lordship, whom their watchful eyes had espied entering by the side gate. There they were, basking in his fatherly smile and not in the least intimidated by his dignity, which, like the Master, he lays aside in their presence.

Assuring His Lordship of their delight at being the first to welcome him after his return from abroad, they escorted him through the grounds, contending in joyous rivalry for the privilege of being nearest to him.

When Sister made the discovery as to the whereabouts of the tiny entertainers, she congratulated His Lordship on his love for little children and his resemblance to Him who so tenderly said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

After repeated "Good night, Your Lordship; good night," they returned to the hall to give

Sister a detailed account of all the good things they had received, during the past year, from the hands of their kind, fatherly Bishop.

September twenty-second—The *Kenora News* has brought us an account of the splendid success of Elizabeth Robinson, Class of '08, at an Elocution Recital which she gave in her native town, and we rejoice to tender to the fair débutante our warmest congratulations.

"A large and appreciative audience of Kenora citizens filled the opera house last night, the occasion being the first public appearance of Miss Elizabeth Robinson, as an elocutionist, since her return to her home town. Miss Robinson was warmly welcomed by the audience, who were delighted with the excellent programme and the sweet, graceful and masterful manner in which her numbers were delivered. She was on the programme for seven selections and answered an encore to each, yet never once did she falter, or was a word misplaced. The happy mood and apparent pleasure in which she appeared in her humorous selections ingratiated her into favor at once. The variation of her programme, which included a selection of Drummond, "When Albani Sang," "Mary Ellen at the School of Expression," "Claudius and Cynthia," a scene from "A Window in Thrums," "Making Him Feel at Home," and two scenes from "Henry V.," gave a wide range of style and skilful interpretation of each character and dialect. Kenora citizens are justly proud of the young elocutionist, which was very apparent last night from the round of applause which greeted each number. Assisting on the programme were Mrs. W. J. Gunne, who gave a solo, "He is a Prince," in her own pleasing style, and a duet with Mr. McMeekin, which was well received. Messrs. G. F. Dewar, C. H. Carpenter and Mr. McMeekin contributed selections, which were very much appreciated. Miss Mildred Macdonald and Miss Robinson give piano selections, and the accompanists were Miss Weidman and Mr. C. H. Carpenter."

September twenty-ninth—Reverend R. E. Brady, accompanied by his venerable mother, paid a visit to the nuns, one and all of whom welcomed her warmly and expressed their appreciation of the efforts she had made, at her advanced age, to call at the convent and give them this pleasure.

September thirtieth—Congratulations to our sister student, Blanche Goodrow, on obtaining the Gold Medal for being successful at the Junior Teachers' Examinations, held last July; also to Laura Leyes, Cecilia Coughlan, Jessie Lawson, Edna McKune, Marion James, Kate McLean, and Iris Unsworth, on passing the Entrance Examinations.

October first—His Lordship's gracious condescension in coming to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament frequently during the month specially dedicated to the Rosary has appealed to us as an additional proof of his tender love for the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

It is inspiring to see this devoted client of Mary foremost in the happy throng of those who are lifting up their voices in praise and prayer and song and hymn in honor of Our Blessed Mother, thus reminding us that the best way to go to Jesus is the way He chose to come to us—through His own dear Mother.

May this beautiful month be rich in blessings for our beloved Bishop, and the protection of Our Lady of the Rosary shield him from every ill.

October second—The twenty-fifth anniversary of our dear Sr. St. Michael's entrance into religion was commemorated with the quiet, characteristic of convents.

During the Mass, our devotion was stirred by the exquisite singing of "Veni Sponsa Christi" and we partly realized the happiness felt by one who has spent a life in God's service. The "Jubilantes," with its spirit of triumph in every note, seemed an assurance of victory for the "faithful servant."

Aside from the religious aspect of the singing, we must admit our intense enjoyment of Miss F. Burns' beautiful voice—especially in the "Jubilantes." Miss Burns came from Toronto for the occasion, and can now count many additional friends on her already long list.

The happiness of the Jubilarian was increased by the presence of her sisters, Mrs. J. Doyle and Mrs. B. J. Doyle, of Toronto.

Many beautiful souvenirs testified the thoughtfulness of absent and present friends.

Our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, honored the occasion by giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which he addressed the Jubilarian and the Community in

his usual impressive and fatherly style. After offering his congratulations, he dwelt on the beauty of religious life and the immense service done for God by those who, being called as Mary was, keep their lamps well trimmed for the coming of the Bridegroom. His Lordship's reference to the beautiful Oriental custom of the bride's being accompanied by ten maidens, bearing lighted torches, on leaving her paternal roof, was an interesting item, new to most of us, and shed a clearer light on our conception of the parable.

His Lordship dwelt on the duty of gratitude for a call given to comparatively few, and illustrated the point by the parable of the lepers, in which Christ evinced his appreciation of the gratitude of even one, and his apparent sadness and disappointment at the indifference of the others.

Congratulations were again offered to the Jubilarian and the wish expressed that many more years may be granted her in which to sanctify herself and continue the good work begun for the glory of God and the salvation of souls in the Institute of Mary.

Among the out-of-town guests we were pleased to note M. M. Frances, and S. M. Theodosia, Loreto Convent, Wellesley Crescent, Toronto; and Srs. Alexandrine, St. Teresa, Annette and Cyrena, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

MARY GORDON.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Among the special Feasts of the Church, St. Ignatius' Day is one which is always eagerly anticipated at the Abbey.

This year, the annual Retreat of the Religious closed at the early Mass, on the thirty-first of July, but, ceremonies and rejoicing marked the day in an especial manner.

At nine o'clock, His Grace Archbishop McEvay officiated at the Clothing and Religious Profession of eight young ladies.

The chapel was exquisitely decorated, and, during the second Mass, offered by Reverend J. Kidd, D. D., Secretary to His Grace; and the reading of the Vows, for the first time, by the new Religious, all hearts were lifted in praise and peaceful joy; and as the notes of the "Veni Sponsa Christi" filled the air, even those longest

in the Lord's vineyard felt again the Benediction of the Father, who so graciously accepts the holocausts of His chosen ones.

When the religious ceremonies were over, many and sincere were the good wishes and congratulations of the children of Loreto, gathered from all the American houses of the Institute, to their beloved Reverend Mother, on this her Patronal Feast.

Two of the evening hours were profitably and pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of lime-light views of scenes taken from Gray's "Elegy." I might add that, among the choice collection of slides for our projection lantern, those portraying the "Elegy" are particularly fine. The coloring shows the costly and gorgeous array of the rich, in splendid contrast with the simple and somewhat grotesque costume of the poor. Many of the scenes are twilight pictures, with broken clouds and the silent moon over the "ivy-mantled tower"; while in the foregrounds are seen the village streets, the cornfields, the lowing herd, the owl's secret bower; or, noiseless, peaceful spots in the graveyard where, beneath the rugged elms and yew-trees, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Once again, the contrast between the lowly and the great is vividly drawn when scenes of the warrior, the senator, the sage and the powerful, take the place of those "of homely joys and destiny obscure."

The tenantless armor over the trophied tomb in the vault of the great eloquently recalled the poet's keynote—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Reverend F. J. Kelly, S. J., of New York, who preached the summer retreats at Niagara Falls and at the Abbey, spent this day of rejoicing with us. It was he who indicated the points of interest in each slide, and, by his appropriate comments and explanations, rendered the evening a fitting close for such a day of religious joy.

Father Kelly delivered his final sermon at the Profession Mass, and, in a few well-chosen words, encouraged those who were but beginning, and those farther advanced in the science of the saints by the sweet assurance from Our Saviour, of recompense to those who give their lives for Him.

We cannot adequately express our appreciation of all Father Kelly's kindness, but our earnest prayer shall be that this truly zealous son of

St. Ignatius, whose broad mind, clear and calm, sheds such "sweetness and light" on those whose privilege it is to be instructed and edified by the example of his virtues, may long be spared to guide souls in paths of perfection and holiness.

September seventh—The stately portals of "The Abbey" opened to-day under the most auspicious conditions—a larger number for registration than heretofore—pupils from far and near—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Port Arthur, Fort William, Victoria, Chicago, New York, England, South America, Philippines, etc., etc. One of the students aptly remarked, the first night, "You would think we were on a steamboat, looking for staterooms, every one wanting a lower berth."

September eleventh—A delightful outing on the Lake Shore, for a few hours, with the added enjoyment of ice cream, cake and all sorts of dainties.

September twelfth—A General Communion day—piety, devotion, an eloquent and impressive sermon on the necessity of our forming correct and high ideals.

On Monday, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated for the success of the schools.

September fifteenth—Botanizing parties were organized, followed by an afternoon of pleasure and study combined.

September nineteenth—Among the visitors at M. M. Gonzaga's Golden Jubilee, to-day, were Reverend Mother Walsh and Mother Kane, Chatham, New Brunswick; Sr. Augustine, Ottawa; M. M. Catharine and M. M. St. Anthony, Guelph; M. M. Eucheria, Stratford; M. M. Loreto, S. M. Adrian, and S. M. Ermengarde, Hamilton.

September twenty-first—A party in celebration of the birthdays of Geraldine Gough, Clara and Anna Smith. The bright, happy faces and merry laughter of the juvenile guests would make one regret having joined the ranks and attained the dignity of young ladyhood, and wish to be a child again—just for to-night—party night.

September twenty-second—Bessie Ganley entertained her friends at a birthday party, also—a pretty function anticipated by every schoolgirl, with ever-increasing delight.

September twenty-third—The little ones' excursion to the Junction, for the purpose of aiding

them in their Nature Study. The results have justified the method. Miss Barry invited them to visit her beautiful garden, where they looked at the fruit and found it good—and then tasted—and then feasted on it—there was no forbidden apple. After the fruit had been subjected to an examination, the chickens were fed—and then chased to see if they knew how to run! Afterwards, the heads of the deer and elk were closely scrutinized, and the afternoon closed with the schoolgirl's delight—the serving of ice cream and cake.

September twenty-fifth—Sunset and the evening bell—Saturday evening—and the customary chanting of the dear Litany of Loreto. Is it possible—can it be that the day is approaching when those sweet invocations will be heard no more within these walls, which have echoed so many joyful outbursts of sacred song? Walls sacred to thanksgiving of grateful hearts, presentation of humble petitions, and realization of dearest wishes. Would that angels might transport our convent home as they transported the lowly dwelling of Nazareth,—rather than leave it to the stranger—the worldling, when, yielding to the encroachment of commercial interests, we shall have sought another abode.

September twenty-ninth—Warmest congratulations to S. M. Constantia on the honor of obtaining the degree of B. A. from Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; also to S. M. Estelle, who obtained 1st. Class Honors in Greek; and to S. M. Miriam, who obtained 1st. Class Honors in French.

L. M. C.

School Chronicle, Institute of the B. V. M. Mary's Mount, Madrid, Spain.

SINCE last I chronicled Spanish events for the RAINBOW, we had our annual Retreat, conducted by Father Sanchez Prieto, S. J.

On the eighth, nine little children made their First Communion, and the ceremony of renewal of baptismal vows was touching and impressive. The parents and friends who were present wept from emotion. Father Maura, brother of the Prime Minister, officiated at both functions, as his niece, Catalina, was one of those who had the happiness of receiving Our Lord for the first

time, that day. Father Maura preached most eloquently on both occasions.

On the twenty-seventh, we had a concert for the Bishop of Madrid—Alcalá. The pupils' parents and friends applauded each number very enthusiastically.

Doctor Agnes MacLaren spent a few days here, and received help from many persons in authority for the mission she has in hand.

During the beautiful month of roses, Maria Llorca, Head of the boarding-school; Valentina Manso de Zúñiga, late Head of the day-school; and Margarita Maura were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

On the twenty-first of September, we had a visit from a Marist Brother. The fearful horrors he related of what the poor Brothers, nuns, and priests had to suffer during what is called "the bloody week."—"la semana sangrienta"—is too painful to repeat. At first, we were told the newspapers exaggerated, but it seems to me no words could adequately describe, much less exaggerate, what took place. All that human passions could suggest was perpetrated—and this is saying a great deal.

The war in Africa is progressing favorably. Many of the pupils' fathers and brothers are at the front, so there is perpetual anxiety, particularly, as, at the beginning, a great number of officers were slain. We hope it will end speedily and successfully.

We have just had a visit from a very distinguished party from Ireland—His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore, the Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca, Dr. O'Doherty, Father Cassidy, of the diocese of Armagh, and Father Browne, of Cloyne, who came to attend the Literary Congress held at the Irish College in Salamanca. Their visit coincided with the floral feast there, and was rendered most interesting by the fact that the Infanta Isabel was in Salamanca at the time, representing the Queen, who had promised to be the "Floral Queen" this year, but decided afterwards not to take part in the festivities on account of the war, which has plunged so many of the aristocracy into mourning.

The Cardinal and his episcopal colleagues attended the fête, and royal honors were paid to His Eminence, who reviewed the troops; and the flag saluted as he passed.

We were overjoyed at the visit—Irish visitors are always warmly welcomed here! The prelates go to the Escorial to-day, to-morrow to Toledo, then home by Portugal, spending a few days in Lisbon.

MARGARITA CAVESTANY Y DE ANDUAGA.

Personals.

"Have we to keep silence on this corridor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wouldn't it be a good place for the deaf and dumb mutes?"

"I wish you'd thread this needle, every time I get near its eye with my thread, it blinks."

"You said you had no mosquitoes here."

"Oh, well, those you see straying around don't belong to us."

"What's that you told about your brother?"

"That he was bitten by a strange dog and we took him to a doctor's and had the wound *ostracized* right away."

"When we were leaving South Kensington, the train there went so quickly that I could scarcely get my *last* foot on when it moved."

"Repeat the quotation, please. I did not hear the last word."

"Sweet are the uses of *perversity*."

"Where were you? It is almost dark."

"Learning my lessons."

"Take care—a little bird tells me everything."

(Two days after.) "And you come late again. Where were you? You must have known how anxious I was."

"Oh, didn't that same old bird that's always spying after me, tell you?"

"How many Poles are there?"

"Two. The South Pole and the new American flagpole."

Anyone finding a green tomato-worm will greatly oblige by returning it to Sr. M. Constantia, B. A.

The intellectual mind is never dependent upon outside influences for pleasure and amusement. The trained ear discovers sweetness in music that the untrained ear hears not at all. Great books are great only to those who comprehend them. Art is meaningless to the uncouth and

uncultured. There is a world of beauty in these treasures, a world that takes us up above the sordid circumstances of every-day chatter.

Happiness is what everyone desires and seeks. But though many seek it few find it. And why? Because they do not seek it in the right place.

Sunshine and blue skies cheer the heart. But the skies are often clouded. Make, then, your own sunshine. A pure heart and the grace of God will help you to do so.



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RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XVII.

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No. 1.

The Canons of Art.

A PRINCIPLE is a general truth by which practice is guided and justified. Modern philosophers, for instance, suppose matter to be one simple essence diversified by the various shapes it assumes in nature and in the hands of the agriculturist, the manufacturer, or the man of science. Similarly we may, if we will, trace an identical fundamental principle, underlying all the Fine Arts—literature, music, drama, sculpture, painting and architecture.

Hence, the Fine Arts are regarded as sisters closely allied in spirit but having different forms; an idea as old as the Grecian mythology that gave it a charming embodiment in the Nine Muses. The terms of the different arts are constantly interchanged in the language, so that the word *artist* can be applied with equal propriety to a poet or a musician as well as to a painter. Acquaintance with one art may produce facility in a different one. A distinguished author once told the writer that he attributed most of his success in literary composition to a knowledge of pictorial principles acquired early in his youth. Briefly, the fine arts taken together are an expression of the human spirit realizing itself in the language of beauty.

But, while the ultimate object of all the arts is the same, they assume different forms, and the form assumed is an important factor. Be that as it may, all the Fine Arts possess a common character, that of being more or less imitative of nature. But they do not imitate nature with absolute exactness. If exact imitation were the end of art a photographer would be greater than Michael Angelo and the whole royal line of painters taken together. Type, not individu-

ality, is the legitimate object of artistic effort. Art is far more intellectual than mechanical.

We desire beauty and loathe ugliness. Why? It is not all vanity which prompts such wishes, but the sense of the aesthetic in us; the same feeling which makes us love to gather flowers, to look long upon beautiful forms and beings, to listen to bewitching harmonies, to watch graceful motions. Aesthetics is the science of the beautiful. It is the theory of perception, or of susceptibility. An aesthetic system is a philosophy of the Fine Arts. The rules, or canons, of art are the outcome of the most careful observation, study and analysis, made by artists and men of science in all civilized lands and times of the works of the Masters, that have been admired and imitated since art began. A respect for people's opinion marks the first step in civilization; and the histories of the mental acts begin with taking notice and following example. Like industries, institutions, and philosophies, the arts are inventions, and as such they must be pursued if success is desired.

In pictures that give lasting pleasure to man certain things are almost always found, and certain things are as invariably absent. Some arrangements of line or of light were perceived to give a deeper sense of completeness and harmony to the composition than other adjustments, and the student was advised by the teachers of art to employ them in his essays. In the same way, the position of an object within the limits of the picture-frame was found to have an influence for good or for evil, and the results were carefully noted by experts for the benefit of the learner.

Each division of human effort has its conventions. In all the trades, as well as the arts, the

successful method of the greatest exponents has ever been examined and imitated by all who desire to excel in a calling. Each form assumed by art, be it the marble of the temple or the statue, color in painting, sound in music, rhythmical words in poetry, possesses its own quality of beauty, produces its own impression which is strictly *sui generis* and distinct in kind. Every art has its own methods of training, its distinctive discipline, its secrets of experience; skill and mastery depend upon the practice of these methods, submission to this discipline, possession of the fruits of this experience, and command of this skill. Between the untrained man and the artist in every department of creative work there must be an educative process more or less prolonged. The conventions of fine art are called its Laws or Canons; although there is little that is final in even the most rigid of them, and they are usually regarded as Working Rules founded upon usage.

It is now accepted by almost all students, whether naval, military, or civilian, that history supplies the raw material from which they are to draw their lessons, and reach their working conclusion. Its teachings are not, indeed, pedantic; but they are the illustrations of living principles. The true canons of art are founded on nature. They are, as Pope echoing Boileau, says:

“Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd.”

All successful art must in the main conform to these canons. By applying the principles prescribed by them growth comes, insuring insight into art, or a certain period of art, be it classical, renaissance, or modern. The illustration of the principles are guides and beacons with which no serious student can afford to dispense.

Art is very, very old. The formulated Rules of Art—those man-made formulæ which students are taught to obey, and masters break with impunity—are the result of centuries of striving to represent with pen, with brush, with pencil, with chisel, with graver and with lens and sensitive plate, something capable of speaking to the mind—the imagination—of the observer of what it represents, and speaking so strongly that the mind forgets the obvious rhetoric or flat sur-

face or cold white marble, and sees only the scene or idea the artist wished to be seen.

Art is, therefore, a method of expression, or a language. Assuredly it requires study. Thought and feeling expressed in the language of color and form are not necessarily more plain-spoken than when they are set down in words. Ability is the power to do. Art is learned by copying. The average picture-maker, being a man only moderately endowed by nature, must, so far as in him lies, make his work conform to the requirements of art. Consequently, he must learn and ponder the Rules of Art. Furthermore, before the observer can appreciate the best forms of pictorial art, he must learn to analyze and dissect pictures, to study effects of line and tone, to feel the need of symmetry, to realize the mystery of suggestion, to delight in the play and counterplay of light and shade. Only thus can we become receptive to the best that art can offer us, and pleasure is not decreased but multiplied a hundredfold by such knowledge. The study of art is not a matter of the asking for recipes from this or that school, this or that national or racial method; it is the acquiring of certain principles that underlie all art at all times and in all countries.

When one rises among us who, like Pygmalion, makes no useless appeal to the Goddess of Beauty for the gift of life for his ideal, and who creates as he was created; we cherish him as a great interpreter of human lore. We proudly call him poet, composer, artist, and we speak reverently of him as a master. We say his lips have been wet with the dews of Hybla. In our sight, he is an artist, and his judgment is beyond our choice or question. He is a genius and above all rules. By real genius is meant, not an aptitude for imitation, but a capacity to create something out of nothing. We find in the works of the genius the strong originality and boldness of conception which stamp him as a creator. Of course, human creation means merely assembling. An artistic genius is one who becomes intimately acquainted with the human passions, and how to play upon them like a musician on his chosen instrument, thus doing away with the necessity for learning rules. It is probable that the genius is differentiated from the ordinary being by the mastery of three gifts, which others also possess, yet not to the same degree and not

united, namely, first, the power of selection, in which technical accomplishments find their expression, second, the depth of emotion, which formulates the conception of the idea to be portrayed, and, thirdly, perseverance, largely dependent on temperament and constitution. What is certain is that in all art knowledge, vigor, passion and elevation of thought go to the making of a masterpiece.

If the marks of genius just given be correct ones, it is evident that the tribe of geniuses is not numerous. There is false genius, of course, and all that need be said of it here is that its exponents are quite numerous almost everywhere, and as bumpuously presumptuous as they are numerous. Except real geniuses, all other persons who endeavor to climb the heights of art must submit themselves to the guidance of the Masters, whose works stand at the apex of art as the productions which surpass all others. The grace of the art of the Greek was a most deliberate grace,—a grace of thought and study. The vigor of the Roman artist was, at least, as much a matter of suggestion and of assimilation as of temperament.

Even the geniuses are very far from receiving all of intuition. Examine the career of a genius of any art, and it will be found that his exclusion from the operation of training and education is apparent rather than actual, and more observation will reveal the fact that almost all geniuses had a schooling which albeit not academic qualified them pre-eminently for a specific kind of work. Born a great master of harmonies, even Mendelssohn submitted himself to education. Robert Burns was a born bard if ever there was one, but no little tuition went to his making. As in every other mundane undertaking so in art, the only road to distinction and success is that of prolonged and most serious application.

A study of the works of the Great Masters of any art, tends powerfully to raise the mind and keep it up to what is excellent in aspiration and manual skill. Although in a sense art principles are conventionals, society itself is only a convention, and art principles are based on reason, being the outcome of deep-lying instincts and emotions. That they may vary with the ages and differ with each race is but natural, inasmuch as they reflect, or result from a particu-

lar stage of mental development and outlook. The modern landscape artists of Japan and of France, for instance, respectively express notions of graphic representation that are wide asunder as the poles; but in each case they are the natural outcome of national heredity, evolution, and environment. Each is indigenous to its own soil and consistent with national characteristics, and as such merits the profound consideration of all mankind.

MAURICE CASEY.

My Ideal.

“‘T S it high?”

Margaret was a bantering girl and gave me the credit of taking ecstasies and dreaming dreams. She knew more than all others that it *was* high—very high. But a tormenting mood was upon her and so she persisted:

“Cæsar?”

Indeed!—a pagan!—and the author of long sentences and “Egos” was very far away from the realization of my soul’s ideal. Let him thrill Rome in apostrophies to northern stars and in thrasonical brags. Let him live in triumph or die by the base of great Pompey’s statue; for not all the mellow in the mellowing years could win my love, or save his name from—well, time has dealt hardly with the name-word Cæsar. Hear Cæsar and live! Alas! the day was, and now at the same only a dog responds to the electric thrilling shibboleth of the past. I am sorry for the irreverence for he was a prince of the world.

If there were a queen of the world, and the spirit of that queen were mine, I know it well that Cæsar would not satisfy nor supplement the unrest divine of that spirit.

“Nonsense and dreaming!”

For Margaret was practical and always had a weakness for the things of Cæsar. Low living at the price of high thinking was a questionable alternative to her, and I would not be the bearer of either to Margaret, because it is written “Lead us not into temptation.”

“Epaminondas, perhaps?”

And, at the sound of his name, she must have felt something akin to gratitude flash from my eyes.

"You may yet learn to be a prophetess," I answered, in reward for the pleasure she gave. For I would have knelt me down on the plains of Mantinea and prayed the God of the Christians-to-be to save his life. I would have drawn the spear from his great heart, and, in some fairy-working fashion, made it whole again, and sent him forth upon the world that has been better for his passing through it. For he was the excellent and public-spirited Epaminondas! And yet, O Margaret, fairy, airy Margaret, your guessing seems akin to sacrilege. Oh, can't you think of some one who knows the Truth, and lives the Truth, and holds it to his heart forever—some one firm and strong yet tender, and sweet, and serious, and infinitely refined? Some one who is greater than the world because he cares not for the things of the world—whom an empire could not tempt, nor height, nor depth, nor powers, nor principalities, swerve from the love of God!

There seemed no reason for Margaret's impatience. But I always think only impatience prompted the way she said:

"Raleigh and Warwick, then!"

Great, restless, many-sided, dashing courtier—Raleigh! Vices and virtues of thy day! Their monument thou art! And if I once worshipped at thy shrine, it was surely for this—that Elizabeth Throgmorton, and not Elizabeth the queen, won and held thy great man's heart.

"But Warwick?"

I deny Warwick, or if you drive me to it,—I loved his two-fifths-of-England-possession rather than himself,—or the prestige and spell of "A Warwick! A Warwick!" But the gold of the temple is not the temple that sanctifieth the gold. And all the gold in all the worlds would not, could not, lure my spirit back again even to the point of wonderment. For there have been high places since—places of transparent gold, with gates of crystal and jasper and onyx—New Jerusalems where the immaculate and white-robed reached down in passing and gave me of eternal life.

"You are much too secure, and you better take heed lest you fall!"

When some people quote Scripture they mean to serve their purpose by it; when Margaret quotes Scripture she quotes it wrongly. N'est-ce pas, Margarita?

And she said—"I quote Scripture wrongly and I guess sacrilegiously! Lest my head should be turned by your praises I shall run away—or—"

"Leave the world—out," I corrected.

"Then, behold!" said Margaret, "the world in Lochleven. What say'st thou to the beautiful queen of the Scots?"

I say the angle is less divergent for I have always loved her, even from a child. Her beautiful poetic soul holds a peculiar charm for mine. The Scots were rough old madmen—and Knox was the leader of them—to have treated a sweet and charming princess so hardly. Oh, how could they! Her dear and illustrious head has made the block appear sacred to me. For when I conjure up that instrument of torture as the alternative to being untrue, it is always the same cruel block and axe and headsman meted out to her, under the morning shadows of Fotheringay, that come to me. And if it seems easy—easy it is because it was her bitter portion—the illustrious, the transcendently beautiful martyred queen.

There is a little scene in my memory and that shall remain and run down with my life. It is only a castle in the air, yet a beautiful minority to me. In Lochleven, with the queen, were Catherine Seyton and Roland Graeme. They were young and beautiful, and devoted to her. They had left everything for her sake and had even tried to leave themselves. How far they had succeeded, the fair young queen was admirably prepared to divine. And, in her own dear, great way, drew around their young love the grandly fitting, if fanciful, reward.

"Alas! ma mignonne, if we are restored to our throne shall we not have one blithesome day at a blithesome bridal, of which we must now name neither the bride nor the bridegroom? but that bridegroom shall have the barony of Blairgowrie, a fair gift even for a queen to give, and that bride's chaplet shall be twined with the fairest pearls that ever were found in the depths of Loch Lomond; and thou thyself, Mary Fleming—Mary Fleming was an older attendant—the best dresser of tresses that ever busked the tresses of a queen, and who would scorn to touch those of any woman of lower rank—thou thyself shalt, for my love, twine them into the bride's tresses. Yes, at that blithesome bridal, Mary herself shall forget the weight of sorrow, and the toil of State.

and herself once more lead a measure—when she comes to her own again.”

If she only had! When I read this for the first time, I vowed a vow. I would grow up and write a book, and, in that book, Mary Stuart should come to her own again! For fiction's sake, Elizabeth would do penance in sackcloth and ashes for her atrocious mendacity, while the thrones of Scotland and England should be united under their lawful liege and sovereign, Mary Queen of the Scots.

“Serve her right,—Elizabeth,” Margaret said petulantly. I felt too weary to reply. Or was it only weariness; or was it sorrow and weariness; or was it an outer consciousness falling down around about my spirit in its yearning for the music of a voice? I could not answer for came my dear rescuer, Margaret, with what seemed like a whisper of the earth:

“I know! I know! George Washington!”

“Martha chose well,” I said simply.

“And I have not guessed?” Crestfallen Margaret!

You have not guessed.

How could you guess honor and heaven and truth, and how could you know what neither of us can understand?

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Eulogy on the Death of Thos. E. Brady.

AT a meeting of the Cascade County Bar Association, held yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, for the purpose of taking action upon the passing away of Mr. Brady, Judge B. Leslie presided.

Attorney W. F. O'Leary, an intimate friend of Mr. Brady, during the latter's lifetime, delivered a eulogy that was most eloquent and touching. Mr. O'Leary spoke as follows:

May it please the Court and gentlemen of the Great Falls Bar: After the lapse of only a few short days, we are again assembled here to offer a last tribute to the memory of an able lawyer and honored citizen.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 12th., we heard that Thos. E. Brady, after a brief illness, had passed away. The news of his death was quickly spread and in all public places groups of men discussing his untimely death, could have been

heard to say, “He was a loving and devoted father, a staunch friend, an honest and fearless man, among the very ablest in his profession.” Yes, he was all these and more. He led a life of rectitude and morality that might be emulated by the most scrupulous observers of moral precepts. Such were some of the characteristics of our departed brother. Inheriting neither wealth nor position from an illustrious ancestry, he acquired both by the active, energetic, laborious and never-ceasing use of those noble faculties with which he was endowed. He was emphatically a self-made man, and his life affords a striking illustration of what industry and energy, united with a strong will, can accomplish.

In Northern Montana he was one of the acknowledged leaders in his profession, and his ardent zeal in the trial of any cause which he consented to champion, won for him the respect and absolute confidence of all who knew him. He was no exception to the rule, that those whose lives are spent in public service excite strong opposition by reason of their constant adherence to sound principles and active zeal in maintaining them. But, no matter how intense the feeling engendered in exciting conflicts, no matter how bitter the feelings that animated his antagonists, when the stroke of action had ceased and the pause of reflection had set in, the bitterness born of strife gave way to feelings of respect, because his opponents knew that he never advocated any cause he did not believe to be right, and when convinced of its justice he threw his whole heart and soul into the conflict, becoming a part of the cause he represented, utterly unmindful of any consequence to himself.

But it was in his home life that the goodness of Thos. E. Brady was most conspicuous. Left a widower more than eight years ago, with three children to care for, he bestowed on them a father's love and a mother's tenderness. No parent could have done more for the welfare of his family. He was exceedingly careful of their training, both secular and religious, and no Sunday ever passed that did not find him worshipping with his children at St. Ann's Cathedral, of which he was a devout communicant. To him his children were his all, his hours of recreation were spent with them. The happiest moments of his life were enjoyed with them, home to him was heaven, where the world of strife was shut

out and a world of love shut in. Like so many others, after years of constant toil, he was stricken down just as he could see in the near future the haven of rest, where he could enjoy as he chose, the fruits of his labors for the remainder of his days. Let us hope that his strong faith in his religion and his ardent devotion in its practice is to him a greater reward than any honor born of wealth or fame."

The report of the committee on resolutions was read and adopted as follows:

"May it please the Court:

Your committee, recently appointed to draft suitable resolutions concerning the death of Thos. E. Brady, has been duly impressed with the solemnity of the duty conferred upon it. Less than a month ago we met, as we have met to-day, for the purpose of adopting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Austin C. Gormley, whose sudden and untimely death was a shock to this community. To-day we meet to pay tribute to the memory of Thos. E. Brady, who, after a brief illness, died in this city, at 11 o'clock a. m., September 12th., 1909, at the age of 52 years.

Mr. Brady and Mr. Gormley had for years past been intimately associated with each other, not only in professional matters but also socially and politically. Both were stricken down while in the prime of life. Both were apparently in the fullness of health, and, in each case, the messenger who bore to us the report of affliction, was followed closely by the messenger bearing the report of death. That these two intimate and distinguished members of this Bar should both be called from the midst of their labors in such quick succession is a thing that passeth our understanding, and must, of necessity, make us deeply sensible of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death."

Thos. E. Brady was born in St. Antoine, in the Province of Quebec. He was graduated at the St. Theresa College. In his early manhood he moved to Plattsburg, N. Y., where, after pursuing the course of study in the law, he was admitted to the Bar. In the spring of 1887, he located in the city of Great Falls and engaged in the practice of his profession, which he continued, without intermission, until the day of his untimely death. At the time of his location here, Great Falls was no more than a village of a few thousand inhabitants. Cascade County was not

then organized. J. W. Stanton is the only member of the present Bar, who preceded Mr. Brady in location here. Thos. E. Brady always commanded a large clientage throughout Northern Montana. He was always considered an able trial lawyer. In the trial of a lawsuit he was both determined and aggressive, and many of his cases were contested until they were finally decided by the Court of last resort.

At Christmas Time.

At Christmas time last year
 So many friends that now are gone, were here;
 So many hopes were glowing then unspoken;
 And loving hearts that trusted without fear,
 At Christmas time last year!

At Christmas time this year
 So many of us find the world a drear
 And barren desert, wherein blooms no rose,
 With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose
 snows
 Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage
 sere
 At Christmas time this year!

At Christmas time next year!
 Who knows what changing fortunes may be
 near?
 Take courage, then! our night shall turn to
 day;
 From brightening skies the clouds must roll
 away,
 And faith, love and hope, shall all be here,
 At Christmas time next year!

Gentleness is woman's sweetest quality. Frowns, a loud tone of voice, anger, disturbing emotions, should rightly be foreign to woman's nature. You can master your sharp tongue or hurried temper only by self-control. When you feel yourself "choking with rage" get away from the object of your violent thoughts. Hasten to a place of silence and solitude, then, ask yourself if it is worth while to gather clouds upon a pretty face. Every burst of temper adds to your age. This fact alone should scare you into being an angel.



THE INFANT GOD FOR WHOM THE PROPHETS SIGHED.



THE CHILD KINGS WANDERED FAR TO SEEK.

Miss Mylott's Recital at Loreto Convent Hamilton, October the Thirty-first.

RUMORS had been afloat, for days, to the effect that Miss Eva Mylott, the famous Australian contralto, would sing at the convent. The news seemed almost too good to be true, therefore, very little credence was given to the statement until the afternoon of the thirty-first, when the rumor was verified—to the unbounded joy of the household. In fact, our attention centered only in the one thought—we were to hear the great singer who had come heralded by glowing tributes from the greatest critics in Paris, London, and New York; after having appeared in concert with Mme. Melba, Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Albani, the much-loved Canadian prima donna, Mme. Clara Butt, Joachim, Sarasate, and many other noted artists.

Because Miss Mylott had come from Australia, a land little known to us save through our geographies, curiosity was on the alert, each one forming various ideas concerning her. Those who had been privileged to attend her Recital in the Opera House, a few evenings before, were rejoicing at the prospect of hearing that beautiful voice again, and giving glowing accounts of the gifted artiste's performance, when, suddenly, the door opened and the gracious lady, accompanied by her charming pianiste, Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney, beamed upon us in response to a cordial greeting from the audience.

After Miss Mylott and Miss Moroney had been presented to His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, who honored the occasion with his presence, they ascended the platform to render a singularly attractive programme, which suggested versatility and expression in many lines of contralto work.

The first number, "Abide With Me," was given with adequate musical interpretation. Each clearly enunciated syllable, every pleading note, so deeply and tenderly religious, carried to the farthest corner of the hall, reiterating its intensity of appeal to our hearts, and our need, "when other helpers fail, and comforts flee," of the one abiding, unchanging Friend.

A word of special praise is justly due to Miss Moroney, whose piano numbers—Dvorak's Humoreske—played as if it were the humor of some secluded isle, where poetry is the only language

used—and Schumann's *Nachtstücke*—were artistically faultless and marked by an unusual mastery of technique and fully developed musical feeling. She was the accompanist of the day and performed her exacting work with that skill and sympathy which elevate the art of accompanying to the high place it deservedly occupies.

After "The Little Irish Girl," sung with rare humor and archness—and made quite visual by Miss Mylott—applause was almost vociferous, while, in immediate contrast, came "The Lost Chord," that gave opportunity to the singer to play upon the feelings of her audience with irresistible charm.

It was a delight to hear Miss Mylott's finely modulated voice in "When Roses Bloom," which she sang with perfect smoothness and simplicity. In the group of ballads which followed, she proved her ability to maintain equal charm, especially in "Kitty of Coleraine." Filled with the spirit of delicious humor, combined with the power to individualize songs, old and new, Miss Mylott's tuneful portrayal of the captivating and alluring "Kitty" fairly brought down the house—the finale coming from the singer with strong dramatic climax—while the hall rang again and again with applause.

His Lordship then expressed his appreciation of the exquisite and wonderful art of beautiful singing, and, turning to the students, said: Today, I will permit you to be suffragettes, but the vote must be one of thanks to the great Australian songstress, who has afforded us such a rare treat."

When the applause which His Lordship's words elicited had subsided, he continued in that happy vein, so well known to us who are privileged to tread the paths of learning under the sweet and holy influence of his paternal guidance, and concluded by inviting Miss Mylott to sing at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which he was about to give.

All the warmth of quality, richness of tone, and glorious fulness of Miss Mylott's voice were apparent in Luzzi's Ave Maria, which she sang with sincere and instinctive appreciation of the music and the words, as though her heart as well as her voice was in the devotional strains. How impressive was the picture as the shades of evening descended! Our beloved Bishop kneeling in humble adoration before the Sacramental

King, enthroned on the flower-decked altar, the white-veiled maidens, with downcast eyes and bowed heads, the Religious in sombre garb, while the sweet notes of the Ave ascended on the incense-laden air. Surely, the gates of Memory must have opened and revealed to the singer a like scene in a far-away Australian convent, in which her girlhood years were passed.

Thus did solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament crown a happy day at Mount St. Mary.

EILEEN O'BRIEN.

Father John Banister Tabb.

Poet, Patriot, Priest.

THE late passing away of Father Tabb at St. Charles College in the rolling region west of Baltimore, adjacent to Carroll's Manor, brings conspicuously to view a beautiful character, glimpses of which have already been obtained from fugitive verses that, like swallow flights, in wild, sweet warbles have floated on the current of literature, reaching the hearts of the public, and only very recently a writer in the London *Spectator*, pronounced him "one of the greatest poets in the English language." Unquestionably he was a genius, and by the light of inspiration's mystic fire, he caught the beauties in God's universe and, clear-visioned, delved into the depths of the human heart, then with infinite delicacy of touch, subtle sympathy, and graceful humor gave his masterly interpretations. The refinement of his literary taste may be estimated from the fact that Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, with Tennyson, were favorites, while Poe he regarded as the greatest of modern poets. Only very recently, in the Baltimore *Sun*, there appeared his keen cutting censure of the exclusion from the Hall of Fame of so resplendent a genius. To Lanier, not only as a fellow southern poet was he congenial, but also by musical affiliations which deepened into friendship as camp companions when they struggled side by side in a cause they thought was just. Father Tabb was a Virginian by birth, a Marylander by adoption, and in those troubled times when the President of the United States called for troops to coerce the seceded section, Virginia, too, withdrew from the Union. There was no alternative for her

children, they could not draw the sword against their mother, especially against that grand old mother of States.

As a vicissitude of war, and in the waning period of the Confederacy, without the prospect of exchange, the soldier Tabb found himself a prisoner. In the present "piping time of peace," there are few who consider the meaning of this restraint to one of physical and mental activity, and of unusual nervous temperament. Probably it influenced his career, for enforced idleness, the approaching downfall of the cause so dear to his heart, depressed him to the depths of a vexed abyss from which he found himself groping for that which would illumine the darkness; then, out of the sorrow came the revelation of God's comfort; the turbid drama of life faded, for his searchings caught the promise—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Thus led by the Angel of Hope, his poetic nature winged its way.

At the close of the war he returned to his adopted State, studied music in Baltimore, and while also teaching, became a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. During this ministry he was associated with the late Bishop Curtis, who was then leaning toward Romanism, and under this influence Father Tabb realized that there was no sorrow which the Catholic Church might not comfort, no want that it might not supply, relieving life of its burdens, and death of its terrors; thus he had found the fulfilment of his faith, and, in 1884, he was ordained to the priesthood.

Reviewing Father Tabb's life we are impressed with its analogy to that of Milton: they were both poets, both patriots, both unique characters, and later in life both became blind, alike realizing what the marvelous Milton lucidly describes in his last poem, published in the Oxford edition of his works:

"I am old and blind!

Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted by my kind;

Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak—yet strong!

I murmur not that I no longer see;

Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,

Father Supreme, to Thee.

O Merciful One!

When men are farthest, then Thou art most
near;
When friends pass coldly by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee

I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear,

This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,

When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime

My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine."

Father Tabb avoided notoriety, and in later years, happy in the retirement at St. Charles College, was solaced by his poetic weavings, and in the companionship of loving friends.

CLAUDE BAXLEY.

**Silver Jubilee of the Right Reverend Dr.
Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, Cele-
brated at Loreto Convent, Kilkenny,
by a Brilliant Entertainment.**

*His Lordship's Address on the Educational Work
of the Institute.*

WEDNESDAY, October the twentieth, was a day of rejoicing at Loreto Convent, Kilkenny, where the celebrations in honor of His Lordship's Silver Jubilee were of a most elaborate description. The convent, which is so picturesquely situated, was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the entertainment by the accomplished pupils, was of a high order.

After a poetic address of welcome and congratulation had been read, the concert opened with "Marche Célèbre," played by a splendidly-trained orchestra. Seldom, if ever, had such a musical treat been enjoyed in Kilkenny as that which was given by the large group of young ladies who formed the orchestra. The Jubilee Ode, "Ring out, Wild Bells," with orchestral accompaniment, followed. The Ode was one of welcome and rejoicing and had, consequently, a peculiar significance, and its rendering was most effective.

Without going into the relative merits of any of the young ladies who contributed to what was certainly a most enjoyable and high-class concert, I shall merely add that all the numbers, difficult though they were, were rendered in faultless style, and deserved the congratulations the performers received on the success which crowned their efforts to provide for the distinguished visitor and the large number of clergy who were present an entertainment so much in keeping with the auspicious occasion.

At the conclusion of the programme, His Lordship said: "Words entirely fail me to express my grateful thanks for the gracious reception you have given me, and more especially for the beautiful address with which you have presented me, on the occasion of my Silver Jubilee in the episcopate. Loreto, during these twenty-five years, and not only during them but for many years before, was always bountiful of kindness and consideration for me; but, to-day, it

seems to crown all its past kind deeds in my regard by this beautiful scene of triumph and welcome which greets me wherever I turn. To say that I am thankful would be little; it would be much nearer the truth to say that I am overpowered. I have been associated with Loreto, Kilkenny, for over twenty-nine years, in an official capacity—first as conductor of its Retreats, and since then as Bishop of the diocese. During that long span of years, not a ripple has ever disturbed the stream of kindly feeling between this Community and myself. I knew well what a treasure this diocese possessed in the Community and in the noble self-denying work which it carries out here; and I was, therefore, bound to cherish, to foster, and to develop it by every means at my disposal. The women of the higher and middle classes of this diocese, who preside so worthily over our homes, have been nearly all educated here—and who will say that Loreto has not done well by them? The matronly good sense, the charity, the gentle influence which they wield in the family circle, have all been learned here, and now, in return, they send their own little ones to this house to be imbued with the same good qualities.

My mind, to-day, travels over the Religious Communities not only of Ireland but of distant countries—America, Australia, Africa, Asia, &c.,—and everywhere memory calls up familiar forms in those Communities who were once pupils of this convent, and who are now laboring in those far-off fields for God's glory and the good of souls. They carried with them not only the lofty ideals of virtue and duty impressed on them, but, by their abilities, their learning, and their accomplishments, they have become centres of light and leading in countries where education is still more or less in its initial stages. In this great work of education, Loreto, Kilkenny, deserves well, therefore, not only of our own dear diocese, but I may say, of the world at large. If I wished to extend my range of vision and to take in the other Loreto convents throughout our country that are engaged in this great apostolate of education, I might discourse for a long time, but yet would fail to recount all the blessings for which we are indebted to this Institute. Take up the Intermediate awards of the last examination, and in them you have evidence and proof of the place which Loreto actually holds

in the educational world of to-day. At a time when 'the old order changeth,' and when a new one is about to be inaugurated, in which the teachings of Catholic faith and practice are almost entirely excluded, is it not a merciful arrangement of a kind Providence that we have so many schools, headed by Loreto, to launch the rising generation of our young girls safely on that unknown sea of Irish National University education, to guide them in their course, and to bring them safe to the wished-for haven? The priests and the Catholic laity of Ireland owe a debt of gratitude to such schools as Loreto, which have taken up this work of Higher Education, and have won for it such conspicuous success.

I have been warned that, in this returning of thanks, I should take care to clip the wings of Fancy and not allow myself to trench on the limited time at our disposal for this entertainment—and for something else which, it seems, is to follow! I return renewed and heartfelt thanks, on my own behalf and on that of the clergy present, for the joyous greetings and welcome with which my exalted office and not my poor personality, has been received here to-day. I thank the Reverend Mother, who has long been a dear friend of mine, and her worthy Community for the pains they have been at to cater for my pleasure and that of the assembled guests. I thank the Mother-General, whose absence in Spain, visiting the Communities of the Institute in that country, alone prevents her from being here, but who has most kindly and thoughtfully sent the Superior of Rathfarnham to represent her. To this lady and her companion—another very dear and true friend of mine, as she is of every one and everything in Ossory—I also return my ever-grateful thanks for the sympathy with me which brought them down here, at this inclement season, to do me honor. And, last—not least—I most cordially thank the pupils, past and present, of Loreto, Kilkenny, for the important part they have filled in this celebration. They charmed me, this morning, at Holy Mass, by the beautiful Gregorian music which wafted my soul above even the good things of earth prepared for me to-day, to that better land where, I hope, after all has ended, we shall meet in an eternal Jubilee.

There is one thing more I wish to say, and that is, that out of all the priests present, I be-

lieve there is one who has been most intimately, and from the most distant date, identified with this Community. I refer to the Venerable Archdeacon Cody. In the departure of Loreto out of the land of Egypt and into the Promised Land, he first stretched out a helping hand. He was the nuns' first chaplain, on their arrival in the Marble City, and he became then their first, and has been ever since, their fastest, friend. I am extremely glad, and I am sure the priests, one and all, are extremely glad to see him present in, thank God, vigorous health, and with many years—let us express the hope—still before him.

These few words which I have said convey very inadequately, indeed, the sentiments of my heart, to-day, and I trust that your indulgence and your kindness, when you take into account the heavy work that lies before me, within the next few months, will excuse me for not having risen better to the height of the present occasion."

The Venerable Archdeacon Cody, who was warmly received, said that in coming into the hall he did not expect to address the audience, but the Bishop thought it due to him, as being the oldest priest and the oldest parish priest present, and as he had some connection with the convent at its very beginning. His Lordship was right in saying that he, the speaker, was its first chaplain. As far as the whole Community was concerned, he thought it had not its equal in any other diocese in Ireland. In conclusion, Archdeacon Cody referred to the invaluable assistance His Lordship had given to the Community since his advent, twenty-five years ago, and he expressed the pleasure which he felt at being present at what was only the commencement of the festivities which, he hoped, would be many before the fourteenth of December.

The visitors were then entertained at dinner by the Community.

T. K. J.

King Edward's Sixty-eighth Birthday.

TO-DAY the King receives the grateful homage of his people. If ever a Sovereign deserved that homage, it is King Edward VII. Before he ascended the throne he had won, after his venerated mother, the highest place in the affection of the British race. Every year of his strenuous and useful life has strengthened this affection and has added confidence to esteem. No monarch has taken a more active interest in the welfare of his people; none has striven more to relieve distress and to lighten the burden of suffering humanity. These are among the highest privileges of a King.

No European Sovereign is so much a man of the open air as the King, and since he came to the throne he has seemed to live even more and more out of doors. His Majesty's health is excellent evidence of the good results which follow abundant exercise and much fresh air, for with increasing years he retains his surprising vigor of mind and body. He is singularly energetic, though not active in the sense of one who walks rapidly and far. When there is nothing better available for an out-of-door occupation, he does not despise the gentle game of croquet, though he has never fallen a victim to golf.

His Majesty is not afraid of rain; and my observation leads to the belief that he actually revels in the brisk freshness of a heavy shower. He hardly ever uses an umbrella, or, at least, I cannot remember having seen him do so. For life out of doors he prefers clothes which will resist the rain, but he does not seem to like a mackintosh. Clad in a long cloth cape, which completely covers his other clothes, he scorns to take shelter from even a tropical downpour. He likes the sea not only in its fairer moods, as when he is yachting in pleasant weather on the Solent, but also when he can watch it in storm. Often I have seen him out on a small terrace overlooking the Bay of Biscay when the waves were rolling savagely in towards the shore. The rocks threw up the spray in fine clouds as the King stood watching the sunset beyond the Côte des Basques, and enjoying the salt wind that came in from the stormy Atlantic. On his tour abroad, this year, the King was perpetually out of doors, in the royal yacht, or ashore in motor-cars or carriages. He picnicked wherever he

Children possess a divining-crystal in their own clear thoughts and know well when Love is at the helm. They can discern in a moment whether an arbitrary self-will dictates the course of things, or that single-minded affection that seeks the truest good of those who are in its charge. They will not love less, but more as time goes on.

could, even at Girgenti and Pompeii. Malta was entirely traversed in the Duke of Connaught's motor-car.

"Squire of Sandringham."

His Majesty is, indeed, at his best when he is at home in Norfolk. Then he becomes as one of the Norfolk farmers, and the people of King's Lynn delight to name him "The Squire of Sandringham." Those of us who most highly appreciate His Majesty for his great gifts of statesmanship, for his illustrious position among European rulers, for his power, as M. Delcasse put it, of doing the right thing in the right way at the right time in the right place, have only a slight idea of the deep affection which is entertained for the King as squire. He is the best of landlords, of course, but he is also a strict one. No public-house is allowed on His Majesty's property. Instead, he has provided club-houses in every village on the estate.

The King is not in the least selfish in the enjoyment of his Norfolk estate. Even on days when big shoots are toward, with perhaps the famous Horseshoe covert to wind up the day, there are few restrictions imposed. Not only is Sandringham one of the most perfectly managed properties in England, but it is one of the most open. Wide highways intersect it. Just now on the broad main road, which sweeps round by the beautiful gates, presented on their marriage to the then Prince and Princess of Wales, by the city of Norfolk—gates from which the King has not removed the arms of the many titles he bore when Prince—the graceful pheasants strut or leisurely lift themselves over the fences into the wood. Never a keeper is in sight. November usually finds a damp wind blowing from the Wash, an unpleasant product of the North Sea, but for the wayfarer the sturdy pines break its force and, even in winter, give a fresh, wholesome aroma to the air. From the end of the avenue, the Wash may be seen, on a fine day, glittering in the sunshine, but normally when frost is absent, it is a dull brown stretch of shallows. The avenue is open to anyone bent on an autumn walk, and all the ravages of the storm of two years ago have been repaired.

Since His Majesty went to Marienbad, he has lived in the open. There are still to come the busy, happy days when he is always out of doors,

no matter the weather, at Sandringham, and the more formal, but still largely out of door, days at Windsor, when King Manoel arrives. His Majesty is not a crack shot like his friend and cousin, the late Dom Carlos, or his nephew, the King of Spain. King Alfonso likes to take off coat and cap when he gets in a hot corner and make the most of it. With His Majesty, I fancy, shooting is a means to an end. He likes the sport for its own sake, but more because it takes him among the healthy delights of field and wood. Sometimes when he sees an old retainer or tenant, or other friend, he halts on his way, and enjoys a chat in the most unaffected manner. But Sandringham to me has always a pleasing suggestion of Bracebridge Hall and that perfect English gentleman whom Washington Irving mirrored. Whimsically enough, the quotation seems apt: "The ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping in this county or the next, and though the master of it write but squire I know no lord like him."

W. E. GREY.

Merry England.

MERRY England! Why merry? Was it on account of the numerous festivities after the Norman Conquest? No, far from it. Few were the hours devoted to merry-making during the reign of the Conqueror, William. Even the one pleasure which they had previously enjoyed was taken from them, for William laid waste many miles of territory, thus depriving the people of their pleasure-field, and affording himself and his Norman followers a hunting-ground, "The New Forest." And were they only deprived of a hunting-ground? The man who indulged in the pleasure paid the forfeit of his eyes. Surely, to the sturdy Anglo-Saxon there was small merriment in this abominable practice.

Nor could we say England was merry during the reign of the Second William, for at this time she was in a sad state of famine, and, owing to the Crusades, oppressed by heavy taxes. But this monarch's life was short and bitter. He was killed while hunting, probably by a poor man, to whom he was "most hateful owing to the oppressions he wrought." Civil Wars followed in the

wake of William, and distressed England groaned under the blood of her people, while Stephen and Matilda squabbled for a throne.

Nor can we find more cause to justify the title in the days of "Bluff King Hal." Could such a monster as he developed into, herald happiness?

In the days of Elizabeth, England struggled to put on merriment. A parsimonious queen, yet not too parsimonious for three thousand dresses, strove to make good England's title to write "Merry" before her name. Nor were her courtiers less gorgeous in their attire. Raleigh boasted of the precious stones in his shoes, two thousand pounds sterling, he claimed, adorned his feet. And there was truth in the boast, for we find him later, from his prison cell, remembering in his will, these very gems. Leicester, the bold, bad man, converted Kenilworth into a fairyland to banquet the queen, and courts and pageants followed her whither she moved. Hatton died for love of her, Leicester ambioned marrying her, Raleigh flattered her, Essex quarrelled with her. Truly, his manly furtherance merited something preferable to that "box in the ear." But Elizabeth was her father's daughter, and, therefore, must needs have designs on people's heads! How rough and coarse her ways seem to-day,—stealing Philip's gold, and wrangling over Spanish treasure-ships, knighting pirates, and accepting their bribes. Could such a woman point the way to happiness? Hardly.

Oliver Cromwell was even more unsuccessful in attempts to impose sobriety and "longfacedness" upon the English nation. His "godly men" were mostly hypocrites, like himself. It behooved them to look severe and serious, for Cromwell accepted only such as God-fearing, and, therefore, all promotion hinged upon exterior behavior. There was no Merry England under Cromwell, only a fearful nation, biding its time, an expectant nation, toasting its king across the waters.

And when Charles came. Oh, what a swing of the pendulum! People ran riot in all manner of excesses. We are told the typical courtier of this period inspired the masterful strokes of Milton's Satan; and Halifax's caricature of his king, as the merry monarch,

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one"

seems not too respectful to the divinity that hedges kings.

Perhaps Victoria made England merry in the truest sense. She was the good and virtuous queen. Her people beheld in her a model woman, wife and mother, and such an example is a heritage exceeding great. She, more than the others, has justified England's pretensions to be called Merry.

BEATRICE MULLIGAN.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Emblem of Peace.

IT is not expedient to study late, especially in those evil days when burglars prowl about, and long dark corridors stand between the student and her downy couch. Most inexpedient of all inexpediency seemed it on the night of catastrophies, when face to face came I unto hushed angels in trailing glory. Upon their heads were garlands of aprons, and entwined about the majesty of the body were draperies of divers colors. Upon the maple floor came the clish-clash of sandalled feet. Was I dreaming, or standing stark stiff with terror upon the great winding flight of waxed stairs? Late, lone, and frightened! Yet not alone, for strange beings, with white faces and tight lips, passed and repassed. Hurriedly, too, at times, jostlingly near came figures nondescript. Oh, was it dreaming?

"Tell me, oh, tell me!"—and my two hands went out entreatingly. But the angel, or the spirit, or the burglar, or the Indian—I shall keep the secret—glided fearfully by. Then came home to me the dull hard truth,—I must stand or fall alone.

Desperation did it,—reached out and held on for dear life to the next passing something.

"What is it—oh, tell me before I die!" No tinge of sorrow, no compassion came out from the victim of that all but mortal grip. Only heavenward went a finger, a slender, white, quiet finger touched silent lips and from their rigid immobility came, in aspirates, p-i-p-e. Oh, now I knew. It is dreaming—dreaming of meer-schaums and little Nicotinas in the story, of the

big wild Indians and their pipes of peace. Peace!—there was no peace:—only fear. And, like a hunted deer, I scaled stair-flights—one—two—but never three. For this was no music of the rain-drop, this cataclysm sounding on my ear. Laughing Water!—or Niagara! Father Neptune, hearken ere I die!

Came then fifty wild young ladies, with streaming hair, holding rainy-day skirts. From the red dormitory, from the blue, from the white, from the alcoves,—fifty, speaking *one* word. Pipe loudly, pipe lowly, pipe hurriedly, pipe slowly! A kingdom for *another* word! And I thought, if I wake alive, I shall never sleep again. Let German grammars be drier than threefold burned flax, never again shall tired eyelids close on tired eyes over its brown cover,—if I wake again.

Mary! Myra! Mona! At least, you, my friends! O Dante, Dante, you have not painted it, because you have not seen it, you have not heard it.

Forsaken in attitudes of supplication, unheeded, ignored in extremity, brushed ruthlessly by, deafened by mocking, maddening, piping pipes.

Ibsen may dream of dematerialized phenomena, of graveyards and skeleton bones. There is, at least, gruesome harmony here, but who ever dreamed and lived on discord so hopelessly bewildering.

Came then a figure,—a dear figure—*Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile*,—now or never! Was it—was it?—

“Sister, O Sister!—take me, tell me, is it a—deluge?”

“The pipe, dear.”

“Oh, no! no!—not *dear*, no pipe is *dear*, Sister. Pipes are nightmares, grotesque nightmares!” But she had not heard a word I said. Like the other ethereals, she, too, had passed like a streak of light and I remained alone.

There was nothing left now but the end of all. I must see that end; and deliberately I proceeded whither the noise-nucleus led me. But I must not tell you. Besides you may be one of those merry-makers over other people's falls. And to navigate keeping one's vertical dignity intact sub burst pipes et supra squishing water-flooded floors! Och!—it was no dream,—the awakening.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

The English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from its Foundation to its Secularization, 1626-1809.

BY REVEREND MOTHER ELIZABETH BLUME, GENERAL OF THE GERMAN BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

MARIA MAGDALENA THERESIA VON SCHNEGG, SIXTH CHIEF SUPERIOR, 1720-1743.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE INSTITUTE AT ALTÖTTING, 1721, MERAN, 1724, FULDA, 1732, BRIXEN, 1739.

(Continued.)

INDUCED by the Superior at Bamberg, Maria Anna von Rehlingen, and encouraged by the Elector Theodor von Pfalz-Neuburg at Sulzbach, as well as by the Prince-Bishop von Freising, the Chief Superior, Magdalena von Schnegg, sent a petition to the Prince of Fulda, Adolf von Dalberg, asking him for permission to found a House of the Institute within his domains. The request was granted. They were not to expect him to donate the funds, but they were to be entirely free from taxes, and the convent chapel and schools were to be under his protection. The Chief Superior, therefore, bought a suitable house, which was opened in August, 1732, by six members of the Institute from Munich, Antonia von Flodern being appointed Superior.

In the beginning they had, indeed, an opportunity, according to their holy rule, “not only to love poverty, as a mother, but, from time to time, feel some of its effects.” Soon, however, they gained the confidence of the people, through their zeal and modest retirement. The Superior lived to have the joy, about twenty years after the opening of the house at Fulda, of being able to send out two of her best members to assist in the foundation of a House in Frankfort on the Main, and again, two members for the foundation of the Institute House in Mainz. Ten years later, in the last year of her life, Prince-Bishop Heinrich of Fulda placed all the city schools under the direction of the members of the Institute, for which they received, besides their salary, a supply of food and wood. Through

this entering upon public activity, the Institute was greatly benefited spiritually and materially, and enabled to endure the severe ordeal of secularization, during the reign of Prince Oranien-Nassau and the various changes of Government until the final union of Fulda with Kurhessen.

In the year 1866, Kurhessen was incorporated with the Prussian Kingdom, and, during the "Kulturkampf," the Institute in Fulda fell a victim to it, also. The house had to be sold, in the year 1876, and the dispersed members sought shelter in the Institute Houses which existed outside of Prussia. The greater number found hospitality in Hungary, through the instrumentality and generous assistance of the worthy Superior von Veszprim, Countess Josephine Castiglione von Gonzaga, because the laws of Hungary did not interfere with their work. The giving up of the house in Fulda and the land belonging to it, was done in such a cautious way that, after fourteen years of exile, when again a more peaceful time had set in, the English Ladies were able to repurchase property and reopen their schools in October, 1890.

During all these troublous times, the isolated Institute in Fulda remained in constant communication with the Mother-house at Nymphenburg, and sent candidates there to be trained. Mother Teresia Weisz, at that time Superior in Fulda, wrote to the Chief Superior, Maria Paur, requesting her to unite the house in Fulda with the Mother-house at Nymphenburg. However, considering the difference of the territorial situation, the Government of that country, and the difficulties which might result therefrom, especially with regard to the schools, the Mother-general in Bavaria thought it more advisable to propose to the house in Fulda to unite with that at Mainz. This proposal seemed the more prudent since the Institute House at Mainz had sprung from Fulda, had continued to exist uninterruptedly, and had, later on, lent some of its members, at the reopening of the house in Fulda, and had besides rendered assistance on many occasions. The wise advice was accepted. On the 4th. of October, 1890, they set to work, with the approbation of the Bishop.

No matter how much the above-mentioned new foundations occupied the Chief Superior, Magdalena von Schnegg, and overburdened her with care, she, with great confidence in God, in

gentle wisdom fulfilled her task conscientiously, and saw the Munich branch of the Institute progress steadily—constantly supported by the generosity of the illustrious ruling house.

On the 2nd. of April, 1723, an order was sent to the royal treasury in behalf of an extension for the garden of the English Ladies in front of the Isartor, through the giving over of a royal lot. In the year 1728, during the reign of Elector Carl Albrecht, a new regulation concerning the royal gifts to the Munich Institute, was made. According to this regulation, the supply of grain, potatoes, etc., was lessened, and the free use of medicine from the royal apothecary was discontinued.

Instead of this, the Institute received yearly, 700 florins.

In the year 1722, the Chief Superior closed the House for poor girls, in the Löwengrube, and bought instead, for 9,000 florins, a house in the Weinstrasse, in the vicinity of the Institute, assigning two of the teaching members to supervise the instruction of the orphan girls.

The Chief Superior, Magdalena Theresia von Schnegg, was, like her predecessor, in close communication with the Institute in York, which, at that time, 1699-1734, was under the direction of Mother Dorothea Bedingfield, niece of the foundress, who discharged her office with wisdom and success. She sent, in the year 1730, at the request of the Chief Superior, an exact statement of the revenue of the House—arrears, payments due, and regular payments—mentioning Sir Thomas Gascoigne as their greatest benefactor. Until 1751, this name was frequently mentioned. In 1762, the noble benefactor died.

Mother Magdalena von Schnegg was seventy-four years of age when, after a life of toil, she entered into eternal rest, on the 21st. of February, 1743.

In the fallen world, branded as it is with all the degradation which sin has brought upon it, there is one feeling which seems beyond the reach of corruption—a mother's love! Aye, it only seems, yes, seems, beyond the reach of corruption; for not the law of God, nor the condemnation of His Church is strong enough to prevent some from murdering the children's souls with the poison of a godless education.

The Influences of Newspapers.

NOTHING is so influential as the newspaper, in reality it is the ruler of the world to-day. Its influence is greater than that of any form of monarchy or government. This dominating force is due, no doubt, to the fact that, as this Ruler enters every household—that of king and peasant alike—the influence is personal and brought to bear upon the individual mind, and the strength of such power cannot be estimated.

The Press of to-day enjoys unlimited liberty. State questions may be discussed without reserve, and opinions based on different aspects of them freely published. As, for example, the foremost question in Canada to-day, the Naval Policy, is now undergoing criticism, either favorable or otherwise, in every journal—be it a Village Weekly, City Daily or Literary Review. The statements made, upholding the policy of the Government now in power, are not more fearlessly set forth than those directly opposed to it.

This liberty of the Press is, at times, however, somewhat curtailed, as was the case in Russia at the time of the Russia-Japan War, and in Spain during the progress of the recent Moroccan War, when an official censor was appointed, and only the copy approved by him was allowed to be published.

The Press to-day, fearless as it is in stating opinions relating to politics or other public matters, is equally so in personal affairs. Utterly regardless of individuals, when occasion arises, they dray a man through the mire of disrepute or despoil a woman of her good name should chance place it in their power to do so. They stop at nothing in order to swell the circulation record of their paper. They trouble themselves not in remembering the speech in Othello,

“Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he who filches me of my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

Apart from the knowledge of public matters and the information in this connection which

the newspaper imparts, its influence is very great. But this influence is both for good and for evil.

To the newspaper does many a man throughout the Dominion owe a great debt to-day. For it cannot be denied that, in the pioneer days it was a great educational factor of itself, and the ambition of many a boy was to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the “three R’s” to enable him to read the newspaper.

This ambition, however, stopped not here, but having tasted, they wished to drink deep of the “Pierian Spring,” and to this beginning may the careers of many of our prominent statesmen and successful business men be traced.

On the other hand, with so many unscrupulous men managing our papers, and the almost abnormal love of something sensational even to a degree of sordidness, we have too much of, as it is called, yellow journalism; no crime is too vile, no detail too revolting to be omitted from the newspaper, and only too often are they given the most conspicuous space. We are told by those who have given the matter serious consideration, that the influence of this policy of the Press to-day, upon the minds of the young, cannot be estimated. In too many instances the horror and guilt do not receive the condemnation they deserve, but the sensational and criminal aspect is written to thrill. So it comes to pass that many of the youthful offenders in our courts owe to the newspaper the first suggestion that finally ended in committal of crime.

Thus it will be seen that the influence of the newspaper is no small matter, but rather one worthy of serious attention. If only we had, as managers of our journals, men of integrity who would place the good of the human race before piling up a store of filthy lucre, and refuse to publish any copy which would affect young minds to evil things—men strong enough to start a campaign to purify the public Press!

In this connection it might be noted that, quite recently, Our Holy Father Pius X. blessed the pens of a number of journalists, as did his predecessors in the olden times bless the swords of those who were to fight the battles of Holy Church. “The pen is mightier than the sword.” and so let us hope that, by the example given by those envoys of the Holy Father, the Press of the whole world may be brought to view the im-

portant influence of the newspaper in the right light.

GENEVIEVE POWER.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Johann Heinrich Heine.

AS the curtain of night was slowly drawn aside, some fifty years ago, and the sun began to make its shimmering way into the dark nooks of earth, into the little village of Düsseldorf on the far-away banks of the river Rhine, Heinrich Heine was born. Seemingly, an unlucky star ruled this man's destiny, and an evil fairy bestowed upon him a heritage of sorrow and pain, instead of a source of strength and joy. Later on in life the unfortunate prompter of his weakness came to beg forgiveness, and Heine curtly answered, "Out of much evil little good has come; condemning me to suffer has made me great." Was she satisfied? We hope not.

He was of Jewish descent and never throughout his whole life really became a Christian—a fact largely due to his mother's training. His parents, however, gave him a good education, and, according to their wishes, he became a merchant. But having no liking for this trade he decided to go to the university of Bonn in order to study law. He was at this time only nineteen. That he might pursue the career which he saw laid out before him, he thought it would be an advantage to put on Protestantism, and he did. In later years, his political views were instrumental in having him banished to France, where he led a life not at all to be admired.

He was a most peculiar man in habits and appearance. He was not tall, his eyes were blue, his nose Grecian, his mouth large, and the smile of Sarcasm ever marked him for her own. Unlike most writers, he was very particular about his personal appearance; his ruffles and wristbands were always kept snowy white.

He began his writings about the age of twelve, and wrote till but a few years before his death. It is said Goethe first, Heine second, as German writers. Had Heine's life been all that it ought to have been he would have left Germany a storehouse of jewels. Unfortunately, through many of his poems drifts the want of moral and

religious feeling. A German professor was heard to say, "Whatever can move the human heart lives in his poems—groaning, weeping, loving, hating,—yet through all presides the most powerful and sensitive intellect ever created."

His history was truly a sad one. While still a man in the prime of life, in pride and fullness of strength, he was banished from France, which banishment embittered his whole life. He remembered well his mother's last warning: "Settle in the capital of a great country, but always and everywhere be German; keep a German heart for German people."

One night, in France, when he was all alone, banished from the country of his birth, and alone in the land of his adoption, his thoughts travelled back to his beloved "Deutschland" and he said, "I would rather be a bondsman in a German prison than a freeman in France, because the very air there coming to me from behind those iron bars would be of my Vaterland; the words spoken though rough would be German." To write, to speak, to think, and even to dream in French was the heaviest cross he had to carry. "I often get up in the stillness of the night and stand before the mirror and curse myself." Poor man, life was as he made it. He was at war with all that was right and in alliance with all that was wrong. His sarcasm was keen and cutting. When he spoke there sprang and whizzed from his mouth barbed arrows and sarcastic darts that never missed their aim. When asked by a friend the reason for such bitterness, he answered, "My heart is like an ocean. It is subject to storms, floods and tides, but many a beautiful pearl lies in its depths." To an extent, he was kind to the poor, often saying, "Help thyself and Heaven will help thee. When we help the poor we build a heaven beneath the skies." Later on in his life he married.

It was his custom in maturer years to take a walk daily on the Boulevard. Eventually, he grew weak from the grip of a fatal disease that seized him in his fifty-sixth year. One day, when he was taking his usual stroll, he dragged himself before the famous statue of Venus de Milo, and, being always an ardent admirer of beauty, he was completely overcome with the superb magnificence of this statue. He staggered back and sank upon a bench, tears hot and bitter


streaming down his worn cheeks. It was his last walk. At length, after many days of delirium, he spoke quietly. At five o'clock he slept, never to awake in this land of mortals.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since his death. Yet his influence in German literature is still visible. The French and Italians treasure him, translate him, and imitate his style. He claims to have been a brave soldier in the fight for freedom: yet he proclaimed from the housetops that he loved man only *at a distance*. He had a strange personality, but it only makes us see how much truth and tenderness he really possessed. To be born with a diverse soul complicates life's enigma,—even so, complexity of character was Heine's distinction.

ALICE McCLELLAND.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Birds of Ireland.

 WING to their legendary connection with Irish lore, the study of the birds of Ireland has become very unique and interesting.

Some of the feathered beings of this beautiful country are the blackbird, the plover, the wren, the robin, the crow and the thrush.

A rather strange story is told of how the blackbird happened to inhabit the glens, and the plover, the highlands. In former times the habitation of those two birds was the reverse of what it is now. One day they agreed to change homes for that day; but, after the blackbird went into the pleasant glens, he refused to go back to the highlands, where the poor plover was piteously calling for him to return and is still continuing to do so, while the blackbird is just as persistently refusing to go back to his highland home.

The Irish people look upon the robin as God's bird, and the wren as the devil's bird. One time, our Lord was walking through a field, trying to flee from some soldiers who were in pursuit of Him, when a robin and a wren saw Him. Every place He stepped wheat sprang up and ripened, and the next day when the soldiers came that way they inquired of the robin if a man had passed that way lately. The robin answered, "Not since that wheat was sown." They were about to turn back when the wren called out,

"Yesterday." Then they went on and captured our Lord.

Although Ireland is at peace, we hope the day may not be far off when these songsters may warble out the freedom of the dear old Emerald Isle.

EVA KECKEISEN.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, JOLIET, ILL.

My Kinswoman.

(Mrs. Augusta Stewart Vanta-Sirrett)

I.

My kinswoman merits the kindest story
That ever engaged either tongue or pen;
Tho' few or many the years before me,
My pride shall repeat it again, again!

II.

My kinswoman, favor'd by Heaven, was meted
Not beauty and talent alone for her part;
But earth's treasures also the blessing completed,
That gen'rous hand e'er might respond to the heart.

III.

She cleaves to her race be they more saint or sinner,
—Sufficient it be that they claim kith and kin;
And in none would she ask that her blood run the thinner,
—Her doors ope the wider to welcome them in!

IV.

O kinswoman noble!—and nobler in claiming
That rank to be highest that's Heaven's decree;
—With his falseness to friend and to family,
shaming
The ignoble parvenu's purchased degree.

V.

O kinswoman dearest, I feel that in Heaven,
The grandest, the noblest, the best of our race,
Are guarding the crown that to you will be given,
As high 'mong the worthiest God gives you place!
IDRIS.



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.



ADORATION BY THE SHEPHERDS.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JANUARY, 1910.

What a magic is in the word "Christmas"! That magic means an indescribable joy, old as memory, yet ever new! It never palls with added years. Christmas joy calls, in the same old sweet voice, to the Christian heart; it enters therein, it takes possession, and fills that heart not only to the deepest depths but to overflowing.

This joy, again ours by favor of a merciful Providence, is the only true joy to be found in this life; it is the old story, it is the "peace which passeth all understanding," and is brought to us by the Prince of Peace,—that King whose palace was a stable, whose royal robes were

swaddling clothes; whose throne was a bunch of straw; and whose courtiers were the ox and the ass.

He commands us to His presence, so we must make fitting preparation to enter where—

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Saviour, and Monarch of all!"

All kings and princely rulers may obey without sacrifice of dignity, because He is "Monarch of all." They may wear their royal robes, but quite becoming is the raiment of the poor in presence of the One dressed in poor "swaddling clothes."

The purse-proud and haughty may well hasten to bend the knee; but the humble-hearted here comes into his own, and experiences all the joy of the shepherds.

As we kneel before this throne of the Prince of Peace, and adore our King—the Infant Jesus of the manger—His "peace" fills our hearts, all worldly distinctions and barriers vanish, and we gather around our suffering Brother and Saviour, the Babe of Bethlehem.

Here at the "Crib," entering into the realization and appreciation of Christmas "peace" which overflows our hearts, we feel that it is for the whole world, and, wishing all the fullest share of our joy, our hearts echo the angels' song—"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

There is a preparation for life as well as for death: Advent, the beginning of the Ecclesiastical year, in its prayers, fastings and vigils, prepares us for Christmas, the coming of Christ! At the same time this preparation is for the New Year, the civil year.

If we worthily kneel, in humility and love, to adore the Prince of Peace, we will rise to our duties in the New Year, reinvigorated by His spirit, actuated by fraternal charity, we, Christian individuals; we Christian nations! Only

in this direction is found that happy New Year which we wish not only to our RAINBOW friends but to the whole world!

*

Again we hear Jubilee Bells—the joyous strains of the “Jubilantes in Aeternum”—at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, ushering in a day of glad rejoicing, in honor of our dear Sister M. Alexandrine O’Hagan.

For twenty-five years she has labored for souls, with untiring zeal, and devoted her energies generously in the service of God. May she, with renewed earnestness, continue the work so lovingly begun! May her gentle counsels, in the future, produce a still more abundant harvest of souls! And may her life in that revered Institute of Mary to which she has the happiness of belonging, be more replete with that self-sacrificing devotedness which has hitherto characterized her religious career!

Mass was celebrated by Reverend A. McCaffrey, the Abbey chaplain. The singing was most devotional, and the decorations appropriate to the occasion.

The pleasure of the day was much enhanced by the presence of her sister, Miss O’Hagan, from Pittsburg, and Miss Aline de Martigny; and the affection and esteem in which she was held were evinced by the numerous and exquisite silver gifts.

*

On the appropriate Feast of the Presentation of the Infant Mary in the Temple, one of the devoted daughters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother M. J. Eucharía Magann, passed from this vale of tears to be presented to the Heavenly Court, by Mary Immaculate, as one worthy to follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth.

This exemplary Religious was, at the time of her invitation to go forth to meet the Bridegroom, Superior of Loreto Convent, Stratford, Ont. Previous to this she had been Mistress of

Novices at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, Superior at Niagara Falls, Guelph, Belleville, Chicago, and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. During her long and varied tenure of important offices, she edified all who had the privilege of knowing her, giving the general impression of a consecrated temple, where Jesus loved to dwell, thereby raising the mind to holier, heavenly aspirations.

Her religious life, which extended over forty years, was rich in merit, good example, zeal for souls, and true, tender devotion to Our Lord in His Sacramental Presence. Her increased buoyancy of step when hastening to converse with the hidden God, inspired the beholders with renewed devotion. It had been remarked of her that, “near the Tabernacle, she was at home,” also, “that she lived but to die.”

The members of the Institute in America, among whom are her three surviving sisters, Sr. M. Delphina, Sr. M. Mt. Carmel, and Sr. M. Demetria—two other members of the same family and Community, Sr. M. Eucharía and Sr. M. Nativity, passed to their reward many years ago—while bowing in perfect submission to God’s holy will, realize that one of the main branches has been severed from the parent trunk. It was a branch well laden with carefully-guarded, precious fruit, matured and golden; nevertheless, the branch was not withered; it was of the green wood, filled with the sap of divine charity, therefore, one to be carefully garnered by the tender hand of the ever-vigilant Husbandman.

In her heavenly mansion she will be a most powerful intercessor for those she loved best on earth, and, while breathing a fervent prayer for her eternal repose, one involuntarily adds, oh, pray for me, dear, sainted Mother!

To her devoted brother, Mr. George Plunkett Magann, we offer sincere sympathy, and, for his consolation, assure him, that her revered name will be an inspiration for future ages in Loreto’s cloister, while the recollection of her sweetness

and humility will be linked with most tender memories.

Earth's trials o'er; heaven won; none may weep!

He giveth His belovèd sleep.

*

"No life

Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

But it is only when the strong strife has ceased forever, and the pure purpose has risen from earth to be merged in the Divine Will, that other lives feel how grand and strong and enduring the influence has been.

On the evening of November the eleventh, our beloved Sister M. Loyola Hewitt heard the call of the Divine Spouse, and "leaving all things, followed Him." Twenty-six years of zealous and loving service in His vineyard were truly crowned by her noble endurance at the last. The soft mantle of Our Lady of Light, whose feast was her natal day, had always rested upon her, and its radiance lent a solemn beauty of its own to the sunset of her life. Those who could not follow her felt a touch of the power of the unspeakable Vision which was already opening upon her gaze, to take for all eternity the place of the simple and perfect faith which "hath a great reward."

The High Mass of Requiem, on November the thirteenth, was sung by Reverend B. O'Neill, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Niagara. Among those present in the sanctuary were Reverend F. Scullin and Reverend J. Peel, St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Reverend James Bray, Lewiston, and Reverend G. Eckhard, C. M., Niagara University.

These reverend gentlemen also assisted at the funeral procession to our own little "God's Acre," which keeps our beloved dead so near to us, and gives them a place of rest sheltered by

the hallowed shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

*

It is well that the future is veiled, that in our light, joyous moments we do not always see the on-coming sorrow. "We hurry, and hurrying go close to the borderland of woe." Thus, in the joyousness of the excitement of the return to school life, old friends were greeted, and new acquaintances made. The girls laughed and chatted, little knowing that so soon, a beloved one, from among them, was to return Home, and that forever.

Evelyn Doyle was among the first of the girls who returned to Loreto this year; and, as old friends gathered round to exchange confidences, some whispered of the quiet, subdued spirit that had come over our light-hearted Evelyn. Soon she was missed from the classes, and all expected that a few days in the infirmary would restore health and spirits. But anxiety took the place of trust, when we heard her father and mother had arrived; and that Evelyn, seriously ill, was taken to the hospital.

Fervent were the prayers sent up to the throne of the merciful Father for our beloved little friend; and many and anxious were the inquiries, but still each day brought little hope of restoration. And so, a few days after they took her away, the end came—unexpectedly, at length, but the Father's time had come, and Evelyn was gone to the embrace of the all-loving One.

Hushed and awed, the girls crowded round to hear the last sad account, and with stilled voices and aching hearts, filed to the chapel to say the Rosary for our beloved little friend. As we recalled the gentle, kindly ways and loving, thoughtful deeds, each forgot her own loss, in pity for the sorrowing parents. We thought of the mother, stilling nature's cry, as the Angel of Death gathered home this last of her treasures; of the father who, all during her school life, sent

his daily greetings to his little absent daughter, and our lesser grief was lost in theirs.

May our earnest prayers, united to the chaplets so faithfully laid at Our Lady's feet by their child, bring solace, in time, to the hearts of those she loved.

*

A writer in *The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine* calls attention to one of the dangers of the present-day methods of education, viz., that of "cramming" girls. The cramming of a youthful intelligence with as many facts as it can be induced to hold, for the purpose of reproducing them on examination papers, and then renouncing them forevermore, is a miserable process, due to the ingenuity of modern times. Girls who are anxious to pass examinations will often overwork themselves to a scandalous extent, and need constant oversight to prevent this. We hear with dismay of the practice, in many households, of allowing girls to be occupied with their "home-work" till ten o'clock at night, or even later. Evening study should be, as far as possible, tabooed. I have never been able to understand why the growing schoolgirl should be supposed to be capable of a longer day's work than the ordinary adult, and require no rest in the evening hours, when man and beast alike are glad to lay aside the fatigues of the day.

*

The oblivious modern age has been dealt a severe blow by Clayton Hamilton in the *Forum*. He says: It is a curious characteristic of this modern age that we are devoting nearly all our thought to things which do not really matter, and that we rarely confer serious consideration upon those phases and features of life which are so essential that it is impossible to escape from them. Thus we are thinking a great deal about flying-machines, which the world has managed fairly well to live without for many centuries. On the other hand, we cannot possibly live without our bodies; and yet we rarely consider how

we may best develop them in efficiency and beauty, though this was one of the main preoccupations of the Greeks. Nowadays we are very fussy about getting from New York to Chicago in fewer hours than twenty-four, in order that we may economize that precious entity we call our time; but we seldom bother to consider our eternity. The men of the Middle Ages devoted their best thought to religion, because they found that it was something that they could not possibly escape; now, for the same reason apparently, we ignore it and assume the attitude thus phrased by Mr. Chesterton: Everything matters except everything.

Another of those haunting realities which men cannot live without is language. Therefore, at certain periods, like the Renaissance, for instance, the world at large devoted considerable thought to it. But in this oblivious age of ours, language is pretty generally ignored; and just because a man is doomed to employ it every day of his life, he deems it unnecessary ever to think about it. In mere material and secondary matters we insist on having the best; but we have a vague sense that our way of speaking and of writing is good enough as it is, and may be allowed to take care of itself. Hence, we seldom pause to examine the language we employ in our hourly concerns, to question its efficiency, or to endeavor to develop it in form and fluency.

*

Agnes Repplier writes in the *Catholic World*: "In my career as an essayist I have never, in all these years, found it necessary to ignore, much less conceal, my faith. I could not if I would. When faith is the most vital thing in life, when it is the source of our widest sympathies and of our deepest feelings, when we owe to it whatever distinction of mind and harmony of soul we possess, we cannot push it intentionally out of sight without growing flat and dry through insincerity. Nor have I ever been able to trace any failure on my part to an editor's distaste for

my creed. When I have failed, it was because my work was bad—a common cause of collapse, which the author for the most part discredits. Nor have I ever been asked by editor or publisher to omit, to alter, or to modify a single sentence, because that sentence proclaimed my religious beliefs. It is not too much to say that I have found my creed to be a matter of as supreme indifference to the rest of the world as it is a matter of supreme importance to me. Moreover, the one book which I have written which has a Catholic background—a book designed for my own people, and which I thought would be acceptable only to those who, having shared my experiences, would also share my pleasure in recalling them—has been read with perfect good humor by a secular public. It is impossible for me to believe anybody cares what catechism I studied when I was a child, or what church I go to now.”

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, “The Making of Mortlake,” by Reverend J. E. Copus, S. J.

Francis Mortlake is a Rockland College senior, the son of wealthy parents—the mother a most lovable lady—an ideal mother—the father a gentleman of strained pedantic views, who does not understand his son, who has very exalted ideas of what he ought to be. The propensity of the latter to rise from one escapade only to fall into another, until expulsion from college stares him in the face; and the whole-hearted friendship and guiding hand of his chum, Jack Bramleigh, who, like a good angel, saves him from disgrace, make most interesting reading. Jack is a king among the boys—a good student, an idol on the athletic field, the friend of the weak—with the instincts of a true Catholic boy, and a heart as finely tender as a woman’s. His saving of Mortlake is capped by a daring deed, which moves the

determined president to give another chance to Mortlake—which is the making of him.

*

From the same publishers comes “The Unbidden Guest,” by Frances Cooke, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

Here is the kind of novel whose popularizing will do much to offset the “popular” and pernicious printed matter of the day, the evil of which is apparent. “The Unbidden Guest” tells of pure love, heroic self-sacrifice, and high ideals. It is intensely interesting, not preachy. Still it makes a moral appeal that shows virtue in its true image; that despite disappointment and trouble, with hope and confidence “His yoke is sweet and His burden light”; that, even in this life, evil does not profit; and that simple faith and honest love, in time, sweep away all barriers.

*

The “Catholic Home Annual” for 1910, published by Benziger Bros., is a veritable treasure-house of information. Besides the many interesting and instructive stories, it contains the Calendar, with holydays of obligation, the feast days, the days of fast and abstinence, the saints’ days, together with a great deal of useful and practical knowledge which every Catholic family ought to have.

The price of the Catholic Home Annual—twenty-five cents—places it within the reach of all.

*

“The Romance of the Silver Shoon,” by Reverend David Bearne, Publishers, Benziger Bros.

A pretty story of pre-Reformation days, which the ‘conspiracy against truth’ has called the “Dark Ages,” but which, as Father Bearne seems destined to teach the rising generation through the medium of his juvenile stories, were perhaps the brightest of all time.

“The Romance of the Silver Shoon” is a tale laid in the concluding years of this period. Be-

tween the lines the moral—rulers and nations can be great and strong only through virtue, and virtue can be built only on the true Faith—is clearly seen. It is a sprightly story, touched here and there with tender sentiment, and there is in it, also, that pure-life love that makes a noble prince resign all to follow Christ. It is historically accurate. Kings and queens, monks and students, boys and girls, are shown as they were, with the beautiful simplicity of style and glamour of presentation so characteristic of Father Bearne, which, as a non-Catholic reviewer recently wrote, “draws tears from even the most hardened fiction reader.”

*

The glorious Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin displayed striking contrasts of joy and grief at Loreto Abbey, Toronto. In the chapel the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered at the usual hour. The altar was magnificent in its floral decorations and myriad lighted tapers, the organ pealed forth its sweetest notes, to which were united the devotional singing of Religious and pupils,—striving to honor, as best they could, the Redeemer's Immaculate Mother. But a few feet from this scene, in the nuns' infirmary, another, earlier oblation,—not unworthy the Creator's gracious acceptance, had been made,—an immolation, in comparison with which, the consuming of the tapers, the perfume of the flowers and strains of sacred song, while beautiful, each in its kind, were less than ephemeral compared with the holocaust that had been conscientiously spending itself in His honor for forty-four years.

The fragrant flower; that bright light; that sweet-toned instrument that had given forth only words of comfort, encouragement and charity; had burst its frail tenement of clay, had become attuned to celestial harmony and was fitted to unite with the angelic choirs, in a never-ending song of praise. The well-known and much be-

loved Mother M. Francis Murphy, who entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in her sixteenth year, yielded her sanctified spirit into the hands of her merciful Saviour, and passed to the enjoyment of her treasure, laid up where the rust and moth do not consume, nor the thief break in and steal.

During her religious life she had filled many onerous offices. She had been Superior at Hamilton and Stratford, Mistress of Schools and Mistress of Novices at Loreto Abbey, also Assistant and Secretary to the Chief Superior. Hers had been no weak, aimless life but one full and strong, replete with high and holy aspirations. Could the love and tender care of her Superiors and Community have saved her, she had not gone.

Her hallowed memory needs no touching panegyric, no high-sounding eulogies, for by her religious, charming personality, her sincere, unostentatious piety she unconsciously erected for herself, not a lofty monument of cold marble, but warm, ineffaceable admiration and affection in the hearts and memories of numerous and devoted friends. Thus the cloud of sorrow is silver-lined; nay, more, it is gilded by the rays reflected upon it from the Sun of Righteousness.

May we have the wisdom and grace to follow in her wake, along the narrow way. Then may we confidently hope to receive from our Heavenly Father the reward of a well-spent life, and the promised recompense—“Possess the Kingdom prepared for you.”

Eschew pessimism. Look on the bright side. Be hopeful! The world is not as bad as it is painted. The difficulty of the problem of evil looms large in the outlook. But, after making allowances for its due weight, when compared with the twin problem of good, it is exploited beyond all proportions. The pulse of Christ's Sacred Heart is every day making itself more definitely felt in the hearts of men.



FOREST PATH ON GOAT ISLAND.



TALUS SLOPE BELOW GOAT ISLAND.

The Story of Enoch Arden.

ALONG the beach in a small old English village, inhabited mostly by fishermen, might have been seen, day after day, in years long past, three children, Annie Lee, Philip Ray, and Enoch Arden, playing among the rocks. Annie was the fairest child in the little port, Philip was the son of a miller, whose tall mill crowned the elevation, up whose rugged sides wound the narrow village street; and Enoch was a sailor's boy. The children's favorite pastime was playing house, Annie being always mistress, while Philip and Enoch took turns in being master. Enoch, the stronger of the two, and always determined to have his own way, sometimes held that coveted place for whole weeks. Philip, with angry tears in his tender blue eyes, would declare his hatred of Enoch, and then, as little peace-maker, Annie would beg of them not to quarrel for her sake, and promise that she would be little wife to both, not knowing that she was foretelling her own future.

Thus the years of happy childhood sped on. Enoch soon obtained employment on a ship, and saved his earnings, with the hope of some day building a home for Annie—

“And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.”

Philip was his father's assistant, and Annie still regarded her two old playmates very tenderly, but, of the two, Enoch was her favorite. One evening when the young people of the village went nutting, Philip, who remained with his father till after the rest had gone, was making his way through the little hazel wood when he saw Enoch and Annie seated on a rock, some distance from him. He had only to look upon the scene for one brief moment to know that Annie was lost to him. Philip retraced his steps, his hopes for the future shattered, but wishing well the happy pair.

Enoch's happiness seemed complete when he brought Annie to their neat little home on the hill. Seven years of peace and prosperity came and went, while three children added to the sunshine of the hearth.

This happiness, however, was not to last. Enoch, while at work on his ship in a neighboring harbor, fell and broke a limb and was obliged to remain away from home during his illness. All through these long days he pictured to himself the future of his wife and family if he should not recover. He knew that Annie would be obliged to earn her own livelihood and that his children would never receive the education he longed to give them.

Amid the gloomy thoughts shone a ray of light when a former employer of Enoch, hearing of his misfortune, came to offer him a position on his ship, bound for China. Enoch accepted the offer and began making plans for his dear ones, during his absence. He determined to sell his ship and with the money buy goods required by the villagers, and thus start Annie in business, as a means of providing for herself and the children. When Enoch returned, he told Annie of his plans. With prayers and entreaties she besought him to remain, for an ominous foreboding took possession of her soul.

Although it grieved Enoch to go against her wishes, he tried to convince her that it would mean future happiness and comfort to them. He bade her trust in God, who arranges all things for the best. To his encouraging words, Annie meekly replied:

“O Enoch, you are wise:
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.”

Enoch sorrowfully set about transforming their pretty sitting-room into a little store. His last days at home soon passed, and, when the morning of his departure came, he endeavored to cheer Annie by speaking lightly of his journey, and hopefully of his happy return. He asked her to be of good heart for his sake and the children's, and to pray for his safe homecoming. He kissed his wonder-stricken little ones farewell, and, from the pretty baby's golden crown, Annie clipped a small curl and gave it to him.

For months, Annie mourned as if death had invaded the home and taken the dearest one. To add to her troubles, the frail baby grew more frail, and, despite her maternal care, left its earthly tenement—and the void in Annie's sorrowing heart was greater than before.

All her efforts, though seemingly vain, were attentively watched by one true friend. Now that her child had died, Philip was struck with remorse at not having come to her aid sooner. He made his way to the little home and found Annie disconsolate. He spoke kindly of Enoch, of his one aim in undertaking the long journey, and ended by begging of her to allow him to send her children to school, assuring her that she could do nothing more pleasing to Enoch. After much reluctance, Annie consented, saying that such kindness as Philip's could never be repaid, but the money would be repaid by her husband on his return. Philip often sent gifts to Annie by the children, and they, who scarcely remembered their father, became more and more attached to their friend and benefactor, and, as a proof of affection, named him "Father Philip."

One autumn evening, Annie and the children went nutting in the little hazel wood, and the latter, after much persuasion, succeeded in inducing Philip to accompany them. When walking had become tiresome, Annie and Philip rested, while the children ran on through the wood. Memories of days long past were awakened, and the sound of the children's voices made Annie solitary. On the very spot, where Philip saw Enoch and Annie together on that memorable evening, he now told Annie his great desire to make her his wife, and take the children he loved as his own. It was ten years since the ship sailed from the little port; it had been wrecked, and no word had ever been received of him whose return was daily expected. Annie could not bear the thought that Enoch might be dead, and asked Philip to wait one year more. That year passed and still Annie was unwilling; six months more—and yet she was undecided. One night she rose suddenly from her sleep and prayed for a sign. She struck a light, opened the Bible and set her finger on the text, "Under a palm tree," but there was no meaning in that for her. She fell asleep again. In her dream she beheld Enoch seated under a palm-tree, with the sun shining above him. She took this for a sign that Enoch was in heaven. In the morning, she sent for Philip, whom, in her heart she pitied, when, time after time, she had asked him to wait a little longer. Philip came and obtained, at last, Annie's consent.

Annie and Philip were married, and, much to

the children's delight, they all lived together in Philip's large house. Annie was not to have a full share in their joy. Though she believed she had done no wrong, a voice seemed ever to whisper in her ear, and a footstep to fall beside hers in the path, but, with the presence of her new baby, Philip's child, her fears vanished, and peace and happiness were restored.

After all these years, Enoch's return was despaired of by those at home, but not by Enoch himself. The voyage from England had been most satisfactory, and when the ship landed in China, Enoch traded profitably, not forgetting to purchase odd toys for his children. The return trip was not so pleasant. For a few days all went well, then came calms, followed by changing winds, and finally, a storm that drove the vessel upon rocks. All on board the ill-fated vessel met death in the waves except Enoch and two others, one of whom was a mere boy. They clung to broken spars and, before morning dawned, found themselves on a small island—"The loneliest in a lonely sea."

This island, abounding in all tropical fruits, fresh water and shade, would seem under different circumstances to have been a little Eden, but, to Enoch and his companions for whom all escape seemed impossible, its loneliness was unbearable.

To their unhappiness was added suffering, for the boy, who received injuries on that fateful night, lingered five years, cared for by his faithful friends, and then died, leaving them still without hope of liberty. Now that he for whose sake they felt bound to the island, was gone, Enoch's companion began the work of constructing a rude boat, by hollowing with fire a fallen tree, but while laboring on it, suffered sunstroke and died and left Enoch sad possessor of his beautiful, lonely domain.

"But in these deaths he read God's warning, 'wait!'"

From sunrise till sunset, day after day, Enoch wandered about his lonely island or sat by the shore, watching for a sail which, by some chance, might pass that way. His one thought and one desire was that he might some day reach his own land, go to his wife and children in the little seaside village; once in a reverie he seemed to hear faintly the sound of his parish bells. When he

returned to his solitary surroundings he realized that it was only his trust in God that sustained him in such loneliness.

Thus the years dragged on for the solitary man, when his hermit-life came suddenly to a close. A ship, which, like Enoch's, years ago, lost its course, and, in need of water, landed at the island, early one morning. The sailors, rushing here and there along the shore, were astonished to discover a hardly civilized-looking man approaching. At first they scarcely understood the words that fell from the long-silenced lips, but Enoch showed them where the fresh water ran, and, after some time, succeeded in making his sad story understood. Though such a strange tale seemed almost incredible, the sailors listened sympathetically and took Enoch on board their vessel. To shake off his melancholy, he worked with his kind friends, and, after a sail, that, to him, seemed endless, he once more breathed the balmy air of England. The sailors remembered him generously and landed him on the narrow wharf from which he had sailed years ago.

In the village Enoch passed unrecognized and made his way up the narrow street to his little home. The November air was chill, and the dead leaves, laden with the heavy mist, were borne silently to the earth. Enoch came to the familiar garden gate, but, instead of a welcome he found the house deserted and a sign, "For Sale," upon the door. With the words "dead, or dead to me," Enoch turned sadly away, going by the narrow wharf to the "seaman's haunt" he once knew. The proprietor of Enoch's time was gone, but his widow, Miriam Lane, kept the house, with "daily-dwindling profits."

Here Enoch found a refuge and rested many days, not, however, without frequent interruptions from the good and garrulous Miriam, in whose keeping seemed to be the annals of the little port. It was, therefore, quite natural that Enoch should hear the story of his own family. She related every detail of his departure, Annie's failure and the death of the baby; Philip's kindness, the belief that Enoch was lost, and the marriage, after a long delay. All the while, Enoch remained as one who listened out of courtesy, and seemed to be less affected by the story than Miriam.

Nevertheless, Enoch felt every word of that story, and, on learning that Annie still lived in

the little village, his desire to see her grew stronger. He longed to look upon her and the children once more, to ascertain if they were happy. So he made his way to Philip's house, one dark November evening, stole quietly across the flourishing garden to the window, and there, in the comfortable room, where the table shone with silver and crystal, he beheld Annie on one side of the glowing hearth beside her son, now grown tall and strong, and on the other side sat Philip with the baby on his knee, and Enoch's daughter, so much like the Annie Lee of past years, stood by, amusing the child. In this scene Enoch read his doom. After so many years of waiting and longing, he returned only to find his wife wedded to another, and his children bestowing on their second father all the affection of their young and loving hearts.

He staggered from the window and carefully made his way along the wall lest he should fall and be found, and thus shatter all the happiness that reigned in that home. Coming out on the waste, he fell to the ground and prayed for strength to bear his sorrow, prayed for blessings on Philip's household, and for courage never to make known to Annie that he still lived.

With that scene ever before his mental gaze, and repeating in his heart, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," he obtained work in the village, but hardship and sorrow had weakened the sturdy toiler, and an illness came upon him which soon compelled him to give up his labors. For Enoch death had no terrors, it was with joy he saw the great "Deliverer" approach, but before his last hour he called Miriam to him and informed her that he was about to make known to her a secret which she must swear never to reveal till she saw him dead. Too amazed for words, Miriam took the oath, and then learned from the dying man that he was Enoch Arden, who left the port, years ago, and who was believed to be dead. Enoch told her of his journey, the wreck, his life on the island, his rescue and return to his home. He told her of his visit to Philip's home, his looking in on Annie and his children, of his resolution not to let her know of his return. When Miriam suggested that his children come to see him, he hesitated a moment, then begged not to be disturbed, and kept his resolution till the last. They might come to see him when he was dead, but Annie was not to look

upon his face. They were to know that his last words were blessings on them and Philip.

The mystery of Enoch's long absence was now solved, he gave Miriam the curl of baby's hair as a token for Annie, and, the third night afterward, went to join his child, rejoicing in the thought that in heaven was one of his own to know and claim him.

MARY FARRELLY.

Madame Blanche Marchesi in a Song Recital in Hamilton.

WAS ever a dull November eve so joyously and unexpectedly enlivened for us as that of the first, by the announcement: "Young ladies, prepare to go to the Opera House to hear the distinguished interpreter of song, Madame Blanche Marchesi!"

An English laureate once declared that his heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky—an insignificant performance, compared to the action of ours—in fact, it would be difficult to describe what they did on this particular occasion; and the exclamations of delight which rent the air would have brought joy to the soul of the great prima donna could she have heard them.

In a remarkably short space of time we had succeeded in discarding our school costume for one more suitable to the occasion, and soon we were ready to set out, brimful of happy anticipation.

On the way, Madame Marchesi's wealth of song, of every period and style, from which to draw her programme, was naturally the subject of conversation. We had heard that she considers singing one of the greatest of all arts, and that, having learned the tastes of the people of this country, she was anxious to satisfy them, to the utmost of her ability. The *Mary* of the "Paderewski Evening" formed a merry member of our party, and her enthusiasm added not a little to ours, still we determined that she should not have a monopoly of the rapture, especially as our cup of bliss had not yet begun to overflow.

The stage-setting was deservedly awarded a round of applause when the curtain went up—a cabinet grand piano invitingly awaited the touch of the eminent Belgian pianist, Brahm Van

Den Berg, by whom Madame Marchesi was assisted.

The programme which Madame Marchesi presented was composed of old English, French, German, and Italian songs, an Italian operatic selection, Norwegian songs, &c., and she was equally at ease in the singing of all. So many countries being put under tribute introduced the audience to composers whose works they had not before even heard of. "From the subtle shading of the weird and delicate 'Soft-Footed Snow' by Sigurd Lie, a Norwegian composer, to the intensely dramatic emphasis required in Schubert's 'Erl-King,' is a far call," writes a critic. "but she sang both as though they were the efforts of a lifetime of study to the exclusion of all else. After being accustomed to hearing a male voice sing the 'Erl-King,' the female voice sounded rather thin above the heavy, crashing accompaniment, but her interpretation was astonishing in its intensity, and thrilled her audience. It must be remembered there are other qualifications besides a beautiful voice that count in seeking to win fame as a vocalist. A relatively poor voice, artistically used, is generally much to be preferred to a splendid voice inartistically controlled. A fair parallel to her singing might be suggested in the playing of a superior performer on an inferior instrument. But the playing is so excellent that the instrument is forgotten for the time."

The brilliant attainments of Brahm Van Den Berg, who accompanied Madame Marchesi, were the subject of universal admiration and comment. He played several solos, among them Liszt's paraphrase of parts of Mendelssohn's incidental music to a "Midsummer Night's Dream," which received tremendous applause, thus sharing honors with the singer.

Following is the programme:

PART I.

- (a) Capprioccio*J. Brahms*
- (b) Fireflies (Scherzo)*Theo. Lcschetizky*
- (c) Fairy Tale*J. Raff*

BRAHM VAN DEN BERG.

PART II.

Air from "Il Trovatore," "D'Amor sull ali"
..... *Verdi*

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.

PART III.

- (a) "Pur dicesti" *Lotti* (1665-1740)
- (b) Arietta from the Opera, "Phœbus and Pan" *J. S. Bach*
- (c) "Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces" (Old English) *J. Young*
- (d) Old French Dancing Song, Eighteenth Century (Arr. by A. Bunten)
MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.

PART IV.

- (a) Barcarolle *A. Rubenstein*
- (b) Fledermaus Walzer (The Bat)
. *M. Moszkowski*
- (c) A Midsummer Night's Dream (Paraphrase) (by request) *Mendelssohn-Liszt*
BRAHM VAN DEN BERG.

PART V.

- Composers of the Nineteenth Century.
- (a) "Die Verschwiegene Nachtigall"
. *B. Stavenhagen*
 - (b) "Soft-Footed Snow" (by request)
. *Sigurd Lie*
(Sung in Norwegian.)
 - (c) "Auftraege" (Messages) *R. Schumann*
 - (d) "The Erl-King" (by request) *F. Schubert*
MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.

PART VI.

- (a) "La Procession" *Cesar Franck* (1822-90)
- (b) "Les Pieds nus" (Bare-Foot)
. *A. Bruneau* (1858-)
(Revolutionary Song of a Peasant of the Fifteenth Century.)
- (c) "Mandoline" *Claude Debussy* (1862-)
- (d) The Blackbird's Song *Cyril Scott*
MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

- (a) The Little Tin Soldier *Hollaender*
- (b) Sum Sum (Cradle Song) *Taubert*
- (c) The Land of Nod *Liza Lehmann*
- (d) The Guardian Angel *Liza Lehmann*
- (e) The Cuckoo *Liza Lehmann*
MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.
LOUISE VOISARD.

In Memoriam.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love .
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;
* * * * *
Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou,
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

“**M**ANY beautiful poems, and some so noble that they are forever illustrious, have blossomed in the valley of the shadow of Death. But among them all none is more rich in significance, more perfect in beauty of form and spirit, or more luminous with the triumph of light and love over darkness and mortality, than 'In Memoriam'.”

With what splendid poetic company it stands! Milton's stately and solemn lament for "Lycidas"; Gray's pure and faultless "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; Shelley's musical and mournful "Adonais"; Matthew Arnold's pensive "Thyrsis," and his deeper lines "At Sunset in Rugby Chapel"; Emerson's profound, passionate, lovely "Threnody" on the death of his little son—these all belong to the high order of poetry which lives, and these all unfolded from the heart of man at the touch of death.

"Like Dante's 'Divina Comedia,' and Goethe's 'Faust,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' is a world poem. Like every great poem, too, it is a chapter in the spiritual history of the race—a revelation of what is in the heart of man, in his contact with the world."

"It has a twofold character: it is a glorious monument to the memory of a friend, and it is the great English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love."

It was published in 1850, and the title-page bore no name, either of the author or the person to whom it was dedicated. But everyone knew that it was written by Alfred Tennyson, in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. Their friendship was formed at Trinity College, Cambridge, where they entered, as students, in October, 1828, Tennyson being then in his twentieth year. Hallam, who was a year and a half younger, was the son of Henry Hallam, the historian, and had already distinguished himself

among his contemporaries by the beauty and force of his character and the brilliancy of his attainments. He did not incline strongly to the study of classics, and, toward mathematics, the favorite discipline of Cambridge, he was almost entirely indifferent. But he was a natural leader among the high-spirited youth, who found in the reality of college life and the freedom of intellectual intercourse, a deeper and broader education than the routine of the class room could give.

In the debating society of Cambridge, composed of men of kindling genius, destined to become great, Hallam shone with a singular lustre, not only by reason of the depth and clearness of his thought, and the master vigor of his expression, but also because of the sweetness and purity of his character, and the sincerity of his religious spirit.

Mr. Gladstone, recalling his intimacy with Hallam, at Eton, bears witness to "his unparalleled endowments and his deep enthusiastic affections, both religious and human."

It was by such qualities that Alfred Tennyson was drawn to Arthur Hallam; and although, or, perhaps, because they were unlike in many things, their minds and hearts were wedded in a friendship that was closer than brotherhood, and in which Hallam's influence was the stronger and more masculine element, so that Tennyson spoke of himself as "widowed" by his loss.

"My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

Many allusions to incidents in Hallam's brief life may be discovered in "In Memoriam." He was a frequent visitor in the home of the Tennysons at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, coming in winter and summer holidays. In 1832, the year of his graduation at Cambridge, he was engaged to Miss Emily Tennyson, the poet's sister. In August, 1833, he went with his father to Germany. On the way from Pesth to Vienna he was exposed to inclement weather and contracted an intermittent fever. The symptoms were slight and seemed to be abating, but the natural frailty of his constitution involved unforeseen danger. "There was a weakness of the heart

which the strength of the spirit concealed." On the fifteenth of September, while he seemed to be reposing quietly, "the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken."

"In Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touch'd him, and he slept."

The overwhelming shock of losing such a friend, irretrievably, in absence, with no opportunity of speaking a word of love and farewell, brought Tennyson face to face with the inexorable reality of Death—the great Mystery.

"In Memoriam" begins with the confession of this dreadful sense of loss, and the firm resolve to hold fast the memory of his grief, even though he doubts whether he can

"Reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears."

The arrangement of the poem does not follow strictly the order of logic, or the order of time. It was not written consecutively, but at intervals, and the period of its composition extends over, at least, sixteen years. "The general way of its being written," said Tennyson, "was so queer that if there were a blank space I would put in a poem." The nucleus of thought around which the whole poem crystallizes is to be found in these well-known and oft-quoted lines:

"This truth came home with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

The first division of the poem moves with the natural uncertainty of a lonely and sorrowful heart; questioning whether it is possible or wise to hold sorrow; questioning whether it be not half a sin to try to put such a grief into words; questioning whether the writing of a memorial poem can be anything more than a

"Sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain."

But the conclusion is that, since the lost friend loved the poet's verse, the poem shall be written for his sake and consecrated to his memory, "like a flower planted on a tomb, to live or die."

In the second division he describes in lyrics of wondrous beauty the home-bringing of Arthur's

body in a ship from Italy, and the burial in Clevedon Church, which stands on a solitary hill overlooking the Bristol Channel. This took place on January 3, 1834. A calmer, stronger spirit is now felt entering into the poem, and all the poet's powers seem to be put forward to pay the rich tribute to the immortal meaning of friendship and to pour the triumphant light through the shadows of the grave.

The first Christmas eve after Hallam's death, the poet listens to the chiming of the Yule-tide bells.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

A prayer arises from the sadness of Christmas-eve for the dawning of Christmas day.

"Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

The poem ends with an Epithalamium in honor of the marriage of Miss Cecilia Tennyson to Edmund Law Lushington, the friend Tennyson addresses in the eighty-fifth canto of the "In Memoriam":

"The certainty that man was born to enjoy a higher life than the physical; the sure progress of all things toward a hidden goal of glory; the supremacy of love; the indomitable courage of the human will, which is able to purify our deeds, and to trust

'With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.'

—"these are the mighty and exultant chords with which the poet ends his music."

"'In Memoriam' is a dead march, but it is a march into immortality."

The promise of Arthur Hallam's life was not broken. Three score years and ten of earthly labor could hardly have accomplished anything greater than the work which was inspired by his early death and consecrated to his sacred memory.

"A poem like 'In Memoriam' more than all the flowers of the returning spring, more than all

shining wings that flutter above the ruins of the chrysalis, more than all sculptured tombs and monuments of the beloved dead, is the living evidence and intimation of an endless life":

"Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God.

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

MARGARET CONWAY, '10,

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Lecture by Reverend Dr. Roche at Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

ON Friday evening, November 5th., the pupils of Loreto Abbey had the privilege of hearing a most delightful lecture by Reverend Dr. Roche, editor of *The Catholic Register*.

The speaker's pleasing and sincere manner, together with his assurance that he had come to talk on the simple things of life rather than about its weighty matters, won and retained their interested attention.

The many advantages, both educational and religious, at the disposal of the pupils of Loreto, were placed before us very impressively, and the similarity between life and our school-days was shown in a light new to many in the audience. The fact that both come to us but once, and unless used to advantage, our loss is irreparable, was strongly dwelt upon, and, no doubt, some vigorous resolutions were the immediate result.

We were reminded of the many difficulties under which education was gained by several of the most illustrious characters in history, among them, the great and worthy statesman, Abraham Lincoln. Which of us would walk eighteen miles to borrow a grammar? Have we ever been guilty of wishing such a book were a few miles away? Perhaps in our very young days we may have been tempted to such naughtiness, but now, we are proof against anything of the kind.

In listening to the reverend speaker, we realized very vividly that the need of struggling with difficulties, of being chastened by suffering, without ever losing heart, of being sincere and upright, is as great to-day as when Lincoln followed his ideal.

Dr. Roche showed his knowledge of our school-day dreams by his humorous allusion to the heroes usually occupying a prominent place in youth's air-castles. Judging by various facial expressions, some in the audience recognized their "heroes" in the picture presented, and, it is to be hoped, determined to take the good advice offered, and look beyond exterior recommendations when indulging in fancies.

It delighted us beyond measure to hear that these pleasant imaginings need not merit condemnation, for are not the poets the great world dreamers? The mention of poets led our delightful lecturer to speak of the part poetry has played in all important historical events. No great action was ever done that poetry was not the inspiration. Perhaps the highest tribute to its power is that the Psalms of David, written under the inspiration of God himself, are in their original Hebrew language poetry of the most perfect form.

A brief discussion on the beauty of poetry and our innate love for it, led naturally to a sketch of the life and works of one of the Muse's favorites, John Boyle O'Rielly. His early years, his youthful dreams of securing liberty for Ireland, his arrest, death sentence and its commutation to twenty years' penal servitude, his lonely months in English prisons, followed by transportation to Australia, and through all trials a heart that would not despair, was the picture given us of this young patriot and poet. His subsequent escape and arrival in United States brought him to the scene of his life work. As editor of the *Boston Pilot* his talents had a congenial field and many a gem of thought was thus secured to the world. Not alone for his writings but for his beauty of character is John Boyle O'Rielly worthy of admiration. His heart was great enough to forgive and forget injuries, and kind enough to sympathize with all classes. Of him may be truthfully said

"He lost no friend:

Who loved him once, loved on to the end."

CELESTINE O'MEARA.

**A Musical Evening at Loreto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Commemorative of the
Centenaries of Frédéric François
Chopin, 1809-1847 and Alfred
Tennyson, 1809-1892.**

"The master works of the Past should be the standard works of the Present."—*Franz*.

A WELL-SELECTED programme, Part I. of which was devoted to the "Aristocrat of the Piano," and Part II. to the vocal interpretation of some of the exquisite lyrics of Alfred Tennyson, was given by the pupils of the above-named Academy. This musicale took the place of the usual Hallowe'en festivities.

The Introductory Remarks, explanatory of the different numbers on the programme, were very ably delivered by Miss Lucia Olmsted.

The sister arts, music and poetry, sustain to each other an even closer, more vitally intimate relation than the family connection generally conceded to them. Edward Baxter Perry, in his analogy between Chopin and Tennyson, says: "Chopin is, beyond dispute, the Tennyson of the pianoforte. The same depth, warmth and delicacy of feeling vitalizing every line; the same polish, fineness of detail and symmetry of form, the same exquisitely refined, yet by no means effeminate, temperament are seen in both. Each shows us fervent passion, beyond the ken of common men, without a touch of brutality; intense and vehement emotion, with never a hint of violence in its betrayal, expressed in dainty rhythmic numbers as polished and symmetrical as if that symmetry and polish were their only *raison d'être*. This similar trait leads often to a similar mistake in regard to both. Superficial observers, fixing their attention on the preëminent delicacy, tenderness, elegance, and grace of their matter and manner, regard them as exponents of these qualities merely, and deny them broader, stronger, sterner characteristics. Never was a grosser wrong done to true artists. No poet and no composer is more profound, passionate, and intense than Tennyson and Chopin, and none so rarely pens a line that is devoid of genuine feeling as its legitimate origin. But the artist in each stood with quiet finger on the riotous pulses of emotion and forbade all utterance that was crude, chaotic, or uncouth. Both had

the heart of fire and the tongue of gold. Tennyson wrote the model lyrics of his language, and Chopin wrote the model lyrics of his instrument, for all posterity.

Edgar Poe said of Tennyson: 'I call him and think him the noblest of poets, because the excitement which he induces is, at all times, the most ethereal, the most elevating, and the most pure. No poet is so little of the earth, earthy.' The same words might well be spoken of Chopin."

A few comments on the rendition of the different numbers on the programme may not be amiss.

Miss Georgia Baxter's interpretation of the celebrated "Minute Waltz," Op. 64, No. I., was very artistic.

Madame Sembrich, in her recent concert tour, delighted the most refined audiences in the world with that short vocal gem, "The Maiden's Wish," and a programme devoted to Chopin would, therefore, have been incomplete without it. Jean Sears and Kathleen O'Gorman rendered it very acceptably.

Chopin's Songs are, comparatively speaking, unknown, even among musicians, overshadowed and hidden as they have always been by the number and magnitude of his pianoforte works, like wood-violets, lost in the depths of a forest. Yet, though small and unpretentious like the violets, they are among his most genial and poetic creations—bits of momentary inspiration, wedded to stray verses of Polish poetry, which caught Chopin's fancy, from the pen of Mickiewicz and other national bards.

Hazel Freeman and Berenice Parkes were both warmly applauded for their intelligent interpretation of the Polonaise, Op. 40, and Prélude, No. 15. The Nocturne, Op. 32, No. I., which fell to Miss Florence Bowen's lot, to interpret, was very beautifully given. The subject of this Nocturne is the same as that of Robert Browning's later poem, "In a Gondola."

Jean Sears brought Part I. of the programme to a close. This promising young pupil is to be congratulated on her sympathetic manner of playing the well-known Funeral March.

The vocal numbers were all thoroughly enjoyed. "Crossing the Bar" brought to an end one of the prettiest programmes given in recent years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Introductory Remarks—
LUCIA OLMSTED.
- Valse, Op. 64, No. I.
GEORGINA BAXTER.
- "The Maiden's Wish"
JEAN SEARS AND KATHLEEN O'GORMAN.
- Polonaise, Op. 40
HAZEL FREEMAN.
- Prélude, No. 15
BERENICE PARKES.
- Nocturne, Op. 32, No. I.
FLORENCE BOWEN.
- Funeral March
JEAN SEARS.

PART II.

- At the Window.....*Tennyson-Küssner*
MARJORIE VROMAN.
- Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead..
..... *Tennyson-Huss*
- Semi-Chorus, "Break, Break, Break".....
..... *Tennyson-Combs*
RUBY SUTTLES.
- Sweet and Low.....*Tennyson-Barnby*
- Semi-Chorus, "Crossing the Bar".....
..... *Tennyson-Behrend*
- Hymn to Our Lady.
AILEEN FOSTER.

Unless our religion has sweetened us to a very considerable extent—given us the control of our temper, checked us in the moment of our irritation and weakness, enabled us to meet misfortune and in a measure to overcome it, developed within us the virtues of patience and long-suffering; making us tender and charitable in our judgments of others, and generally diffusing about us an atmosphere that is genial and winsome—whatever else we may have gained, one thing is sure: religion is not doing its perfect work in us; and even though our life is clean and upright, it is only as a gnarly and twisted apple-tree that bears no fruit.

England's Guest, King Manoel of Portugal, November the Fifteenth.

TO be a King is a great and solemn thing; but to be made a King by a tragedy and at the age of seventeen is a greater and a more solemn thing. This was the destiny of King Manoel of Portugal, who lands on our shore to-day, and it gives him strong personal, as well as historic, claim upon the good will of the people.

Never shall I forget that scene in the chapel of the Palace of Necessidades when the stricken Queen Amelia knelt before the remains of a murdered King and Prince. At her side was the younger son, who had escaped the assassin, and who soon afterward took up the burden of power with the pathetic confession: "I am without knowledge or experience. I place myself in your hands, counting upon your patriotism and wisdom."

The boy has grown into a man since the terrible day, in 1908, which robbed him of father and brother and made him the heir to popular discontent. Nearly two years have worked marvellous changes in the King, whose young ambition was to follow in the steps of his great ancestor, Prince Henry the Navigator, and of his relative, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and to win renown as a traveller and explorer. The responsibility under which he avowed himself crushed, has transformed him. "I left a boy," said a statesman who comes to England in his train, "with whom I was wont to talk of childish things, and found a King who would talk of government and the welfare of his people."

If King Manoel has inherited his physique from his father, he has inherited his character from his mother, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Philippe Duc d'Orléans. His disposition is frank and lively, like that of King Alfonso of Spain, and his tastes are those of a scholar and an artist. Even when a child, he took delight in things artistic, and preferred old castles and old furniture to historic battlefields and modern armament. Unlike his father, who was famed as a shot, King Manoel is not a sportsman, and even on the tennis-court—where he finds his favorite exercise—he plays less with his head than with his body.

Between Queen Amelia and her son are ties of

the strongest affection. Her example and influence have moulded his intellect and character and given them that religious bias which political adversaries seek to turn into a reproach. It is untrue that King Manoel's advisers and confidants are priests. The answer to that calumny, invented for Republicans, is to be found in the names of his entourage, among whom are the descendants of families noted for great sacrifices for liberty. While the young monarch does not turn a deaf ear to the claims of religion, he is conscious that rulers must have other than priestly qualifications. The circumstances under which he ascended the throne taught him that wisdom. A great crime had roused the worst passions and moved the best instincts of the Portuguese. The dangers that his father had long faced with coolness and resolution, had been aggravated by the political incapacity of a dictator whose methods of the scythe, instead of the pruning-knife, had raised about the Crown a cloud of enemies.

King Manoel's first acts, as Sovereign, gave evidence of courage and prudence. He took steps to efface the memory of the struggle between Senor Franco, the Dictator, and the people, by restoring liberty to the subject, and by repudiating the grants made to the Crown without the assent of Parliament. He refused to accept the £32,000 a year added to the Civil List of Dom Carlos, and consented to a reduction of £12,000 a year—of an annual grant of £75,000—to pay off the advances made to the late King, without the consent of Parliament. These sacrifices have not been made in vain. King Manoel thereby convinced the nation of the sincerity of his desire to lighten their burdens, and confirmed them in their impression that he was a youth of wise and generous instincts. This popular belief has been strengthened by the simplicity of his life, whether in the Palace of Necessidades, in Lisbon—where he is the Sovereign and the statesman—or in Pana Castle, perched like an eagle's nest above beautiful Cintra—where he is the Prince and the private gentleman.

If his public appearances have been rare, it is due to the natural anxiety of a Queen who has seen husband and son murdered in the streets of the capital. King Manoel himself has no fear of his subjects, to whom it is his ambition to be known for the wisdom and sympathy that dis-

tinguished Pedro the Just. Already there are signs that his reign has not been without advantage to his country. If political hates and intrigues have not ceased, they have, at all events, lost some of their energy and vindictiveness. If the financial condition continues to fill experts with alarm and to put fetters on the development of the resources of Portugal, there are none the less evidences of increasing prosperity.

For historic, as well as personal, reasons, King Manoel is assured a warm welcome to Great Britain. Apart from the long and intimate friendship that existed between King Edward and his father, Dom Carlos, there is a traditional and national bond.

The connection between Portugal and Great Britain goes back to the fourteenth century, when a treaty of commerce was arranged, out of which grew, four centuries later, the famous Methuen treaty, by which Portuguese wines were admitted into Great Britain at a lower duty than wines from France and Germany, in return for a similar concession to British goods. This commercial reciprocity and the wars with Spain and France taught Britons to drink port instead of claret and hock. Nor was trade the only tie between the two countries. In the fifteenth century, King John the Great took for his Queen the daughter of John of Gaunt, Philippa of Lancaster, who bore him five sons, the most famous of whom was Prince Henry the Navigator. Another family bond was created, in 1661, by the marriage of King Charles II. with Catharine of Braganza, who brought as her dowry the town of Tangier, the island of Bombay, and the town of Galle, in Ceylon, and thus laid one of the corner-stones of our Indian Empire. War, too, has made its contribution to the friendship of the two nations. With British help, King John the Great was victorious in the final struggle with Castile, and Portugal was again saved, in 1762, from the united forces of France and Spain. Portugal, on her part, gave to Great Britain a base for operations against Napoleon, so that, in the words of Canning, "The arm of Great Britain became the lever, and Portugal the fulcrum, to wrench from its base the power that had subdued the rest of Europe."

The friendship, based on community of interests and long association, has never been seriously affected. It is true that there have been

moments of coolness when the high spirit of the Portuguese has been wounded and their suspicions aroused by reports of the transfer to Great Britain of Delagoa Bay, their most valuable possession in Africa. These suspicions have been shown to be groundless, and Portugal may rest assured that she will not be robbed of this remnant of her ancient glories of conquest and discovery.

W. MAXWELL.

❖ *Iucunda Præterita* :

47 Threadneedle Street.

LONDON, December 16th, 1908.

DEAR SISTER :

We request the honour of your presence, on December the twenty-fifth, at a concert to be held in Park Lane, fourth tree, third branch. (Take elevator to your left.)

Owing to the impudence of the Prima Donna, we thrust her out, and now desire the favour of your services in her place. We prefer that you give "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight," together with various quotations from different illustrious authors.

A great many prominent people will attend, and quite a number will aid you in making the programme a success. Sir Galahad will favour us with a solo, and the students of the Inner Temple will give a French play. Queen Elizabeth will deliver a Greek selection.

Although the "meenister" cannot attend, his beadle will act as usher. Mr. Cicero, Mark Antony, and his friend, Mr. Cæsar, will be present, and the Abbé Constantin will bring up the rear with Brandolaccio and the Curé. Liquid molecules and hydrogen will be served by Miss Delphine Jacques. The Baby Grand will squeak your accompaniment, presided over by Sr. M. D. Miss Kathleen Brennan will be procured to speak on the splendid effects of "Algebra," while Miss Marie Huffaker will give a eulogy on "perfect obedience."

After the entertainment, Mr. Milton will serve luncheon to the performers in Bread Street, in honour of his three hundredth anniversary.

We hope that you will not disappoint us, but that you will snatch enough time from "the neglect of your duties" to attend. If you are de-

tained, it "behooves" you to telephone Threadneedle 1608. In the expectation of seeing you there, we remain,

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

"THE KNIGHT" AND THE "FAIRE LADYE" OF
LITERATURE.

MOUNT PARNASSUS, FASTE BY THE PIERIAN
SPRING, December 30, 1908.

DEAR DISCIPLES:

The above address would, no doubt, be sufficient to account for my absence from the interesting function, held at Park Lane, fourth tree, third branch, on December 25th, but what would appear an adequate excuse to an ordinary mortal did not seem sufficient to a soul like mine, accustomed to annihilate time and space in order to oblige a friend, and meet celebrities, at the same time.

For this purpose, on receiving the invitation, I repaired to Daedalus, who keeps a shop over by the fountain of Helicon, to have my measure taken for a pair of aerial propellers. He has improved very much in wing-making since the Icarus episode, and now fastens them on with "Portland" cement, which defies the action of sun and rain. (Write for booklet explaining his fine double-action pneumatic flying-machines.) Unfortunately, D. was taking his Christmas vacation in Crete, so it was impossible to get supplied, and the proposed aeronautic expedition had to be abandoned.

However, I was fortunate in receiving a very accurate account of the entertainment from our friend Orso, who passed here with the Colonel and Miss Lydia, on his way to a wild-boar hunt in the Balkans.

When passing over London Bridge, on his way to the appointed place, Lieutenant Della Rebbia caught sight of a "verray parfit gentil knight," standing there gazing disconsolately at the wave and sky. In those plaintive tones which have so often reëchoed through the halls of Loreto, Woodlawn, he explained that his heart was hot and restless and his life was full of care because, in default of a substitute, he was obliged to sing a solo—"alone"—as Miss Eileen Fitzpatrick afterwards explained. Orso consoled him as best he could, and together they approached the elegant mansion of Sir Bryan Newcome, in Park Lane. All the little Newcomes ran out to meet

the knight, who immediately charged upon them with sword and buckler, uttering "language that couldna' be printed," but they were not put to flight till Orso gave the famous "double coup," Colomba, coming up with her stiletto, despatched the survivors.

After this trifling episode they were ushered into the presence of the other illustrious guests; almost all had responded to their invitations, in person, except your humble servant and Mr. Cyrus, who sent his regrets, stating that Abrocomas, a hostile man, was at the Euphrates and refused to let him pass. However, he sent his secretary, Mr. Xenophon, in one of his scythe-bearing chariots, which made a profound sensation among the motor-cars in Piccadilly.

Mr. Xenophon bowed very coldly to the "verray parfit gentil knight," who, I regret to say, transfixed him with a stony British stare, to which Mr. X. responded by politely handing his monocle to the knight, hoping that this instrument would enable him to pass through the mazes of the Anabasis, with greater ease. Thereupon, the VERRAY PARFIT GENTIL knight fell into such a passion against Mr. Xenophon that "he made at him through the press," and would have slain him with a vocabulary, based chiefly on George Ade, had not the Faire Ladye cast herself between the combatants, begging them alternately by Zeus and by the laws of chivalry to regard her feelings in the matter and not destroy each other. Mr. Xenophon being kalos kai agathos and the knight being, as I have said, so VERRAY PARFIT AND GENTIL, and both having a tender regard for the Fair Ladye, acceded to her request,—not, however, until the knight had warned all present that, if any further reference were made to the strained relations between himself and Mr. X., he would hang himself with a "pelote de ficelle," which never left him.

This little incident caused great anticipation of an enjoyable and interesting time. Miss Florence Fox, coming a trifle late, immediately appropriated Mr. Xenophon, who ultimately drove her home in his scythe-bearing chariot, to the great envy of all the ladies. Miss Fox's chaperone, Queen Elizabeth, who is notoriously jealous, had hoped to share the honour, but was obliged to follow in a victoria, accompanied by old Roger Ascham, to whom she recited the whole Odyssey, on the way to Windsor. Roger confessed to

Orso afterwards that he was well punished for that compliment he had paid her about all the Greek she could get off in a day.

Miss Delphine Jacques, who was at a side-table, serving the hydrogen out of a wassail bowl, painted by Sister C., got into an animated conversation with Lord Bacon, who was telling her how to stuff a fowl with snow. Miss Jacques' family are still under the doctor's care. Miss Anna Kipley had drawn Edmund Spenser into a corner to tell him how much she preferred subjective poets to the objective variety, as represented by that silly Will Shakespeare and that trifling Geoffrey Chaucer, with whom you can never have a real heart to heart talk.

At the supper, so kindly provided in Bread Street, by Mr. Milton (who, by the way, had "to scorn delights and live laborious days" to get it ready) the Faire Ladye tried to concoct for her escort, Mr. Marcus Tullius Cicero, a dainty dish, called a Catilinarian oration, composed of infinitives, ablatives absolute, partitive genitives, purpose clauses and other ingredients, but he turned away in disdain from the unsavory mess, to the great embarrassment of the aforesaid Faire Ladye. Whereupon, the Chivalrous Highwayman, coming up with a gallant bow, presented her with a plate of "endings," all ready-cooled. These she immediately added to the mixture, thereby rendering it extremely palatable to Mr. M. T. Cicero.

In passing the Second Aorist to Miss Fox, Mr. Xenophon dropped a portion of it into the aforesaid Catalinarian salad, whereupon, Mr. Cicero, who is a little nervous about conspiracies, rose and hurled the characteristic subjunctive at the head of the wily Greek, who escaped to his chariot, with a roar of laughter.

Among the few who failed to put in an appearance was M. Fougasson, who excused himself on the plea that he had lent his clothes to the v. p. g. k. and was consequently obliged to remain immured in "Chamber 124, Grand Hotel," where, I suppose, he was solaced by "lettres chargées" from Hortense, who, for obvious reasons, was forced to be absent also.

The concert programme, according to Orso, was "brief, bright and brotherly," all the performers acquitting themselves creditably, as is evidenced by the fact that a collection was taken up by Miss Evaleen O'Grady to procure Christ-

mas presents for those who took part. All repaired to their homes (!) agreeing to hold these tercentenary reunions regularly hereafter, since they contribute so much to peace and harmony among celebrities of all ages.

Convinced that you will be glad to know that I received such a circumstantial account of the proceedings on that memorable night,

I remain,

Your affectionate,

MAGISTRA.

The Minims Entertain at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

ONE of the most delightful entertainments witnessed for some time, was that given by the wee tots on Tuesday, December the seventh. With the issuing of invitations the information was volunteered—"the curtain will be rolled up, and when we sing the young ladies will clap and then we'll sing something again." This was interesting, and a fresh inducement—if inducement were needed—to attend what promised to be *the* event of the season.

With remarkable promptitude we were all in our places at the appointed hour, and saw the curtain "rolled up" and the charming picture presented by the children in their daintiness and witchery of toilette—not in the least intimidated by our presence but rather looking as if they intended to give us a genuine surprise—which they did.

It would be difficult to individualize where all excelled, but we cannot fail to note some of the little tots whose songs and recitations were so cleverly rendered, notwithstanding their tender years.

Noticeably full of promise was the playing of Maude Porteus—a maid of eight summers—in her instrumental solo, "Les Cloches de Noël," which she rendered with an ease and expression wonderful in so young a child.

"God is Love," a sweet little action chorus; and "Merry Little Snowflakes" evinced the most careful training, and the grace of the little ones could not have been surpassed by that of girls of more mature years. "Tunkentel"—Tongue can tell—was certainly faultless, and elicited great

praise,—as did the same performers in their second recitation, “The Dressed Turkey.” Two pretty recitations, “Pussy’s Birthday” and “Santa Claus and the Mouse,” were followed by a storm of applause—for no saint in the calendar is half so great a favorite as that time-honored embodiment of kindness and generosity.

As the sweet voices of the little ones floated to us in the angelic hymn, we could not but feel that they ascended in purest praise to the Throne of the Incarnate God.

PROGRAMME.

- Full Chorus, “God is Love”.....
 CHORAL CLASS.
- Recitation, “Pussy’s Birthday”.....
 THE MISSES A. AND R. MCSORLEY, J. MCINTOSH,
 A. PEEBLES, G. ARLAND, H. O’REILLY, M.
 BALF, A. O’REILLY, F. CHERRIER, H.
 SWEENEY, M. TAITE, M. LEACH, M. PORTEUS.
- Chorus, Angels’ Choir, “Welcome to Christmas”
- Recitation, “Tunkentel”
 J. HARRIS, J. TILDEN, J. GIROUX, G. SMITH, L.
 SMITH, E. ALLEN, J. NELLIGAN.
- Semi-Chorus, “Five Little Pussy-Cats”.....
 THE MISSES A. AND R. MCSORLEY, J. MCINTOSH,
 A. PEEBLES, G. ARLAND, H. O’REILLY, M.
 BALF, A. O’REILLY, F. CHERRIER, H.
 SWEENEY, M. TAITE, M. LEACH, M. PORTEUS.
- Recitation, “Santa Claus and The Mouse”.....
 M. CAMPBELL, E. O’BRIEN, G. O’CONNOR, F.
 HENNESSY, M. PATRICK, G. MURPHY, G.
 ARLAND, J. MCINTOSH, M. PORTEUS, H.
 O’REILLY, I. HAYWARD.
- Action Chorus, “Merry Little Snowflakes”.....
 ‘ANGELS’ CHOIR.
- Christmas Dream, Selected.....
 J. HARRIS, J. TILDEN, J. GIROUX, G. SMITH, L.
 SMITH, E. ALLEN, J. NELLIGAN.
- Full Chorus, “Oh, I Love the Christmas Story”
 ANGELS’ CHOIR.
- Recitation, “The Dressed Turkey”.....
 J. HARRIS, J. TILDEN, J. GIROUX, E. ALLEN, G.
 SMITH, L. SMITH, J. NELLIGAN.

Chorus, “Hark! The Herald Angels Sing”.....
 (Solo, Duet, Chorus.)

Sopranos: E. HARRIS, A. HINMAN, A. FLEMING, V. MEEHAN.

Altos: A. LAW, B. MCINTYRE.

Choral Class: M. HISCOTT, V. FOYSTER, S. DWYER, L. KNAPMAN, K. O’REILLY, M. CASE, M. O’CONNOR, M. ROGERS, G. GOODROW, D. CLARKE, O. DONOHUE, A. LAW, E. HARRIS, A. FLEMING, A. HUGHES, O. JACKSON, B. MCINTYRE, A. HINMAN, V. MEEHAN.

Adeste Fideles
 ANGELS’ CHOIR AND CHORAL CLASS.

MARY BATTLE

September Tales.

I AM a little bird and I have the dearest little home that ever could be. Can you guess where it is? I am afraid it would take you too long, so I shall tell you. My dear little home is in a tall tree, growing in a convent yard.

The following are some extracts taken from conversations heard, on different occasions, also some of my own observations.

September 6th. Two girls were walking up and down. One said, “Oh, dear! to-morrow school starts. How glad I shall be to see all the nuns and girls. The vacation has been quite long enough.” They went into the house and I heard no more.

September 7th. What brightness and happiness prevail among the many sweetly-dressed girls, coming in and greeting each other! How I should like to follow them into their convent school!

September 12th. To-day the same brightness and happiness prevail, but now that school work has begun in earnest, occasional remarks regarding it are passed. Some girls were walking up and down. Two had large books in the back of which they seemed to be looking for something. One of them said, “I don’t know one drop of my Cicero. What will Sister say?” I have often wondered what she meant.

September 24th. It is ten-thirty recreation. One group of girls goes to and fro on the con-

vent grounds, gathering into one large group all who are desirous of hearing their secret. I, too, was anxious to hear, but I was unheeded. That evening I heard that the botany class had gone out to the woods for specimens and had been joined later by those whose interest no longer lay in that subject. A few hours spent among the picturesque hills of Highland Park, in company with their devoted teachers, an appetizing lunch partaken of, and a pleasant ride homeward, was the story of their outing.

September 27th. "I tell you, if I had wings like that little bird," said the very same little girl, who, on the sixth, had said how glad she was that to-morrow school would begin, when I flew over her head, "I would fly far away and never come back." My bird sense is not very much, but I presume that something has crossed her path, and she sees only the clouds, not looking far enough to see the silver lining.

September 30th. As the leaves are falling fast from my sheltered abode, I must bid adieu to those who will wonder what little bird has told these tales.

ELLA HOERMANN.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, JOLIET, ILL.

Francis Thompson.

A Poet Unknown in his own House.

"I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread."

WHY do we need to wait decades and quarter centuries before a saving sense of our rich heritage in poetry, piety and purity infiltrates our apathy?

Why must our saints and seers and singers pass amongst us in life with muffled tread and downcast eyes as those banned and shunned?

Why do Catholics ignore their own spiritual possessions to kneel abjectly before the gilded calf of worldly knowledge and to eat of the flesh-pots of Egyptian sensuality, while their blessed bards, like beggars, sing, unrewarded and unnoticed their immortal lays, to deafened ears and stony hearts?

Francis Thompson died November the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and seven. How many amongst us here, during the two years that have

elapsed, have read one of his superbly splendid odes? The whole world of letters has done him the homage of eulogy and approval, tardy but true, but where are the Catholics outside of that noble few in England, loyal and loving, who have not rejected this glory of English Catholic verse?

Two years ago, in obscurity and oblivion, Francis Thompson, poet, ascetic, prose-writer without peer, passed through pain's portals into that little peace which ended his little trouble on the great earth he had so well loved and lost. He died, as he had lived, in London's vastness, in timidity and in torture. The hospitable walls of the great hospital conducted by the Sisters of Mercy for those past cure, but still needing care, sheltered him in St. John's woods, a mirage of greenery amid London's general grime.

Francis Thompson was born in Preston, in Lancashire, in 1859. Spending several studious innocent years in Ushaw College, Cardinal Wiseman's favorite cradle of Catholicity in the English revival, Thompson wanted to be a priest. Parental influence bent him towards a medical career, which he loathed and left, after a brief apprenticeship and a precipitated quarrel, alienating him from filial adherence.

Aimless, penniless, homeless, he drifted about London's dingy streets, descending to the lowest depths of pinching penury. These gloomy years of London vagrancy were the crucible in which was tried the fine gold of his poetic soul. The bitter knowledge of good and evil, to which poverty sometimes holds the key, came to him unsought. After his death, a few literary journals to which he had been a conscientious and distinguished contributor, revealed chance glimpses of these darksome days in London. Utter misery of mind and hunger of body drove him to the drug that drew him to hell's brink.

Wilfrid Meynell, then editor of *Merrie England*, a Catholic weekly, was God's willing instrument to win Francis Thompson from the thirsty grave to his pinnacle in English letters to-day. Long weeks of convalescence restored him to health and to holiness. The Franciscan monasteries at Crawley and Pantasaph, recurrent refuges, were gladly familiar, for many months, with the gaunt frame of Francis Thompson. The Premonstratensian monks at Storrington, a spot forever consecrated in English verse by the "Daisy" and the "Odes to the Sun," were fre-

quently his hospitable hosts. The last ten years of his life found him averse to leaving London. When poetic fire fled his soul and he lived only on its cinders in the most exquisite prose of the last century, the sights and sounds of London meant more to his aridity than the lavishness of rural nature, whose beauty he could no longer sing fittingly, to his fastidious taste. Three meagre volumes of verse, "Poems," 1894, "Sister Songs," 1895, and "New Poems," 1897, are his legacy to English poetry. The Shelley essay, reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, 1908, rejected twenty years previous as unsuitable; the modest essay on "Health and Holiness," 1905, and the numerous, but yet uncollected, critical essays now found in the "Academy" or the "Athenaeum," from 1897 to 1907—this is the extent of his singularly perfect prose, no single word of which we want to lose.

Francis Thompson's name spells tragedy. His own summary of Mangan, a fellow in suffering, would be the fittest epitaph to inscribe on his gravestone in Kensal Green cemetery. "Outcast from home, hope and health, with a charred past and a bleared future * * * a poet, hopeless of the bays, and a martyr, hopeless of the palm." How could he be prodigal of production, when fortune treated him so niggardly? To become conversant with every published or posthumous scrap which bears the stamp of his peculiar genius, is no formidable task, nor is its mastery an intellectual incumbrance. His were the riches of restraint, the paucity of perfection, the secrets of silence. But these too-few volumes contain enough to feed thought for a life's span. They redound in vitality by the severity of rejection, piteously alien to too much of modern verse.

Francis Thompson, as the world's verdict condemns him, was a failure. True, his wealth could not be appraised as assets in mortgages, stocks, securities, liens, bonds, or bank accounts. A superb scorner of material possessions, what did he mind of sartorial fashions and their inane vagaries? Wind and weather did not know where to have one who revelled only in sunlight, starry spaces, blossoms, bees, and childhood's babble.

No reader of Francis Thompson's majestic, Titanic odes could fail to see therein the poet's fine scorn of the puny, the puerile, the impotent passions of mankind for material goods and gauds. The lavishly decorated houses of pluto-

crats seem as tinsel and tawdry trappings compared with Thompson's gorgeous panoply of words, as he unfolds God's beauty in the visible world before our stultified sight in "A Corymbus for Autumn," or "From the Night of Forebeing," or "An Anthem of Earth." Imagery, of an opulence hitherto undreamed in English verse, delights us and renders us devout. Most poets are prone to vanity if they evoke a few fevered figures of speech to enrapture and entice us from prosaic indifference. Francis Thompson's verse is freighted with original figures like Venetian galleons with cargoes from Cathay.

In "The Hound of Heaven" he soars to spiritual heights that scare us. No Catholic could read this, which Coventry Patmore's judgment sealed forever as the most majestic ode in English, and look again on the universe as an exile, bereft of God's presence. What cared this anchorite, frail of body, untimely spent, with sickness forewearing, if he lived in lodgings savoring of that poverty despised of men? In lieu of useless furniture and the futility of fashion's foibles, did he not possess the wealth of all the planets in his glorious soul that outrode the wings of the wind? What need had he of cumbrous airships and space-annihilating motors, when his fancy could encompass the vast earth, huge in affluence, encased in the blue coil of the air, vibrant with the cloudy sighings of the seas?

He mocked at the childish baubles men set their hearts to own. He coveted neither castle nor court when his soul could wander at will through the large demesne and pleasure paths of God's beauteous footstool. How could such as Francis Thompson be circumscribed by society's rulings and the puny apings of worldly wisdom? Possessing nothing, he was owner of all that makes life God's greatest gift to man. Relieved from the shackles and gyves of worldly ambition, he was free to throw out his splendid inimitable poetry in reckless floods and seething cataracts of imagery.

His odes to the sun are as the impassioned chants of the antique Parsees; his bursts of song like the choruses of the old Greek poets. Then, as if in the lulls of his passion for nature, he croons those delicious bits of melody like "Ex Ore Infantium," or the "Sister Songs," or "To a Snowflake," a jocund outpouring of gayety unparalleled since the days of St. Francis of Assisi.



PORTION OF NEW TRAIL TO LUNA ISLAND.



VIEW FROM NEW TALUS TRAIL. ROCK OF AGES AT THE RIGHT.

How can Catholics pass by such a prince of poesy with not even a doff of a hat or a thrill of the heart?

“Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreamis, my withered dreams.”

IN MEMORIAM, NOVEMBER 13.
Providence Visitor.

A Lecture to be Remembered.

LECTURES are not uncommon things, but the one mentioned in our chronicle, given on Friday afternoon, November the twelfth, by Mr. Seumas MacManus, a famous Irish lecturer, having as its subject that ever-dear one of “Ireland’s Folk and Fairy Lore,” was so unlike others that it seemed as though he were only a dear friend relating a few of his most charming stories.

Irish melodies are sweet to American ears, and the soft lingering sounds awakened by their mystic music could only be excelled by the soft, musical tones of Mr. MacManus, who, with his dear Irish accent, ever-expressive deep blue Irish eyes and eloquent words, carried his listeners back to the much-loved home he had left so short a time before.

Nature’s sun in smiling must have smiled particularly sweetly upon him, for not only is he able to enchant all by his exquisite gift of speech, but he further makes the influence of his fatherland felt by his poetry, so full of pathos, and his tender, humorous poems.

A selection from one of his many novels, entitled “The Vagabond,” gave all a glimpse of the humor, love and peace typical of Irish home life; and also furnished a most interesting opening to his very eloquent speech.

In introducing the subject of “Irish Folk and Fairy Lore,” the lecturer said that such traditions as exist among the Irish could be the production of a poetic, humorous and spiritual-minded people only. A few anecdotes served to illustrate how this lore has spread among the succeeding generations.

The supposed origin of fairies and an incident to support the belief of their hope to regain lost

happiness, formed a very interesting topic of his lecture.

A recital of the beliefs showing the reverence the Irish have for everything in Nature, suggestive of the Passion of Our Lord, gave us a glimpse of the spiritual side of their lore.

Proverbs, in which the Irish language is rich, formed not the least interesting part of the discourse. The charming traditions in regard to Ireland’s songsters, a few of which one of my companions will relate, brought only too soon a most enjoyable lecture to a close.

ROZELLA PACKRITZ.

ST. MARY’S ACADEMY, JOLIET, ILL.

Soeur Marie Philomène de l’Institut de la Bge. Vierge Marie. Loreto Convent, Port-Louis, Ile Maurice.

Elle a passé parmi nous en faisant le bien, comme une délicate petite fleur dont le parfum exquis nous reste pour nous consoler et nous rappeler ses vertus.

Petite fleur délicate destinée à être prématurément cueillie pour le jardin du ciel, Sr. Marie Philomène comprit, dès son jeune âge que les vents brûlants et les aquilons du monde ne devaient pas déparer sa blanche corolle. Aussitôt que son intelligence s’ouvrit à la lumière divine elle n’eut qu’un but: s’unir à Celui qui peut seul réaliser l’idéal des coeurs purs. “Mes premières aspirations furent pour les petites Soeurs des Pauvres,” lisons-nous dans ses notes intimes. Ce qu’il y avait de plus souffrant, de plus nécessaire, voilà ce qui l’attirait. Mais avec ce dévouement intense, Dieu avait doué cette enfant de facultés intellectuelles qu’Il voulait la voir développer et employer aussi à son service afin qu’elle pût dire avec notre Saint Père, St. Ignace: “Seigneur, recevez-moi tout entière.” Il lui fit donc sentir que c’était à un ordre enseignant qu’Il la destinait. A l’âge de 19 ans, encore “toute parée de pureté et d’innocence, au dire du confesseur même de la Communauté, Sr. M. Philomène fut admise dans notre Institut, alors dirigé par la Mère Hyacinthe. Cellé-ci aima beaucoup sa nouvelle fille qui, de son côté, lui garda toujours un souvenir tendre et reconnaissant.

On était alors en 1893. La postulante fut confiée à la Mère Marie Joseph afin d'être formée aux vertus religieuses que possédait si bien cette maîtresse de novices distinguée. Bien qu'elle ne cherchât qu'une chose: être en tout et partout la "petite servante du Christ," Sr. Marie Philomène fut bien vite appréciée de ses Supérieures, qui surent reconnaître en elle une grande abnégation et l'amour vrai de l'Institut et de ses intérêts. Elle reçut donc l'habit, le 13 Novembre, 1893, jour de la fête de St. Stanislas. Plus que jamais le zèle de Dieu la consuma, le bien de la Communauté lui tint au coeur; aussi est-ce avec la docilité et la diligence d'une enfant qu'elle se mit à étudier quand ses Supérieures lui exprimèrent le désir de la voir passer des examens au moyen desquels elle pouvait obtenir un poste dans l'école pauvre. Elle fit profession le 6 Janvier, 1895. Le rêve de son âme allait être réalisé. Elle serait sans cesse en relation avec les enfants de la classe ouvrière, avec ses âmes ignorantes, ces petits êtres misérables dont elle dira plus tard—"Je ne suis jamais plus heureuse que lorsque je suis avec mes chères enfants." C'est en effet à cette oeuvre qu'elle se dévoua tout entière. Elle s'oubliait elle-même pour soulager ces misères, pour amener un sourire sur les lèvres des plus à plaindre, pour donner une satisfaction à celles qu'elle savait être le plus privé de tout. C'était une Providence visible. Que de fois, nous l'avons entendu dire à sa mère qui la visitait: "Pour toute étrenne, pour tout cadeau de fête, envoie-moi de l'argent pour mes pauvres." Que d'enfants lui ont dû le bonheur de leur Ire Communion, grâce aux sommes qu'elle ne craignait pas de solliciter pour leur fournir les vêtements requis. Sans borner là sa tendre sollicitude elle consacrait volontiers de longues heures à écouter celles qui venaient lui confier leurs peines ou lui demander un conseil. Combien d'âmes lui doivent leur formation chrétienne et la vie pure qu'elles mènent au milieu des dangers qui les pressent. Combien s'accorde à dire de Sr. Marie Philomène, "Elle a passé en faisant le bien!" Oui, elle a porté du fruit et son fruit demeurera!

Dans la vie commune dont notre petite soeur était l'âme, nulle mieux qu'elle n'avait le secret de pourvoir à tout, d'aider chacune en s'efforçant de passer inaperçue. Sa mission délicate était celle de "l'ange des petites attentions," si gra-

cieusement décrite dans les *Paillettes d'Or*. D'une humeur toujours égal et sereine, que relevait la note gaie de son caractère, elle trouvait vite le moyen de charmer la récréation et d'y mettre de l'entrain. Nous n'en sentîmes que davantage son absence, pendant les derniers jours de la maladie qui devait l'enlever à notre affection et à celle de nos Supérieures, pour qui elle fut toujours un sujet de consolation et de joie par son respect et sa filiale soumission.

Le mal cruel fit sentir son atteinte au soir du 3 Août. Prise d'une violente douleur de coeur, Sr. Marie Philomène se vit contrainte de prendre le repos. Depuis, petite lampe vacillante mais encore brûlante d'amour de Dieu, elle ne se remit guère. Des maux de tête la faisaient beaucoup souffrir mais la laissaient toujours calme et résignée. On devinait bien qu'elle cachait l'intensité de ses tortures morales et cherchait à réunir ce qu'il lui restait de forces pour nous édifier jusqu'au bout. À chacune qui la visitait, c'était une bonne parole, un aimable sourire. En récréation, lorsqu'elle pouvait y venir encore—ce qui devenait de plus en plus rare—elle domptait la nature et s'efforçait de retrouver sa gaieté, afin de nous amuser par une de ces paroles joyeuses et spirituelles qu'elle plaçait à propos. Le 11 Août, elle demanda de recevoir les voeux de ses enfants qui avaient dû renoncer à la petite fête organisée en son honneur et qu'elle ne voulait pas déceptionner davantage. À chacune elle dit un bonjour du coeur; toujours attentionnée elle n'oublia pas celles qui avaient la même patronne qu'elle. Ce fut sa dernière satisfaction, la dernière consolation que lui réservait le Divin Maître. Dans la soirée le mal de tête devint de plus en plus aigu et la crise de souffrance se prolongea bien avant dans la nuit. Néanmoins, le lendemain notre malade nous accueillait avec son air affable et tranquille, nous disant seulement "Je n'aurai jamais cru qu'on pût tant souffrir de la tête." Sa journée, meilleure que les précédentes, ne laissait pas soupçonner l'affreux malheur qui allait frapper notre maison. Vers 7 heures, notre petite soeur se sentit reprise d'une douleur si poignante qu'elle lui arrachait des plaintes déchirantes. Le médecin, appelé en toute hâte, déclara que cela n'était dû qu'aux nerfs et qu'il n'y avait pas lieu de s'inquiéter. D'après ce rassurant témoignage, après les prières de nuit chacune regagna sa

cellule, mais un triste pressentiment semblait nous garder toutes éveillées. Du reste, comment nous reposer lorsque nous entendions tout près de nous gémir la sainte petite victime que Dieu achevait de purifier et qu'il alla bientôt immoler sans nous laisser la consolation d'un dernier adieu. À minuit, notre soeur paraissait un peu plus calme. Notre Mère Supérieure, restée jusque-là à son chevet, alla lui chercher un liniment ordonné par le médecin dans le but de la soulager. Elle revint aussi vite que possible, mais hélas! quelle fut sa douleur quand elle s'aperçut que la mort avait commencé son oeuvre. Tout de suite elle nous appelle. Nous nous réunissons autour du lit de notre malade, qui déjà ne nous reconnaissait plus. Malgré tout, en pleine nuit, nous courûmes voir prêtre et médecin. L'un et l'autre arrivèrent trop tard. Jusqu' au bout, Sr. Marie Philomène avait dit de grand coeur le "Fiat" qui était sa devise. Elle s'endormit paisiblement dans le Seigneur à une heure moins dix, le 13 Août, jour de la fête de St. Jean Berchmans dont elle avait réalisé les vertus. Nous espérons que comme lui elle aura fêté l'Assomption au ciel. Elle tenait son âme toujours prête à paraître devant le divin Époux, nous pouvons en avoir l'intime conviction, car quelques jours auparavant, alors qu'on lui proposait son directeur, elle répondait "Je n' ai rien sur la conscience qui soit de nature à me troubler." Celui qui recevait les confidences de son âme, a déclaré "qu'elle avait atteint un haut degré de perfection."

Son attrait pour la vie cachée le révèle du reste. Dans son journal de retraite elle écrivait en Août dernier: "But de la retraite. Vie cachée en Dieu avec Jésus-Christ. Moyens à employer pour y parvenir: tous ceux qui me seront inspirés par la grâce; mais il me semble que ceux auxquels je me rattache le plus, qui me reviennent le plus souvent à l'esprit, que je goûte davantage sont: l'abnégation, l'oubli de moi-même pour le prochain. Si Dieu me laissait libre de formuler un voeu, je lui demanderais de faire beaucoup de bien, de lui gagner beaucoup d'âmes, de consoler beaucoup de douleurs, mais tout cela sans le savoir." Plus loin, nous lisons encore—"L'idéal de ma jeunesse, le rêve de toute ma vie se trouve résumé en un seul mot—'Simplicité!' Toutes mes aspirations m'y portent, tous mes désirs intimes y tendent, et cepen-

dant ce n'est maintenant que je découvre la clef de ce mystère—"Aller droit à Dieu. Le voir en tout, le vouloir sans cesse"—désormais voilà ma ligne de conduite."

En Décembre, elle sentait s'élever de plus en plus haut les aspirations de son âme. "Oh! je veux travailler, travailler le plus possible par votre grâce," écrit-elle, le 20 de ce mois, "afin de hâter l'heure fortunée où je prendrai mon vol de cette terre d'exil pour me reposer entre vos bras aimés! Quand sera-ce, ô mon Roi? J'ai soif, j'ai faim de cet heureux moment! cependant je suis vôtre, ô Jésus, toute vôtre! disposez de moi comme il vous plaira! L'exil tant que vous voudrez pourvu que ce soit pour l'amour de vous! Le travail, la peine, mais ensuite le ciel! . . ."

Dieu a exaucé les voeux ardents de son coeur. Puisse-t-elle du haut du Ciel accorder de nombreuses grâces à l'Institut qu'elle a tant aimé et qu'elle déclarait être "ce qu'elle aimait le plus au monde après Dieu."

À quel point Sr. Marie Philomène s'était fait aimer de ses collaboratrices et de la jeunesse confiée à ses soins, les larmes, les sanglots qui éclataient pendant la douloureuse cérémonie et au départ du convoi, l'ont montré avec une éloquence qu'aucune parole ne pourrait imiter!

Après une messe qu'il a célébré à la chapelle du couvent, le R. P. Leberre a donné l'absoute, ayant à ses côtés, avec le clergé de la Cathédrale, les RR. PP. Herchenroder, Lee et Lamarche.

L'assistance était nombreuse et une grande partie a accompagné la dépouille mortelle jusqu' au cimetière de Bois Marchand.

We are not drawn to God by chains of iron, says St. Francis of Sales, but by allurements, delicious enticements, and holy inspirations. Grace is so gracious and so graciously lays hold of our hearts to draw them onwards, that it spoils in nothing the liberty of our wills. The effect produced on the soul by the first attraction of grace, he thus describes: It has sometimes happened that I see a nightingale awaking with the first dawn of the day. It begins to shake and stretch itself, to unfold its wings, and flutter from bough to bough of the tree whereon it is perched, and then begins to thrill its delicious melody.

Alumnae Column.

Madame Sembrich.

IT would be difficult for anyone who has not heard Sembrich to imagine the enchantment of an evening spent with this lovely prima donna. From the moment the crimson curtain is drawn back and Marcella Sembrich, gracious, magnetic, steps forth, the house is one continual reign of enthusiasm. At least, such was the case when the music lovers of our fair Queen City turned out *en règle* to pay their farewell homage to this captivating queen of song.

And of her voice what shall we say? The adjectives splendid—ravishing—merely suggest the beauty of her rich, mellow tones, and more than this, Madame has a large sympathetic soul that enters into her art, and truly, she sings every song as though she loved it best. Her own delight seems no less than that of her listeners. Perhaps she remembered that two rival artists, Marchesi and Gadski, had so recently preceded her in recital, and this may have inspired her to sing with that delicious abandon that has been charming the world for five and twenty years.

If no one had told us of her early life, our imaginations could hardly picture Madame Sembrich as a child of humble birth. She was, in truth, the daughter of a poor town musician, an undeveloped genius, and, mayhap, she would have been one of those flowers "born to blush unseen," had not a good fairy appeared and educated the little nightingale. Once, it is related, when quite young, Marcella went trembling to the great Papa Liszt to have him judge of her talents, when she had finished the old Abbé put his hand on the child's head, and, drawing her to him, said, "You have three pairs of wings, little one, on which to fly to fame; you can become a great pianist, a great violinist, or a great singer." But, it was only after she had heard Patti sing, that Sembrich determined to strengthen her song wings for her "flight to glory." And to-day the perfection of her art is proof sufficient of her devotion during those intervening years of student life, when she developed that talent that gives her rank amongst the great ones of this earth.

The programme she presented to her Toronto audience could not have been better chosen to display the powers of an exquisite recital artist as well as of a great prima donna. "Everything she offered was an object lesson in how the number should be sung, and a revelation of unsuspected beauty in the composition itself." The intellectual found unbounded delight in the beautiful arias, and the less ambitious rejoiced over her rendering of the smaller numbers, but that she captured all hearts was shown by the outburst of applause which greeted that most accommodating of Scotch lyrics,

"If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body need a body cry?"

Of the assisting artists it suffices to say that they were eminently worthy of their positions. The baritone, Mr. Francis Rogers, has a voice of true musicianly quality, and, apart from his duos with Sembrich, his own series of songs were given with a perfection of tone, phrasing, and emotional expression. Mr. Frank La Forge is a pianist of singular merit, and we cannot help feeling that Sembrich owes to her accompanist much of her ease and confidence. He uses no printed music but seems rather to draw his inspiration from the mood of the singer. Of him one of the most critical of our critics says, "I must remark that Mr. La Forge is the most sympathetic and artistic accompanist I have heard in a cycle of twenty years."

The musical world regrets, but, can it appreciate what this retirement from the operatic stage means to Madame Sembrich? "You must remember," she says, "that the singer's art is evanescent. We cannot perpetuate ourselves as can the painter, the sculptor, the writer. Our voices soon become memories, and then tradition. We must try to stay them when their full value is reached or understood." And, although the number of those so highly gifted as Madame Sembrich is exceedingly small, still, the world can boast of countless lesser lights, who remember that

"There is need of the tiniest candle,
As well as the garish sun,
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
So don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star,

But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are."

MERCEDES DOYLE.

PART I.

1. IMPROMPTU—F sharp major*Chopin*
MR. FRANK LA FORGE.
2. ARIA FROM ERNANI—"Ernani involami"
..... *Verdi*
MME. SEMBRICH.
3. ARIA FROM HERODIADE*Massenet*
MR. FRANCIS ROGERS.
4. (a) FORELLE*Schubert*
(b) NUSSBAUM*Schumann*
(c) FRÜHLINGSNACHT*Schumann*
(d) THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR
..... *Dr. Arne*
MME. SEMBRICH.

PART II.

5. (a) DER LIEBE HOLDESGLÜCK (Magic
Flute)*Mozart*
(b) "LA CI DAREM LA MANO" (Don
Giovanni)*Mozart*
MME. SEMBRICH AND MR. ROGERS.
6. (a) NOCTURNE—F sharp major*Chopin*
(b) STUDY IN OCTAVES*Boothe*
MR. FRANK LA FORGE.
7. (a) PASTORALE*Bizet*
(b) LOVE HAS WINGS*J. Rogers*
(c) TO A MESSENGER*La Forge*
(d) THERE SITS A BIRD*A. Foote*
MME. SEMBRICH.
8. (a) DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME (Heine)
..... *Rubinstein*
(b) CLOWN'S SERENADE.. *Isidore Luckstone*
(c) BORDER BALLAD (Walter Scott). *Corwen*
MR. FRANCIS ROGERS.
9. VALSE—"Voce di Primavera"*J. Strauss*
MME. SEMBRICH.

Standing upon an eminence that twenty centuries of Christ's civilization have erected for us, does it not seem strange there is so much of the un-Christlike about us? Reform is the word—but reform ourselves.

Letter Box.

LONDON, England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You have heard of our cordial welcome to King Manoel of Portugal, who celebrated his twentieth birthday on English soil. He crossed the Channel in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, escorted by four British cruisers. At Spithead the guns of four Dreadnoughts and four other battleships gave him welcome, and, on landing at Portsmouth, he was received by the Prince of Wales, with whom he travelled to Windsor. Here His Majesty was greeted at the station by the King, whom he was plainly delighted to meet, and showed his pleasure in the warmth of his greeting. With youthful impulsiveness he leaped from the royal saloon and embraced King Edward, kissing him on both cheeks and clasping both his hands. His enthusiasm was unconventional, and evidently came from the heart.

At the Castle, King Manoel was welcomed by Queen Alexandra, Queen Maud of Norway, the other members of the Royal Family, the great officers of the Household, Mr. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, and Sir Francis Villiers, British Minister in Lisbon.

Next day, London had its opportunity of giving welcome to Portugal's young monarch, and full well did it avail itself of the occasion. It was something more than an expression of national hospitality, something beyond the respectful salutation of an honored guest; somewhere behind the enthusiastic greeting there lurked deep and heartfelt sympathy for the illustrious youth called to his exalted station under circumstances of the deepest tragedy. And thus, from his entry into the metropolis, shortly after midday, until he left it again, three hours later, for the glorious splendors of Windsor, he received a welcome only possible when occasioned by sentiments of kindness and good will.

The military and civic spectacles were impressive, and were favored by the most cheering sunshine. His Majesty evidently felt the cordiality of the inhabitants, and said so, in choice words, at the splendid reception given by the Lord Mayor, at the Guildhall, where he and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the State coach, at noon, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets. Among the

guests who began to arrive were the Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Southwark. Shaking hands with them, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress kissed the ring worn by each of these high dignitaries of the Church.

A few minutes after one o'clock, the Royal party arrived. The Lord Mayor proceeded to the door to welcome them, and all advanced to the dais, on which was a table bearing the gold casket containing the address to the King of Portugal. His Majesty took his seat beside the Lord Mayor, the places on the Lord Mayor's left were assigned to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Sir Forrest Fulton, advancing to the foot of the dais, then read the address.

The Lord Mayor, having formally presented to His Majesty the casket and the address, which was on vellum, and beautifully illuminated, King Manoel examined them, and thanked the Lord Mayor for the gift and for his magnificent reception.

With this ceremony in the Library terminated, the Lord Mayor conducted His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses to the appointed withdrawing-room, while the other guests proceeded to take their places at the luncheon tables in the banqueting hall. His Majesty occupied the place of honor on the Lord Mayor's right, next to the King being successively seated the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Connaught, and the Marquis of Soveral. On the left of the Lord Mayor, were the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Mr. Asquith.

The Lord Mayor proposed the first toast, that of "The King and Queen Alexandra." He next submitted "The Health of the King of Portugal." In doing so he said:

I now have the great honour and privilege of giving you for acceptance this toast, "The Health of His Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal, our illustrious guest of to-day." (Loud cheers.) We are deeply honoured that His Majesty, while staying in this land with our King and Queen, has been graciously pleased to accept our hospitality, and has allowed us to present to him an address of welcome from the citizens of this great city, and to receive him in this ancient hall. It is just five years to this day that your Most Faithful Majesty's parents accepted a welcome here from the hands of the then Lord

Mayor and the Corporation. (Hear, hear.) The citizens of London well remember the striking terms in which your illustrious father referred to the fact that Portugal and England were tried and true friends—(hear, hear)—and they recall the courteous and graceful language in which he alluded to the circumstance that in the fourteenth century England gave to the then King of Portugal in marriage her fairest Princess, and that in return England received from Portugal Catherine of Braganza—whose august name is written in the land as one of the purest and noblest Queens, one who is the pride of our English Throne. (Cheers.)

Our illustrious guest of this hour has been called by God at an early age to the throne of his great nation under circumstances which elicited for him universal sympathy. (Hear, hear.) Your illustrious predecessor, Manoel the First, succeeded also at the same age as your Majesty and under similar circumstances. His was called "the Glorious Reign." (Cheers.) We pray that yours may be the same—long, auspicious, happy, peaceful, and prosperous—and this friendly land of ours will watch your career with affectionate regard and solicitude. (Cheers.) I ask your Royal Highness, your Excellencies, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, to drink to the health of "his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal," assuring him that his visit to the City of London will ever be remembered with pleasure in the hearts of the citizens. (Loud cheers.)

King Manoel's Reply.

King Manoel, on rising to reply, was received with continued cheers. Speaking in English, and in a clear and resonant voice, he said:

My Lord Mayor—Nothing could have touched me more deeply than to hear, in this ancient and imposing hall, where my dear and ever-to-be-remembered father has been so cordially received, the greetings which the honourable Corporation of the City of London have addressed to me in the eloquent words of the Lord Mayor. (Hear, hear.)

I should like, in reply to such kind words, to repeat those which my lamented father, Dom Carlos, pronounced here just five years ago, on this identical day, and which were, as many of you may remember, an impressive synthesis of the memorable events that during many centuries

have been achieved, side by side, by British and Portuguese alike. (Cheers.) Nothing had been forgotten in that speech; neither the successive alliances of the two Royal houses, nor the common glories of both countries. (Cheers.)

The conjunction of the British and Portuguese nations is as old in the history of civilization as this glorious City of London is an example unequalled of working energies and of patriotic love. (Cheers.)

I feel very proud at the warm reception of the Lord Mayor, and the Corporation over which he so conspicuously presides, composed of the illustrious representatives of this noble metropolis. But my satisfaction is increased by the touching sympathy so generously shown to the memory of my dearly beloved father, by such a King as yours, and by a nation so truly admired. (Hear, hear.)

A few years ago a distinguished admiral of your powerful navy said, during a visit to Lisbon, that his predecessors had been merely the followers of the Portuguese navigators. This may be true, but it is only just to say that it is owing to the persistent efforts of the British genius that the marvellous dream of Affonso de Albuquerque could be realized. It is natural that two nations, with such affinities, should be united by the oldest alliance registered in history. (Cheers.)

With all my heart, I hope that this old alliance will remain the same. (Cheers.)

In the political field I acknowledge, with great pleasure, it would be nearly impossible to improve it; but in the sphere, nowadays so essential, of the commercial relations, I must confess that much remains to be done in the interests of both nations—(hear, hear)—and I can assure you that my Government will not spare any exertion to attain this end. (Cheers.)

To you, my Lord Mayor; to the Corporation of the City of London, which has so heartily received me; to the great country that you represent; I want to express, in my name and in that of the Portuguese nation, the most deepfelt thanks for this splendid reception. (Cheers.)

With these feelings I propose the health of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London. (Cheers.)

The Lord Mayor, in reply, said:

On the part of the Corporation I tender grateful thanks to his Most Faithful Majesty for the

honour paid them in drinking to their health—(cheers)—and I can assure him that we shall long retain a very pleasant recollection of his visit to the City of London, and of his kindness in letting us welcome him. (Cheers.) I convey to you our sincere acknowledgments. (Cheers.)

A State banquet took place at Windsor Castle, to which one hundred and sixty guests were bidden.

The following day, the stately and brilliant ceremony of the investiture of King Manoel with the Order of the Garter brought a distinguished assemblage of Knights to the Throne Room. The room itself is a fine background for such a scene of impressive splendour. It is decorated in Garter blue and hung with portraits of great Knights. The chandeliers, with their myriad facets of cut-glass, sparkled on many jewels. A special train brought down the Knights and officials of the Order, the ceremony of the investiture of King Manoel commencing at 7.30.

When the King and Queen were seated in the Throne Room, Her Majesty being on the left, His Majesty commanded Garter King of Arms to summon the Knights, who entered the Throne Room in order, according to seniority, and took their places at the table as follows:

The Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Abergavenny, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Portland, the Earl Roberts, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Earl Carrington, the Earl of Crewe, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Durham.

By the King's command, the King of Portugal, attended by the members of his suite, was conducted from his apartments through the Waterloo Gallery between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, the two senior Knight Companions present, preceded by Garter, Black Rod, and the Secretary bearing the Insignia of the Order upon crimson velvet cushions.

The King and Queen and the Knights of the Garter received His Majesty standing, and the King of Portugal, passing to the head of the table, the Sovereign announced that His Majesty

was declared a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

The King of Portugal (in the words of the Court Circular) then took his seat in the Chair of State on the right hand of Sovereign.

Garter King of Arms, kneeling, presented the Garter to the Sovereign, and His Majesty, assisted by the Royal Knights, buckled it on the left leg of the King, the Prelate pronouncing the Admonition.

The Secretary, kneeling, presented the Star and Collar, and the Sovereign, assisted as before, affixed the Star to the left breast of the King, and handed His Majesty the Collar, which he returned to the Secretaries, the Registrar pronouncing the Admonition for the Collar.

The Sovereign then gave the accolade to the King, who received the congratulations of all present.

* * * * *

The dress in itself is also very fine, and consists of, first, the Garter, which is worn below the left knee and is of dark blue velvet, edged with gold or diamonds, the motto being in golden or diamond letters; the Mantle, already referred to, is next of importance; then there is the Surcoat of crimson velvet, lined like the Mantle and adorned on the left breast with an eight-pointed star, within which is the red Cross of St. George, the whole encircled by a miniature Blue Garter; the Hood resembles the Surcoat in colour and material, and the Hat is made of black velvet and surmounted with a plume of ostrich feathers with a central tuft of black heron's plumage, the plume being attached to the hat by diamonds. The Collar is formed of twenty-six circular medals of gold, representing the number of Knights of the Order. Suspended from the Collar over the breast is a Badge or George, an image of that saint attacking the Dragon. The Lesser George, which is similar, is suspended by a broad dark blue ribbon passing over the left shoulder and crossing beneath the right arm.

It is interesting to know that the colour of the Garter Ribbon has quite recently been changed by the King, and it is now several shades darker and may almost be termed a dark blue-grey. His Majesty, too, has altered the shape of the Star, which has been considerably elongated, and the Badge has also been slightly altered, the form of

the buckle which surrounds the figure of the saint being changed.

King Manoel's Visit to Eton College.

King Manoel later went on to Frogmore, where he had luncheon with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and in the afternoon paid a visit to Eton, where the boys gave him a right royal reception. The Royal party arrived at the famous school in a number of handsome motor-cars. In the first rode King Edward with his brother monarch, the latter now wearing the conventional winter attire of a well-to-do Englishman—a fur-lined overcoat with astrachan collar, a tall silk hat, and patent-leather boots, with fancy tops. The next motor-car was very fully occupied, the passengers being Queen Alexandra, wearing her favourite mauve with a fur toque, the Queen of Norway in black relieved by the whiteness of some fine ermine, Princess Victoria, little Prince Olaf, a perfect Boy Blue, and the Marquis de Soveral—five in all—whilst in other cars rode the English and Portuguese suites.

Schoolboys Give an Enthusiastic Welcome.

As soon as the two monarchs alighted at the main entrance to the school, the head master (the Hon. E. Lyttleton) and the Vice-Provost (Mr. F. Warr Cornish) advanced to receive them, and at the same time the boys, who in their tall hats and short jackets were ranged on each side of the approach, sent up a lusty British cheer. Next the two queens, with Princess Victoria and Prince Olaf, left their car, and then the Royal personages made up a little procession to the quadrangle. Soon the young King found himself in the very heart and centre of the classic spot. Here was Eton, a place characteristically English, that, generation after generation, has contributed its sons to every department of civil and military life, and that links together by an orderly and equable progress the ancient associations of feudal history with the freshest vitality of modern life. The young King gazed on the grand old chapel rising to the right hand. With a wave of his hand towards the venerable walls around, King Edward exclaimed, "This is a very fine old structure."

Then, ascending the steps, the Royal party passed into the chapel and all stood before the beautiful altar. The head master and the vice-

provost drew our Royal guest's attention to the huge, decorated organ pipes, and all admired a magnificent tapestry designed by Burne Jones, together with a picture of Sir Galahad, painted and presented to the school by Watts. They proceeded to Provost Lupton's chapel, where a sad note was struck as all took a glance at the tablet bearing the names of Etonians who fell in the South African War. The names of many distinguished Etonians carved on the panels of the upper school were noticed, and the lower school was also visited.

Watching a Game of Football.

Then, cheered again by the scholars, the Royal party reëntered their motor-cars and amidst dense crowds of spectators proceeded to the Timbrall, the well-known football field, where an Eton "field game" was in hot progress between A. W. Pawson's team of Old Etonians and an eleven of the school. The Royal party were accommodated with a seat which commanded a good view of the game. King Edward sat in the centre, with the King of Portugal immediately on his left, whilst next came Queen Alexandra, the visiting Monarch thus being between them. Immediately on the right of the King was little Prince Olaf, who now and again affectionately took his grandfather by the arm, the Queen of Norway and Princess Victoria. It was a charming family party. The boy monarch obviously took a keen interest in the game. He laughed with delight and seemed loth to leave the field. After about ten minutes had elapsed Queen Alexandra glanced at King Edward, and then rose as if desirous of returning to the Castle, but the young monarch with a smile said what were obviously a few persuasive words to Her Majesty, who graciously resumed her seat and thus the visit was prolonged.

In the course of the game two young Portuguese gentlemen from Beaumont College were presented to King Edward by King Manoel. They were Master D'Antonio de Fayal and his brother, sons of the Marquis de Fayal, one of the Portuguese Royal suite.

At length the party once more regained their motor-cars and, amid a renewal of the loyal demonstrations which had greeted them on their arrival, drove back to Windsor Castle.

The King of Portugal had a crowded weekend, but never, he says, had a happier one. He

had obviously a very enjoyable time after Mass to-day, when he, a youth, was among the youths of Beaumont College. King Manuel went to hear Mass at Beaumont College, sometimes called the "Catholic Eton," which was taken over by the Society of Jesus, in 1854, as a home for their novices, and has since that time educated many famous Catholics. The monarch's visit had, of course, several precedents. Queen Victoria thrice received addresses from the boys, the last occasion being in the year of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, in 1897. Queen Victoria also presented the boys with a signed portrait of herself, which occupies a place of honour in the reception-room. More recently, King Alfonso was a visitor to Beaumont.

At this school, which is controlled by the Jesuit Fathers, are gathered boys of good family, not only from England, but from France, Spain, South America and Portugal. The college stands amid wooded river scenery near Old Windsor, and has associations with the Bourbons. His Majesty motored in King Edward's private car to the college, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, M. du Bocage, and the Marquis de Soveral.

The college under the Territorial scheme possesses an officers' training corps, and the members, in khaki uniform, kept the ground before the college buildings and furnished a guard of honour with a regimental colour.

The officer in command was Captain Mayo, who in everyday life is Father Mayo, of the Society of Jesus, and is a keen student of tactics. The corps gave a royal salute when his Majesty arrived. The entrance to the church was a bower of flowers. Here were assembled the Portuguese students at the college, distinguished by a rosette of light blue and white, the national colours.

King Manoel was received by Father Charles Galton, S. J., Father Dalrymple, Father John Clayton, Father Devas and Father William Davie, and was conducted to a seat within the sanctuary. Low Mass was celebrated by Father Dalrymple, and the simple service was marked by an exquisite rendering by Mr. Albert Pinto Leite of Schubert's "Ave Maria," and "Le Ciel a visité la Terre," by Gounod. The boys finally sang their hymn to Saint Stanislaus, their patron saint. King Manoel was then conducted to the theatre of the College, where a chair of State, surrounded by flowers, was prepared for him.

The guard of honour was formed down the gangway, and saluted as his Majesty entered.

Two addresses were presented. The first was read, on behalf of the English boys, by Mr. Almeric Wood, Captain of the school. It contained these passages:

As Catholics we are proud to receive at our school a Catholic King. As loyal subjects of a Sovereign whose kingdom is the sea we hasten to welcome one whose early days were spent upon the ocean.

As schoolboys, our affectionate sympathy goes out to one who, at an age when we are but leaving school, has been called upon to wear the heavy burden of a crown, and to guide the destinies of a nation.

The ways of God's Providence are at times mysterious, and if it has pleased that Providence to call you, the youngest reigning Sovereign in Europe, to the throne at the price of a great sorrow to the House of Braganza, may we not hope that it will watch in a very special manner over the present head of that illustrious house?

Welcome to England! Welcome to Beaumont! May your reign be long, happy and prosperous, crowned with all blessing for your Royal person and your faithful people. Viva el Re Dom Manoel II.

The young monarch's lips quivered at the allusion to his youth and unexpected kingdom. After replying to the address he grasped Mr. Wood's hand and held it while he said in English, with much feeling: "Thank you. I have great pleasure in coming here to-day. Thank all the boys for me and say to each that this visit is a great pleasure to me."

Then a young pupil, De Castro, read an address in Portuguese, on behalf of the Portuguese students, expressing loyalty and affection to their King, and fervently praying that he might be given a long, happy, and prosperous reign.

The King replied in Portuguese, expressing his pleasure at hearing it, and with a boy's smile, telling young De Castro to work hard and be a good lad. He then cordially shook hands with the two boys who had read the addresses.

Before leaving, His Majesty listened to a poem, specially written by Rev. F. Devas, son of the famous writer on economics, which was recited by Master Eric Copner. Its phrases were just those of one generous boy to another:

Youth calls to youth as deep to deep
Across the sounding waste of things
That still with jealous care would keep
In loneliness the hearts of kings.

For youth, with splendid self-esteem,
O'erleaps the bars of rank and race;
To us your kinghood does but seem
A glory given your youth to grace.

The boy beneath the King we see,
And, boylike, give you of our best,
More glad than we may tell to be
The hosts of such a royal guest.

And where you knelt with us to-day
Shall many a boy's prayer plead for you,
That God may guide your arduous way
And keep you ever brave and true.

Before he left, King Manoel obtained an extra holiday for the boys, and, with youthful enthusiasm in the matter of holidays, insisted on the rector going to the front of the college and announcing that the request was granted. He had his reward in a great cheer. He also conferred the Order of Santiago on Father Galton.

The guard of honor saluted, and loud cheers were raised as His Majesty drove away.

D. M.

EDINBURGH.

DEAR RAINBOW:

An event of outstanding social importance was the union of two Historic Houses on the twenty-sixth of October, by the marriage of Captain Colin MacRae, Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, to Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, only daughter of the late Marquess of Bute, K. G., and sister of the present peer. The church bells of the Metropolis of Scotland have pealed for many historic weddings, but rarely could they have rung on the occasion of a marriage of a bride and bridegroom who, like the parties to Tuesday's ceremony, can claim royal lineage in their descent from King Robert the Bruce.

Both families thus united have a history which is interwoven with that of Scotland. The Bute family is one of the greatest in the West Highlands, and the MacRaes are an old Ross-shire family. The bridegroom is a scion of the house

of Conchra, one of the leading families of the MacRaes of Kintail. Staunch Jacobites as they were, "the wild MacRaes of Kintail" took their share in the struggles associated with the Stuart cause. The family history of the bride is illustrious, and the name is inseparably associated with the past course of events in Bute, Arran, and the Cumbraes.

St. Peter's Church, where the marriage took place, is an unpretentious little Catholic fane near the outskirts of Edinburgh. The ceremony, together with the subsequent Mass for the bride and groom, occupied about an hour and a half. Distributed throughout the seats were booklets containing the marriage service, with the Mass from the Roman Ritual and Missal. In a note it was stated that the translation from the Latin had been taken, with permission, from a version privately printed by the late Marquess of Bute; and that of the nuptial Mass had been revised, with much help, from a translation from the same pen.

Prior to the marriage ceremony proper, the principal members of the Bute family assisted at Mass in St. Andrew's Church, Ravelston, and received Holy Communion.

Music from "Parsifal" announced the coming of the procession, which proceeded slowly up the centre of the church. It consisted of the Archbishop and the Bishop of Galloway and their attendant clergy, acolytes and others, followed by the chorus men, and finally by the bride on the arm of her brother, the Marquess of Bute, and her bridesmaids. All proceeded straight to the altar, where the Bishop intoned the opening line of the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come," afterwards taken up by the choir-boys.

When all had taken their positions and the service proceeded, the scene was one of striking solemnity and beauty. Tall candles, with their crown of light, shed a mellow ray on the richly-decorated altar and on the ornate cross which dominated the whole; gorgeously-robed clergy moved about, with stately genuflexion and gesture, the sweet voices of the boys sang the fine music of the Mass; and the waving censers shed their faint aroma throughout the building. Suddenly the sunshine penetrated the windows, and all artificial light paled before the broad shafts which traversed the sanctuary. But the sun withdrew again, and left it to the dimmer illu-

minants, which maintained their sway to the close.

After the ceremony, a reception was given by the Dowager Marchioness of Bute, at Charlotte Square. The early part of the honeymoon of the newly-married pair is to be spent at Derwent, near Sheffield, kindly lent by the Duke of Norfolk, granduncle of the bride, and whose first wife, Lady Flora Hastings, was a cousin of both bride and bridegroom. Later, Captain and Lady Margaret MacRae will proceed to Egypt for some months.

E. S.

FLORENCE, Italy.

DEAR FRIEND:

Yesterday, under a blazing sun, we took the train for Florence, the "City of Flowers." I must admit that I regretted very much not having more time in Rome, because my interest in and passion for its innumerable historic places grew, the longer I remained.

In former days, about seven hundred years ago, and even later, Florence and its environs were of great importance in the history of this portion of the world. It rose to such a degree of power that it could defy large nations. Though it dates its existence back to the time anterior to Christ, its history is involved in obscurity until the eleventh century, when Charlemagne gave it a constitutional government and created it a duchy. The fierce wars and internecine feuds waged around this city have been perpetuated in song and story. Two rival parties, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, for years kept the inhabitants in a constant state of agitation. For nearly three hundred years the government was in the hands of the De Medici, until 1737, when the family became extinct. Many of the members of this house have made their names famous and enduring. Lorenzo the Magnificent and other members did much to adorn and beautify the city. They also encouraged the cultivation of the Fine Arts. It was against Lorenzo and his refined, but profligate, court that the unfortunate Savonarola thundered his most passionate denunciations. Lorenzo endeavored by lavish gifts to placate the fiery friar, but failed. Catharine, the mother of Charles IX., was a clever, lascivious, and intriguing member of this family. You will remember that it was during her *régime* that the

famous *Massacre of St. Bartholomew* took place. The Church is erroneously held responsible for this massacre, and the number of victims is greatly exaggerated.

Leo X., who lived at the time of the Reformation, was also a prominent Medici, and distinguished, like the others, for his love of display, his luxury, and splendor. Many things are written of him of an unsavory character, but it is probable that his greatest fault was his failure to enact vigorous legislation against the growing abuses, and his temporizing with corruption.

For a short time prior to 1870, Florence was the seat of the Italian government, when it was finally removed to Rome. The eminent English novelist—and, perhaps, the greatest woman writer who ever wrote in any language—lays the plot of her "Romola" in this city; and Ruskin, the polished art critic, has written a charming volume—"Mornings in Florence." Florence was also the home, or the birthplace, of many distinguished men of letters, among them and superior to all of them in genius and execution, being Dante. This celebrated poet whose "Divina Commedia" is read in every language, led a wandering life. His private life was above reproach, but his political alliances were rather unfortunate. While still quite young he rose to positions of prominence, and was more than once deputed by his government to adjust delicate points in dispute. His party having been ousted from power, he was exiled. This may have been for the everlasting good of literature, since if his time had been constantly devoted to the cares of State, he might never have enriched it with such unrivalled works of genius.

Michael Angelo was a Florentine. In many respects he was the greatest all-round genius that ever lived. He shone not only as a sculptor and painter, but also as a poet of no mean capacity.

Raphael, whose greatest productions are in the Vatican art gallery, first saw the light of day here—Giotto, Cimabue, Donatello, Fra Angelico, Brunelleschi, Bartolozzi, Arnolfo di Cambio, were either born, or lived, here.

The one whose name is surrounded with ignominy and reproach, has found a last resting-place very near Michael Angelo in the church of the Santa Croce. His views on political ethics and intriguing have been adopted by many modern politicians in every land. He encouraged and

advocated every species of dishonesty—and even murder—to remove a rival or an opponent. His name has long since become synonymous with treachery, deceit, and hypocrisy.

This morning we took a carriage for St. Mark's, famous for its mural paintings of Fra Angelico, his brother, Benedetto, their pupils, and others. It is astonishing how well preserved these pictures are and how successfully they have resisted the gnawing tooth of Time. Chief amongst the paintings are: "Silence," to denote the quiet, retired life to which the monk was supposed to be constantly devoted; "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Crucifixion," "The Madonna of the Star," "The Last Supper," "The Annunciation," etc.

Here are exhibited the room, bust, and vestments of the good Bishop Antonio, whose memory is even now cherished after the lapse of nearly seven hundred years.

Here are seen the rooms, study, chapel, and portions of the habit of the ill-fated and fiery-spirited Savonarola. There is much divergence of opinion regarding his life and motives, but it is probable that he allowed his fiery zeal and grand intellectual gifts to dethrone his judgment. He certainly led an austere life, defended in matchless eloquence the rights of the people, and uncompromisingly assailed the corruption and abuses of the times. It is said that St. Philip Neri always kept his portrait in his room, and that Pius IX. endeavored to rehabilitate him. He was burned at the stake in the public square, amidst the hideous and fiendish rejoicings of an ungrateful people. In the church of St. Mark, one can almost hear the stentorian tones of this friar, and hear the people breathing as silently as possible beneath his burning eloquence.

The Uffizi gallery is one of the richest in all Europe—perhaps, in the world. Many of the great masterpieces are exhibited in it—works of Raphael, particularly his "Leo X.," which is considered by eminent critics to be his best; his "Madonna of the Chair," which is so well known everywhere. There are more copies of it to be seen than of any other picture. Rembrandt, Del Sarto, Rubens, Van Dyke, have contributed their share to this almost limitless collection. Guido Reni, Botticelli, Titian, and Fra Angelico have done their duty toward making this gallery a constant source of wonder. In one of the rooms

is suspended from the walls—and, perhaps, escapes the attention of the casual observer—the portrait by Holbein of Richard Southwell, State Counsellor to Henry VIII. In the Pitti gallery we see the "Madonna of the Rosary," by Murillo, and Carlo Dolci has a painting of "Peter Weeping." One feels disposed to linger long over Fra Bartolomeo's "Taking down from the Cross."

The environs of Florence are much frequented by all tourists. Electric cars take you, in about an hour, to the town of Fiesole, situated on the crest of a hill, three miles' distance from Florence, and noted for its pagan ruins and its churches.

Vallombrosa—from which, it is said, Milton took his description of Paradise—is celebrated for its monastery in a valley surrounded with forests of fir, beech, and chestnut-trees. St. John Gualbert and his monks are said to have been the founders, about the middle of the eleventh century. The famous Countess Matilda of Tuscany, whose high birth, virtue, and beauty, poets and painters have lauded in verse and picture, contributed largely to the grandeur and magnificence of Vallombrosa. This noble lady was the friend and protectress of Pope Gregory VII., whom she revered as the Vicar of Christ, and considered it a duty to risk her life for his sake and for the Church he represented, if needs be. Inheriting the courage of her race, her very nature, active and poetic as it was, rendered her an earnest patriot. "My heart," she was often heard to exclaim, "burns with an ardent love for my Church and my Italy."

On Friday we took a drive around the city and were charmed with the landscapes presented to our view. We stood on the Michael Angelo Terrace and gazed on scenes not soon to be forgotten. We also skirted along the upper Arno, which is beautifully laid out in drives and walks. The Arno and the Tiber, which are so often spoken of in Roman History, are not much more than good-sized ponds. In America, they would not be dignified by the name of river, at all.

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We are now in Venice, comfortably housed and fed, but the intense heat follows us everywhere. It would be folly to attempt anything like a just computation of it. I really think, without being guilty of an egregious exaggeration, that, in

America, the thermometer would go dangerously near 150 in the shade. Our ride from Florence and Bologna was most interesting. The glimpses of mountains, occasionally afforded us, were certainly charming and inspiring. The gray green olive-trees and the little cultivated green patches, here and there, almost perpendicular in shape, were beautiful. Deep ravines and hills, rising one above the other, or following one another like a well-ordered procession, kept our vigilant propensities on the alert; while the numerous stops and the slow pace at which the train went, enabled us to converse freely and exchange amenities. Occasionally, at a flag-station—watched by the ever-faithful woman—we would encounter a tank, into which we would plunge our hands and heads for a cooling. Little lunches, consisting of bread, meat, wine, and water carefully placed in a basket—were eagerly devoured. Closing the windows in order to exclude the fetid gas, and again opening them quickly to permit the fresh air to enter, while passing through the forty-nine tunnels between Venice and Florence, were causes of endless laughter and amusement.

Venice is a very ancient city, built upon a crowded cluster of islets. It derived its name from the Veneti, one of the two nations that inhabited this region, was well known to the ancient Romans, and favorably noticed before the coming of Christ. It was a great commercial centre, and, in former times, the Republic under the proud rule of the Doges rose to such prominence and power as to defy the enmity of some of the European nations. Evidences of its greatness may still be seen in the richly-adorned and constructed churches and public buildings. The whole city is built on piles driven into the water. It is said that, after the lapse of time, these become petrified. The streets are nearly all canals. If you desire to go from one place to another, instead of hiring a carriage, you may take a gondola, or walk, as there are no horses, automobiles, or conveyances of any kind. Is it not a strange and unique situation when you are in bed at night, instead of the sound of horses' hoofs on a stone pavement or concrete, or the labored breathings of the automobile, the chattering of children, the unmusical yells of the ubiquitous pedler, or the soft, soothing strains of a violin reach your ear and disturb your much-needed

slumbers. There are many canals, of which the Canalazzo or Grand Canal is the largest. Its waters are toned off into green of all shades or the surroundings and the sky, at one time blackish, again mother-of-pearl; sometimes sparkling, then again gloomy; here smooth, there rippling, and often exhibiting most rapid changes. Along its banks have been constructed many imposing palaces and buildings. The Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, erected in 1481, belongs to the period of the Renaissance, of which movement it is a conspicuous and respectable specimen. The Palazzo Contarini Fasan is pure and full of effect in its architectural lines and is in the richest Venetian Gothic of the fourteenth century; and the Ca'd'Oro, a building of the fifteenth century, in the Oriental style, was restored by Taglioni.

The Rialto bridge is one of the sights of Venice. It consists of one arch, the span of which is ninety-one feet, and the height from the water twenty-four and a half feet. It is divided into three streets—the middle one twenty-one feet wide—and two rows of shops.

Whoever wishes to obtain a commanding view of the city and its magnificent buildings, must ascend the Capanile or Bell Tower of St. Mark's—where Galileo made many observations. This quadrangular mass of brick is three hundred and twenty-three feet high and forty-two feet square at the base.

The plan of St. Mark's is the Greek cross. The carved work, which is very profuse, is of the most exquisite description. The walls and columns are of precious marbles, the pavement of tessellated marble, and the vaulting of mosaics upon a gold ground. The principal front of this edifice has five hundred columns of various shapes and colors. Above the doorway are the four famous bronze horses which Marino Zeno brought from Constantinople, in 1205.

The numerous mosaics by distinguished artists represent the world from the creation to Moses. There is a medallion of the beardless Saviour, and, on the marble rood-screen, are statues of the Twelve Apostles, St. Mark, and the Blessed Virgin.

But my meagre account of the buildings would be lamentably and unpardonably incomplete were I to omit the Palace of the Doges, built early in the ninth century, and repeatedly destroyed—generally by fire. The present edifice dates from

subsequent periods. It contains the magnificent hall of the great council, that of the four gates by Palladio, and other memorable rooms, with embellishments and works of art by the most illustrious masters. Tintoretto was employed for years on his "Heavenly Glory," "Earthly Glory," and "The Reconciliation between Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III." Paul Veronese painted "The Glory of Venice."

The far-famed Bridge of Sighs—*ponte dei sospiri*—connects the palace with the public prison, built in 1589 by Da Ponte. Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, has immortalized it in the well-known and oft-quoted lines:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
hundred isles!

* * * * *

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and
sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can
blight."

Patrons of art will have sufficient to gratify their curiosity at the Academy. The works of the Bellini figure conspicuously here. Amongst them are the "Madonna and Child," "Madonna Worshipping the Sleeping Child," Mary with Child sitting on a cushion in front of her, between St. Catharine and St. Mary Magdalen. This latter picture, besides showing the noblest grace and womanly beauty, brings out the finest and most delicate color effects. Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" belongs to the finest work of all art. In every part of Italy St. Sebastian seems to receive a large share of the at-

tention of artists. In his church repose the remains of Paul Veronese. The tombs of Titian and Canova are to be seen in the church of St. Mary dei Frari.

Near Venice are numerous small islands—La Giudecca, San Michele, Murano—the latter is celebrated for its manufacture of glass. Lido is a sea-bathing place, much frequented by Venetians and visitors.

To-morrow I expect to have the inestimable privilege of visiting the celebrated shrine of St. Anthony of Padua, which is about one hour's ride from here. An ardent devotion to this humble son of St. Francis—and contemporary with him—and one of the lights of the thirteenth century—is being manifested all over the world. I should feel very sorry and consider myself remiss in my duty were I to return to America without having paid my highest respects to this great hero of Christianity.

While I write, the gondoliers are engaged in a ceaseless conversation about nothing, and, at the same time, replenishing their pipes, smoking cigarettes or these long cheap cigars. They are a tough, hardy, sturdy lot.

This winds up Venice and brings us very near finishing our tour—in Milan.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

Chopin says: "One arrives at art by roads barred to the vulgar; by the road of prayer, of purity of heart, by confidence in the wisdom of the Eternal and even in that which is incomprehensible."

Oak, tall and stately, but mostly sterile, thou art symbol of pride and arrogance. So unlike those small trees laden with fruit, like saintly souls, the fruit of whose virtues lower them in their humility; unnoticed by the world, but dear to the sight of God!

It is the culture of the spiritual sense which lends value and dignity to human life. It is the interior life which will give heroes, saints, and poets. We need the contemplative life as a protest to our intense and thoughtless activity. It is a portent of moral decadence when the meditative spirit dies out from the heart of a nation.

Reberies.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—Tennyson.

THE poet sings for all peoples and for all time; his song is passed from lip to lip; but he is not understood. People, including poets, are often parrot-like.

Of course, "'Tis only noble to be good." As Christians we know that anything short of the performance of our Christian duties is ignoble, is sinful; we know also that kind hearts may, nay, *should* go with coronets, and simple faith with Norman blood.

Tennyson's lines seem, at first thought, to have claim upon the present crisis, Lloyd-George's "Budget" and the House of Lords. The Finance Minister's budget imposes taxes to meet the country's needs, upon those who can pay them,—the property holders, the lords. They refuse to pay such taxes, their loyalty is not equal to the unloosening of their purse-strings. What of "Norman blood"? Ah, well, it does not suffer to any great extent, for the reason that the noble lords now possess but little of it. Three hundred years ago it felt forced, in justice to itself and to God, to go over to the people, or, in other words, to the landless.

The budget has for its defence the great Liberal party, the majority of the people, doubtless, also that very dangerous element—the socialists and anarchists. The lords may always count upon the good will of the Conservative party.

Lloyd-George's speeches make interesting reading for us "overseas." Very spicy and intense is the following:

"There has been a great slump in dukes. A fully-equipped duke costs as much to keep as a Dreadnought. They are just as great a terror, and they last longer. As long as they were contented to be mere idols on pedestals, preserving that stately silence which becomes their rank and their intelligence, all went well; but when the budget came, they stepped off their perches. They have been scolding like omnibus drivers, purely because the budget cart knocked a little gilt off their old state coach. The working classes are demanding better homes, too; they

are not satisfied with the dull gray street of the past. They don't claim palaces, but they are tired of walls and bottles. They are not satisfied with promises that the housing problem will be settled for them on the other side of the valley, because they have observed that some of the people who insist on that are also the people who choose the best houses on this side of the valley. The working classes are asking for more air, more light, more verdure, more sunshine, to recruit energies exhausted in toil. They will get it.

What better use can you make of wealth than to use it for the purpose of picking up the broken, healing the wounded, curing the sick, bringing a little more light, comfort, happiness to the aged?

These men ought to feel honored that Providence has given them a chance to put a little into the poor-box. Since they won't do it themselves, we have got to do it for them.

It's not against foreign tariffs we want to be protected. We want protection against the landlords' tariff. We are going to send the bill up, all taxes or none.

The lords are forcing revolution, but the people will direct it. Grave issues arise. Questions now whispered by humble voices may be demanded with authority. The question will be asked whether men, ordinary men, chosen accidentally from among employees, should override the judgment, the deliberate judgment of the millions of people who are engaged in the industry which makes the wealth of the country. Another question will be, who ordained that a few should have the land of Great Britain as a perquisite? Who made ten thousand people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?

Who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life-grinding labor to win a bare, precarious subsistence for himself, and when he claims, at the hands of the community he served, a poor pension of eight pence a day, he only gets it through revolution; while another man who does not toil, receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, while he slumbers, far more than his poor neighbor receives for a whole year's toil. Where did this law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are questions that will be

asked. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the peers represent, but they are fraught with rare, refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been treading a dusty road along which people marched through the dark ages and are now emerging into light."

(To be continued.)

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Among the events worthy of mention, which were too late for last month's Chronicle, the following should be accorded, at least, a passing notice. The reception of the six Promoters—Rosina McDonald, Mary Maxwell, Madeline McMahon, Neenah Brady, Kathleen O'Gorman, and Isabel Elliott—into the League of the Sacred Heart. Miss Rosina McDonald read the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, in a clear, distinct voice, after which the Reverend W. Clarke, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, delivered a very beautiful sermon, taking for his text, that soul-stirring plaint of St. Peter, "Lord, why cannot we follow Thee; I would lay down my life for Thee!" The eloquent speaker dwelt on the necessity of self-sacrifice in the vocation of every true Christian, and brought out in striking contrast, the utter selfishness of the busy world of to-day. The ceremony concluded by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The following morning we were afforded a great literary treat by the learned lecturer of the previous evening—a lecture on "The Work of an Academy."

November the first—The glorious feast of All Saints. Mass was offered by Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., who preached a beautiful sermon appropriate to the occasion.

November the third—A visit from our esteemed friend, Father Rosa, C. M. Our evening recreation was brightened by the stereopticon views of Tissot's "Life of Christ," which Father gave. Some of the juveniles had the audacity to disagree with the ideas of the artist—and breathe it not—but it is whispered that some of the seniors were of a like opinion. For instance, we

all preferred Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" and Hoffman's "Agony in the Garden" to Tissot's.

November the fourth—Miss Lillice Matthews made her *début* in "Vanity Fair," in her native city, Toronto; as did also Miss Dorothy Clarkson; while Miss Ida Coste made hers at the grand function in Ottawa. The papers devoted a considerable amount of space to the description of the gowns of these three *débutantes*, but it is not in the province of our school magazine to discuss mere trivialities, however, we wish these "maidens fair" *bon voyage* through society life's stormy career.

November the eighth—The Academy was visited by Right Reverend Dr. Duhig, Bishop of Roehampton, Australia. His Lordship is on a visit to relatives in this country, and seized this opportunity of seeing the renowned cataract. He was accompanied by Father Moynihan and Father Peel of St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

November the twenty-seventh—The holiday gave a little extra leisure, and a chosen few had the good fortune to hear a fine programme of classical music, given by Miss Ethel Newcomb in the Twentieth Century Building. The Chromatic Club engaged the services of this artist for two recitals. Miss Newcomb is a pupil of the renowned Leschetizky, and, for a time, was one of his assistant teachers. Richard Strauss, the celebrated composer, was loud in his praise of the scholarly playing of this artistic pianiste.

The programme was as follows:

- Bach—Prélude and Fugue, for the organ, arranged for the piano by Liszt.
- Beethoven—Sonata Appassionata, F minor, Opus 57.
- Weber—Aufforderung zum Tanz.
- Mendelssohn—Three Songs without Words, and Scherzo in E minor.
- Glück-Saint-Saens—Caprice from the opera Alceste.
- Schubert—Impromptu, C minor, Moment Musical, Military March.

HAZEL FREEMAN.

When things unpleasant befall thee, think of God's eternal decrees.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

The following quaint greeting from the Hamilton Bard—the bard who so chivalrously "quaffed a cup" to the *Staff* on the Canadian Thanksgiving Day—was the mystic charm of our merry-making and a prelude to a genuine Hallowe'en frolic.

A hale and happy Hallowe'en.
To the radiant RAINBOW and its Queen!
And may its stout and sterling Staff
Have something over which to laugh
At leisure when they crack their nuts
Within their high and heavenly huts!
I hope, however, though they see
My likeness, they won't laugh at *me*.
I may not be a genuine gem,
But I am always

W. M.

November the first—Rarely has a more cordial welcome been given to former pupils than that extended, to-day, to Mrs. Cooley—née Mabel Kean—and her sister, Miss Cyrena Kean, both graduates of Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls. While rejoicing to find at Mt. St. Mary, Religious who, at one time, had been their teachers—and have continued to be their friends—they must have realized that pupils of the Institute are always loved, always kindly remembered, no matter where their pathway lies.

November the third—The interest and industry of the Fifth Form in studying the secrets of plant and insect life, met with encouraging approval, in the shape of a prize for the best collection of insects—the fortunate winner being Marion James.

The following nature students—Cecilia Coughlan, Laura Leyes, Pearl Bessey and Edith Cutter—also had the honor of drawing for the coveted reward.

If Cecilia and Laura continue their research as eagerly as heretofore, the world may expect, some day, a ponderous volume, entitled "Notes on Botany or Zoology"—thus we have seen their manuscripts labelled!

November the fourth—The annual election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary—President, Clara Doyle; Vice-President, Mary Battle; Sacristan, Mary Gordon; Librarian, Julia Fahey.

November the sixth—"The Maidens of the Round Table"—an antique mahogany table in the centre of the room, around which they are seated, suggested the name—St. Catharine's Literary Circle—held their eighth meeting in the sanctum—a veritable beehive of beneficial activity, wide in its scope, for the discussion of current events, and where much that books have to teach is given more entertainingly, more compactly, and more pointedly, in conversation, which is the fundamental factor in education and refinement, and the primary test of both.

Already we have felt the benefit of the work accomplished along many lines of intellectuality, the breadth of culture acquired at these meetings, which have been from the very beginning so harmonious and congenial in every way, that coming to them has been a pleasure to anticipate—and one always realized.

November the ninth—A half holiday and a taffy pull, at the request of our esteemed friend, Reverend R. E. Brady, the genial Pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, who paid us one of his welcome visits, the evening before, and, being a loyal subject of King Edward, would fain see his birthday observed with due rejoicing, especially by those who have the ability to rejoice as we have!

Father Brady introduced many topics, but it was a genuine delight to hear him discourse on Dr. Drummond and give extracts from his poems, which are so deservedly popular in many lands, but nowhere so loved as in Canada, the home of the *habitant* whom he has immortalized.

We made the happy discovery that Father Brady is a good reciter—we always knew him to be a capital raconteur—and he possesses a fund of anecdote and reminiscence that holds the rapt attention of his audience while he speaks.

November the fourteenth—Anna McSorley's birthday party. What a function the little maid's sixth anniversary was! Seated at the head of the table, with her sister, Ruth, on her right, her friend, Janet, on her left, and the other little ones placed where they could best enjoy themselves, Anna looked radiantly happy—as did her guests as they feasted their eyes on the tempting display of delicious sweets in their trimmings of lacé paper and ribbons, and the birthday cake

towering from the centre of the table in all its frosted glory!

A pretty feature of the occasion was the donning of the gay Normandy caps, sunbonnets, Priscilla caps, &c., which were concealed in the favors. Gazing on the animated scene, we could not but wish that life might be one long birthday fête for the little people.

November the twenty-third—In response to the kind invitation of our talented elocution teacher, Miss Irving, we attended a recital given by her pupils in the Centenary Lecture Hall. They were assisted by Mr. J. Parnell Morris—tenor—and Mr. Leslie H. Roberts—pianist—London, Ont.

Mr. Morris contributed "O Loss of Sight" and "Total Eclipse," from Oratorio, "Samson"—Händel—"La Donna é mobile," from Opera, "Rigoletto"—Verdi—"Lend Me Your Aid," from "Queen of Sheba"; "A Dream," from songs from "The Turkish Hills"; "Love a Captive,"—Chaminade—"Good-Bye"—Tosti.

Mr. Robert's number was "Liebesträume." No. 3.—Liszt.

The programme was an attractive one, and the manner in which it was rendered reflected great credit on Miss Irving and her pupils.

November twenty-fifth—Two little girls—Ruth and Anna McSorley—enjoyed a glorious Thanksgiving in the company of their Aunts Anna and Frances, who had journeyed all the way from Buffalo to spend the day so dear to Uncle Sam's daughters, with them. Joy winged every moment, bonbons, post-cards, ribbons, gloves and all sorts of pretty things with which stores overflow, in anticipation of Christmas-tide, were purchased. To see them, one would say that Santa Claus had already come. Then there was the frolic with "brother John"—merry enough to indemnify them for those months of separation—with the memory of it to last until they meet again beneath the glittering Christmas tree.

December the fourth—A musical treat of a high order, for which we were indebted to the kind thoughtfulness of Miss Jean Hunter, our violin teacher, under whose bâton the Hamilton Ladies' String Orchestra held us spellbound for an hour and a half.

Not only was the programme admirably chosen for variety, beauty, and interest, but also it was rendered with such delightful art as to leave no room for criticism. Contrasts were brought out, some really lovely effects of delicacy and shading were obtained, and withal there was shown a spirit and precision that were truly admirable. The enthusiasm of the audience grew more and more as the fine work of the orchestra became apparent in one number after another; and the close attention and warm proof of appreciation given must have been very gratifying to Miss Hunter and the members of her efficient organization, who are making such efforts for the furtherance of musical cultivation in the city.

Harp solos by Mrs. Aldous, and a cornet solo, "Robin Adair"—which came with the charm and character of old airs—by Miss Kathleen Snider, with harp accompaniment by Mrs. Aldous, were attractive features of the programme.

The concert, which was a source of education alike to music lovers and music students, afforded pleasure unalloyed from beginning to end, and Miss Hunter is to be congratulated on the splendid results attained under her quiet, yet effective conductorship.

PROGRAMME.

1. March *Starke*
2. (a) Reverie, Tone Poem.....*Roberts*
 (b) Serenade *Pierné*
 (c) La Guitare*E. Nevin*
 (d) 'Twas a Lover and his Lass...*E. Nevin*
3. Harp Solo

MRS. ALDOUS.

4. Äses Tod, Anitras Dance (from Peer Gynt Suite)*Grieg*
5. Cornet Solo, Romance.....*Gounod*

MISS KATHLEEN SNIDER.

6. (a) Hungarian Dance, No. 5....*Brahms*
 (b) Träumerei *Schumann*
 (c) Letty Salad Gavotte, from Opera "Ptarmigan" *J. E. P. Aldous*

7. Harp Solo

MRS. ALDOUS.

8. (a) Spring Song *Mendelssohn*
 (b) Intermezzo, Love's Dream After the Ball *Czibulka*
9. Carmen Selection *Bizet*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Accompanist, MISS GWENDOLYN ELMSLIE.

December the eighth—His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling received two of the young ladies—Margaret Gordon and Teresa Coughlan—into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; and nine—Beatrice McBrady, Eileen O'Brien, Mary Farrelly, Louise Voisard, Muriel Drescher, Clara Overend, Josephine McCabe, Kate Nolan, and Marion James—into the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

A Blue Ribbon of Honor was given to Muriel Folkes; and Green Ribbons of Honor were given to Helen Smith, Ferne Davidson, Edna Witherup, Pearl Bessey, and Edith Cutter.

How inspiring were the words of our beloved Bishop in their irresistible appeal to our hearts, on this preeminently beautiful feast of Our Lady, whose virtues he exhorted us to imitate, especially her humility, charity, and purity, in compliance with the promises the newly-received had just made.

Referring to the angels, and to the invisible and the visible world, His Lordship suggested that we withdraw our thoughts as much as possible from the latter—were we not sent here, perhaps, to be weaned from it?—and learn the lesson so necessary to know, that one thing only shall avail us when it has faded and its hopes are dead,—and that one thing is the salvation of the soul. By so doing we shall join with the angels in giving glory to God, and fit ourselves for that peace which is the greatest blessing our Saviour has brought us from heaven; the greatest happiness we can enjoy here upon earth, and an earnest of the eternal peace and joy we hope to find hereafter in heaven.

The ceremony ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by His Lordship, assisted by Reverend J. Arnold, our kind chaplain.

After tea, an informal hour was spent with His Lordship in the parlor, where he entertained us delightfully—as the merry peals of laughter that were heard echoing through the halls fully testified. How we envy His Lordship his wonderful memory and gift of apt quotation!—and we feel sure that many of our sister students envy us the rare privilege we enjoy in being guided by a venerated and beloved Father, who is so rich in gifts of heart and mind.

December the twelfth—We attended Solemn High Mass, coram pontifice, sung by Very Reverend Dean Mahony, V. G., at St. Mary's Cathedral, where the Forty Hours' devotion was going on. An impressive sermon was preached by Reverend J. B. O'Connor, O. P., who took for his text, "For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved."

In the afternoon, we again paid our homage to the Sacramental King and received, we trust, Christ's own benediction, in full measure.

December the fifteenth—Congratulations to Miss Eileen O'Brien, who has secured the prize for obtaining the highest number of subscriptions for the RAINBOW—chiefly through the generosity of her Baltimore friends, to whom we desire to express our appreciation.

December the twenty-first—Everywhere a joyful holiday atmosphere, and the subtle influence of the genial approach of Christmas. Not all the gloom of leaden winter skies can deaden the mysterious, cheerful spirit which heralds the approaching day of days. Everyone has some joyous secret to preserve carefully, for while there remains a kindly spark in human nature, Christmas will shed a peculiar warmth upon a wintry world.

The call of the gay red Christmas bells, the temptation to smell the pungent fir-trees, to see the eager faces, and feel the joy of being a part of the great throbbing, smiling, gift-laden throng, account for a shopping expedition today. What would Christmas be without the pleasure of the last hurrying moments? Half of the enjoyment lies in these few days when the final preparations for the great feast are under way, and the finished presents are being prepared for departure—for Christmas is unique in the thought for others that underlies all its customs.

And now we are yearning for the glad refrain of the angels—the song has not yet died away! May the Venite Adoremus find a responsive chord in our hearts—and in the hearts of our friends—to whom we wish an abundant share in the peace and joy of this blessed Christmas-tide.

MARY GORDON.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

October the seventh—One of these invigorating, ideal autumnal days, when Nature displays herself to perfection. Such was the day when six of our brilliant Seniors were permitted to visit Riverdale Park. This is a charming spot, and, although its natural scenery is magnificent, one of its chief attractions lies in its wonderful "zoo." The party arrived here about two o'clock, and spent a most enjoyable afternoon, returning only in time for study.

October the eleventh—Four of our Seniors, accompanied by their teachers, spent a delightful morning on the glistening waters of fair Ontario.

October the twelfth—Nellie O'Brien entertained her friends at a birthday party. Everything passed off nicely, and the speeches and toasts added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

October the seventeenth—At half-past two this afternoon, we were honored by the presence of Miss Eva Mylott. Her voice rang out clear and sweet, in Loreto's spacious concert hall, accompanied by Miss Moroney.

After having rendered "Caro Mio Ben," in her most excellent style, Miss Mylott gave us some simpler selections, amongst which "The Little Irish Girl" elicited well-merited applause. With feelings of gratitude to this far-famed contralto, we filed out of the hall, after an hour of genuine pleasure.

October the twenty-second—To-day the four-o'clock bell had a more joyful tinkle than usual. Never before did books disappear more quickly, nor dressing-rooms hold such merry bands. At six o'clock the majority of the girls were out enjoying Thanksgiving festivities to their hearts' content. Very few remained in, but, from all accounts, no one seemed to regret it. On Saturday afternoon a motor-ride was proposed and readily accepted and for two hours, several of the girls visited Toronto's beautiful surroundings. Sunday and Monday brought their own joys. Tuesday closed the holiday, and I think each and everyone did ample justice to these days of relaxation and amusement.

October the twenty-seventh—Our first visit to Massey Hall, this season, to hear Miss Mylott

sing once more. Her voice rang out, especially clear and beautiful in her duets with Dr. Lawson. We all enjoyed it immensely, and were loath to leave, although the hours were rolling by.

November the first—At the meeting of the Children of Mary, held to-day, Alberta McNab was elected President, Florence Malone, Vice-President, Myra Street, Secretary, Bessie Gauley, Treasurer, and Blanche Goodrow, Sacristan.

November the second—This evening a very interesting concert, given by the Second School, displayed the dramatic talents of the ambitious young ladies of that division.

PROGRAMME.

“The Last Rose of Summer”
Full Chorus.

Piano Solo—Valse Chromatique*B. Godard*
Miss Helen O'Reilly.

Vocal Solo—“The Fairies”
Miss Louise Foy.

Drama—“Snow-White”

Dramatis Personæ:

Princess Snow-White*Marguerite Street*

Queen*Claire Cosgrove*

Prince*Edith Smith*

Karl, the Huntsman*Vivian Delaney*

Seven Dwarfs*Mary Sullivan*

Teresa O'Reilly, Mary McCormick, Dorothy Russel, Marion Smith, Evelyn Barry, Alice Rochereau de la Sabilière.

The libretto of this operetta is founded upon Grimm's well-known fairy tale of “Snow-White.”

Scene I—A festival held on the occasion of Snow-White's sixteenth birthday. Amidst the rejoicings of the forest children, the queen enters, and, much to her disgust, discovers the great popularity of Snow-White. She can not believe it, so has recourse to her “Magic Mirror,” but, alas! 'tis true.—Snow-White is the most beautiful woman living. Jealousy now gives way to treachery, and we soon see this haughty queen demanding her life, by the hand of Karl, the huntsman.

Scene II—Karl refrains from complying with the queen's wishes and leaves poor, timid Snow-White alone in the dark, dreary forest. But she is not alone, for presently the forest children, her loyal subjects, come again to greet her.

We here meet a lonely, dejected prince, looking for his companions. Karl returns, with food for Snow-White, but finds that she has gone. The prince is now aroused to pity, and from pity is incited to love, and immediately begins an ardent search for her.

Scene III—Snow-White has found a home, at last, and is comfortably established in the abode of the dwarfs. But, through her “Magic Mirror” the queen finds she is still living, so attempts several means for her life.

Scene IV—This completes the drama, and as everybody has read Grimm's Fairy Tales, we all know the happy marriage of Snow-White and the prince.

The evening closed with the beautiful strains of “Holy God, we praise Thy Name.”

November the fifth—This evening we had the pleasure and honor of listening to Father Roche, who spoke very impressively of John Boyle O'Reilly, our famous Irish-American poet.

November the seventh—This morning, at ten o'clock, we had a very pleasant visit from Father Welsh of Vancouver, and Very Rev. E. B. Bunoz, O. M. I., V. G., of the Yukon. Father Bunoz gave us a very interesting account of his northern settlement, stating that they had no need for artificial light during six months of the year. Also, that many people had wrongly-conceived ideas of the climate—'tis only in unusual weather that the thermometer falls below thirty or forty. Then, the process of obtaining the gold from the quartz was a subject of great interest. Father Welsh, who is parish priest of the Church of “Our Lady of the Holy Rosary,” Vancouver, said that some years ago, while visiting in Rossland, a mining town of British Columbia, he met a young lady who told him of her intention of coming to Loreto Abbey. He did not think then that he would ever have an opportunity of visiting the Abbey. This was quite interesting to us, as the young lady is now one of our boarders.

Both Father Welsh and Father Bunoz, O. M. I., V. G., were returning West from the Plenary Council in Quebec. They both seemed agreeably surprised with our East and extended a cordial invitation to us, to renew this acquaintance, if ever travelling in the West.

November the tenth—Once more these delicate privileges are attacked—but this time very satis-

factory permission is granted to attend "The Mystic Rose," presented in St. Patrick's Church. The performance began at eight-thirty, and did not end until "fairy time."

November the fourteenth—This morning a second Mass was celebrated by Father Proulx, who was returning from Nicolet, from the funeral of Mgr. Proulx, his brother. Father Proulx visited us in the evening, and, after a few choice words on Vocations, he spoke of the good qualities of his Chapleau girls. Needless to say, we had learned to appreciate them some time ago!

November the twenty-third—Sister Carita and Sister Philomena, of the "Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart," who have been visiting us for the past week, left to-day for New York. They came formerly from Italy, but are now in New York. For some time they have been travelling in the interests of America's Italians, and in Canada have visited all the cities from Montreal to Winnipeg.

November the twenty-fifth—To-day being the feast of Saint Catharine, and also the American Thanksgiving, our "French girls" and Americans were reminded of the fact by a delightful little "feast."

We were all delighted to meet Miss Elise Robider—one of our sister students at the Falls—who spent a portion of her Thanksgiving holidays with us.

November the thirteenth—At five o'clock, we all assembled in the chapel, to listen, with great pleasure, to His Lordship Rev. A. Pascal, Bishop of Prince Albert, Sas., who spoke of his life amidst the Indians. He was accompanied by Father Burke, of the Extension, who opened the evening, by introducing to us "the Bishop of that country of which you have all heard, and of which you are hearing more every day, as being most prosperous in every way. We hope that it will continue to prosper, and that the Catholic Church will there flourish and thrive. The Bishop has spent a great number of years teaching among the Indians in the Western part of that great country stretching North until it strikes the Pole. He is, in reality, the Bishop of the North Pole."

His Lordship then began his address, first giving us a glimpse of his early life in the South of France, when college days seemed so trying that

he even wrote to leave, as he did not wish to be a priest. But, finally, the day came when he hoped and longed for his ordination.

Forty years ago, there was a missionary from Rome, travelling through France, to find willing souls for the conversion of America's Indians. It was then that Bishop Pascal, though only a young man, began his holy career. Then came his life in the Seminary at Montreal. Such was his desire to become a real missionary that he did everything possible—he even allowed his beard to grow—so that he might be sent into the wilderness.

Finally, the day came, and Bishop Pascal, then Father Pascal, began to realize the ambition of his life: Thirty-five years ago he passed through Toronto, and on up to Winnipeg, where he employed oxen, and a guide to bring him safely over the cold, lonely prairie."

It was grand to see the numerous Fathers, at night, about the blazing camp-fire, praising God and singing canticles. All through the journey they met only Indians, and often could not pass without giving them provisions.

There were very many different Indian races—the Crees, Reindeer Eaters, Jibways, and Eskimos—scattered in all directions. These Indians had no idea about God or the outside world. They knew very little about priests and traders. Some one told them of these priests wearing long, black cassocks, and from this they called them "Black Robes."

They had very difficult matters to contend with in their solitude, but ever was peace to be found before the Tabernacle, however lonely a home it was.

Looking at our grand edifice, Bishop Pascal exclaimed: "If I only had a church like this, I should die for joy!" His Lordship gave us a very kind invitation to render all aid possible to his Indian friends.

November the thirteenth—Dr. Teefy and Dr. Kidd have resumed their lectures. Last Thursday evening, Dr. Teefy opened his lecture course with an interesting sketch of his visit to Quebec, while attending the Plenary Council. He then recalled to us the subject of last year's lectures—the Church—proving to us the Divinity and Humanity of Christ. He drew a vivid picture of fervent Christians, coming from beneath the protecting wings of the Catacombs and

forming the pillars of our present Church—that Church “against which the gates of hell shall not prevail” for “I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”

This evening, Dr. Kidd, also, reviewed his past year’s work—the Commandments—and especially, “I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before me.” He showed us how thankful we should be that God had been pleased to bestow such a blessing as Faith upon us, when we think of the numbers of creatures who have never been enlightened. Some were enlightened morally, for let us glance back to the pages of history. When did Literature, Science and Art reach higher perfection in Greece and Rome than under the power of pagan emperors? Dr. Kidd caused us to realize how easily “we could have other gods before Him.” This has been in all ages, and ever will be. Even, when God left His “chosen people,” for a short time, did they not once more fall into idolatry?

Both evenings were very instructive and interesting, and now each Thursday evening has its own pleasure to be anticipated.

November chronicles one more parting—one more of our earthly number taken to the Heavenly Home. In the death of our dear Mother Eucharía we have seen the fitting close of nearly fifty years of generous devotion in the service of the Divine Master. Could she have chosen for herself, how well we know, she would have wished to suffer much, and it is only now we can understand how these last years must have been for her a hidden martyrdom of pain, till the suffering became too much for the frail frame, and the sweet spirit fled to its celestial atmosphere. In the many years of religious life and many of superiorship, she widened the circle of her influence, and it was a Divine Providence that placed her in these last years as the Mistress of Novices that we might remember the gentle, unchanging attitude of her mind in health and pain, in joy and sorrow, towards the all-loving Father.

She is not the first of her family to appear before the judgment-seat as a daughter of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, and she leaves to the earthly Institute still her three sisters, Sr. M. Delphina, Sr. M. Demetria and Sr. M. Mt. Carmel, to whom we extend our loving sympathy.

The veil that separates us from the blessed

dead is oftentimes very thin, and we can feel the helpful thoughts come down to us from them like the long rays of a star seen through our tears. Life’s last hour makes life look short, indeed, and happy are those whose last hour finds them ready through years of habitual trust and confidence in the All-Merciful Providence.

When we realized that our little mother was really speeding away from earth, we fancied how she would say, “Whatever the Lord wants,” and once more the funeral tapers were but Heaven’s distant lamps, seen but dimly through these mists and vapors.

The day of her earthly farewells was a day, indeed, well chosen to climb the golden steps of Paradise, the Feast of Our Lady’s Presentation. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the *Lucey* Chapel, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop, by Very Rev. Dean McGee, of Stratford, where Mother Eucharía had been Superior since September. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. O’Malley, of Toronto, and Rev. Fr. Staley, C. S. B. There were several other priests present, and many friends to pay their last tender respects.

MARY RODDEN.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Guelph.

September the sixteenth—We, Guelph girls, seem singularly favored by that fickle dame, called “Fortune,” who has shown her partiality in many ways—to-day, especially. Just as we were regretting the fact that, owing to Father Connolly’s absence, there would be no instruction, a message was received that his place was to be supplied by Father Campbell, the famous lecturer. His talk on the “Church and Creed” was most interesting and we only wished it had been longer.

September the nineteenth—We certainly enjoyed a great treat in hearing Father Campbell’s lecture on the “Early Missions in Canada.” This subject, so dear to the hearts of all true Canadians, was treated in a most skilful manner, and the perfect flood of eloquence with which the lives of these men were described, held us spell-bound until the last word. Father especially spoke of the life of Father Jogues—the great Jesuit, whose life fills all with admiration, wonder and reverence.

September the twenty-fifth—Our first Saturday evening, this year, we spent in telling the new boarders of the wonderful Literary meetings which we had held on those evenings last year. So enthusiastic did we become that even our hearers caught our spirit, and when Sister asked us if we wished to reorganize our club, we nearly overwhelmed her with our applause. The election of officers took place; and this settled, we had a talk about our plans for the year, and the club-pins we were to get. The pleasant memories of last year's meetings stand second only to the enjoyment we expect to find in our meetings this year. The following appointments were made: President, Miss Rena Doran; Treasurer, Miss Stella Heffernan; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Foley.

September the twenty-sixth—To-day, Father Devlin told us a great deal about his missions among the miners of the Maritime Provinces. Many of the miners are Catholics, and the child-like faith they show in the teaching of the Church, is most edifying. Among other experiences, Father told us he had once been in a mine 1000 feet deep, and 100 feet under the sea. He also described to us the interior of the mine and the manner in which the work was done. So interested were we that no one felt the time passing, and when Father said the allotted time was up, all were greatly surprised.

October the third—A retreat for all the school-children of the parish was given by Father Devlin, and, although some of us no longer consider ourselves children, we were glad to be included in that list, this time.

Over seven hundred children took part in the mission, which was a splendid success. Father's simple eloquence worked wonders and the demonstration at the close was the crown of the good work, which, no doubt, will bring about great results.

October the ninth—The afternoon of this ideal autumn day we spent at "Riverside Park." Nothing, we thought, could be more beautiful than the fairy-like scenes around us. The gorgeous splendor of the coloring on tree and bush called forth bursts of admiration from all. It was then proposed to go out for a row on the river which flows through the park. This suggestion was promptly carried into effect, and, in

this way, we spent a great part of our afternoon. Finally, we returned home, where we found supper ready, and to our great astonishment, discovered we were really hungry!—a fact we had completely ignored until this time.

October the twenty-seventh—Another pleasure was afforded us when we heard that we were to attend the concert given by the members of St. John's Club. We always greatly enjoy these entertainments, and this one certainly proved no exception. The time passed all too quickly, and it was not until we reached home that we realized how late it was, and how soon it would be six o'clock.

November the seventh—The lecture on Champlain, given by Father Campbell, was another unexpected, and therefore doubly welcome, surprise. Father's enthusiastic love of the subject proved infectious, and our interest and admiration increased as we listened. Father first described to us a part of the tercentenary celebration, and told us of the many ways in which the Canadian people displayed their love and admiration for the saintly hero, who did so much for their native land. He then dwelt briefly on the life of Champlain, and pointed out striking examples of his patience, valor, patriotism and trust in God. It is almost needless to speak of the intense interest with which we listened to the speaker. Father possesses the happy faculty of holding our attention, and the charm of his manner, combined with the fascination which the subject holds for all, made us listen breathlessly to his lecture.

Our much-talked-of club-pins have finally arrived and Sister has been as some one said, "the centre of gravity" ever since. We are justly proud of our name of "Mary Ward Literary Club," and often congratulate ourselves on being the first to choose for patroness our dear foundress.

November the seventeenth—All the members of the M. W. L. C. greatly enjoyed the talk on Mary Ward, which was so ably given. We felt proud of our patroness, before, but now our enthusiasm and love are almost unbounded. The speaker especially dwelt on the good Mary Ward had done for future ages by founding a community of uncloistered nuns and on the many, many difficulties placed in her path, not only by

enemies but also by mistaken, but well-meaning, persons. She was not destined to find the reward of her labors on earth, and it was not until many years after her death that her name was cleared of the charge of heresy which was brought against her.

November the twenty-second—Monday was indeed "Blue Monday," for all day long it rained and the gloomy appearance of everything outdoors even made its effects visible in the unusual quiet and depression indoors. But all the good fairies formed a league in our favor and, that evening, while all was still, the transformation took place. For when we rose next morning the scene was so different from what we last saw, that we almost believed ourselves to have been transported to some part of fairy-land. The trees, shrubs, and everything were covered with ice, which sparkled like diamonds in the sun. In our evening walk, we saw so many pretty scenes that to describe them all would be impossible. One hill, with a row of stately pines on each side, looked particularly beautiful, as the sunbeams played on the snow-covered trees.

November the twenty-sixth—This was the date fixed for the annual concert of the Presto Choral Club, and our joy and excitement were unbounded when we learned we were to attend it.

Never did a day seem so long as the 26th. But, finally, all the "fixings and fussings" were over, and our little party of ten gaily set out for the Opera House, where the entertainment was to be given, and there we spent a most delightful evening.

Our day-dreams certainly proved to be more than true, and no greater tributes of honest admiration were paid Madame de Moss than the words of praise in which we spoke of her.

It is hard to say what number on the programme was our favorite, for all were so charming and so exquisitely rendered that it is difficult to find which we preferred. "The Song of the Vikings" was splendid, and "Robin Adair" made good its claim as one of the "old favorites." "Come Out, Mr. Sunshine," a quaint little song in the negro dialect, won much applause, and the selection from Stevenson, which Madame de Moss sang in response to an encore, took the whole house by storm. On the whole, our even-

ing was a very, very pleasant one, and will long be remembered

GERTRUDE FOLEY.

School Chronicle, St. Mary's Academy Joliet, Ill.

To-day, October the first, opens the month of the Holy Rosary and this year it falls on the First Friday, a beautiful day to begin our daily devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

October 2nd, the Feast of the Holy Angels, affords us an opportunity of showing our appreciation of our devoted Mother on the day dedicated to her holy patrons. Our efforts are amply rewarded by her kind and grateful words.

October 12th, the anniversary of the founding of America by Columbus, is celebrated to-day. The nuns have generously granted us a holiday. Masses in honor of the day were celebrated in all the churches, by request of the Knights of Columbus.

October 20th. The Elocution Classes were resumed this morning, with Miss Kelly, of Chicago, in charge. We look forward to many pleasant hours with her.

October 26th. Rev. Mother Ignatia, accompanied by Mother Gonzaga, arrived at the convent last night. We are anticipating our usual visit from Rev. Mother and hope to have the pleasure of meeting Mother Gonzaga.

October 27th. Miss Kelly met her classes for the second time this term.

October 28th. The girls of the Senior Class announce a social for to-morrow afternoon.

October 29th. The social, as announced, was held this afternoon in the recreation room, which was prettily decorated in the Hallowe'en colors, burnt orange and black, with jack-o'-lanterns. After refreshments were served, the hostesses entertained us with song and verse. Then followed a happy time spent in amusements, and before we realized it, six o'clock had come and we had to say good-bye, hoping to spend such another afternoon.

October 31st. The boarders of the Academy surprised the nuns with a very enjoyable programme, the chief features of which were an essay on Hallowe'en by Miss Ella Hoermann, and a play entitled "The Ghost of an Idea." Miss Emma Bruce, as the twentieth century school

girl; Miss Corinne Voorhees as her companion; Miss Ella Hoermann as Ghost, and Miss Mary Deiss as Latin teacher, played their parts with decided success. MARIE F. HIGGINS.

St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

Chronicle for November.

October has swiftly passed and we have November with us. Perhaps it will not come again, we do not know, so let us try and practise the devotion of the Holy Souls with all possible zeal and fervour.

November 1st. The Feast of All Saints. How dismal it seems outside in contrast to the brightness and happiness within, for what is a feast-day but a bright and happy one in our calendar.

November 12th. We enjoyed an exceptionally interesting lecture to-day, given by Mr. Seumas MacManus, of Mount Charles, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

November 19th. The day for our examination in English. We have finished Milton's Minor Series, which included L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus and Lycidas. They have proved themselves a pleasure rather than a task. Milton has been placed upon our list of friends for the time to come.

November 24th. The holiday spirit prevails for this evening we are to be dismissed for a short vacation. We hope to resume our work with renewed interest on Monday, November twenty-ninth. ELLA MAY LITTLE.

St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

School reopened on the sixth of September. There were, of course, many new faces, but alas, some of the old ones were missing! It was difficult to realize that the happy group of elder girls from whom we had parted in July, were now so widely separated, their homes being in England, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco.

For the first few days we found much to talk of. One topic was the appointment of Lord Kitchener of Kartoum to the responsible post of

High Commissioner of the Mediterranean. His admirers will see him often in Gibraltar. At present, the post is temporarily filled by our highly esteemed Governor, Sir Frederick Forestier Walker.

American visitors are always most welcome at Europa. This term, we had the honour of receiving two highly distinguished prelates from the States—Mgr. McNamee, of Brooklyn, who celebrated Mass in the convent chapel; and, later on, we were delighted to welcome the Right Reverend Mgr. Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis, who is at present resident in Rome. His Grace, who is a most interesting conversationalist, addressed us in English, French, Spanish, and Italian. Readers of "By What Authority" and "The King's Achievement"—and there are many in our school circle—were pleased to learn that the venerable Archbishop had assisted at the ordination of Father Hugh Benson, in Rome.

On the ninth of November, the sixty-eighth birthday of His Majesty the King was celebrated. For the third year, in succession, the elements proved extremely unfavorable to its full celebration, and the parade of the Garrison at the North Front did not take place. At daybreak, the Union Jack was hoisted at the Rock Gun. The warships in the harbor, the Boarding and Signal Stations, were dressed with flags in honor of the occasion, and there was also a display of decorations about the town, and at different Consulates. At midday Royal Salutes were fired. At one o'clock, p. m., a Spanish gun-boat entered the harbor and General Don Julio de Bazan, Governor of Algeciras, shortly afterwards entered a launch and proceeded to the Governor's Landing Stage, while salutes were fired by H. M. S. Cormorant and the French cruiser, Du Chayla. There was a noteworthy addition to the crowd of spectators assembled to witness the arrival of the Governor of Algeciras. As His Excellency and his Cavalry Escort came through Southport Gate, six of the largest Rock monkeys could be seen on the top of the gate, evidently taking a great interest in the proceedings.

Premium Day repeated itself on the twelfth of November. Although the outer world was wrapped in the gloom of a weeping Levanter, nothing could damp the spirits or mar the sunshine of the pupils assembled to reap the reward of the past year's studies.

His Lordship Right Reverend G. Barbieri, V. A., accompanied by Monsignor Chincota, with his usual kindness, presided and distributed the prizes and certificates—a list of which appeared in the October number of the RAINBOW.

At the conclusion, His Lordship said a few kind and gracious words to the pupils, in which he congratulated them on the results of the past eminently successful scholastic year. He exhorted them to correspond as earnestly as possible with the efforts of the nuns, reminding them that the noble and laborious task to which the Religious have devoted their lives, means the cultivation, the strengthening and refining of all the faculties, but especially the training of the moral and religious faculties of the girls entrusted to their care. All this will go to form a womanhood that shall, in after years, both by word and example, especially by the latter, ennoble the family life and improve the social circle to which each belongs.

CICELY MOSLEY.

Personals.

“I’m going to buy a raven.”

“Really! What for?”

“I want to see if these birds live 300 years, as people say.”

“Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the mad parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day.”

“You have named all the domestic animals but one. It has bristly hair and likes to get into the mud.”

“I know. It’s me!”

“I didn’t know that Margaret was a graduate, did you?”

“Yes, she’s an *aluminum* of some college or another.”

“What did Eve do with the apple?”

“She gave it to Mr. Adam and Eve.”

“Grasshopper eggs are deposited in the autumn, and in the spring hatch out to nearly a grasshopper.”

“In the spring we see farmers planting trees and horses, and cows eating the grass.”

“No, she never gave me anything, not even the measles when she had them and I wanted them.”

“Why are you always talking about leaving, Emma? Do you want to break all our hearts?”

“No. I never attempt the impossible.”

“I feel so well I’m sure I must be ill.”

“What kind of a bird is the weasel?”

“Oh, Sister, I never knew the centipede had feathers.”

“What does Amen mean?”

“Amen means stop.”

“Do you know where we’re now in catechism?”

“No.”

“We’re down to calumniate you.”

“What do you mean by a prolific writer?”

“One who writes on both sides of the paper.”

“Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to-day sixty-five years old and he is as clever and bright as the day he was born.”

“The spider has incomplete predication.”

“A liquid is an *incomprehensible* fluid.”

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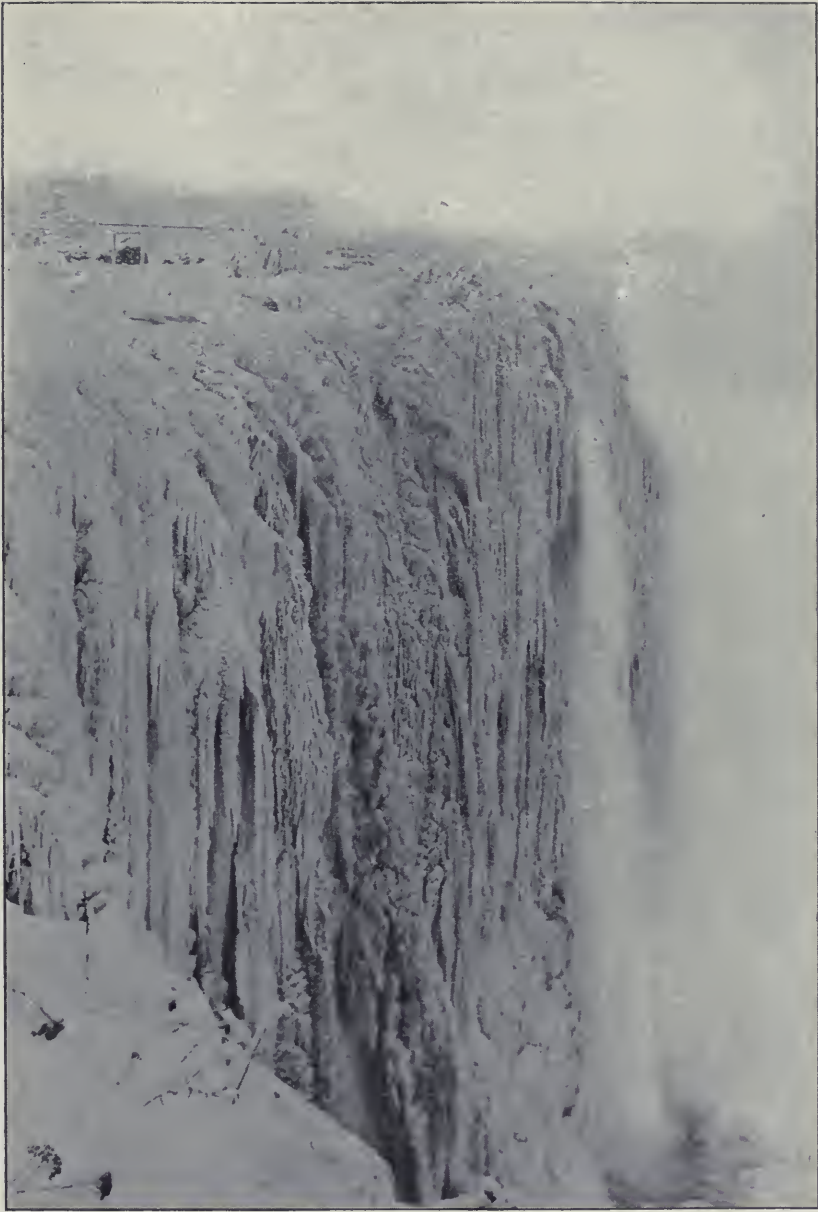
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VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 2.

On Easter Morning.

Lo, Easter smiles from shore to shore!
Behold—the lilies dream no more
But wake to greet the vernal day,
 As pure and white
 As angels bright,
Who rolled the fateful stone away.

From every flower that blooms we find
A promise breathing on the wind:
No mortal eye may ever scan
 That life most true
 Beyond the blue
Horizon of the year's brief span.

Yet in the budding of the spring
And in the song the birds now sing,
A promise lives and softly breathes
 O'er hill and dale
 Through wood and vale,
To murmur through the summer leaves.

Sweet music floats upon the air;
Glad Easter smiles 'neath garlands fair
Of flowers that bloom—to bloom away;
 Could one be sad?
 The world is glad;
For Christ Our Lord arose this day.

CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

The Aesthetic Emotion.

LONG before there is any vision, we have a muscular and tactual apparatus for perceiving space arrangements, and probably the first action performed by a human being after it has crossed the fateful threshold of life, is to exercise its tactual faculty and to feel that it may learn something concerning its strange environment, consisting of the physical things that have shape and size and position. It is sensitive because it is an animal organism; it is capable of improvement, because, unlike the lower animals, it has intellect, a faculty of thought and reflection. The faculties of touch and of taste, which is merely palate touch, of smell, of hearing, of seeing, awaken each in its turn, very likely in about the order given, and proceed to receive impressions each after its kind, and to convey them to the animal; while the mind itself is only developed in all its excellence by a process of years.

So, all our knowledge starts from the perception by the senses of material objects. Making use of what is probably its first-begotten sense, the infant fingers—feels—that it may know. Thus, the intellectual development of the babe begins as soon as one of its senses conveys to its mind the first vibration from the world distinct from its own animated organism, that is to say, the material world. This perception, be it never so obscure, constitutes its initial experiment in physics, and makes it acquainted with matter, by which term is meant here merely the cause of touch. Henceforth it continues after the same manner to store experience, which, being constituted of the various feelings impressed upon the mind throughout its existence, is the reser-

voir of our human wisdom, or our direct or indirect comprehension of real objects. We are all self-instructed; schools and universities educate some of us chiefly by collating and reconciling systems.

Throughout its subsequent career our imaginary human being must needs continue to finger—to feel—with sense and mind, in order to add to its fund of knowledge the sum of its certain perception of truth and fact, and thereby learn to master its surroundings. How true it is that a human being is “a vital spark of heavenly flame,” a soul ministered to by organs, which we call our five senses. The great leaders of progress and thought, the men of action and the men of light and leading, much as it may ruffle their self-esteem to be told so, are alike merely deft and expert fingerers in their chosen callings.

The Ego, self, is then an abiding existence with a retinue of feelings as its servitors. The sense of feeling is not only the first faculty brought into use, but the most general of all, and the one which gives its name to the others, somewhat as the term “Johnnie” serves in the vernacular to connate the whole genus of “Boy.” The senses discriminate nicely as to the feelings they convey to the mind. Whatever the chosen instrument, or vehicle, of an art may be, for example, its appeal to our mind and attention must be made through its own appropriate sense. Music, working with the vibrations of a material substance, makes its appeal through the ear, painting through the eye, and literature, especially poetry, employs both channels of the soul. The painter, the poet, the actor, the moralist, and the statesman, attempt to operate upon the mind in different ways and for different ends; and they succeed according as they touch properly the strings of the human frame. The artist must suit his fardel to its carrier, and if he fail woe betide him.

The activity that produces an emotion is always so thoroughly complex that an analysis of even the most simple would require several pages. Then, many of the emotions are so indefinite and so given to grade into each other by imperceptible transition, like the colors in the spectrum, that their strict classification is impossible to my simple art. I have, of course, met with a great number of so-called scientific

classifications, but the slightest examination makes their worthlessness manifest, and so I conclude that even my favorite anatomists of emotion—Scott, Thackeray and Dickens—would, with all their cunning, consider such an undertaking as bootless as that of endeavoring permanently to part the air by cleaving it with paper-knives. Consequently, the only classification offered here is an exceedingly simple scheme, founded upon the one, single leading feature held by almost all the emotions in common; that is, their particularity as opposed to the general and the universal, as, with the exceptions about to be named, each of them may be regarded as an experience of a particular self in relation to other particular selves or objects. Here is the table:

EMOTIONS	}	I. Personal	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Self - esteem, complacency, commiseration, etc. b. Self - condemnation, anger, shame, fear, remorse, etc.
		II. Impersonal	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Sympathy. b. Aesthetic enjoyment.

The objective world to which all our possible knowledge and interest refer, has four necessary forms of the one demand of perception, called shortly the practical, the logical, the ethical, and the aesthetic. A feeling engendered by regard from any of these standpoints is an emotion, and it generally gets its name from the standpoint. Thus, a feeling sent in from an ethical standpoint might be called a moral emotion, a virtue, while one stirred by the beautiful, the sublime, or the ludicrous, would be called an aesthetic emotion. All the emotions except the aesthetic, and possibly the sympathetic as well, have their origins and right of existence in the condition of the individual as an individual, or as a social being.

On the other hand, the activity which produces an aesthetic emotion is disinterested in as much as it aims, not at the accomplishment of a vital or social function, but rather at the mere pleasure of exercising itself. Yet, as we shall find

later on, its inutility is only relative, and it has been exaggerated. Since art of every kind is exclusively human, its underlying principle cannot be considered otherwise than very human also, and what is human should be available and advantageous to the race. The artist must feel vividly and sincerely, and the emotion by which he is sustained cannot justly be considered either trivial or alien. In fact, it displays the qualities of the man more completely than any other characteristic. But as the sort of emotion which is engendered by the beautiful, the sublime, or the ludicrous, is not necessary for the sustention of life and centers in an exterior object, it is not strange that some superficial writers have described it as redundant and frivolous. One fact is certain; its disinterestedness justifies me in according it a place in my crude table beside sympathy, which is, succinctly stated, an involuntary tendency to share the organic sensational consciousness of other people.

Like all its congeners, the aesthetic emotion has a physiological side as well as a psychological one. When some feeling is stirred by beauty or the sublime or mayhap the ludicrous or comic, an indication is telegraphed to the mind, and this is wrought by the mental faculties, and it is made to react, thus becoming once more partly an affair of the senses. Partly, be it repeated, because it is sent back charged with mind, and the mind continues to work it over until the exercised faculty becomes exhausted. In the creation of works of art, the imagination of the poet, painter, sculptor, musician, or architect, is employed in grouping and combining materials so as to awaken admiration and satisfaction in the minds of other persons. Beauty is felt by sense, but recognized by the understanding. The artist re-creates the real world, not by altering its forms, but by transferring them into the world of human interest. The higher art is, the higher are the interests it serves. Expression is the incarnation of thought and feeling through form. The aesthetic power of an object must be contained in itself, and manifested there by grace of form, or of color, or of movement, or, as happens most frequently, in a blend of two or even all these features. The connecting link is, it seems to me, chiefly proportion; and until the mind appraises the charm of the object it is as if it were not, so far as man is concerned. The

great perception or realizing media of the soul are sight and hearing, but the experience of the other faculties when represented in the imagination, contributes much to the general effect, as may be easily perceived by reading good poetic description.

The aesthetic consciousness, the act of our mind by which we become aware of a conception of beauty, is a widening and deepening of self as truly, though not so palpably, as the sympathetic emotion, with which I have placed it in my classification. It becomes so by the identification of the narrow personality, not with other personalities, but with uplifting things—with personal grace, with wide outlook, with forest depth, with aspiring Gothic arch, with glowing masses of pictured color, with the harmonies of majestic music, or the ocean-like rhythm of great poems. One becomes absorbed in the object of admiration, this absorption precludes the idea of self and, by contrast, such feelings as hunger and smell, upon which the Senses lay undue stress, are much too selfish to be called aesthetic. Hence, in aesthetics as in love, to find yourself you must first lose yourself. But someone may exclaim, is not the impersonal emotion called aesthetic as narrow and particularizing as personal emotion? It may be said that, just as one may love, or may hate, or may pity, or may envy this particular person or those persons, so, also, one may like or dislike this special thing or these things, be bored by this monotony and delighted with the description of that historical scene. Surely, these experiences may happen to one; but the aesthetic emotion remains differentiated from them since with it to be really effective, absolute absorption in the object is required, so that, paradoxical as it sounds, while the aesthetic emotion is always impersonal it is never a loss of self; for whatever of practical need, or scientific interest, or love, or hate, or personal relationship may vanish, it is replaced with interest by the beauty of the object, which one accepts and acknowledges, thus actually widening the confines of one's personality.

Our enjoyment of even the rudiments of beauty—color, forms, and things in proportion—is accumulated from many sources and it is well-nigh impossible to adopt a single principle which will apply to each case. What is certain is, that aesthetic feelings are not awakened by the im-

pression of a particular stimuli, but by intellectual appreciation of relations which give meaning and worth to the object. In other words, aesthetic emotion requires no special faculty of the mind; although the contrary has been affirmed and repeated by the amusing writers who are wont to describe the intellect as a thing of pigeonholes, not unlike a kitchen-cabinet. The feeling of the beautiful enters the palace of the soul by the same portal the other emotions tread, and it is appraised by the same faculties of the soul. That it is in the least inferior to—say the logical or the mathematical ability—no one can affirm with certainty. Thus, not only in its perceptive phases, but also in its origin and derivation, the feeling of beauty that underlies the fine arts, is found to be mainly, and in some of its stations, exclusively, intellectual. It was an appreciation of these facts which led me to say in my first paper that art is more intellectual than sensuous.

Some aesthetic feeling is generally supposed to be present in everyone, but its degree differs widely with the individual and it may be atrophied by want of use. There are persons who set no value on pictures which others find full of emotion. Total insensibility to music is not very rare; even Tennyson used to call it "noise." Many people declare that the reading or the hearing of poetry bores them, and that, too, even when it is not the output of Alfred Austin. Ribot in his "Rudiments of Psychology" argues justly for once, that since the existence of moral bluntness and religious indifference cannot be denied, it is impossible that a mere art emotion should have in all men without exception an indelible character. Such instances, it must be admitted, indicate extremes, nevertheless. Mivart tells us that, however much the modes of the feeling may differ, it exists more or less in all men. Indeed, I cannot conceive a normal being as unable to distinguish the beautiful from the ugly, and to prefer the former. The savage, when he tattoos himself or smears his body with red and blue, or sticks a fish-bone through his nose, is only obeying a confused sense of the beautiful. Many consider the aesthetic idea underlying the style of hat worn by civilized woman for some time as about equally confused, but it has, I like to assume, its unconscious source in the self-same sense. The child has its

preference in colors and sounds just as marked as the adult, which indicates the capacity for the feeling is innate; but it is useful to remember, the feeling is capable of being enriched to a surprising degree by use and cultivation.

The aesthetic sentimentalist can get no farther than a weak or indefinite feeling. A foggy taste for color, for decoration, for pictures, for architectural lines, for poetry of the mystic or the fleshy sort; these are the attributes of the sentimentalist. His standard is not exacting. His ideal is indefinite. His desire falls short of what is really great and permanent in thought, art, or literature. The artist goes very much farther, and the layman with genuine artistic taste cannot afford to lag behind. Art comes only from men with convictions, men who have endeavored to speak by their vehicle thoughts that may have been spoken before in every language, but now, owing to the very sincerity of the action, become capable of awakening analogous ideas anew in the minds of the multitude. Both artist and art appreciator know that true art is the fruit of cultivated taste, by which is meant a capacity for judging, either natural or acquired. The artist sees visions and he dreams dreams, and he lives in a world of hopeful, happy thoughts that continually radiate new energy. His patron finds these qualities in the work of the artist, and he wisely causes them to enter his life, thus making it higher and better and brighter. Probably the artists are scouted by the mere aesthetic sentimentalists since the poles are not farther apart than the two classes. The artist is on the spiritual plane; the sentimentalist on the sensuous. The one is the appreciator or creator of all noble forms of art; the other confines himself to colors and erratic forms. Those responsible for some of our public buildings and churches, and many private residences are, methinks, aesthetic sentimentalists and not true lovers of art.

Beauty is a part of the artist's soul and he only clothes it in material symbols. Art is beauty materialized; it is creation and has objective existence. Its creations in their turn perform a definite and real function, by means of the senses of the observer—the function of stimulating subjective and imaginative creation. We bring to everything we gaze on, ourselves; but obviously we do not bring the object of our gaze. Art.

uniting with the excited love of beauty in the beholder, generates the aesthetic emotion. These feelings are styled aesthetic which are awakened in the soul in the presence of the aesthetic excellence of the creations of human genius. Effectiveness for good in art, whether that of the artist himself, or the beholder, comes of right feeling. If an artist do not begin by feeling beauty, his effort will be a failure, for the obvious reason that he cannot put into it what inevitably must be there in order to make it effective; and that is as much stimulus as is necessary to arouse the emotion of the beholder or auditor. The effectiveness of the artistic product invariably lies in the power bestowed upon it by the artist to release in others an operative force distinctly aesthetic, and the higher the art the better is the quality of the aesthetic force released. It is no useless, frivolous thing, this capacity for influencing other persons; but a marvellous force, one of the noblest of which man is possessed. A masterpiece comes to us brimming with emotional stimuli, and its power to make for moral improvement, contentment, or pleasure, in the perturbed heart of the multitude through the emotions, is the final test of all artistic creation.

Aesthetic pleasure is much higher than any sense enjoyment ever can become. A rather wide-spread misapprehension of its quality and functions, and which degrades it to a sort of sensuous luxuriousness may, I think, be held chiefly accountable for the mistaken opposite so frequently made of the beautiful and the useful. It is totally incorrect to hold that a useful object may not also be a beautiful one. The primitive hunter, who ornamented his weapons with rude carving, knew better. True, when we look upon an object at once beautiful and useful, our interest is divided and our consciousness of the utility banishes for the time our sense of the beauty, so that we cannot at the same instant do full justice to both sides. Still, beauty and utility serve as such excellent mutual foils, the one perfectly relieving the faculties occupied with the other, that the article in which they are united by a skilful hand, has actually a double chance of captivating the attention. The dynamic factors of general education, such as manual training and applied science, are needed in life, but invention of the useful does not control the

markets of the world. Gracefulness of shape and proper ornamentation charm the purchaser and he willingly pays a higher price for the beautiful article of usefulness if it be made by an artist than if by a mere artisan. Sweden, while the leader in the manual-training movement, persisted in giving most of her exported articles clumsy shapes and incongruous ornament, with the result that people refused to buy them; but when the Swedish authorities, grown conscious of this commercial weakness, took measures to remedy it, the increase of sales kept pace with the reformation. In 1851, at the World's Exhibition in London, it became evident that English industries were not of such a character as to compete with those of France and Belgium. The South Kensington Museum was established, day and evening art schools were set up in all manufacturing centres, the taste of the English workman was gradually raised, and from that time, England has gone forward rapidly in the direction of producing works of taste, and her useful manufactures, heretofore made without reference to beauty, have improved in tastefulness of design and execution, and their market has enlarged correspondingly. Germany had within a comparatively short time made a market for her goods that is the wonder and envy of the whole world, and I am not surprised to read that the German school children are carefully instructed in the plastic arts; their musical taste is encouraged; the girls are taught plain and ornamental sewing; carpentry is made compulsory for the boys. I believe art training is the true commercial education, and a most instructive volume might be written on this phase of the subject. Enough has been said to demonstrate that aesthetic emotion has practical results.

If we could find out with certainty which was the very first object that man admired, some of the mystery surrounding the origin of the aesthetic emotion might be dispelled. But the practice of art antedates that of history, and it has left few if any reliable specimens of its primitive essays. I asked an intelligent young lady to tell me what she thought must have been the first object man admired. "Himself, of course," was her pointed reply. Indeed, staid men of science have affirmed that masculine admiration first centered in great men, and that, too, chiefly

through fear. I repeated my question as to what man first admired to an intelligent young gentleman. "A woman," was his sober answer; and although the Book of Genesis seems to support this view, I prefer to leave the matter where I found it, an open question. Art, being intellectual, is best explained by philosophy, and we have a great number of such explanations, but through want of space, only the two that are most current at the present time can be considered in these paragraphs.

Aristotle teaches that pleasure is a positive concomitant or resulting quality of the free and vigorous exercise of some vital attribute. We all know how expressive of certain recurring states are such phrases as "to feel good," to be "full of fun" or "mad with glee." The youth capers; the girl skips; men and women dance; the poets and politicians give reins to their imaginations. All the thoughts that become motive of art have some likeness to play. Kant referred the beautiful to the free play of the intellect and the imagination. Schopenhauer said that art is a "momentary liberation." "Life is real, life is earnest," sang Longfellow, and the Hebrew psalmist; and in its conception at least art is as playful as life is earnest.

The philosophers of almost every country have made numerous attempts to trace the motive of all such playful activity to a common source. With this object in view, the German poet, Schiller, probably influenced by Aristotle, and avowedly by Kant, held, in his "Letters on the Aesthetic Education," that in real life man is the poppet of two opposing forces; the restrictions placed on his animal organism, on the one hand, and the compulsion of his nature to obey its moral mandates, on the other hand. Only in play and indulgence in beautiful dreams can a man find relief from these trying conditions. Our nature, alike incapable of remaining in the condition of animal and of keeping up the higher life of reason, requires a middle state, where the hard tension can be reduced to mild harmony, and the transition from one condition to the other be facilitated. The aesthetic sense or feeling for beauty, is the only thing that can fill this want. Be it remembered that the poet used the term "play" in a special sense. "That only is play," says he, "which completes man and evolves his double nature." Such, succinctly

stated, is the famous play-theory, the *Spieltrieb*, of Schiller. It only means that man, by reducing the worrying tension of life to mild harmony by "play," relieves himself of the double law of nature and reason, raises himself to a state of intellectual freedom, and so attains his full humanity and becomes a complete man. His theory, if not final, is at least harmless. But Herbert Spencer borrowed the idea, emptied it of its high qualities, filled it with biological notions, and scattered it among his agnostic followers, to work havoc with weak-minded people everywhere.

He tells us, in his "Principle of Psychology," that the inferior kinds of animals "have in common the trait that all their forces are expended in fulfilling functions essential to the maintenance of life," while "as we ascend to animals of high types, having faculties more efficient and more numerous, we begin to find that time and strength are not wholly absorbed for immediate needs. Better nutrition, gained by superiority, occasionally yields a surplus of vigor." In this "surplus of vigor," this "free energy," Herbert Spencer professes to find the root-fibre of the aesthetic or artistic motive, since the energy results in different forms of play. The animal powers through habitual use in the necessary actions of life, he states, become developed so as always to be ready to answer the accustomed strain. This habitual use produces also a sort of expectation of, and even impatience, for the strain, and if the demand be not made, there is an accumulation of superfluous energy which is ready to respond to the slightest stimulus. When there is no real stimulus at hand—none of the serious business on which the activities of the particular power generally depend—then a simulation of these activities is easily fallen into, when circumstances offer it in place of these real activities, and this simulation is play. Demonstrating how this holds from the simplest faculties upwards, he instances the clawing of the household cat at clothes and furniture, but, he adds, that this hardly rises to what we call play, and he supplies what he deems a more fitting example in the mimic chase and mimic fighting of dogs that pursue one another, try to overthrow one another, and bite one another, as much as they dare. It is the same with human beings, we are assured, since the plays of chil-

dren—nursing dolls, giving tea-parties and so on, are dramatizations of adult activities, and the sports of boys chasing one another, wrestling, making prisoners, obviously gratify in a particular way "the predatory instinct." Those appearances are not confined to the bodily powers or self-regarding instincts alone, but occur in every department of our being; and to the higher powers aesthetic products yield those substantial activities, as games yield them to various lower powers. So far, Herbert Spencer reported in scanty but truthful outline.

Space has been given to this view of the origin of the aesthetic emotion because it is current, in some form or other, among many representatives of literature, art, and science, but I shall presently show it is of no worth. According to it, the aesthetic sense is first moved by impulses man shares with the brute, a sufficiently low origin, be it said, for what in its full manifestation constitutes the crown of our race. While it is at best only a distortion of the Schiller theory, justice urges me to add that very much more is read out of the Spencer theory every day by his disciples in literature and art than he ever dreamed of putting into it; a method of exploitation highly characteristic of modern speculation. That man possesses an ideal self-determined life, existing side by side with, but apart from, his life as conditioned by material needs, I readily admit; but when Herbert Spencer tells me that the rational, orderly, and significant thing we call fine-art is identical in origin and quality with dog-play, I—well, I balk!

The first cause, as adduced by Herbert Spencer, and which he makes a mere sensuous stirring, has been proved both inadequate and erroneous. Professor Groos, in his entertaining "Play of Animals," substitutes for the Spencerian theory of a superabundance of energy that of a primary instinct of which play in all its forms is the expression. Most recent authorities agree in the main with Dr. Groos. That doughty evolutionist, Mark Baldwin, for instance, affirms that the Groos theory "puts the Spencerian theory out of Court." In fact, it would be impossible for any fair-minded person to peruse the fifty or sixty pages devoted to the matter in "The Play of Animals" without being convinced that Dr. Groos has completely upset and demolished the much-lauded Spencerian

play-impulse theory. Groos maintains that play is an instinct, given us by God, that by its activity we may in youth prepare for the stern demands of adult life and effort, and, he adds, the pleasant season of youth seems to have been made longer for the sole purpose of giving time for this essential preparation. It is satisfying to be urged to believe the eternal romping of mischievous boys has a grave use, and, it must be confessed, all the data, even that relating to the clawing of the cat, chime more harmoniously with the new theory than the old one.

But a theory is only a working hypothesis, and one cannot refrain from enquiring are not both these theories about equally beside the mark? It seems to me that we can take much higher ground in adducing a first cause for aesthetic emotion and also fully justify our position. It may be assumed the initial impulse to the images which press on the imagination is in the nature of a fixed instinct. Hence, the aesthetic emotion has for its origin an appetency, implanted in our nature by God. It may be a passion as potent as love, or hatred, or greed. It finds its ultimate source in a strong natural desire to occupy the same position toward something that God occupies toward us. Artists do not find beauty; they build it out of their artistic consciousness. All art is creation; consequently artists are creators, in the sublunary meaning of the word. The passion for artistic creation, to paraphrase Théodule Ribot, who, in his work on the psychology of the emotions, agrees with Groos, shows itself in the invention of childish games, later and more completely, in the budding of myths or story-telling, and later still, in art properly so called. There always exists in the human mind what Ribot rather strikingly calls a powerful longing for superimposing on the objective world another world, having its origin in men, who believe in it, at least, for the moment. In this wonderful endowment by our Creator, by which we are, within limits, allowed to reproduce one of these most awful powers, we discover, then, the true fountain of our aesthetic emotions.

In his excellent work on psychology, one of the gems of the invaluable Stonyhurst manuals of philosophy, Father Michael Maher, S. J., reminds us that Christian Philosophy has always taught the essence of created beings are faint,

infinitesimal reflections of archetypal ideas in the Divine Mind. "The eternal intrinsic possibility of each object, the ideal plan which, when actualized, makes up its essence, has its ultimate foundation in the eternal essence of God, contemplated by the Divine as imitable *ad extra*. It is realized in the physical order by the creative act of the Divine Will, and it is discovered by our intellects in the creatures as we perceive the plan of the artist in his work." Whatever God creates is symbolical of Him inasmuch as it symbolizes one or other of His attributes, and as human art is imitative of the creative art of God, it follows that the product of art is expressive of the created ideal in the soul of the artist, a type of the perfect placed in men by the creative art, and recognized more or less clearly when the conception of the beautiful is awakened in the soul by some fitting stimulus. Our rationality embraces a dual element. On the one hand, our soul is rational, because, in the words of Father Maher, its understanding is necessarily determined by God's laws of knowledge, and, on the other hand, because there is stamped upon its appetency a natural bent toward what agrees with these laws of knowledge. Thus, we all are endowed with an inclination toward the Uncreated Goodness, and also toward the physically perfect and the ethically good, and, therefore, toward the beautiful.

M. CASEY.

The Ball and the Cross.

"**I** LIKE to have things fired at me, and to fire back," said the author of this notable book, in his healthy boy-like way, to a recent visitor at his home in Beaconsfield, London, a visitor who has playfully dubbed him the "Colossus of Beaconsfield," in reference to his great physical proportions, no less than to his acknowledged genius.

Whether there be any of us brave enough to take up the challenge and "fire things," remains to be seen, but certain it is that when his missile takes the form of another book like "The Ball and the Cross," all of us are only too happy to be the objects of his "firing back."

Think of a clever treatise on "Religion versus Rationalism," some four hundred pages long, all worked out in the light vein of a charming

allegory, not a dull line, or a hackneyed phrase, in it from start to finish, and you have some idea of this late book by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Your knowledge of the brilliant quality of his previous works will supply the rest.

A wonderful chapter near the opening of the book, upon the mystic symbolism contained in the ball and cross surmounting St. Paul's Cathedral, is a masterpiece in itself.

The plot, if it can be said to have one at all, is very slight, and may be summed up thus: A Scotchman, a Catholic Highlander, having seen in the window of an atheistic newspaper man's shop some blasphemous words concerning the Mother of God, gives instant battle by breaking in the window with his club, upon which law proceedings quickly follow. An acquittal is secured upon payment of a fine, but while the law is satisfied, the would-be combatants are not so, and they agree to settle their dispute by a duel. Many amusing encounters take place, which suffer all sorts of interruptions, generally at the most critical moment.

As the Scotchman very pertinently says, "They will let hundreds die of starvation, but when two gentlemen wish to die for their religion, it is a very different matter."

It is refreshing in this age of diluted creeds and cowardly compromise to come upon a real, fighting soldier of the Cross, one who uses his weapons with such sportsmanlike skill as Gilbert Chesterton.

HILDEGARDE.

Pointing the Way.

Christ was not found in the tomb forlorn,
Where women sought Him on Easter morn;
But over fields, and on road abroad,
Mingling with men was the risen Lord.

Seek Him, my child, in the world around,
On every pathway He may be found,
Counselor, Guide; and on each day,
Lovingly, gently, He'll point the way.

CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

To turn over a new leaf is not the whole story. To keep it turned over—to persevere until the end—is, after all, the point to be aimed at.



MATER DOLOROSA.

An Intimate Portrayal of Irish Character.

Canon Sheehan in his Latest Book, "The Blindness of Doctor Gray," Scores New Triumph.

READERS of the *Ecclesiastical Review* have already made the acquaintance of Canon Sheehan's last glimpses of Irish life, lay and sacerdotal, in "The Blindness of Doctor Gray." The publishers issue it now in attractive binding to suggest itself as a suitable and satisfying gift to any Catholic, in or out of orders, who rejoices in Irish blood coursing through his arteries.

Unknown to "Constant Readers."

Canon Sheehan, one of the rare Irishmen of the sanctuary, who have strayed, with due reticence and reserve, into the fair field of English letters, is a name probably unknown to the constant readers of fiction, who plume themselves on having exhausted the supply of their favorite circulating libraries. Elaborate verbose reviews of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmege," or "Glenanaar," do not pad the columns of Sunday editions with platitudes and hackneyed phrases, threadbare and meaningless. Yet, the name of Canon Sheehan, and the fame of his unique pictures of Irish life, are known and loved in many homes and hearts; and in several foreign idioms and tongues. Canon Sheehan's few masterly ventures into fiction display the mature scholarship of one profoundly versed in the secret treasury of tongues, ancient and modern. They are the genuine experience of one intimately acquainted with contemporary and classic literature, the gleanings of a man of affairs, worldly only in a sense of being other-worldly, savored and flavored by the humorous sallies and homely flashes of one skilled in human intercourse. They are effervescent with the sparkling of epigram and sententious judgment, revealing the variety, vagaries, range and relation of one who is full of the warmest affection for human greatness and the keenest pity for human frailty.

Not "Current Fiction."

Canon Sheehan's novels are uniquely and ultimately clerical and Catholic. They could have no possible kinship with the volumes that disseminate by the millions wherever the English

alphabet has been mastered more or less, and which are dignified by the name of current fiction; caricatures of human life, flaunting immorality in an enticing disguise, insolently proclaiming a solution of life's difficulties by emancipating men and women from the bondage of duty and religious codes.

Canon Sheehan has never concerned himself with pleasing a fickle public nor descending to the futilities of critics or reviewers. With blunt and upright eloquence, like Marc Antony, he has proclaimed the doctrine of right in his message to the Irish race, at home or scattered on the four continents by the erratic orbit of emigration. He has set down in English of simple, unaffected elegance his heartfelt observations of his Irish contemporaries, without favor, fear, or flattery. With a moving skill that passes from sun to shadow, from grave to gay, from pathos to sublimity, through all the gamut of life's varied emotions, he unfolds his tales of human struggles and strivings after the imperishable good.

Chronicler of National Traditions.

These novels exhale on every page the aroma, subtle and attractive, of the purely Christian virtues, of purity that brooks no defilement, of resignation to the inevitable, of sanctified poverty, of enthusiastic devotion to national traditions, and of heroic humility. Canon Sheehan writes as a Catholic priest, proud and privileged in his character, who glories in his priesthood as his choicest blessing and prerogative. He never allows his readers to lose sight of this great reality, that he is an Irish priest with a priest's superabounding yearning to save souls for God, and to extend God's kingdom afar. The adventures that form the simple warp and woof of his romantic weavings are the daily, homely, human laps and mishaps, tragic and comic, alternately, of simple, often unlettered, country parish priests in remote regions on Irish soil, priests whose highest aspirations are to live obscurely in peace with God, in harmony with their Bishops, and in loving, fatherly unity with their flocks. Is it astonishing, therefore, that such scanty annals of the poor, the pious, and the unworldly characters, depicted with such ease and inerrancy, fruits of affectionate intimacy with the facts narrated, should lack savor and flavor among readers of fiction, satiated and saturated with sala-

cious and insidious novels, such as are at present in vogue.

Genuine Human Interest.

Literary pedants might pick flaws in Canon Sheehan's style, finding fault with the crudity of workmanship in the insistence with which he notes insignificant local details or national idiosyncrasies. But, what polish or finish, what strength of situation or fine writing, is a more valuable asset than the rare quality which Canon Sheehan has of evoking human, hearty interest from the opening sentence, and of sustaining it to the close? His books exhale the unmistakable perfume of truth, of fact, and of fidelity to the inexorable laws of genuine human interest. He has the secret of real dramatic action, for his characters act in absolute uniformity with their temperaments. What they do seems to be just what living human beings whom we know have done or would do, under similar conditions.

They work in unison with each other and leave the ineffaceable impression that they are no puppets, worked by wires, but flesh and blood men and women, such as might live with us or in the parish, were we once again transported to Erin's Isle.

Smiles and Tears.

Canon Sheehan has the rare art of making his characters talk as if the dialogue were one of actuality, relying for his fun and fancy and pathos on the smiles or whims or tears of everyday existence.

The false, the facetious, the fashionable have but slender, shadow rôles among Canon Sheehan's Catholics. His men and women are based on the permanent in human nature. No Irishman could read "The Blindness of Doctor Gray" and not feel this essential quality of Canon Sheehan's power, as a faithful portrayer of Irish life and character. There are pages that bring the tear to the eye, the lump in the throat, the thrill and the tingle of sympathy to the nerves, the throb to the heart, the vague loneliness and homesickness for one more look on the old sod, and for one more experience of all the memories and emotions therein enshrined and entwined. There are all types of Irish nature pictured on these vivid pages, many stunted and warped by an overgrowth of ignoble traits, others fair and gracious in growth, open to all

the winds that blow or the waters that flow, frank, simple, guileless.

Absorbing and Actual.

His vision of Irish life and his grasp on Irish character are faithful and accurate, making no semblance of disguise of the transition period and of the seething multiple life about him, from which Ireland is no more immune than her sister nations, washed by the stormy Atlantic. He creates the illusion of Irish life that is so permeating and gripping, so absorbing and actual that one forgets to talk or think but in company with those about whom one reads. This complete austerity of dialogue is the chief charm of Canon Sheehan's latest venture. He feels the individuality of each character so intensely that he lets them create their own ideas.

No artificial attempt at fine writing, no chiselled epigram or studied repartee can atone for a lack of that intimacy with this real life, which is Canon Sheehan's essential talent, as a novelist, and which understands the mysterious stirrings of the human soul. The simple, majestic dignity of homely humanity, from the cradle to the coffin, is here displayed, not in the peacock plumage of false and fictitious happenings, impossible situations, flippant mockery of all things hallowed and revered. Canon Sheehan's characters are no strutting advertisements of man milliners, ladies' tailors, no dummy decoys to lure us into the limelight of the flat and the fatuous. He floods us with moonlight, sunlight, and starlight, and with the light from his own luminous intelligence. He leads us through devious windings to the *Lux Mundi*, The Blessed Light of the World, to law and to love. Canon Sheehan has invested the Catholic priesthood with an immortal interest. His pastors and curates are drawn with accuracy and precision, in sunlight as in shadow, imposing them upon our willing attention and affection.

Solemn and Serious Ideal.

Nobody in all the world of literature, not even Ferdinand Fabre, has made a Catholic priest so real in print as Canon Sheehan. English letters are replete with mockeries, cartoons and caricatures of the priestly life. Here is a priest who has learned to know himself and other priests, who has enriched the world, for all time, with a true conception of that complex creature, con-

secrated by God to the service of society, the Catholic priest. Any one who seriously studies the character of a true priest must see what a host of intricate obligations, mental, moral and social, are imposed on him by his sacerdotal vocation. More than any living being must a priest be all things to all people, in perpetual contact with the great and baffling problems of human destiny. Canon Sheehan's priests, true to their Catholic instinct, each following out, after his peculiar fashion, the dictates of his temperament, his private tastes and several situations, do what they can to make known God's kingdom on earth. If they lapse momentarily from their single purpose, events are sure to shape themselves into a scourge to chastise them into a remembrance of their priestly obligations. Their whole career impresses the reader with the solemn and serious ideal in Catholic hearts of what is meant by Christian perfection.

Canon Sheehan in all these Irish novels has in mind two great principles, which he holds up insistently by means of the happenings to his characters. The first of these mighty theses is, that Ireland is a nation despite all her external appearances of being an unruly appanage to the English Crown. The two races, differing by nature, even to the spine, and alienated by the grounded hostility of centuries, can never—and must never—coalesce. No such trifle as a temporary and tyrannical government relation, forced and feared, or the ancillary accident of a common idiom, could ever bridge over the impassable abyss between them. The admirable vitality of the Irish has obstinately persisted in guarding its national traditions in unbroken fidelity, and pertinaciously clinging to its own fashion of life and feeling and religion.

Canon Sheehan teaches that nobody has ever proved Saxon civilization superior to its Celtic antithesis. Irish virtue has never rested on such mirages as the pagan civic excellences of cleanliness, order, and exterior respectability, on material prosperity and mechanical contrivances, as evidences of progress. Who, he asks, has ever logically demonstrated these modern civic superiorities as available to test character, either for this world or for eternity? Ireland's Christian virtues won for her, centuries ago, the proud patronymic, "Island of Saints." It is the perpetual practice of the truly spiritual virtues that

makes Ireland what she is to-day, a land without gross crime. Never will a genuine Catholic Irishman accommodate his soul to the cheap standard of modern commercial ambition, which sets all terrestrial bliss in the desire of a purely monetary success. Never will Irish ideals demean themselves to the sordid satisfaction of being a nation of money-amassers and of seekers after sensual pleasures.

Nobody can dispute the fact that Irish aspirations have always tended spontaneously towards the supernatural. On this tendency will rest the fundamental principle of Ireland's future progress.

The second great principle illustrated in Canon Sheehan's novels is, that the true rôle of a Catholic priest is not to join the cultured concourse of those illuminating individuals, called philanthropists, who strive to stamp out suffering, poverty and every social irregularity, sin alone excepting! However laudable such vain endeavors may be, a priest was ordained for higher things. He is the moral guide of his people. He is to inspire them with a love of God, and with a longing to be rid of the incubus of sin. He must commence by being himself an excellent example of Catholic virtue, aiming at perfection. Canon Sheehan's priests, though often learned and innocently vain of their traditional Irish scholarship, are taught by sad experience that piety alone is a priest's indispensable and saving quality before God and man. Canon Sheehan has admirably succeeded in convincing a world of readers, bounded not by Irish sympathies, solely, that the chief business of a Catholic priest is to live out in daily example the law of the beauty of personal holiness and of the loveliness of the Catholic spiritual life, rich in humility, in faith, hope and charity.—*The Providence Visitor*.

Enthusiasm is heart-power. In the material world, horse-power is the standard. In the world of man's work we have head-power and hand-power. In the soul's world, which is not a matter of some day but here and now!—it is heart-power that propels. And without heart-power, there is no use in trying to make any of these other forces fulfil the highest of their possibilities.

St. Helen's New Church, Toronto, Ont.

"*Quam dilecta Tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum.*"

WELL may we feel justified in saying that July the nineteenth, nineteen hundred and eight, was a day on which a note of exultation must have thrilled the hearts of the zealous people of St. Helen's parish, and an epoch-making date for the western portion of the city, in which the handsome new church of St. Helen is situated.

On that day was witnessed the imposing ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone by His Grace, the Most Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay. But time has quickly elapsed since then, and this year, on the Feast of the Holy Name, January the sixteenth, His Grace Archbishop McEvay, assisted by Right Rev. Monsignor McCann, blessed and opened the handsome new temple.

How deeply gratified must the devoted pastor, Reverend James Walsh, have been, and how legitimately proud must have been his parishioners, on that eventful day, when they beheld their labors crowned, in commemoration of which Reverend James B. Dollard wrote the following noble lines:

Like some great ocean liner, bold and vast,
 With shape superb it cuts the ambient air;
 A citadel of Christ—His ark of prayer,
 God's armory wherein His strength is massed!
 Our fleeting years—our lives, are fading fast,
 But this shall stand when all are swept away,
 To witness unto God in future day,
 And speak of sacrifice and service past!

The multitude press in with faith to kneel
 Before the altar where His majesty
 Is veiled in mercy from their human sight,
 And gazing on that pillared vault, they feel
 Their work is good, and God is pleased to see
 This gracious Temple crown the City's height.

Truly it may be said that Toronto is the city of churches, but more truly may it be said that it is fast becoming a city of Catholic churches. How elated the Catholics must be to have and to see so many beautiful edifices erected *Ad majoram Dei gloriam!*

The congregation of St. Helen's have made a decided step in advance, upon which they are

not unnaturally congratulating themselves, and receiving the congratulations of the city and archdiocese at large.

Since the parish was established by Reverend J. Shea, in 1875, there has been a steady increase in the number of its faithful, and, within the last six or eight years, it has been found necessary to divide the labor. Five parishes were, therefore, taken away, whole or in part, St. Cecilia's, West Toronto; St. Leo's, Mimico; The Holy Family, Parkdale; St. Anthony's, Gladstone Avenue; and part of St. Francis'.

Despite the fact that these changes were made, St. Helen's is still amongst the largest parishes of the city.

During the leisure hours, last Wednesday afternoon, a party, four in number, indulged in a sleigh-drive. One in the party, by chance mentioned St. Helen's Church, and it was decided immediately to visit the new structure.

Our anticipations were more than realized when our sleigh drew up and we beheld the stately edifice. Its style is French Gothic of the thirteenth century, at which period the Gothic attained its greatest height of perfection. The materials used are Credit Valley stone for the base, and red pressed brick, with Indiana trimmings.

At the principal entrance is a large stone head, which is to be ornamented in the very near future with a carving of St. Helen with the cross, and the stone panels are to be adorned with religious symbols.

After carefully noting these matters, we passed into the vestibule, thence into the body of the church.

You can hardly realize our amazement when we found ourselves in such a large church. We anxiously made inquiries as to its dimensions and learned that it is one hundred and eighty-five feet in length and sixty-five feet in breadth, and seats comfortably eleven hundred people.

We walked slowly to the front, where we knelt for some minutes in adoration. Then we made a tour of inspection. The elegant simplicity of the main altar and its delicate finishings of gold and white, its beautiful statue of St. Helen, the patroness of the church, leaning on the representation of that true Cross which she so miraculously found, impressed us very much.

We next viewed the side altars, which are also

finished in white and gold, and surmounted by beautiful statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Lourdes. The Stations of the Cross are artistic Caen stone statuettes, most beautifully colored, remarkably realistic and most touching.

We were pleasantly surprised when soft strains of music fell upon our ears, lending an enchantment to our already enraptured feelings.

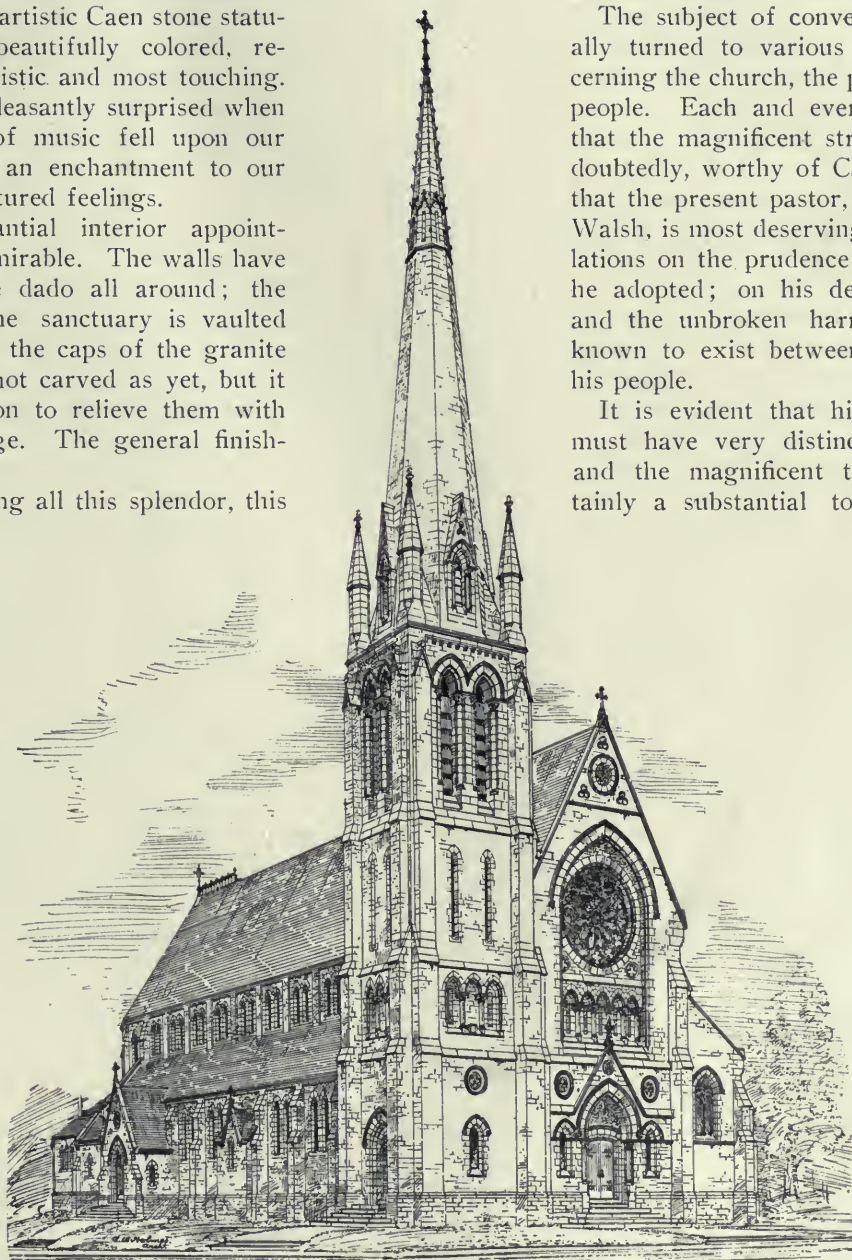
The substantial interior appointments are admirable. The walls have a Caen stone dado all around; the ceiling of the sanctuary is vaulted and groined; the caps of the granite columns are not carved as yet, but it is the intention to relieve them with delicate foliage. The general finishing is in ash.

On beholding all this splendor, this

But we could linger no longer, so we reluctantly wended our way to the cutter in waiting and set off on our return trip.

The subject of conversation naturally turned to various remarks concerning the church, the pastor, and the people. Each and every one agreed that the magnificent structure is, undoubtedly, worthy of Cathedral rank; that the present pastor, Father James Walsh, is most deserving of congratulations on the prudence of the course he adopted; on his decided success, and the unbroken harmony that is known to exist between himself and his people.

It is evident that his parishioners must have very distinctive qualities, and the magnificent temple is certainly a substantial token of their



[Courtesy of Toronto Telegram.]

tabernacle of God with men, well might one exclaim, 'Oh, how awful is this place! truly this is no other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!'

generosity and self-sacrifice. It is an ornament of architecture, of solidity and of beauty, and is, moreover, a testimony to the piety of the people.

A quotation from one of the current papers is, certainly, a noble tribute from pastor to people. "There are no better people anywhere than those of St. Helen's." It is quite evident that all must have labored under the motto, "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made both heaven and earth."

FLORENCE MACGILLIS.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Makers of the Crosses.

PERHAPS it was the most powerful scent of the white, starry Eucharist lilies that bloomed so profusely in my tropical garden; perhaps it was the sleep-song, rustling in the leaflets on the cocoanut palm above me; or, perhaps, it was the far-off wailing strains of a violin, played by a master hand, that gently lulled me to sleep, that still, soft evening.

I slept. I dreamed.

I was in a great, silent workshop, far, far up above the white stars—a silent workshop, and angels the workers. There was no sound—no swinging of hammers, no rasping of saws, no sliding of planes. All was done quietly, softly, gently.

On all sides there were crosses—crosses, crosses, everywhere—and an angel was working at each. Some were frail, white, tiny crosses, that I could balance on my hand; but, ah, some were great, dark, heavy ones that made my heart sick with fear. The edges of these were jagged, with huge projecting splinters, ready to pierce—dig into the flesh.

Ah! I shuddered, and a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead.

Every time a child was born on earth, a new cross was commenced in the great, silent workshop. I turned to an angel near me.

"Does none escape the cross?" my trembling lips faltered.

"None," he replied.

Angels were coming and going, bearing away the finished crosses, down, down, through space, to the far-off tiny earth.

I shuddered again. Which was mine? Dear God, which was mine?

Those great dark crosses were before my eyes. I shrank from them, and turned to the frail, tiny ones. Which was mine? Which was mine?

I awoke. The soft, dusky evening had slipped away into the dark folds of night. My lilies gleamed out like stars from the dark background of their leaves. The air seemed chilled and still, as if some angry power had breathed an icy breath over my garden.

I shivered as I went into the house. The cross, the cross, none escape the cross!

I was weary; I was weak; and how I feared the cross!

II.

Maybe it was the scent of the honeysuckle that covered the little bamboo summer-house; maybe it was the drip, dripping, of the little stream that trickled over the stones at the foot of my garden; or maybe it was the snatches of a girl's song that floated down from the white house on the hill, that lulled me off to sleep, one afternoon.

I slept. I dreamed.

I was in a great, silent workshop, far, far up above the white stars—a silent workshop, and angels the workers. There was no sound—no swinging of hammers, no rasping of saws, no sliding of planes. All was done quietly, softly, gently.

On all sides there were crowns—crowns, crowns, everywhere—and an angel was working at each. Some were thickly studded with glittering gems, others just plain, simple crowns; but all, even the humblest, were far more beautiful than anything this earth can show.

Every time a child was born on earth a new crown was commenced in the great, silent workshop, and sometimes an angel would sadly lay aside an unfinished crown.

"Why is that?" I whispered, fearful to break the silence of that beautiful, soundless place.

"Because she for whom it was intended has rejected it and chosen something on earth instead."

"But," I exclaimed in amazement, "there is nothing on earth to compare with that. What has she chosen instead of it?"

"Sin," the angel sadly answered.

Sometimes an angel came and took up a rejected crown and worked at it afresh.

"Why do you do this?" I asked.

"Because she who rejected it and chose sin has now repented and is again in God's grace."

"Do they always repent?"

"Alas, no!" he sorrowfully made answer, "some never repent, then the gems they have rejected are given to another."

Angels were coming and going, bearing away the crowns up, up to heaven, to be bestowed on those who had won them.

Which was mine? Which was mine? Should I ever wear one? I thought of the tiniest cross and looked at the humblest crown. I thought of the heaviest cross and looked at the brightest crown. Which was mine?

Then I awoke. "Which? Which?" the little streamlet was singing. "Which? Which?" the gum leaves echoed, as they rustled in the evening breeze.

I looked about me. The sun had disappeared and a shy crescent moon stood out, softly, tremblingly, like a bashful maiden.

When was my cross coming? Was an angel, even now, coming down through realms of light, bearing a cross for me? For one moment my heart sank, then I remembered the crowns—the cross to bear through life, and the crown to wear for all eternity.

I looked towards the sky, the beautiful pale-tinted sky of the tropics, and tried to see once again those great, silent workshops. But they were only dreams, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten dreams—the cross and the crown were real.

I climbed the little zig-zag path that leads up from the rockery to my garden above. My lilies smiled up at me and seemed to whisper "Courage!" My roses nodded their heads in the breeze and told me to be brave.

An open book was lying on the table on the veranda, just as the girl-reader had left it. It was a volume of Father Abram Ryan's poems. By the fast-fading light, I read the line on the open page:

"Life is a burden; bear it;
Life is a duty; dare it;
Life is a thorn-crown; wear it;
 Though it break your heart in twain;
 Though the burden crush you down;
Close your lips and hide your pain,
First the cross and then the crown."

MIRIAM AGATHA.
New World.

The Mystery.

This is your cup—the cup assigned to you
From the beginning. Nay, my child, I know
How much of that dark drink is your own brew
Of fault and passion. Ages long ago—
In the deep years of yesterday—I knew.

This is your road—a painful road and drear.
I made the stones—that never give you rest.
I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,
And he shall come, like you, unto my breast;
But you—my weary child!—must travel here.

This is your task. It has no joy nor grace,
But is not meant for any other hand,
And in my universe hath measured place.
Take it; I do not bid you understand:
I bid you close your eyes—to see my face.

Bella Napoli.

TO the observant traveller, with time at his disposal, and possessed with an eagerness to add to his general information on matters foreign, there is, perhaps, no locality more interesting than the City of Naples and its environs.

Italy, the classical land of romance and history, the home of art and song, is fascinating throughout, but no portion of it more so than the great Metropolis and its surroundings.

Many of our readers are, perhaps, familiar with the old saying, so frequently and proudly quoted by the Neapolitans, "See Naples and die."

Apart from its classical associations, the attractiveness of this ideal city would seem to be greatly enhanced by the magnificence of its numerous palaces and public buildings, the picturesque life of its principal thoroughfares, and chiefly by its situation.

The beauty of its approach from the sea can scarcely be conceived by those who have not had the good fortune to sail through the blue waters of the famous bay, with its surrounding heights and islands—the city itself being built partly at the base and partly on the slopes of amphitheatre-like hills.

The Via Roma—formerly Strada di Toledo—the main artery of the city, separates the medi-

aeval Naples, to the east (which includes the bulk of the population and the most ancient buildings) from the modern city. The fashionable promenade for the beau monde is the Via Caracciolo, skirting the sea and forming the outer edge of the beautiful park, Villa Nazionale. Besides the magnificent statuary which adorns this park, the immense aquarium is a very attractive feature, containing, as it does, all the known larger, as well as smaller, species of the Mediterranean—of countless colors and shades.

In the Museo Nazionale may be seen a great number of art specimens and household utensils, excavated from Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae, and Cumae, which, together with a multitude of marble and bronze statues and busts from other cities, form probably the finest collection of this character in the world. The number of ancient frescoes from Herculaneum and Pompeii is being constantly increased by ceaseless excavations. A fragment of Psyche, supposed to be the work of Praxiteles, is regarded as the most exquisite representation of that subject extant. The cabinet of gems contains a marvellous collection of cameos and numerous curious and precious articles of gold and silver, found in those two ill-fated cities. A curious find is the bread in the ovens of different houses in Pompeii. Now, of course, as a result of the terrific heat of the lava, it resembles mere pieces of charcoal.

The churches number between three and four hundred, one of the finest being the S. Francesco di Paolo, in front of which is a large Basilica, facing the Palazzo Reale, one of the many residences of the King of Italy. Beside the palace is a very ancient but interesting old building, the Castel Nuova, the former palace, and now used for a military prison.

Adjoining the Royal Palace is the largest Italian opera house in the world, the San Carlo. It has six tiers of thirty-two boxes each, and the pit accommodates more than one thousand persons, the entrance to the royal box being direct from the palace. In this theatre there is a wonderful clock, very different from the ordinary, as its face moves around, while the hand, which is the arm of a beautiful maiden, in marble, remains still.

It takes some time to accustom oneself to the Italian method of counting the hours. While

they begin by calling the first hour after midnight one o'clock, the first hour after noon is thirteen o'clock, and so on.

At this opera house I was afforded the pleasure of hearing some of the prettiest Italian operas, all being gorgeously staged.

With reference to Naples as a musical centre, here may be said to exist a veritable paradise, at least, for those whose love for the divine art would seem to amount to an uncontrollable passion. Though the cultured classes seem to show a certain taste for German music, and frequently one may hear orchestral strains from Wagner, yet the masses are more partial to the somewhat lighter and more hackneyed operas of Verdi, Rossini, Bellini, Gounod, and the still more modern works of Mascagni.

A view of the city, the bay, Vesuvius, Sorrento, and the picturesque Island of Capri, is most appreciated from the top of the hills or so-called "Vomera."

The monastery of San Martino is beautifully situated here, and is celebrated for the magnificence of the view from its church tower, and for its architecture and works of art. The museum contains altar ornaments and exquisite vestments, which formerly belonged to the Catholic churches. There is one room reserved for a very large and life-like-looking representation of the Nativity, and at Christmas time, similar productions may be seen in the various churches.

The gay, free-and-easy life of the Neapolitans is very noticeable, and no people of Europe are fonder of outdoor life than they. In fact, they live, sleep, and eat out of doors, and it is a common occurrence to see children washed and dressed on the street.

Though one sees much poverty on all sides, it may be said that rags and tatters by no means bespeak absolute misery, and filth is not at all foreign to the nature of the poorer classes.

Although mendicity is prohibited, beggars abound, and it is not unusual to have six or eight little children—and even men and women—follow you on the street, asking for soldi. Children are taught the art of begging from infancy.

The venditore di frutta will be found at almost every corner, with his tiny scales, weighing the various kinds of luscious fruits, and the venditore di latte, or milkman, may be seen wending his way along the busy streets between

the automobiles and carriages, with his cows or goats, the milking process taking place in front of the house at which the milk is delivered.

"Dolce far niente," in the fullest meaning of the term, may be applied to the men, boys, and even women, who, up from dawn, fishing in the bay, find a nap (though the bed be only the hard stone pavement), under the noonday sun very delightful.

Among these same classes, Sunday seems to be set aside for laundry work, and lines of clothes, drying in the sun, may be seen all along the water's edge.

The Neapolitans, like the ancient Grecians, combine their devotion with pleasure; and the great popular religious festivals, particularly those dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, are occasions of great rejoicing.

The nobility are numerous and seem to delight in splendor and display, although their means, as a rule, are very limited. The distinction between the two classes is very remarkable, but the fondness for the use of carriages is striking—even the very poorest, particularly the women, disdain to walk when any kind of a rig is procurable.

The city abounds in fine villas, and the gardens around these homes are beautifully laid out.

The environs are far-famed for their many noted points of interest and celebrated relics of antiquity.

West of Naples we find the remains of the ancient Roman city of Puteoli, now Pozzuoli. The ride there by electric cars occupies fully an hour, and is most delightful, being partly through the beautiful open country—the Italian farms are very picturesque—and the remainder of the way along the water's edge, past the pretty Island of Baiae—the famous ancient bathing place of the Romans. Near Pozzuoli there is a half-extinct volcano, La Solfatara. The crater is very large, and some parts exceedingly dangerous, consequently, the services of a guide are always considered necessary. The hollow, crackling sound is very apt to frighten one, and the heat is almost unbearable. There are numerous little craters, from which smoke continually issues, but, if a torch be lighted, the smoke becomes so intense that absolutely nothing can be seen. Upon coming closer to one of the largest openings, a very distinct noise may be heard, which resembles that of boiling water, but, in-

stead of the latter, one finds, to her utter amazement, that the contents of the hollow are boiling ashes, which present somewhat the same appearance of corn-popping. After procuring some of this odd substance, and allowing it to cool, one finds that it is a mixture of sulphur and lava, the same as the covering of the crater.

In past ages, this volcano did a great deal of harm to the surrounding country. Besides destroying the famous Tempio de Serapide, it completely covered the great Amphitheatre, built in the time of Nero. This has since been excavated and is now one of the most imposing of the many ruins of ancient theatres to be found in Italy.

Of all the places near Naples, the buried city of Pompeii—a large extent of which is now again opened to the gaze of the modern world—is, probably, the most interesting. The railroad from Naples to Pompeii skirts the bay and, passing the base of the mighty monarch, Vesuvius, gives the traveller another view of the great metropolis.

The silence of this City of the Dead is haunting. Nothing can be heard but the song of birds and the slight sound made by the numerous lizards in the grass. The long, quiet streets, with numerous stepping-stones and gay courts on all sides, and the roofless houses, give the traveller a very peculiar feeling.

In some parts of the city, piles of pumice stone are to be seen, the remains of that destructive liquid which flowed from the crater of Vesuvius, in 79, A. D.

Many of the finest houses there have been restored, so we have a very good idea of what it was in former days, minus the gayety of its inmates. At each door there is a representation of a dog, in mosaic, on the pavement, with the words, "Cave Canem!"—Beware of the dog. Next comes the atrium or reception-room, decorated with costly paintings and statues. Beyond this, is an inner court, planted with flowers and trees and surrounded by a colonnade. Around this were built the sleeping apartments. No restoration of the upper rooms has been attempted. In many of the houses remain the different gods and, also, some of the household furniture.

The Tragic Theatre and Amphitheatre are prominent features of interest.

The museum at Pompeii contains a great many

household utensils which have been excavated, together with the petrified bodies of dogs and other animals, as well as those of the poor, unfortunate human beings who lost their lives on that awful day. On the finger of one of the bodies, supposed to be that of a young girl, there is a silver ring quite visible.

All over the streets are found the ruts of chariot wheels.

Sorrento, directly across from Naples, is situated among the orange-groves on the top of the precipitous cliffs, rising from the sea. It seems to be one mass of orange and lemon trees, beneath a charming sky. The chief products of the town are Italian silks and inlaid woodwork of various and exquisite designs.

It was in this delightful place that the great novelist, Marion Crawford, lived, and wrote his numerous books.

Near Sorrento is the well-known, mountainous island of Capri, which forms one of the most picturesque features of the Bay of Naples. At Capri there is a celebrated Blue Grotto, a cave about one hundred and seventy-five feet long and one hundred feet wide. The greater part of this is under water, but can be entered by a boat directly from the sea, through a narrow, low opening. Inside the grotto, one beholds a marvellously beautiful sight, which seems almost unearthly. Everything is blue, even the very air seems to partake of that color, and, upon reaching the sunshine, one has the feeling of having had a peep into fairyland, or another world altogether.

There are two towns on the island, Capri and Anacapri, the latter containing remains of Roman villas, erected by Tiberius, many years ago.

I might write, at great length, on many of the peculiar customs in vogue in modern Neapolitan life, as in marked contrast with ideas and systems which obtain on this side of the water, but prefer to refrain from inflicting too much on the patient reader; however, I may be pardoned for touching on one subject which impressed me with its oddity, namely, the Italian method of conducting funerals. They are very extensive affairs, and are attended by large crowds, not only the friends and relatives of the deceased but, also, a large number of nuns and priests, and a brotherhood of men of all classes, whose business is to attend all funerals. These men

wear long white garments, resembling those of the Kuklux, and only their eyes and hands are visible. Each man carries a lighted candle, and walks in front of the hearse. Several carriages are used to convey the numerous floral wreaths, which are of an extraordinary size, each one filling the entire carriage. The horses, attached to the hearse, are draped with black or purple velvet and present a very sombre appearance, while the coffin is covered with crimson and gold. Very often bands accompany the procession, but that is more common in the case of the deceased having been a military man.

MARJORIE MAC TAVISH.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

ON the bright June morning of the year 1872, in Dayton, Ohio, Paul Lawrence Dunbar started on his journey of life. Who was he? naturally the first question is. Of negro parents he was born—born into slavery, like his father before him. But this fact figures little in our minds except to add interest and pathos to his subsequent career. Determined, after many years of hard work and cruel treatment, Paul's father set out to solve the problem of freedom, a thought uppermost in the mind of many a slave, at that time. Finally, after strenuous efforts and intricate planning, he escaped successfully to Canada by means of an underground railroad, taking with him his wife and infant son. Arriving in Canada, they remained there till the close of the civil war.

When Paul's father had grown old and feeble he conceived a longing desire to return to his native town, Dayton. So, they all three started back home, where, a short time afterwards, the old man died.

Now, Dunbar and his mother, being left alone to tread life's path together, planned for the future. Although the boy was still very young, yet he was remarkably clever; he grew with such chances and mischances for mental training as everywhere befall children of the poor. So his mother decided to send him to school. He attended first the public school of Dayton and then the high school. This was the limit of his

education, but private study compensated for lack of college training.

After his graduation he had to support his mother and himself. He did so by running an elevator in one of the hotels in the town of Dayton, but this neither hindered nor barred him from pursuing his heart's desire of writing. He had always shown a special aptitude for literature, consequently, he wrote his first book, "Oak and Ivy," which was published some few years later. For four years he labored thus till he and his mother moved to Washington, where he obtained a position in the National Library. He was most successful at his work, writing at night, unceasingly, although his failing health limited his accomplishments. The next year he married—the union proved a failure—he and his wife separated a short time after their marriage. This worried him greatly and he thought over what he might do. Finally, he wrote a song expressive of his feelings. This song was to be sung one night at an evening's gathering, at which his wife was to be present and, if it were the means of reconciliation, he would allow it to be published, but, unfortunately, it did not bring about the desired effect, consequently, we have not this one stored with his others. Mentally he suffered greatly, for his life was anything but smooth.

"I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love well-tried and
pure
Had not the power to ease them or to cure."

These lines he wrote in his bitterest moments:

Dunbar has left us many jewels—some of his poems in the negro dialect are most touching. "He is the first black man to feel the life of a negro aesthetically, and to express it lyrically. He has risen to a height that no other of his blood has as yet on similar lines attained." He is generally accepted as the highest exemplification that his race has yet provided.

Some of us are apt to turn a deaf ear to the merits of the colored people. Greatly are they despised in their own country, but we have seen that they are mentally capable of great ideality. Dunbar says: "The negro has a creative, artistic mind, and is capable of a high spirituality; he can appreciate beauty; he can and does work

for noble ends outside himself; he is capable of all the evolution that is possible in time to every soul." He was, indeed, a pure black, with not a drop of white blood. Observe that he did not require any infusion of white blood to give him a touch of genius.

The fatal disease, consumption, had a fast grip on the poor black body of Dunbar, and cut short what might have been a most illustrious literary career. He had a long warning that his journey here would be short. His last days witnessed a pitiful struggle against a miserable destiny. He was cheerful to his friends and tried to show them the bright side of his departure, as he has beautifully expressed it:

"Say rather that my morn has just begun,
I greet the dawn and not the setting sun,
When all is done."

Yet he felt sorrow as few have felt it. He lingered for about a year longer, still writing, giving melodious utterances to the feelings of the black folk—his verse ever genuine, serious and sweet. Immediately before his death he wrote:

"Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God, in His great compassion,
Gave me the gift of song."

"Because I had loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master, in infinite mercy,
Offers the boon of death."

Alice L. McLELLAND.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The conceited person must stand still. He is too proud to learn—he thinks he cannot be improved upon. Others, more diligent, though perhaps with less ability, pass him on the road; and one day he will awake to find himself behind people whom, in his conceit, he has been accustomed to consider far below him in intelligence. They have forged ahead and won the prize while he stood still, wrapped in the mantle of self-complacency.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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With the dawn of another morrow the great feast of exulting joy, the "solemnity of solemnities," will come to gladden our hearts with its memories and raise our thoughts towards Him who, on that day triumphantly burst the fetters of the tomb. Alleluias spring unbidden to our lips at the message of Easter to the faithful—the mysterious peace which the Master wishes His own to possess—the sweet hope of eternal joy—and yet—

"In many a heart on Easter day
There is a tomb;
Close shut by stone and seal of grief,
Enwrapped in gloom.

"The birds may sing on Easter day,
The flowers bloom,
But still no sweet note enters in,
Nor rich perfume.

"Dear Christ in heaven this Easter day,
From Thy far throne,
Send angel down to break the seal,
Roll back the stone!"

*

The passing of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Satolli, will, doubtless, recall to readers of the RAINBOW that its initial appearance was coincidental with his visit to Loreto, Niagara Falls—in fact, the publication was gloriously inaugurated by this distinguished prelate.

Perhaps, in the annals of the Institute there never was a more notable gathering of high churchmen than on that ever-memorable occasion, when, at the invitation of the late Most Reverend J. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto; His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Most Reverend M. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Reverend J. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.; Rt. Reverend J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton; Right Reverend J. Foley, Bishop of Detroit; Right Reverend P. Ludden, Bishop of Syracuse; Right Reverend J. McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg; Right Reverend W. O'Hara, Bishop of Scranton; Right Reverend J. Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburg; Right Reverend C. McDonnell, Bishop of Brooklyn; Right Reverend T. Mullen, Bishop of Erie; Right Reverend Mgr. Conroy, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Right Reverend Mgr. Farley—now Archbishop—New York; Reverend F. Z. Rooker, Vice-President of the American College in Rome; and the gentle Vincentian, Right Reverend S. V. Ryan—the guest of honor, whose Episcopal Jubilee celebrations had culminated so brilliantly—lent their presence to this historic commemoration.

Through the dim mist of the years, memory still sees His Excellency tenderly clasping a fragrant bouquet, to the close of the function, and then, silently wending his way to the chapel, where, with characteristic Italian devotion, he placed it himself at the feet of the dear Madonna.

How many of those, assembled on that day, have been called to the reward of their labors in the Master's vineyard, from the saintly Pontiff, Leo XIII, whom His Eminence Cardinal Satolli represented, as Papal Delegate to the United States. Requiescant in pace.

*

In this age of materialism, how refreshing to the hearts of loyal Catholics to find that faith has not waxed cold, at least, not grown faint, in the souls of some of the children of Holy Church.

A princely donation, like that of the Honorable Eugene O'Keeffe, Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword to His Holiness, Pope Pius X, affords food for reflection to many of our Catholics who are, likewise, blessed with an abundant share of this world's wealth. His gift of an institution for the education of young men destined for the priesthood, will last as long as time, and thousands of voices will be raised in benediction of the noble giver, for from the hallowed precincts of the Seminary of St. Augustine will go forth ambassadors of Christ, armed with the shield of faith and filled with the zeal of the Apostles, bringing tidings of salvation to men.

Well may the Catholics of Canada, and, in particular, those of the archdiocese of Toronto, congratulate themselves on having among the laity one who has the interests of religion as much at heart as this exemplary son of the Church.

We sincerely trust that the venerable founder of St. Augustine's Seminary may be spared to witness the realization of his most sanguine hopes, and that the prospective structure may be completed ere he hears the "Well done" of the Master to welcome him.

*

Not Death but Life, we said, when the mournful chant of "Requiem" for Mother M. Catharine Harris was heard within the walls of Loreto Abbey, Toronto, ere the song of the angels

had scarcely died away, January the ninth. What have the thieving years to do with the spirit and the heart?

Spirits grow sweeter and hearts greater until all the earth is warmed and the wide world embraced. There are characters of this nature, and to know them is a minor blessedness. The sharper corners of reality seem to be rounded, for their genial, kindly spirit enhouses the heart for the time in some home-sweet-home-way hospitality. Hard lines leave the face and willingness comes into the hands because sympathy—beautiful human sympathy—has touched us. It is good to be a shining light: but to give a little love is better. "By this shall all men know you are my disciples." And, the other day, when the speaker said, "I loved Mother Catharine, she was so motherly,"—that speaker's tear-dimmed eyes told me more about the dear, kind, unobtrusive departed than a worldful of words.

During life, Mother Catharine had held various offices and occupied responsible positions, yet the aging fetter of care seemed never to have found its way to her heart. She remained gentle, approachable, tender-hearted as a child, to the end. The speaker spoke beautifully true—"she was so motherly."

And during the trying hours of an excruciating last suffering, she proved herself not less saintly and valiant—"Morphine?—I would sooner suffer—let me." These are brave words and they hold the rich, full spirit of the martyr. And in our days they are rare words as well as brave. It is good to hear them, to find them and to feel them; but oh, it is better to be strong enough and good enough to have proved them. For Mother Catharine there is no death—only life eternal and incomparable glory to come.

Among the many tributes paid to the deceased was the following:

"The news of Mother Catharine's death reached me only a few days ago, yet the shock and sorrow occasioned could not have been more

severe than if the dearest of our family household had been taken from the ranks. I mourn her loss sincerely in all the graces and virtues of her life, in all those traits of womanly character and winning sweetness of disposition that made her so conspicuous, in all those manifold blessings that made her so true to her vocation as the Bride of Christ. Always the same, with splendid capabilities for good—with a temperament mild and equitable—with a disposition serenely calm and beautiful—our good Mother seemed to be the embodiment of all those best qualities of mind and heart that drew us to her as the magnet draws the steel. Her death leaves a void in our affections never to be filled—a heartache never wholly to be assuaged.

I write as one who came fully within the sphere of her holiest influence and who saw that complete abnegation of self for the welfare of others, and the working of that Christlike charity, without which an apostle's zeal or an angel's fervor would be nothing worth. She always seemed to be walking with God even as one walketh with a friend. It will be always a happiness to remember in our prayers one whom her Maker so dearly loved; and there can be smiles through our tears for we know that she has passed into the Everlasting City, and that the Bridegroom Himself—smiling a welcome—has received her into an Eternal Reward."

*

Just as bright Christmas garlands were wreathing their gay festoons around hearth and altar, stole Death's Angel into our midst and, almost without warning, hurried from us the gentle spirit of our loved Sister Bertha Martin.

Since the opening of St. Bernard's School in Englewood, Chicago, Sister Bertha had been, as it were, the guardian angel of its little ones, so that her name had grown to be a household word in the parish, and baby lips, lisping their blessing at many a mother's knee, had learned to place Sister Bertha among those who were nearest and dearest.

Gentle, patient, and humble, without a thought for self, our sweet Sister had grown tenderly dear, not only to the religious family which

mourns her, but to all with whom she came in contact. No one was in sorrow or trouble who did not know that recourse to her would bring help and solace and sympathy; no one in joy who did not feel it would be doubled by confiding it to her. But her labor of love was finished, and her pure soul prepared, like a gem, for a richer setting, and so the white snows of Olivet drifted on Christmas morning over the new-made grave, which held all that was mortal of our much-loved Sister, but, having taught many unto justice, her simple childlike spirit, freed from the trammels of earth, shines, may we not hope, as the stars of the firmament, in the courts of Him who said: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such."

*

As the Christmas season was ushered in by the departure for a better world of a loved member of our little Community, so was it closed by that of another, when, after months of intense suffering, borne with almost heroic patience, the soul of our dear Sister Louise Secord, broke the last strand of the frail cord which bound it to this life and sped to meet the Spouse, towards whose bitter Passion all the devotion of her life had been directed.

Ever earnest and faithful, amidst the humble household duties of the convent, this dear Sister had labored steadily onward toward the goal of union with God in spirit and in will, and no means of grace was to her too small to be ever carefully hoarded. A buoyant cheerfulness characterized her even in the midst of suffering, and all that she had to give she gave joyfully to the service of God and the Institute.

Kindly and courteous to all, she won the love both of the Community and of the children, among whom she was ever wont to single out some poor, motherless little ones to lavish upon them, with Christlike charity, a truly maternal love; and whilst we cannot but grieve that our

dear Sister has been taken from us, we feel that her more than forty years of humble labor and fervent prayer, as a member of the Institute of Mary, have well fitted her to take a high place in heaven's court, where we pray that she may forever and ever sing the mercies of God.

*

In the midst of Christmas rejoicings at Loreto Convent, Guelph, the Angel of Death entered, and took from the happy circle one who was ready for heaven. Ere the flowers had withered, which her hand had placed on the altar, the soul of our dear Sister M. Stanislaus Brown passed to its reward. Her death, sudden as it was, was a shock to every one, but yet in such a death there is no cause for grief, but rather cause for rejoicing. During her twenty years of religious life, our dear Sister M. Stanislaus endeared herself to all by her lovable qualities; she was an edifying example of exact fidelity to duty, and a generous desire to sacrifice herself, on every occasion. She was truly a wise virgin, and, when the Bridegroom came in the night, he found her waiting, with lamp trimmed.

*

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Beautifully exemplified were the above words in the peaceful, happy death of Sister Mary Radegonde O'Gorman, at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, on the evening of March the fourth—a truly fitting close to a life whose best efforts, for almost twenty years, had been devoted to the Institute she loved so well, and for whose interests she labored till the Friday previous. Deceased was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, of Eganville, Ont. Possessing an earnestness of character, united to a sincere piety and amiable personality, Sister M. Radegonde exercised a salutary influence over all with whom she was brought in contact, especially her pupils, to whom the remembrance of

her devotedness will long remain a treasured memory. For the dying religious, death had no terrors, a calm peacefulness with perfect consciousness was hers till the last moment, when, after being fortified with the rites of Holy Church, with a smile not of earth illumining her countenance, her spirit, freed from its earthly tenement, winged its flight to receive the "Well done" of the Master.

In the death of Sister M. Radegonde, the Community has lost a valued member, one who did not count the cost of sacrifice, but whose desire was ever to labor and be spent in the service of Him, who is now her reward exceeding great in that rest eternal, which, we pray our sweet Jesus to grant her soul.

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We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "So As By Fire," by Jean Connor. 12mo. cloth, \$1.25.

Unhappy, misunderstood, deprived of all that makes life sweet to the young, the heroine of this story appeals at once to the reader's sympathies. The very nickname bestowed upon her—"Weasel"—indicates the prickly, thorny, sharp nature which she has ever turned to a harsh and uncomprehending world. Chance puts opportunity in her hand. She grasps it, clings to it with all the undaunted courage of a soul that, with proper training, would have been capable of wonderful things. She dares disgrace, exposure; she holds to the frail reed that is not hers by right, but which she seizes in another's name, and expands to mental and physical beauty in an atmosphere of luxury. Withal she is a little pagan, and unbeliever, and the beauty of the story is in the gradual awakening of God's reality in her untrained heart; her defiance of His claim upon her; her despairing clutch of the good things of life, which she has learned to prize; her struggle with temptation; and the conquering Faith which claims her allegiance at

last, to the relinquishment of all she holds most dear. That there is happiness still in store for her makes a happy ending to a powerful tale.

*

From the same publishers come "The Seven Little Marshalls," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, 16mo, \$0.45.

"The Seven Little Marshalls" are the children of Dr. and Mrs. Marshall, and from fourteen-year-old Patricia down to baby Polly "Pepperpot," they are all worth knowing. Their building of Lenroc Castle, their good times and adventures with "The White Knight," their adoption of Honor Jackson, their affection for their teacher, "Miss Azzie," their mishaps during vacation—all are interesting—just the proper reading for growing boys and girls. The older folk will be charmed and diverted by the tender romance of "Miss Azzie" and "The White Knight," which wise Polly manages to manoeuvre to a satisfactory conclusion.

*

"Round the World," 12mo, cloth, profusely illustrated, \$1.00.

The Seventh Volume contains: Trees; Historic, Wonderful, and Ordinary. Furs and Fur Hunters. German Folk-Lore. Floating Mines. Santa Catalina Island. Gold-Mining in Mexico. Mountain-Climbing in America. Old-Style Writing. Canoes and Canoeing. Hunting Rubber in the American Tropics. Outdoor Bird-Taming. The Landmarks of Old Virginia.

Each volume of this series can be said to be better than its predecessor. All are just the kind of books for growing youth, willing and ready to absorb. The articles teach history and geography, commerce and manufactures, the study of peoples, &c.

*

"Captain Ted," by Mary T. Waggaman, has also come from the above publishers. 16mo, cloth. \$0.60.

Stories of schoolboy life always have a charm and interest for young and old.

Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy—cheerful, manly, self-reliant—called suddenly from his sports and studies at beloved St. Elmer's to his home, where he finds his father a helpless paralytic and ruined by a decline in the stock-market. His sturdy stand in the midst of the family disaster, his grasping of the rudder of their wrecked fortunes with a firm if unskilled hand, his cheery encouragement to his hopeless mother and his younger brothers and sisters, the optimism with which he inspires them, his own successful attempts to find employment, are truly inspiring. How the firm of Sharkey and Trapp take advantage of his inexperienced years and youthful sincerity, how they use him for a dupe in their nefarious schemes and finally leave him on the brink of disgrace and ruin, from which he is plucked by Colonel Jarvis, who vindicates his honesty and places him and his family on the road to happiness and prosperity, is graphically told. The story of Heron Hall and the "Black Snake" Denhams, the awful night in the gloomy west wing, the laying of the ghosts that haunted the old mansion, are thrilling enough to transport normal boys to the seventh heaven of literary delight.

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Our warmest congratulations to the teachers and pupils of the Loreto Convents in Port Louis, Curepipe, and Quatre Bornes, Mauritius, on their unprecedented success at the recent examinations.

The Prize List from the Department of Public Instruction, Higher Education of Girls, bears testimony to the triumphs achieved by the dear girls who have been pursuing their studies in the "Pearl of the Indian Ocean."

Miss Mathilde Rougé—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes—was the fortunate winner of a Gold Medal; Aimée Hirchenroder, from the

same convent, won a Silver Medal, as did Jeanne Desjardins, from Loreto Convent, Curepipe. Geneviève Tank-Wen—Loreto Convent, Port Louis, obtained a Bronze Medal.

In Standard I. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Geneviève Latour, A. Marie Mottet, Andrée Tank-Wen, and a Prize, by Hélène Duvergé—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Madeleine Carosin, Valentine Hardy, Maria Lagesse, Denise Langlois, Thérèse Letellier, Marguerite Montocchio, Louise Vallet, and a Prize by Marthe Gallet—Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Marie Descombes, Berthe Fourmond, Indiana Marot, Eva Rae, Marie Rayeur, Ellen Singery, a Pass Certificate, by Germaine Hein, and a Prize, by Paule de Pitray.

In Standard II. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Eliane Robert, Loreto Convent, Port Louis; also by Miss Louise Adam, Jeanne Aubert, Marthe Aubert, M. Thérèse Bouffé, Claire Isnard, Renée Lemerle, Mathilde Piat, and a Pass Certificate, by Louise Humbert—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Berthe Herchenroder, Germaine Quessy; Pass Certificates, by Hilda Nicole, Marthe Harel; and a Prize, by Zoë Fourmond—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard III. Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Bianca Ducasse, Maud Keisler, Hélène Tank-Wen; and Prizes, by Suzanne Duvivier and Lea Bruneau—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Thérèse Lagesse, Irène Leclézió, Simone Pougnet, and Alice Toulorge—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe; also by Miss Inèz Pepin, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard IV. Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Yvonne Florens, Elmire Laure,

Geneviève Tank-Wen; and a Pass Certificate, by Miss Lise Ducasse—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Thérèse Aubert, Simone Edwards, Olga Icery, Madeleine Leclézió, Lucie Montigny, Léa Tostée—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe; also a Prize, by Miss Jeanné de la Giroday—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard V. Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Françoise Fleurié, Emilie Gérard, Anne Goder—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Céline de Palmas, Marie de Robillard, Jeanne Desjardins, Valentine Foiret, Cécile Labat, Sabine Letellier, Louise Pastor—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe—and by Lydie Cantal and Madeleine de Pitray; and a Prize, by Claire Couve—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard VI. Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Agaritha Ducasse, Anne Marie, Léa Chéry, Elizabeth Larcher, Regina Quirin; and Prizes, by Clémence Bathfield, Odette Ernest, Amélie Guerandel, Madeleine d'Emmerez de Charmoy and Simone Guerandel—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Geneviève d'Emmerez de Charmoy, Loreto Convent, Curepipe; and by Aimée Herchenrodér—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard VII. Honor Certificates were obtained by Miss Frances Bennet, Madeleine Bourgault du Coudray, Hélène Foiret, Julie Hardy; and Prizes, by Marguerite Béchard and Geneviève Desenne—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Honor Certificates were obtained by Yveline Bird-Hulm, Edmée Couve, Laurence Lumeau, Anita Rae and Mathilde Rougé—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

The successful competitors at the Cambridge Local Examinations were: Juniors—Mathilde

Rougé and Clémence Pasquet, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Seniors—Madeleine Bouffé and Albine Pilot—Loreto Convent, Curepipe. Hortense Gébert—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

A Sleighing Party.

FEW winters of recent years have afforded as much pleasure to the lovers of outdoor sports in Hamilton as has the present one. Sleighing, coasting, snow-shoeing and skating have been constantly enjoyed amidst scenery of an unusual degree of beauty. In fact, there were days when our own grounds presented the appearance of a fairy forest of snow and ice, glistening in the sun, every leafless branch and twig crystallized with diamond frost, while the shrubbery assumed all manner of fantastic shapes.

These ideal weather conditions for skating so fascinated the loyal subjects of the Frost King that they fairly revelled in his icy Court, taking advantage of such favorable opportunities. Even novices in the art, who found it difficult to maintain an upright position, vied with experts, cutting fancy figures on the ice "just like professionals"; yet the lure of the sleigh-bells had an irresistible fascination on the day appointed for our initial spin.

The prancing steeds, briskly entering the driveway, to the music of their tinkling bells, seemed to catch the infection of the hour as they neared the merry groups standing on the door-steps, in eager expectancy. Ere long, enveloped in furs and wraps, as though bound on a voyage of discovery for the North Pole—who would have recognized us as the demure maidens in sombre black of an hour previous?—we were comfortably ensconced in the roomy sleighs, as blissfully oblivious of that Physics Exam, as if the trying ordeal had been postponed for all time, speeding along to the country, drinking in the invigorating air, cheeks aglow, our gladdened hearts rejoicing in this day of joyous outdoor winter life.

There is an indescribable peace and tranquility in the country, where the land wears its sky-woven mantle, each grotesque or unsightly ob-

ject transfigured to beauty by the snow, which lends a symmetry to everything it touches. "Our lives should be like footprints in snow-fields, leaving a mark but not a stain," aptly wrote Madame Swetchine, and her words recurred to our minds as we were rapidly whirled through the white stillness, far from the haunts of men. But there was little time for reverie in such a mirth-loving party. A glance at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes beneath the close-fitting toques, told of the exuberant joy which found vent in witty repartee and snatches of popular airs well known to all.

Our return to the city was as enjoyable as our departure, and, in what seemed a very short time, the sleighs brought us again to familiar scenes. Fortunately, we arrived just as our Reverend friend, Father Brady, who had been paying a visit at the Mount, was about to leave. He most graciously accepted our informal invitation to remain for an oyster supper, and his geniality and fund of anecdote enlivened the conversation and added to the general enjoyment.

We afterwards adjourned to the assembly hall, where our Reverend guest immediately became the centre of an interested group, as he imparted a vast amount of instructive information touching the much-heralded Halley's Comet, and in such a delightfully agreeable manner as to hold captive the attention of even those not yet versed in astronomy. Father Brady was certainly amused at the futile attempts of some to adapt astronomical calculations when brought down, so to speak, to just simple arithmetic, to the utter dismay of the higher mathematicians.

The comet's tail caused consternation and alarm, in the event of a collision with our planet—a contingency happily not likely to occur, as Father Brady assured us, later, much to the relief of the timid and credulous.

All too quickly the evening passed, and very reluctantly we saw our Reverend guest depart—not, however, without a promise that he would visit us soon again.

LOUISE VOISARD.

Let us be our own stern critics, always rising to something higher. It is better to set a high ideal before oneself than to grovel on one's own level.



MARY HATH CHOSEN THE BEST PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER.

The Pupils of Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, Attend an Experimental Lecture on Science, by Professor McClelland, of Toronto University.

WE are, indeed, placed in the path of singular opportunities, and fortune favored us most kindly when, on Friday evening, January 28, we found ourselves, a happy band of fourteen young ladies, in the Assembly Hall of the Hamilton Normal School, in response to the gracious invitation of the Principal, Dr. Morgan. The lecturer, who claimed our undivided attention by the wonders he unfolded, was none other than Professor McClelland, of Toronto University. A most pleasing and affable manner, associated with a most fascinating subject, could not but prove interesting.

To the enchanted realm where scientists love to resort we were immediately introduced, and to data with which we were all familiar, although in a few brief moments the known was quite forgotten in the marvellous revelations of the unknown. The atmospheric air was the first topic treated by the lecturer. Ordinarily, science teaches that air is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, water vapor, and with these carbon dioxide and other kindred gases which render it to a certain degree impure. Professor McClelland did not dwell long on these well-known facts but elaborated, to a certain extent, upon other gases, extremely rare, however, present in atmospheric air. Among these are Neon and Helium.

The experiments illustrating the properties of liquid air were highly interesting. Air liquifies, under an extreme pressure at a temperature of—182° Fahrenheit, and, in this condition, may be poured from flasks constructed for the purpose of holding it, as water may be poured from any vessel. Some alcohol in a tube which was placed in one of these vessels, almost immediately congealed, and rubber tubing, after a few moments' immersion, became quite brittle and could be easily broken. Water was frozen, and with each immersion, the liquid air around the immersed tube was returned to the gaseous form, owing to the great difference in temperature.

Another remarkable property was shown.

When poured upon any surface that surface was not moistened but its temperature was greatly lowered and the air arose from it in its ordinary state.

Liquid air is useful for studying the properties of bodies at a very low temperature.

Equally interesting was the illustrating of the wonderful properties of radium. A common stone glowed most brilliantly when placed near a small piece. The same effect was produced when a piece of metal was placed between these two bodies. This circumstance, while exhibiting the power of radium, moreover reveals that material ordinarily thought most compact is, in reality, quite porous. Here arises the study of the molecule. How large is a molecule? Can it be found? These are questions which the scientist has endeavored to answer. It is found by experiment that one-one hundredth of a milligram is the smallest quantity of a substance that can be ordinarily weighed. One half of this amount of sugar can be tasted. In like manner one-twentieth of one-one hundredth of a milligram of strychnine is responsive to the sense of taste. In these extremely small quantities of sugar and strychnine there is at least one, and, perhaps, several million molecules. Therefore, a very rough estimate as to the weight of a molecule is all that can be obtained.

Even the soap-bubble from which we all, when we were children, derived so much pleasure, is not without its charm for the scientist, and, to Professor McClelland, true scientist that he is, this pastime of boyhood days is still delightful, and for our benefit he again indulged in it. An image of a soap-bubble was cast upon the wall by means of an electrical machine, erected for the purpose, and revealed to us the colors of the spectrum circling around one another and making their way towards the lower end of the bubble. Ere long, a black spot appeared, and scientific experimentation has found that when this spot attains a certain thickness the bubble breaks.

Another phenomenon was explained, namely, the cause of the beautiful red and golden glow of the western sky at sunset. This is due to a scattering of the blue rays of light, leaving only the red rays and those kindred to them.


A very novel feature, something which few of us have had the opportunity of before seeing,

was the X-Ray machine. At the close of the lecture we had the privilege of a closer examination of this wonder-worker, which, needless to say, we appreciated highly.

As a result of hearing such a discourse, to perhaps more than one of us the thought has presented itself, how great and immeasurable are the works of the Creator when the creature, who has searched them so deeply, and has discovered therein such marvellous things, must humbly confess that he is, nevertheless, so ignorant of them.

ETHEL McARDLE.

Cardinal Newman.

 OPPORTUNITY throws brilliant advantages down to men, and it requires genius to snatch them up, as well as ability to retain the prize ever afterward.

Take the career of John Henry Newman, the announcement of whose death, twenty years ago, was received with the deepest sorrow, not only by all English-speaking people, but throughout the whole of Christendom.

In spite of the quiet life led by him, after his retirement from active public life, Dr. Newman was probably one of the best-known men of England, and, it is safe to say, he was one of the most admired and respected. If sterling integrity and absolute unimpeachability of character were the distinguishing marks of some of his predecessors, true manhood had found a noble representative in Dr. Newman.

Called upon to step from a sphere of comparative humbleness to an exalted position in the Catholic Church, he acquitted himself of the duties that fell to him in a manner that won for him praise and admiration from all quarters.

The blamelessness and simplicity of his life, the singleness of his aim and the influence of his great intellect, all conspired to give him a position as a pillar in his Church, and among Catholic writers, whom the Church will find rather hard to replace.

There may have been preachers as eloquent, religious thinkers as subtle, writers of as powerful and grand a style, though as preacher, as thinker and as writer, his rivals in his own, or any other country, have been few indeed. It

would be a vain search through the history of our own, or perhaps any other, age, for one who combined these varied intellectual and spiritual gifts, in anything like the wealth in which they were united in the great English convert.

The Catholic world has produced some very remarkable writers, but none so deservedly popular as John Henry Newman, who was born in London, February 21st, 1801. He was the son of John Newman of Cambridgeshire, a banker. This John Newman had a hereditary taste for music, of which he had a practical and scientific knowledge, together with much culture. He held a high position in the craft of freemasonry, in the art of which, neither of his three sons was initiated. In 1800, he married a Jemima Foudriner of a well-known Hungarian family. Young Newman was sent to Dr. Nichola's preparatory school, at Ealing, from which he went to Trinity College, Oxford.

In 1820, when he was but nineteen years of age, he took his Degree. In 1821, he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. In 1824, he received Orders, and was appointed Curate at St. Clement's. In 1826, he became tutor at Oriel, which office he held for five years. Three years before this, he received the incumbency of St. Mary's Church, and this he held until 1843. He soon gained reputation as a preacher. His style, we are told, was wonderfully lucid, and his language was colored with the rich glow of picturesque imagination.

It was during his chaplaincy at Littlemore that his views underwent that change which, soon after, led to his reception into the Church of Rome, in 1845. After visiting Rome, in 1846, Dr. Newman returned to England and established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in the Hagley Road. In 1850, he founded the Brompton Oratory, but, after a short time, his connection with it was severed, and thus it passed into other hands. After some time he founded an Irish Catholic University in Dublin, in which place he held the office of Rector for seven years.

On April 16th, 1879, Dr. Newman left Birmingham for Rome, and, on the 12th of May, the same year, he was made a Cardinal. After leaving Rome and arriving in Birmingham, on July 1st, he received a very cordial welcome and was presented with many congratulatory addresses.

Perhaps Cardinal Newman is better known among Christians of all denominations by his much-appreciated hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Scarcely any hymn-book has been published, within the last thirty-seven years, in whose pages it has not found a place. As considerable difference of opinion had been expressed, as to the meaning of the last two lines of the hymn, Dr. Newman was questioned regarding it. His answer was, that poetry is not understood to be a matter of fact, and that it was not permissible to ask a man the meaning of what he wrote, when he was both seasick and homesick, as he was at the time, having been pitching about for a week, as he had been, in the Straits of Bonifacio.

Newman has written many verses proclaiming "Gladness," or praying for "Light." None have, however, shared the glory of those above mentioned.

It was while slowly pacing the deck of the vessel, and, in the silence of midnight, premeditating secession from the Anglican Church, that he composed this hymn. Upwards of fifty years have passed since the dawn of that "Light" which led him "kindly on," and enrolled him in the service of the true Church.

Some time ago, I heard a friend describe Cardinal Newman as having a short slender form, rather bent, thin silvery hair, soft voice, prominent aquiline nose—which indicates force of character—large expressive eyes, gentle manner, and as he grew earnest at some particular point in his sermon, the face, which at first seemed that of an ascetic, became illumined with intelligence, warmth, and inspiration, and the speaker was young again. His language was clear and simple, but sublime in its vivid portrayal of the truth he wished to teach. Age did not change the gentle character which made him so popular at Oxford. All kinds of persons would seek to see him under various pretenses—most of them through curiosity.

From this description, one would hardly believe him to be the fierce warrior, that we are told he was in the famous Oxford Movement, or the controversial combatant who worsted Gladstone in a battle on paper, some thirty-five or thirty-seven years ago.

We are told that, for twenty years of his life, from 1844 to 1864, no one was the object of so

much general and profound distrust, as was Cardinal Newman. The Tractarian Movement was very distasteful to the great mass of Englishmen. If there was any creed of their own country which they especially valued, it was the National Protestantism. If any event in British History appealed to them as peculiarly sacred, it was the Reformation. Now, the Tractarian Movement, little as such a result was thought of in its initiation, aimed at undoing the work of the Reformation, at unprotestantizing the country, which, as Southey boasted, a century and a half ago, alone made Protestantism considerable in Europe.

Popular indignation was so strong against Newman that, for years after his going over to Rome, he was called "Traitor."

In receiving visitors, whether Protestant or Catholic, the Cardinal exhibited the same kind courtesy. He was not given to talk, and as he was rather feeble, audiences were necessarily short. But no one left without feeling he had gained something by his visit.

Listen to what an English writer says of him: "The position which Cardinal Newman held among his countrymen, was of a unique kind. There are few living Englishmen, who, however widely they may differ from him in matters of speculative opinion, do not regard him not merely with veneration and pride, but with a kind of personal affection."

Down in bustling Birmingham, there is one quiet spot. It is the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. If you were to happen within the walls of the Oratory some day, just at the hour when sunset is being followed by twilight, you might hear stealing down the long silent corridors of the building, sweet strains of music, by a skilled and delicate touch. Ask one of the Fathers whence the music comes, he will probably smile and answer: "It is His Eminence, the Superior, who is playing."

On an old and valuable Stradivarius, the greatest Churchman in England, and one of the greatest masters of the English language, finds relaxation and peace as the evening falls. The master of the violin, is none other than

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN—

who was at Oxford, the college mate of Manning, Gladstone, Pusey, Hurrell Froude, Keble

and others. But as the Cardinal gently touches his violin, in the twilight hours, he is content in the belief that his work is done.

In the Oratory he is quiet and undisturbed, and his days pass peacefully and without disturbing incident.

The revolution in religious thought, which the Earl of Beaconsfield declared to be the greatest that England had seen in more than three hundred years, and in which Newman was the leading figure, is a thing of the past.

It was in the Oratory that the saintly Newman put forth his best powers for Catholicity, and enriched with his thought the literature of the religion which he combated so fiercely in his younger days, before the answer came to his beautiful petition, "Lead, Kindly Light," whose sobbing monosyllables proclaim, with all the earnest, passionate yearning of a soul at sea—

"The night is dark, and I am far from home."

There is but one opinion as to Cardinal Newman's standing in the literary art.

Years ago, an eminent writer said, that if he were sentenced to suffer solitary confinement and allowed his choice of books, being limited to one or two writers, he would prefer some of Newman's to even Shakespeare himself.

The Cardinal had all his life been a vigorous worker, but, towards its closing years, he rarely preached, and wrote but little. Till the last he rose early, as he had always done, and the time not given to devotions, to visitors or to studies, was given to looking after the affairs of the beloved Oratory which he had established. The love that the students and the priests bore for the aged Cardinal was, indeed, touching. He was always ready to sympathize with and to assist the youngest, as well as the oldest. Often during the day, he might be seen moving through the building, stopping here and there, to answer questions, to encourage some weary one, or to give advice where it might be needed. And when in the pulpit, accommodation could not be given to the crowds that would gather to listen to him. Some say that he was more proud of the institution that he established, than he was of the thirty odd volumes he wrote, or of the Cardinal's hat that he wore.

Newman and Manning being at Oxford to-

gether, Manning was much influenced by the finer and more powerful mind of Newman.

Like Manning, Newman was ordained in the English Church. Like Manning he was a convert, having entered the Catholic Church, in 1845. Like Manning, too, he was of the popular men of England. But here the likeness of the two men ends. Newman's life was spent with his books and writings, except for his work at the Oratory. He was but little seen in the outside world. But Cardinal Manning was a more familiar figure, generally, about London. Not that Manning was not a writer. In fact, he wrote much. But it was as a man of action that he was best known.

Who has not read Newman's "Loss and Gain," "Callista," or his "Illustrations on Protestant Method of Argument"? "Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy." This declaration appeared in *McMillan's Magazine*, in 1864. The author, Mr. Kingsley, a picturesque novelist, made a great mistake in attributing to the great Newman a proposition so directly opposite to all his teachings and his life. We have heard it said by those who knew the late Cardinal, that his passionate love for truth, and his scrupulous exactness in the practice of it, had ever been among his principal characteristics. A correspondence ensued, pamphlets were published, and Dr. Newman's "Apology for his Life" was given to the world. Its success has been without parallel in literature. Its effect went far beyond the author's design. Not only did it right him with his countrymen, but it did much to dispel the cloud in which Catholics had for three centuries been enveloped. His course of lectures on the "Traditions against Catholics" has been of great service to religion. The tendency of them, is towards creating and fostering a more robust Catholic spirit. We find that they expose all the weaknesses and inconsistencies of his opponents. And, besides, they are from the pen of the greatest English prose-writer, and many of the passages they contain are amongst the best in our literature.

Then, again, there is that magnificent work, his "Grammar of Assent."

Cardinal Newman selected important topics for his discourses. His thoughts were always logically developed, consequently, his conclusions

were final. In reading his various productions, we obtain the impression that he was a man of good natural gifts, of cultivated mind, and serious and noble aims.

Sarcasm is prominent in some of his writings. He was humorous to a degree, and it has been stated that he could be very severe when he wished. For instance, a Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, of Birmingham, distinguished for his literary productions, sent a copy of his "John Inglesant" for the Cardinal's opinion. Cardinal Newman replied, that he had read the book with much interest: "but," he added, in gratification of the request for an opinion, "I observe that it lacks an index."

In conclusion, I would say that Newman's sufferings were not all caused by English Protestantism, for, over thirty years of his Catholic life was one long siege of trials and difficulties.

Just here I would like to quote a few very appropriate lines to the Cardinal, by John Croker Barrow:—

"Some great there are, not good—some good—
not great—
Some neither good nor great, amongst man-
kind.
Some few both good and great—how hard to
find—
When found, how easy to enumerate;
And yet we see not, in this present state,
The deeps and shallows of another mind,
Nor secrets of another soul—too blind
To know how much to love, how much to hate.
One soul above the shallowness of sect,
We see, both great and good, in this our land,
A gentle soul, a giant intellect,
A master mind, a Heavenward-helping hand;
Lead on, thou "Kindly light, great Prince,
good Priest,
Lead on, of those who love thee most, we love
not least."

M. H. E. MOORE.

A Spanish Afternoon at Loreto Convent, Woodlawn, Chicago.

ON Sunday afternoon, January the twenty-fourth, the sunset hour from four to five was filled with song and story when the large drawing-room of the convent held an interested audience, and an interesting group of Catholic artists, members of the Illinois Press Woman's Association and the Western Guild of Catholic Writers, gave a short programme for the Loreto Nuns, the pupils, and a very few invited guests.

Reverend Dr. Gaffney, President of the Guild, was to have presided and "called the flowers forth to bloom," but he was called out of town and sent word that the loss was all his own and he did not intend to lose it but would give himself that pleasure at the next opportunity.

The programme was opened by Mr. George F. O'Connell, whose heaven-sent gift of glorious voice was heard in a group of old Spanish songs. And then, by request, he sang "The Birds," by Carrie Jacobs Bond, who gave a delightful programme at the Englewood Convent on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Alfred de Roulet, well known among book lovers as Mary Nixon-de Roulet, the author of "A Harp of Many Chords," "Japanese Folk-Tales," "With a Pessimist in Spain," "The Little Spanish Cousins," and ten other popular books, read extracts from her newest work, "The Spaniard at Home." This book was written at the request of the McClurg Publishing Company, and will be out in the spring. Mrs. de Roulet is a convert, and is the mother of one of Loreto's youngest pupils.

Several serious phases of the Spanish character were dealt with in delightful story manner and many humorous incidents of peasant and city life were charmingly told in Mrs. de Roulet's exquisitely quaint style, under which her sincere far-sightedness gives depth to all her writings.

Reverend Bernard Heaney, of Holy Angels' Church, sang beautifully the "Flower Song" from "Carmen," in Spanish, and Don Fernando Staud y Ximinez, who was Spanish Consul at Chicago during the time when Spain and America "joined hands across the sea," and, as one writer says, "Had a great big party for Colum-

Joy is never possible to those who are perpetually annoyed by trifles, or who dwell upon the unimportant weaknesses of their friends. To possess joy we must begin by being as cheerful about our troubles as we are about the troubles of our neighbors. Joy cannot enter where worry abides.


bus" at the World's Columbian Exposition, talked briefly of the beauty of the Spanish churches and convents, and told some Spanish stories in that splendid comedy vein for which he is noted.

Miss Genevieve Cooney, an alumna of Loreto, gave some character sketches from a group, "People Seen by Mine Own Eyes." The programme closed with another song by Mr. O'Connell, and then, all attended Benediction in the chapel, after which a delightful social hour was presided over by the Loreto Community, and the "traveling minstrels," as one of their party called them, departed, hoping to have again the pleasure of entertaining and being entertained by the Ladies of Loreto.

An Illustrated Lecture—"To and Through Hawaii."

By Reverend *M. J. Rosa, C. D.*, at Loreto Convent,
Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

Honored by the Presence of Right Reverend *C. J.*
Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

 ON Wednesday, the second of February, Father Rosa, with the aid of stereopticon views, conducted a keenly-interested and very enthusiastic audience from Detroit to San Francisco, and thence to the Hawaiian Islands, thus affording a profitable glimpse of this Paradise of the Pacific.

Of course, we were prepared for an infinite variety of natural wonders, and a due appreciation of them, but when the Reverend speaker drew our attention to frogs, weighing forty pounds each, the unmistakable amazement and incredulity, depicted on every countenance, found expression in successive and rather audible oh's until, without a suggestion of a smile, he coolly announced: "They are of bronze!" Then, amid laughter and merry comment the journey was continued.

The colored slides faithfully portrayed all the delicate tints of the rock formations and flora for which these islands are famous; the luxuriant vegetation, the marvellous beauty and variety of the flowers that grow in such glorious profusion in the gardens and line the drives, the giant cacti, the lovely palms, the dense forests that

clothe the upland slopes of the mountains, the coral reefs skirting the coasts, the birds of beautiful plumage—but, alas, for the most part, songless!

Remembering that the islands are of volcanic origin, and contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiescent, in the world, we were particularly interested in the slides showing Kilauea, with its red sea of lava, under different aspects. At night the scene is sublime; the lava being thrown to a great height, rolls in streams down the mountain, and the lurid light against the dark background of the sky creates a feeling akin to terror, as one gazes fascinated at the spectacle. Father Rosa referred to the risk incurred by photographers in obtaining these views, about which volumes might be written. Natives planting potatoes in the lava were also shown.

When the island of Molokai was flashed upon the canvas, memory went back to the heroic Father Damien, the martyr-priest, to whom the late Father Tabb paid the following tribute:

"O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing, to Thy feet we bring—
'A leper, white as snow.'"

In order to remove a misconception regarding the prevalence of the dreaded disease throughout the islands, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is confined to the most paradisiacal spot, where the Government has segregated these unfortunates, making their escape well-nigh impossible, I reproduce the following communication from Brother Francis Marz, of St. Louis College, Honolulu, and a resident of the Hawaiian Islands since 1883, who recently visited the leper colony at Molokai:

"I have just returned from the island of Molokai, where I spent two weeks of my vacation among the lepers. I saw gruesome sights and plenty of them, but they did not appal me half as much as I thought they would. Leprosy is a frightful disease, and may truly be called a living death. However, those who have it and are on Molokai are well cared for. In the first place, they do not suffer much, and in the second place, they have no cares or worries. They are the only real independent people I know of. The Government gives them reasonable rations, every

week, clothes when they need them, decent houses to live in, daily medical treatment, if necessary, and work, for which they are paid, if they wish it. Of course, the disease itself and the knowledge that they are cut off from the rest of the world forever is a terrible thing, but the native, who is a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, is also quickly reconciled when he finds that he is forever rid of working for those three bugbears—food, clothes, and shelter.

The leper does not suffer much, for the parts of the body affected are dead; hence there is no pain. Most of them are minus three or four fingers and toes; some of them have none left. Some become blind, others become helpless cripples. In spite of all this appalling misery, you very seldom come across one who is really dejected. They go about as other mortals, and if you did not see their distorted features, you would not take them for lepers.

One day, Brother Henry and I were invited to the Bishop Home, an institution conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis for leper girls. We enjoyed an entertainment by lepers. The leper girls sang in English and Hawaiian and gave a flag drill. I cheered heartily, although I felt more disposed to pity them.

There are numbers of Catholic natives in the settlement, and I was highly edified at the earnestness of their devotion. They have two churches, one at Kalaupapa and one in Kalawao. There are two resident priests, four lay Brothers, and five Sisters. I was the guest of the Brothers in Kalawao, where they have a snug little home, which is never entered by lepers.

Molokai is the prettiest island of our group. The mountains rise to a height of 4000 feet, straight like a wall. They are covered with dense vegetation. There is no escape possible except by sea."

Honolulu, the seat of government, unique in the position it occupies at the commercial crossroads of the great ocean—the business centre where Occident and Orient meet—next engaged our attention. In this city, seventy-one years ago, the former Queen of the Hawaiian Islands—Liliuokalani—was born. Educated at the Royal School, her accomplishments include an excellent command of the English language and superiority as a musician. In the church music of Honolulu, her cultivated taste and decided

ability were found most useful, she also set the national hymn to music.

Queen Liliuokalani's attempt to abolish the Constitution of 1887 and restore absolute monarchy, led to her dethronement. She has paid several visits to the United States to press her claims against the Government for compensation for lands formerly belonging to the Crown, but all her efforts in this direction have been unsuccessful.

Increased interest was manifested in Father Rosa's detailed explanation of the sugar industry. We were shown the planting and harvesting of the sugar-cane, the cane-carriers delivering it to the mills, the apparatus used in the manufacture of sugar from the sugar-cane, the different processes through which it goes—and all so realistic that we could almost imagine the figures moved while we looked on.

We inferred that a golden opportunity awaits the active and ambitious white man in this island territory of Uncle Sam, in which there are already scores of self-made millionaires, retiring to enjoy life under the most ideal conditions imaginable; and new industries constantly springing up, creating new men of wealth.

In Hawaii, coffee and pineapple crops are not greatly considered, yet pineapples create millionaires in these islands, and small planters, of a few years ago, are men of high finance to-day. The sugar-cane fields export annually \$40,000,000 worth of product, as in time, doubtless, will the pineapple plantations. Hawaii holds in her soil more wealth than does any country of equal area in the world.

The lecture was replete with useful information and facts not widely or generally known. At its close a vote of thanks was moved by Reverend R. E. Brady, and seconded by Reverend F. Hinchey. It was presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., and acknowledged by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M.

EILEEN O'BRIEN.

Let us seek to begin each new day as serene and calm as though it were a new life, with nothing of the old remaining but its wisdom, its sweet memories, its duties, its responsibilities, and the hope, joys, privileges, love, and possessions the old life has bequeathed to us.

The Students of Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, Attend the Matinée Performance of the Orphans' Festival, at the Grand Opera House,

THE eagerly-anticipated Annual Festival in the interests of sweet charity, took place on the tenth of February, and, judging from the large audience that attended the entertainment, the appeal made to the generosity of the people of Hamilton in behalf of the children of St. Mary's Orphanage, met with a hearty response.

To us the most attractive features of the programme were the numbers contributed by the orphans, and our hearts went out to the juvenile performers, so prettily grouped in the lovely woodland scene, with which the concert opened, while their clear, melodious voices rang out in welcome to their friends.

One chubby little lad, whose presence was as sunshine to the audience, thoroughly boylike in his harmless mischief, and bubbling over with Irish wit, provided much amusement by relating his droll recollections of half a century ago. His address was as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—Here we are again for an Old Boys' reunion! I am pleased to see so many of you present to-day. I must claim the honor of being the oldest old boy in the crowd; as it is now fifty-seven years since I first introduced myself as the speaker for the worthy institution I represent.

Don't we love to recall those good old times, away back in the fifties, when Hamilton Park stretched from the Mountain to the Bay, and there were no steam-cars nor street-cars, nor turbulent powers of Hydro-Electric and Cataract to jar the people's nerves!

It is more trying on my nerves, just now, to stand here and address this great audience. I believe my courage should fail me were I not assured that you are all delighted to see me. I feel quite braced up when I see those charming ladies greeting me with smiles. I'm sure I have already won their attention and admiration. Is not this a privilege the most celebrated orator might envy?

Well, dear friends, I am here again to thank you for all the good things you have been doing

to make us, little ones, so happy, especially at Christmas time. Dear old Santa Claus was at his wits' end to know where to find room for all the toys, bonbons, and other gifts he brought us from you. The old year closed with a big balance on lovely charity's account.

There was one day, in particular, in the good old summer-time of 1909, when we did not mind being orphans. It was the day we were treated to an auto ride, for the first time. The kind gentlemen of the Auto Club took us to Oaklands, and we went spinning along as gay as young princes. I tell you, we had the nicest ladies in the city with us that day, too, and if they are here now, I wish to pay them my best respects, and invite them to come along the next time we go for an auto ride.

We expect to move into our new home in the spring, and I hope you will all come to see how nice it is. Here we have to thank you again, good friends, for the help and encouragement you have given those who watch over our interests. Without such generous assistance from our benefactors, the latest addition to our orphanage could not have been built and furnished.

For all your kindness, we thank you again and again, and we fervently pray that for all time to come you may have God's blessing and protection."

An Operetta, entitled "The Enchanted Apple," was very enjoyable, and its moral especially good. It was the story of a young girl who looked, green-eyed, at the supposed good fortune and carefree lives of others, and hated the fate which held her from doing as those more fortunate ones could do, thus missing the joys that might have been hers, by keeping her attention fixed on those of other people; and forgetting that life has its full measure of happiness for all who are determined to make the best of the opportunities that come in their way, instead of longing for the things that come to their neighbor.

Perhaps, some of us, tired of the placid monotony of daily life, and yearning for a change, echo her sighs? If so, her case may well be a warning.

The Orphean Musical Club, of Rochester, rendered vocal quartets and solos, and instrumental numbers, all of which were received with due appreciation.

Mrs. Martin-Murphy's two solos — "Romanza," by De Suppé, with violin obligato by Mr. Arthur Ostler; and "There is a Dear Spot in Ireland," by Perry, and the Quartette, composed of Mrs. Martin-Murphy, Miss A. Hanley, Messrs. S. Schwartz and Jos. Longinus, were heartily applauded, and formed a brilliant close to the Festival.

MARY BATTLE.

MATINÉE PROGRAMME.

1. Opening Chorus
ORPHANS.
 2. The Bugle Song*Hatton*
ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.
 3. Newsboys' Rehearsal
ORPHANS.
 4. "Breeze of the Night"*La Mothe*
HORN QUARTETTE.
 5. Reading (Selected)
MR. CRUMBAKER.
 6. Operetta—"The Enchanted Apple"
ORPHANS.
 7. Tars' Song*Hatton*
ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.
 8. Eskimo Scene
Music by A. Lorne Lee. Staged by J. Hackett.
 9. "Nearer My God to Thee"*Johnson*
ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.
 10. Scene from "The Good Old-Fashioned
Days"
ORPHANS.
 11. Cartoon Sketches
A. H. Richardson and Orphean Musical Club.
 12. "Remember Now Thy Creator" ...*Rhodes*
ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.
 13. "The Heart Bowed Down"*Balfe*
HORN QUARTETTE.
 14. "Pale in the Amber West"*Parks*
ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.
- GOD SAVE THE KING.

After Life's Fittful Feber.

HOW will it be with thee and me—we who have grown weary of throwing our soul's wealth away, weary of sowing for others to reap? How will it be for thee and me when the mantle of the spirit has descended and life's dream is over? What shall our last conscious thought be—what our first, as we embark, as we put out to sea?

"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

Shall we know those whom we have loved on earth and shall we love them still in the same fond way?

Shall they weep by our bier at the altar side? Ah, yes; let them weep and pray. For them have we laid down our lives. It was all we had to give. Let them weep. Shall their fathers and their mothers look upon our dead faces and sigh and say: He or she had wrought our children lasting good?" Well, let them say this, too, for we meant to do them good and we gave them the best a broken reed could give. "Neither he that planteth is anything nor he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

This is clear to us, at last. How weak and helpless we have been and how many times we stumbled and would have fallen but for the pressure of Christ's hand. At times His chastening rod seemed hard and often His love unto death found ours cold enough in life. We are ashamed now. We were foolish and slow to believe in all that the prophets had said. It is clear, at last, for His hand has touched our dimly-seeing eyes and the shadows on death's dusty road are past and the sevenfold light of the crucified Christ has flashed into our being, and, oh, things cannot be told in human words again. The earth seems so little and the universe so small, "face to face" with Him who designed the constellations and gave us heaven as a gift. A gift, surely, for what have we done or what could we give in exchange?

True, little unremembered, nameless slurs came into life?—

Yes!

And splendid tears were shed?—

Yes!

—But, oh, the eternal years, the uncalendared years when Christ, whom we have taken in life, will dry the eyes and wipe away the tears: when this life of mortal breath shall fade and fade until we wonder if we lived it out at all, or what really were its vanities and vexations of spirit. Solomon might well take umbrage at forgetfulness like ours. But Solomon, magnificent, wise Solomon, is too great of heart for this, and the Queen of Saba, serene and untroubled, rises up in—judgment!—no, not in judgment, but in answer. For judgment is no more, nor death, nor time, only life—eternal life, where hands strike the vibrant harps of gold—singing forever:

“Thou art Christ, my holy Father, my tender God, my great King, my good Shepherd, my one Master, my best Helper, my most Beautiful and my Beloved, my living Bread, my Priest forever, my Leader to my country, my true Light, my holy Sweetness, my straight Way, my excellent Wisdom, my whole Guard, my good Portion, my everlasting Salvation.”

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

The Masquerade Ball.

BHROVE TUESDAY, 1910, will long be remembered as a red-letter day in the annals of the dear old “convent on the hill.” It was the occasion of the masquerade ball, which had been looked forward to for weeks, with great interest. At half-past four, the pupils were all assembled, and the promenade to the ballroom commenced. After a very pretty drill, the different characters arranged themselves in groups on the gaily-decorated stage. The colors blended so perfectly that a charming picture was presented to the audience, which consisted of Reverend J. O’Loane, S. J., Reverend S. Coté, S. J., Reverend J. O’Gara, S. J., and the nuns.

A unique programme followed, in which guests of every nation and rank were entertained at an afternoon tea. Martha Washington (M. Brandon) made a charming hostess, attired in a dainty shell-pink gown. She was assisted by Calpurnia (M. Schmuck), who introduced the guests to the audience, and by Dame Quickly

(M. Hamilton), the famous hostess of Eastcheap. Among the first to arrive was Preciosa (M. Crossman). The pretty gypsy seemed to be disturbed about something, and judging from her remarks, it was suspected that she was jealous because Longfellow-land was “full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.” Her opportunities for gossip were cut short, however, by the entrance of Priscilla (G. Foley). The prim little Puritan was followed by the magnificent Cleopatra (A. Balfour), who languidly asked Dame Quickly for some dissolved pearls. Maud Muller (S. Heffernan) arrived in time to share the refreshments. She was very tired after her hay-raking, and seemed much distressed when Princess Ida’s Baby (M. Revitzer) toddled in, weeping bitterly. All tried to comfort the child, who suddenly dried her eyes and laughed merrily when she saw “Evangeline” (P. Doyle) “among the guests of her father.” Evangeline had been listening to a pathetic tale which a Shawnee woman (M. Downey) told about Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (A. Kennedy), who just then entered, with as much dignity as she could assume. It was not often that poor Mrs. Wiggs was invited to attend social functions such as this, and she seemed painfully conscious that her false curls were slipping down, but her embarrassment was not noticed in the excitement which followed. The lovely Minnehaha (E. Knowles) entered, but paused and shuddered as she looked upon the Ghost of Hamlet’s father (L. Kelly). Calpurnia rushed forward crying “Help ho! they murder Cæsar!” but she quickly regained her self-possession when the Queen of Hearts (E. Wright) entered, attended by Dolly Varden (D. Schmuck), Folly (D. O’Neill) and the Summer Girls (M. Heffernan, B. Doran, M. Steffler), and all sang “In the Good old Summer Time.” Little Lord Fauntleroy (M. Malone) now came in with Little Red Riding-Hood (M. Dietrich). They were chaperoned by Old Mother Hubbard (R. Kennedy) who was very much confused when her dog raced across the stage in quest of that ill-fated bone. Meg Merrilies (E. Foley) stood apart, hurling maledictions against the house of Ellangowan, but the lovely Minnehaha stood there, “trembling, freezing, burning,” till Irish Molly (E. McGinnis) and Kate Kearney (G. Devlin) came forward and sang “Arrah Wanna.”

Cordelia (I. Doyle) now advanced, saying that, though "her love was more ponderous than her tongue," she thought she could "trip the light fantastic" if Dame Quickly would honor her. They were joined by Martha Washington and Calpurnia, and the four danced a stately minuet. When the dancing ceased, a haughty Spanish lady (B. Doran) appeared, accompanied by three Japanese ladies (C. Pigott, E. McDonald, M. Barry). Portia (I. McNab) had just been reciting "The Quality of Mercy" when a Peasant Girl (E. Dooley) came forward and presented her with a Snowball (M. Pigott). At the same time, another Peasant Girl (F. Orton) presented a Forget-me-not (H. Gordon) to Rosalind (G. Schmuck). Portia now called for Music (V. Glaeser). When her sweet strains were heard the little ones quickly chose partners and danced a gay little "Seaside."

Presently Penelope (L. Reinhart) appeared, in conversation with Mary, Queen of Scots (H. Clark). They were discussing the merits of the Canadian Press (T. Duggan), and seemed to agree that, all things considered, there is no land to compare with the Land of the Maple, whereupon, all the guests joined in singing "The Maple Leaf." After the programme, a very pleasant hour was spent with music, song and dance. Some of the older girls enjoyed a French conversation with Father Coté, while the others gathered round Father O'Loane and Father O'Gara, to enjoy some good stories in plain English.

At six o'clock, a very dainty supper was served in the refectory, which was tastefully decorated with bunting, flowers, and flags of all nations. The presence of the Reverend Fathers lent an added charm to the joyous assembly, and many vocations were playfully discussed. After supper, votes were taken for the best costumes, and the prize-winners, Dolly Varden and Little Lord Fauntleroy, each received a tempting box of bonbons.

Then, came the big surprise of the evening. A concert was to begin at eight o'clock in the Hall of Our Lady's Church, and Father O'Loane asked Sister to allow the girls to repeat their programme for the audience. Consent was given, in spite of some misgivings—for Sister had visions of some of her stately dames of yore tripping over modern pieces of carpet on an un-

familiar stage. However, these proved to be only visions, for, judging from the storms of applause which greeted the different characters, each must have acquitted herself creditably. After enjoying the other numbers of a very select programme, the merry masqueraders returned to the convent, tired,—but oh! so happy,—and all unanimously declaring that they never had a better time.

MOLLY DOWNEY.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Island Reberies.

(Continued)

We are presented with some interesting facts respecting land ownership: One quarter of Scotland is owned by twelve men; in other words, forty-eight or fifty men own all Scotland. What of the remaining Scots? Are they slaves? One Scottish "Dreadnought Duke" owns over one and a quarter million of acres!

In Ireland, what true Irishmen own is not worth mentioning! The present "noble lords" of the Emerald Isle are mere hirelings of the Beresford type. What a shock paralyzes us when we hear such utterances as this from the lips of our erstwhile hero, Lord Charles Beresford—"Fighting Charles": "As an Irishman I wish no measure of Home Rule for my country: it would weaken the Empire"! There speaks the sleek, well-fed, pig-in-clover Irishman, while Ireland's cries for mercy and justice are heard only by English and Scottish Asquiths and Gladstones.

Eighty per cent. of the land of Britain is held by three per cent. of the population.

Poverty has degraded and brutalized one portion of the people of Great Britain; riches have degraded and brutalized another portion. Poverty the most extreme has neither degraded nor brutalized the people of Ireland, for the reason that the Irish people when destitute as the Babe of Bethlehem, have never given up the practice of their religious duties; whereas millions of the poor of London have never entered a church, and know practically nothing of Christianity. To the latter type belong the undesirables whom Canada now refuses to welcome as citizens.

Fifty years ago, John Bright, M. P., in a

speech at Birmingham, expressed the sentiment of the England of to-day, and of the parliamentary budget, when he said: "I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the crown and the monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness, among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage: and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the light of your legislation, and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government."

Britain for the Britains! The people will yet get back to the land; and if the "noble lords" persist in their refusal to be *noble*, they will learn that Britain can do without them.

Among the truly noble peers who support the budget, we find the Archbishop of York; Lord James of Hereford; the sage Lord Loreburn; the clever Earl of Crewe; our well-beloved Lord Aberdeen, once Governor-General of Canada, now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and Lord Aberdeen's son-in-law, Lord Pentland, whom we knew as Captain Sinclair.

* * * * *

Canadians all are now grieving with the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen over the death of their third son, the Hon. Archibald Gordon, whom we remember as a very bright, amiable, and handsome boy. Engaged to the daughter of Prime Minister Asquith, and about to start upon his public career, it is indeed sad to see so promising a life ended.

The world has need of many "Haddo House Gordons"!

So peculiar has been the power for good exercised by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, that could human sympathy, and human gratitude now as-

sume their sorrow, not a tear would be required of them. Our prayers and tears—and what may we not vouch for the loving hearts in Ireland that have followed the sad death in England, and the pathetic last journey to Haddo House in Scotland.

IDRIS.

Elocution Recital.

ONE of the most enjoyable entertainments of the month of February was that given by the Elocution Class of Loreto Convent, Hamilton, under the excellent and careful training of Miss Jessie Irving, the competent teacher of that department.

We had looked forward with genuine pleasure to the delightful treat which these recitals have always proved to be—and we were not disappointed.

The concert hall was in semi-darkness as we anxiously awaited the rising of the curtain—which, let me whisper, *sub rosa*, showed an unaccountable devotedness to the laws of gravity, in spite of pulleys, manual efforts, and even, perhaps, psychic efforts, exercised on both sides, and refused to rise. At last, when it succumbed to these potent forces, the impressive Biblical parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, in pantomime, was disclosed. Against the crimson background, swinging their lamps, stood the group—"and five were wise and five were foolish." As the Wise Virgins passed on, with their lamps trimmed and lighted, and entered into the Presence, the mute appeal for oil was refused the Foolish Virgins, who had hoped for entrance—for had they not heard, "The Bridegroom is so sweet"—until the pathetic "Too late, ye cannot enter now," floated softly out into the silence.

What a train of thought this solemn scene suggested!

The tensity of the first number was removed by the naïve manner in which Phyllis McIntyre interpreted "The Fate of Charlotte Russe." Miss Edna Witherup followed with a description of the effect the singing of "The Holy City" by a prisoner in his cell underneath a court-room, produced upon those who heard the song while awaiting their own trial.

The Shakespearean students in the audience

followed with double interest not only the text of Act I. Scene II. from "The Merchant of Venice," with which they were already familiar, but the dramatic action, unembarrassed by the uneasy feeling which is wont to pervade the class room, for "The play's the thing!"

Margaret Gordon, as Portia, and her sister, Mary, as Nerissa, were not only line-perfect but showed a high artistic sense, as well as a keen appreciation of the rôles entrusted to them.

The attention of the audience was held by the story of "Little Christel," in which Jean Michael vividly portrayed King Ludwig's visit to a country school, and the lesson His Majesty—as well as we—learned from the artless lips of the little village maiden.

Mary Battle's reading, "An Easter with Parepa," deserves more than a passing notice. Aside from the charm of her repose of manner and well-modulated musical voice, there was such a clearly defined idea of the contents of the selection that our impression of her elocutionary powers was at once confirmed.

All these delightful numbers but led up to the climax of the evening—Miss Irving's recitation, "When Albani Sang," in which she caught and mastered the *habitant* dialect which has immortalized the late Dr. Drummond, who, no less than the inimitable T. A. Daly—of *Canzoni* fame—could sympathize, with humorous touch, without wounding the susceptibilities of the picturesque favorites of his poetic muse.

A pre-Lenten number, "Gethsemane," exquisitely rendered by Miss Irving, brought to our minds the salutary and chastening effects of sorrow, which enters into every life—

"Strive as you may, you cannot miss it on your way,

All paths that have been or shall be,
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden-gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say
'Not mine but Thine,' who only pray
'Let this cup pass,' and cannot see
The purpose of Gethsemane."

PROGRAMME.

- I. "The Wise and Foolish Virgins"
Posed by MARY BATTLE, MARY GORDON, MARGUERITE GORDON, JEAN MICHAEL, HELEN SMITH, EILEEN O'BRIEN, EDNA WITHERUP, PHYLLIS MCINTYRE, MARCELLA KERWIN and JESSIE IRVING.
- II. Recitation, "The Fate of Charlotte Russe" *Leaver*
PHYLLIS MCINTYRE.
- III. Recitation, "The Holy City".....*Anon*
EDNA WITHERUP.
- IV. From "The Merchant of Venice."
Act I. Scene II.....*Belmont*
A scene in Portia's House.
PortiaMarguerite Gordon
NerissaMary Gordon
- V. Recitation, "Little Christel".....
.....*M. E. Bradley*
JEAN MICHAEL.
- VI. Reading, "An Easter with Parepa"
..... *Delano*
MARY BATTLE.
- VII. Recitation, "The Story of Some Bells" *Anon*
MARGUERITE GORDON.
- VIII. Poems—
"When Albani Sang" *Dr. Drummond*
"Gethsemane". *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*
JESSIE IRVING.
MARY FARRELLY.

My Strength.

They call me strong because I toil from early morn till late,
Well knowing there will be no smile to meet me at the gate;
They call me strong because I hide an inward pain with jest,
And drive away the care that comes unbidden to my breast.
Perhaps 'tis strength—God knoweth best; He sent the care to me;
And His—not mine—the strength that keeps through my Gethsemane.

Cleberness and a Vocation.

THEY entered just as I did,—two ladies, and one of them with a suit-case, which bespoke divers possibilities. Perhaps she was a pupil coming to bid her adieus, or, perhaps— But, what was the use of surmising? Anyway, I felt my afternoon was literally spoiled, and, doubtless, they felt the same. Sister and I always had such delightful visits together, and, rarely, with an interruption.

“The shadows in the low, beloved room,
Gather and grow in slow, familiar gloom.
How strangely pale the sculptured statue
gleams,
High on its shelf; how mellow are the gleams
Of faithful books. The world is very far
away,
Here with my friend,—
Old memories, old shadows,—
And so,—the end!”

That was when Sister and I were alone,—when I paid her one of my rather erratic visits, and, to think of it being spoiled! I was disappointed; I was mute!

Hush! a summons—Sister is called, without. Then followed rather an icy silence, and then—our frozen demeanor relaxed a little and some one ventured to comment on the weather. Oh, saving topic! Blessed be the name of old Probs, in every clime! He brings together many hearts that would otherwise remain wrapped in a cloak of unmitigated self-consciousness. And we conversed, at first diffidently and discreetly, and presently, easily. What dear, delightful girls they were, after all! and (let me whisper it, but you must promise never to tell; cross your heart?) one of them was actually Sister’s own very *sister*. Oh, the irony of it! And my feeling rather resentful because she was there, and asking her if she knew “Sister well”!

Presently, Sister entered,—her fine face all aglow. It was a message to meet an elder sister of a former pupil, a none-too-precocious girl, who incessantly harped on her “clever sister.” It was a case of (with her), see Cæsar and die!

“I suppose the dull one expected the glamor of the other girl’s brilliancy to light her through life,” some one suggested.

Everybody smiled broadly.

“I see you are making fun of my clever girl,” Sister ventured, whereat we all laughed. We were.

And then Sister withdrew to the reception-room, and we waited.

The lesson on the blackboard? What was it? Physics, chemistry, algebra, or ancient history? This last venture was my own suggestion, and I grasped at it as a drowning man catches at a straw. Poor fragile little straw! Ancient history, indeed! I feel I went down with astounding rapidity. Well, never mind,—we used to follow up the wars on the map, and the characters depicted there were not unlike one of them, but in my heart of hearts I felt my straw was really a *straw*.

O for the Clever Girl to aid us! My kingdom for the Clever Girl!

What had she—a B. A.? Ye gods! She had everything under Mars, and, I suppose, a passing knowledge of heaps of things in Mars.

What was she like? A typical blue-stocking, doubtless, in a rainy-day skirt and heavy shoes. She would wear blue spectacles, I am sure, and her hair, twisted high and tight, would be crowned by that feminine horror—a turban. Why on earth is it that clever girls always wear a turban? I have asked myself this question, countless times, when I have met the prodigies of medicine, literature, or the arts, and yet—no answer. Reader, can you tell me?

I can picture her (the Clever Girl) in the Abbey reception-hall, seated primly on the edge of one of the straight-backed chairs and talking volubly on Woman Suffrage and Greek roots, with the censorious, lofty manner which had invited her sister’s admiration, and with which, no doubt, she hoped to capture Sister’s. And Sister? I could picture her—our dear, learned, unassuming Sister,—regarding the speaker with mingled looks of—

The door opened quickly, Sister had returned.

“The Clever Girl—did you see her?” we cried *una voce*.

Sister’s voice was soft and very enthusiastic.

“Yes, I saw her, and she is clever and such a little dear, not any taller than you, Katie, and with such a sweet little angelic face—now that I think of it, she doesn’t look unlike you, Katie.”

Alas! There was another Katie present be-



FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

sides myself, and—mirabile dictu—it was to her Sister spoke. How I would have treasured such a remark from my teacher! for flattery she knew not—her compliments were always sincere.

“And besides,” Sister’s voice sounded far, far away, “I think she has a vocation.”

A vocation! Ah, Sister,—Sister!

“To play through life a perfect part,

Unnoticed and unknown;

To seek no rest in any heart

But only God’s alone.

In little things to have no will,

To own no share in great;

To find the labor ready still

And for the crown to wait!”

A vocation!

I don’t know how the other two visitors, felt, but I—with all the laughter and fun gone—I felt the Clever Girl had everything—even to a vocation—while I—I had not even—cleverness!

KATY C. ADAMS.

LORETO, TORONTO.

but, instead, nature had formed a wonder of her own, for the magic spray had eaten away the ice and left huge mountains of honeycomb.

Slowly all ascended, and, in awful silence, watched that surging mass of water which has given to this continent inspirations worthy of the greatest, and filled all hearts with a realization of the greatness of the Master Hand.

Thoughtfully all ascended, but, when the Park Elevator was reached, its occupants became once more a happy, chattering company of school girls. We roamed the islands, took pictures amid the ice-covered trees, where more than one busy squirrel was seen flitting from branch to branch, with blinking eyes, as he saucily rested his head on one side and looked in consternation at the merry throng beneath.

The afternoon was waning as we returned over the iron bridge. Father honored us with his presence at supper, and stayed for an hour’s chat afterwards. Too soon his visit was brought to a close, for with it terminated one of the pleasantest excursions of the year.

LILLICE MATTHEWS.

A Visit to the Ice-Bridge, Niagara Falls.

A SH WEDNESDAY, at last, had come, and a lull seemed to have fallen over the school after the revels of the annual masquerade. A little breath of expectation was felt in the grown girls’ hearts, for some wee bird had heard Father Rosa whisper that a trip to the ice-bridge might be possible, the following day.

Class duties claimed the morning, and, after the midday repast, came the welcome news of success for the prospective journey.

Hasty preparations were made eagerly, the outdoor wraps were put on, and the early afternoon saw a happy company of girls descending on the incline railway, a hundred and fifty feet, to the surface of the Niagara River. No longer, however, was seen the swiftly-flowing water. Instead we beheld before us, among huge piles of heaped up boulders, a narrow path, which looked as rough as “The Rocky Road to Dublin.” Curiosity concerning what was yet to come made all overcome such trivial difficulties, and, in a short time, the ice-mountains were reached. What a marvel appeared! not smooth, glistening hills,

When the threshold of your heart is sore with the tread of departing joys, remember that Christ is emptying you of all else, that He may fill you with Himself.

The issues of life concentrate themselves into a few special points of opportunity. The success and failure of life depend upon whether these opportunities are grasped when they present themselves, or whether they are neglected and permitted to pass. Life’s greatest opportunities are not like the great ships which sail from the chief ports of the world, which sail and come again, and sail at stated intervals from the same ports. The great chances touch once at the pier of our lives, throw out the planks of opportunity over which our feet may pass, ring their signal bells in our ears, and then sail out of the harbor and away into the eternal sea, and never come again. The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go, and never come again. If, with illumined sight, we could look back over our lives, how many great and rich opportunities would we see which we have permitted to drift by us unimproved!

Letter Box.

MILAN, ITALY.

DEAR FRIEND:

We arrived here yesterday, after a long ride from Venice. Fortunately, the weather was not as warm as usual. We were all glad to leave Venice although the strangeness and uniqueness of the place made it very interesting for a while. We wished to again enjoy the opportunity to walk through a wide street, to hear the familiar hum of the electric car, the cracking of the driver's whip as he rattles along the pavement. Then, again, because of the narrow streets the supply of fresh air is very meagre, and it is easy to get lost. The keenest enjoyment we had while in Venice, was taking a gondola and going for a short sail on the Grand Canal, where we whiled away a few pleasant hours, listening to Italian men and women singing songs in the vernacular. One of their prime favorites—and one, too, that seems the most popular with tourists—is *Santa Lucia*. There is a peculiar melody, a flexibility even in the tones of those who are not trained singers. Beyond doubt, the charming naïveté of the Italians makes them most attractive. The Venetians are a quiet, law-abiding, pious people. As we went along, sightseeing, they treated us with respectful, dignified courtesy, and no sinister remarks were passed. We saw no frowns or scowls, as in other places visited by us. They must certainly possess an amount of personal magnetism to have compelled Ruskin and Byron to laud them so highly; and Browning to live and die in their midst.

Pius X., previous to his election, was Patriarch of Venice. Before his advent, there were many dissensions which he, by his prudence, tact and kindness, succeeded in healing. Our informant could scarcely refrain from tears while speaking of the excellent qualities of mind and heart of His Holiness.

On the way from Venice to Milan we passed a number of old towns and scenes of fiercely-fought battles. At Verona, it is said that Romeo and Juliet rest quietly and undisturbed, awaiting the angel's trumpet. According to the dramatist, they had a rather stormy career and had many

things in their respective lives to disturb their peace of mind. Here, they tell us, is the scene of Shakespeare's play, "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Verona itself—a city of about 30,000 inhabitants—is old and picturesque. Its origin dates away back to pagan times. It had had a fair share of varied fortunes until, finally, in 1866, it was united to Italy. The Austrian troops traversed this ground and held the city for a time. Nearby is the celebrated battle-field of Solferino. The scenery and country are the finest we have yet seen. Except the Alpine heights, which follow us all the way, the land is level and undulating, and under an excellent state of cultivation. The green grass would show that it is also fertile and productive.

We are now in Milan, one of the most populous and progressive cities in Italy. It has all the appearance, noise and bustle of an American city. The streets are wider and cleaner than any we have yet noticed. It has also a number of attractive, fashionable and beautiful suburbs.

Besides its many famous personages and historical reminiscences, Milan is renowned for having been, for a time, the abiding-place of the celebrated St. Augustine, the greatest ornament and bulwark of the Western Church. Hither he came from Rome and Carthage, enslaved and devoured by a detestable heresy, called the Manichean, which acknowledged two principles, endowed with equal power, one good, the other evil. His brilliant talents and bad companionship led him into many excesses. Nevertheless, a faint glimmer of light was always visible. He was disgusted at the disorders of the Roman youth, and hoped to be delivered from the more gross immorality by removing to Milan. Here, although he met with great success as a teacher of rhetoric, his mind became disturbed by his coming in contact with another prominent and aggressive figure, in the person of Ambrose, the then incumbent of the See. Augustine went to hear him preach, but was not impressed. Meanwhile, Monica, his mother, who had followed him across the seas, never ceased to implore God to grant him the light of faith. At length, as he was reclining beneath the shade of a tree, he heard the voice of a child saying: "Take and read." He obeyed the tender injunction and read the words from St. Paul: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impuri-

ties, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." Hesitating no longer he resolved to seek Ambrose and request baptism at his hands. Monica's prayer was finally answered, and the beautiful hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus*, is said to have been recited alternately by both. St. Ambrose still reposes in the church called by his name, and the remains of St. Augustine rest in Pavia. In their own respective spheres these men were giants and accomplished much by writing learned and profound works against the heresies of their day.

In the principal church of the city—and one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world—lies the body of another celebrated successor to St. Ambrose, viz., St. Charles Borromeo. He is considered a model for parish priests because of his remarkable talent for organization and systematic teaching of the word of God. During the plague that ravaged and devastated the country, he displayed extraordinary energy, activity, and charity, dispensing alms with his own hands and often administering the last rites. His memory will be revered till the consummation of ages.

Milan has just been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the opening of her library, the famous Biblioteca Ambrosiana, which was founded by Cardinal Federico Borromeo, nephew of St. Charles. There are many larger libraries than this, though its 205,000 volumes make it of respectable size, but there is none in the world that possesses more precious books and manuscripts. There, for instance, is the "Codex Atlanticus" of Leonardo da Vinci; there is Galileo's book on the "Wise Man," with the letter he wrote to the Cardinal in presenting it; and there is a letter in the dainty hand of Lucrezia Borgia, written to the historian Bembo.

Cardinal Borromeo's agents—Venetian sea captains, Genoese merchants, and diplomats of all nations in many lands—searched the world for books. From 1601-1609 he collected in Europe, Asia, and Africa more than 30,000 books, manuscripts, papyri and parchments, and presented them to the city of which he was Archbishop. He built the library and engaged Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, and other great artists to decorate it; and afterwards wrote a guide to it and to its treasures, in which

he showed himself a discerning art critic and an intelligent lover of books.

In the Dominican church of Santa Maria delle Grazie is exhibited the famous picture of the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, which, although still manifesting unmistakable marks of genius, is, unfortunately for the art-loving world, falling into decay.

Verdi honored Milan by residing there for many years and building a home for aged, disabled and poor musicians. He lived to a ripe old age, loved and respected in every part of the world. His *Requiem* is considered by competent critics one of the greatest musical masterpieces ever penned. He is buried a little outside the city.

The cathedral, to which Ruskin and other eminent critics have devoted so much attention, was begun in 1386, by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and practically completed in 1560. It has a façade of white Carrara marble, and is adorned by 106 pinnacles, and 4,500 statues. In form, it is a Latin cross, with a length of 485, and a breadth of 252 feet. The height of the dome is 355 feet. Within it, Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, in 1805. The exterior is adorned with more than 2,000 statues.

On the feast of the Assumption, I was very much edified to see a large number of people assisting at the various services and listening attentively to the sermons.

We drove to the cemetery, where are to be seen monuments erected with considerable taste, and without the slightest suggestion of flippancy or irreverence. The weeping figures tell of heartfelt sympathy, but not of despairing sorrow. There are also life-size statues of buried friends.

With the exception of the little pleasure—and still less knowledge—we will extract from our railroad journey to Lucerne, this finishes our sightseeing. You will ask me what I think of the Italians, and what of Italy. Well, I have been too interested in historical places, churches, and art, to devote much time to the study of the people. We Americans are apt to be presumptuous and rash in our judgments and opinions. A young man or woman, with a fair amount of information and education, will spend a month in Italy and then write home sad accounts of the poverty, misery, wretchedness and degradation.

What a pity it is that people have to live so! But, let this impetuous young man go to New York or to London and see the number of people there who are constantly living on the verge of starvation. How to care for and elevate those hopelessly degraded beings has become a pressing problem. When we enter any country to study, at close range, its moral or social conditions, it is well to remember the necessity of familiarizing ourselves with its history and language. I do not believe that, socially, intellectually, or morally, Italy is below the average European country. We sometimes find fault with her because she has deteriorated, but again, we must remember that we cannot always remain on the top of the hill, no matter how exhilarating may be the air. Why does not England produce any more Shakespeares, Miltons, Pitts, Burkes, &c.? Is the fault to be placed at her own door? Who, in his sound senses, would make such a statement? Great men arise in a nation's history but seldom, and then they leave an indelible impress on it.

If a young man of tolerably good parts, fair educational advantages, and who is endowed with a disposition to take a just estimate of things, will study Italy from pagan times to the present day, he will find, at the termination of long and diligent research, that she has contributed more to literature, art, science, music, Christianity, and, in fact, civilization, generally, than any other country on earth—or than all of the other countries taken together.

We in America live in glass houses, and, therefore, should not throw stones. We are still a young country, and we have grave problems to adjust. We are endeavoring to accomplish the impossible without the assistance of God. It would be wise for all Christians if they cannot consistently and conscientiously worship at the same shrine, to unite, at least, in resisting the aggressive efforts of the followers of Satan to exclude God from the programme of men's lives. Human nature is about the same everywhere, and we will retrograde or make progress in proportion to our forgetting or serving God.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

If you would be pungent be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The happenings too late for the last issue of the RAINBOW are noted here, briefly:

December the eighth—A very interesting and instructive "talk" by Reverend J. J. Williams, S. J., Treasurer of *America*, on the Literature and the Press of the Present Day, was enjoyed by all.

In the course of his remarks, the learned speaker called attention to the good done by Catholic periodicals and the need for the circulation of wholesome reading among the people. The lack of careful investigation of the secular daily, weekly, and monthly publications in all matter received by them for printing, was commented on, at length.

The splendid scale on which our great periodical, *America*, is conducted—although the latest established in the States—is a striking example of the ideal in this respect. By means of bureaus established in all parts of the New and the Old World, the publishers of *America* are able at once to judge as to the truth of the matter considered. In addition to good reading and the promotion of Catholic periodicals, Father Williams encouraged literature and writing among the young.

December the tenth—The assembly hall was the scene of a concert—an impromptu tribute to our teachers. The several numbers were well received, and, as a climax, our famous German band made its début. The worthy director was aided greatly in his efforts by the hearty coöperation of the entire Troupe.

Trusting to its great success in the future, we say—Auf Wiedersehen.

The New Year—

"There is a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

The Catechism Class of the parish of Our Lady of Peace—composed principally of representatives of sunny Italy—gave a short musical programme of Christmas Carols, after which, luncheon was served.

Satisfied that justice had been done to the tempting repast, all repaired to the recreation

hall, where Santa Claus had left a gay Christmas tree. The gifts being all distributed, a further surprise awaited all the juvenile catechists—the arrival of the Cottringer Orchestra from Niagara Falls, N. Y. Sweet music was discoursed for the space of an hour, and so ended a very happy day—the first of 1910.

We sincerely hope that the last link in the chain will be equally as bright.

January the eighth—The evening found all the students back once more.

Happy and bright each maiden looked as she tripped to the door, and kindly each one was welcomed by the members of the Faculty. The hitherto-silent corridors resounded with merriment, and, as another new arrival approached, a fresh outburst of welcome could be heard. A light heart and a merry laugh betokened the gay spirit of youth.

January the tenth—Studies were again resumed. The interesting and religious instructions of Reverend A. J. Smits, O. C. C., opened the school session. All much appreciate the great work done by our spiritual adviser in our behalf and feel that, in time to come, they will look back with grave, yet happy, recollections to his "talks" with us during our sojourn at Loreto.

January the thirteenth—The Schumann Music Circle came together this evening for their initial meeting.

The officers were elected as follows:—President, Hazel Freeman; Vice-President, Dorothy Rochford; Secretary, Neenah Brady; Treasurer, Rose Mudd.

The aim of this Circle is, that its members may become better acquainted with the great musical composers, and that they may, in turn, profit by this knowledge and advance in the acquisition of the art, thus fostering a taste for what is best and highest.

January the twentieth—All were greatly pleased and surprised when the rumor spread, at late recreation, that the Reverend Father Rosa was coming with his store of stereopticon views.

At 7.30, the first slide of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration passed before us. In spirit we were brought back to the time of Hendrik Hudson and the Honorable Peter Stuyvesant. We beheld the "Half Moon," as it set sail on its voyage

of discovery, and its final landing at New Amsterdam.

Fulton, so closely allied with Hudson, we found planning the steamboat, that he might, at least, add one more link to the chain of marvellous inventions.

Scene after scene passed, and we looked on the past and present, seeing the rapid advancement of the world of yore to that of to-day. The statue of "Liberty" at last flashed upon the canvas amid the hearty applause of our New Yorkers.

Thus ended a very enjoyable and instructive evening.

January the twenty-second—A Requiem High Mass, celebrated by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., for the repose of the soul of our dear Mother Catharine Harris. Father Rosa said a few words concerning our beautiful belief in the Communion of Saints, and proved that by this union great help is obtained. The saints in heaven enjoy the Beatific Vision, and intercede at the throne of the Omnipotent for the Suffering in purgatory and the Militant on earth.

January the twenty-fourth—This week has proved to be the week of sleigh-rides. Seniors and juniors, on their respective days, enjoyed a very delightful ride to our nearly-metropolis—Chippewa. The stores were visited in quest of good things dear to the schoolgirl's heart—and not in vain.

January the twenty-ninth—The following announcement reached us, a few days ago:

Mr. Francis A. McGuire has the honor of announcing the marriage of his daughter Lucille Mary to Dr. John Joseph Masterson, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of January, One thousand nine hundred and ten, at the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn, New York.

On the above-mentioned date, the bonny bride, accompanied by her husband, paid a short visit to her Alma Mater, where ten years of her scholastic life had been spent.

Lucille, previous to her leaving school, was a successful candidate in the Senior University Course of Music, and she is the possessor of a fine contralto voice.

We extend heartiest wishes to the bride, and congratulations to the fortunate groom.

Dr. and Mrs. Masterson will be at home, after the first of March, at 4602 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

January the thirty-first—The eve of St. Bridget's Day was marked with a pleasing concert, given by St. Catherine's Literary.

A tribute to St. Brigid opened the programme, followed by various well-interpreted numbers.

Scenes were given from several of Shakespeare's works, whilst from the fair Katherine of France and Portia of Venice to the little play presented by the peasants in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," much interest was shown by all.

Katherine, Miss Marguerite Amyot, assisted by her maid, Miss Rita Coffey, overcame her difficulties in the mighty "bilbow" and the dainty "sin" with seeming ease of manner. Portia, Miss Fanny Best, in recounting her lovers, was well supported by Nerissa, Miss Neenah Brady.

Quinn, the manager of the tragedy "Pyramus and Thisby," was aided by his friends in their respective rôles. Difficulties of theatrical life surrounded them on all sides, but "where there is a will there is a way," and in the lack of essentials, ready assistance was given by all.

The ferocious lion, with due apology, made easy the trembling hearts of his "fair lady listeners," whilst Pyramus, by his "post-mortem" speech, explained that all was well, though he had fallen by his own dagger.

The moon, personified, shone placidly on the scene, dreadful though it was, and the rehearsal over, they felt themselves prepared for the great performance before the king.

Musical selections were given between the scenes, and, as the ending number, the "Ave Maria Loreto" was sung, the climax came in the announcement of a holiday to follow, on the morrow.

February the first—High Mass, in honor of St. Brigid, was celebrated by the Reverend Ignatius McDonald, O. C. C. The mass sung on the occasion by the pupils, congregationally, was that of Hamma, written in honor of the Sacred Heart. An instructive sermon was given by the Reverend Father, showing clearly the honor due lawful authority.

At the evening recreation, views of the islands of Hawaii were given by the Reverend Father

Rosa, C. M. A pleasant two hours passed, as we were borne away in our vivid imaginations over the Pacific to the far-distant possessions of Uncle Sam.

February the second—The reception (of the candidates) of the Children of Mary and the Holy Angels' Sodality was held on the above evening, Rev. Ignatius McDonald, O. C. C., performing the ceremonies. The services were most imposing.

The Children of Mary were first received, the candidates being: Rosina MacDonald, Laurene Kenefick, Loretto Kelley. Rosina MacDonald read the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin. Next followed the reception of the Holy Angels' Sodality. The candidates were: Norah O'Gorman, Teresa Kelley, Bertha O'Sullivan, and Anna Argy, the latter reading the Act of Consecration to the Holy Angels.

Ribbons of merit were also awarded Miss Ruby Suttles, Fanny Best, Marguerite Aymot and Florence Bowen.

Our Reverend Chaplain spoke a few words of encouragement and advice to the newly-received.

February the fifth—The announcement that Mr. George Hamlin—America's famous tenor—was to give a song recital in Buffalo was warmly received by all, as his fame had already preceded him—notably in his solo-singing with the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto, during the previous week. Fifteen of us were allowed the privilege of attending the concert, which was given under the auspices of the Chromatic Club—an organization composed of the prominent professional musicians of Buffalo. The press tributes afford an index to the high character of Mr. Hamlin's recent achievements. He is placed in the front rank of American tenors, his recital programmes being favored not only in this country but throughout Europe. His work in oratorio, also, has brought him world-wide distinction. In Washington he sang at the White House before President Roosevelt. He is pre-eminently a singer of Lieder. A repertoire of exceptional variety has gone far towards establishing Mr. Hamlin's popularity—an example of his artistic enterprise being, the fact that he was the first in America to sing the songs of Richard Strauss.

The programme that Mr. Hamlin presented

gave ample scope for his wonderful powers and bespoke the catholicity of his tastes. He was obliged to repeat Schubert's *Musensohn*, Brahms's *Liebliche Wangen* and Strauss' *Zulignung*. The accompanist, Mr. Edwin Schneider, also shared the honors with the singer. After his two compositions, *Flower Rain* was sung twice, after repeated appeals for another encore.

This promising young composer, together with the famous tenor, bowed his acknowledgments. We append the programme, in full:

Love Sounds the Alarm.....	<i>Händel</i>
(From <i>Acis and Galatea</i> .)	
Where'er You Walk.....	<i>Händel</i>
<i>Musensohn</i>	<i>Schubert</i>
<i>Stille Thränen</i>	<i>Schwerin</i>
<i>Ständchen</i> (in English).....	<i>Schubert</i>
<i>In's Freie</i>	<i>Schumann</i>
<i>O Rome im Traum</i>	<i>Liszt</i>
<i>O liebliche Wangen</i>	<i>Brahms</i>
<i>Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden</i>	<i>Strauss</i>
<i>Zuneigung</i>	<i>Strauss</i>
<i>Across the Hills</i>	<i>Rummel</i>
<i>Nocturne</i>	<i>Herman</i>
<i>The Dear Little Shamrock</i>	<i>Cherry</i>
<i>I'm Not Myself at All</i>	<i>Lover</i>
<i>Hymn to the Night</i>	<i>Campbell-Tipton</i>
<i>Your Eyes</i>	<i>Edwin Schneider</i>
<i>Flower Rain</i>	<i>Edwin Schneider</i>
<i>The Lamp of Love</i>	<i>Salter</i>

February the eighth—The annual masquerade was held with great success.

The Grand March was the initial number, and a pretty scene was presented by the intricate winding lines of the daintily-clad masqueraders.

Maidens, from the happy itinerant gypsy maid to the stately and graceful Grecian lady and Colonial dame, were present.

Following the march, a short programme was presented by several of the young ladies.

Dances were well given by the Spanish girls, also vocal and piano solos. To the last strains of *Carissima*, the programme ended and unmasking was the order of the day—or rather of the night.

After a few pleasant dances, refreshments were served and all then repaired to their downy couches, sleepy and tired, but well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

February the fourteenth—The semi-monthly informal meeting of the Schumann Music Circle. Miss Hazel Freeman, President, addressed the members in a few well-chosen words.

The programme was devoted exclusively to Franz Schubert and the discussions of his compositions. Papers on these subjects were read by Rita Coffey, Rosina MacDonald, Fanny Best and M. L. Maxwell. The following young ladies also contributed to the programme: Mary Shephard, Irene Roane, Dorothy Rochford and Kathleen O'Gorman. The evening's proceedings were brought to a close by one of Schubert's noted compositions, a Lullaby, sung by all the members, and which served to disclose the melodious merits of the "most poetic of all the musicians."

February the nineteenth—Dr. Copps Costello and his bride, née Miss Pearl Corrigan, called to see his friends, on their return from New York. The marriage took place in Kingston, where the bride resides. The RAINBOW extends heartiest congratulations to Dr. Costello, and trusts that he and his winsome bride will spend many happy years in their home in far-away Calgary.

February the twenty-second—Washington's Birthday. A great musical treat, in the form of a Song Recital, given by a former pupil of Loreto Abbey, Toronto—Miss Hope Morgan. Miss Morgan is of the same school as Melba, Eames, Nevada, and Gerster, and has won her chief operatic triumphs in Naples, Brussels and Germany. Having the great advantage of being fluent in four languages, English, French, German and Italian, her varied repertoire comprises songs from these languages.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi (the world's greatest singing-mistress) claims her as one of the two best pupils of her time.

The *Figaro* of Paris in referring to Miss Morgan says: "Miss Morgan is not only a consummate singer, she is also an actress. Her singing of the rôle of Desdemona in Verdi's "Othello" caused a furore among her audience, and that means the élite of musical Paris."

The following is the programme with which we were favored—one of the numbers, "My Bud in Heaven," was taught Miss Morgan by her first singing-teacher—M. M. Ambrose—who has every reason to feel proud of her brilliant pupil.

At the close of the programme, Miss Morgan very graciously sang "America, all the pupils joining. God Save the King finally terminated this glorious musical feast.

Mrs. Blight, of Toronto, accompanied Miss Morgan. Her artistic playing was particularly noticeable in "Who'll Buy my Lavender."

PROGRAMME.

Nymphs and Shepherds.....	<i>Purcell</i>
When the Roses Bloom (A. D. 1638) ..	<i>Reichert</i>
Valse from the Opera "Mireille".....	<i>Gounod</i>
Des Glockenthürmers	<i>Loewe</i>
Who'll Buy My Lavender?.....	<i>Edward German</i>
The French Partridge.....	<i>Molloy</i>
Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus.....	<i>Massenet</i>
Vilanelle	<i>Dell'Acqua</i>
The Last Rose of Summer.....	
Annie Laurie	
Terence's Farewell.....	<i>Lady Dufferin</i>
My Bud in Heaven.....	
Vous Dansez, Marquise.....	<i>Lemaire</i>
Love Has Wings.....	<i>Rogers</i>
Have You Seen but a Whyte Lillie Grow (A. D. 1416).....	<i>Anon</i>

February the twenty-sixth—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doherty paid a visit to one of the Faculty—Mother Aloysius—on their return from Nassau, Bahamas, where they had been visiting Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Doherty's aunt. Mrs. Simpson winters at Nassau.

Mrs. Doherty—née Miss May Wheaton—is a Loreto graduate. Many will remember her sister Nanno, who was here a few years ago.

March the second—The Schumann Circle gave a very interesting programme entitled, "Melodies from Many Lands." French, Russian, Norwegian, German, Spanish, Irish, English, Scotch, Hungarian and Polish melodies were rendered by those taking part. Miss Florence Bowen read a short paper on "Nationalism in Music." Miss Loretto Kelly, Margaret Bampfield, Girlie Willox, Jean Sears, Cecil McLaughlin, Rose Lilly, Madeline McMahan, Rita Coffey, Fanny Best, Elizabeth Cunningham and Ruby Suttles, are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

March the eighth—A sad telegram, announcing the death of Mr. Daniel O'Gorman—brother of our dear Kathleen and Nora—was received

this a. m. The deceased young man was in his twenty-second year and was looking forward to a long and useful life.—R. I. P.

The bereaved family have our warmest sympathy in their great sorrow.

MARY MAXWELL.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

"So! it is Winter," writes our esteemed friend, Very Reverend P. A. Sheehan, D. D. "The beautiful frost-foliage is on my windows in the morning,—flowers and leaves, wrought out in all manners of such exquisite curves and interlacings that no human art could possibly approach it. No finest pencil, or sharpest chisel, held in the hands of a Michael Angelo or a Phidias could trace on canvas or marble anything at all approaching the exquisite tracery, the multitudinous lines, the sweeps and segments of circles wrought in a few hours by the invisible spirit of the air on a little moisture on the glass. Alas! that it is evanescent, like all beautiful things. I breathe softly on the windowpane, and lo! 'tis gone. The secret artist withdraws his handiwork, and departs. It is a hint at perfection, a suggestion of the absolute, which Nature is forever giving us to remind us of 'The Beauty, ever ancient, ever new,' that lies beyond the visible, and shall be revealed when matter is no more, but only the Form, the Archetype, the Vision and the Spirit stand out against the background of eternity."

Whilst we, alas! have not the heaven-sent gift and exquisite art of imagery, so superbly combined in this Magic Weaver of Faith-illuminated beautiful thought, and conveyed to us through these lines, we would fain depict, even though unpoetically, the wondrous beauty of this land—Our Lady of the Snows—and of Mt. St. Mary, robed in its royal mantle of ermine. The frozen Bay, with its ice-boats scudding over the glassy surface, to the south; the surrounding snow-crowned peaks glittering in the noonday sun and beckoning lovers of outdoor sports to new feats of exhilaration; while the tinkling sleigh-bells merrily sound in the crisp frosty air; are pictures worthy of poet's pen or artist's brush.

The New Year opened auspiciously with a visit from Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto; accompanied by our own beloved Bishop, T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

The scene of the early ministrations of His Grace included the chaplaincy of Mt. St. Mary, a period fraught with spiritual profit to its inmates, whose interests he had ever at heart; and, although the field of his activities has been enlarged by the wise discernment of the Holy See, we have reason to feel that the same paternal solicitude, which, in the days ago, watched over our welfare, still continues, undiminished, notwithstanding the manifold and arduous cares of the Archiepiscopate.

January the fifteenth—An affectionate greeting extended to dear M. M. Victorine and M. M. Clotilde, who spent a few days at the Mount, where all were delighted to see them.

Although months have elapsed since they bade us farewell, last summer, their memories are green as of yore, and the recollection of the many kindnesses of which we were the recipients at their hands, still gratefully treasured.

January the thirtieth—Dr. and Mrs. Master-son—née Lucille McGuire—on their wedding trip, en route for their Brooklyn, N. Y., home, called.

A number of Lucille's former teachers, of "Old Niagara" days, at present among the Faculty here, were afforded the pleasure of felicitating Dr. McGuire, and wishing the bride and groom every happiness.

Dr. William McGuire, brother of the bride, accompanied them on their visit, and, although still a bachelor, claimed the privilege of admission within the convent portals because of his desire to see his Canadian cousin, Louise Voisard. Happily, there was a little elasticity of regulation in his favor.

February the third—Mass at nine o'clock, celebrated by Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., of Niagara University.

In the goodness of his fatherly heart, our kind friend evinced his customary thoughtfulness and active sympathy for schoolgirls' pet weakness—an unusually "long sleep," by requesting this favor, the evening before, during the informal hour which followed his lecture.

After breakfast, we again had the privilege of meeting our Reverend friend and spending the forenoon in his genial society.

Father Rosa's inherent cheerfulness always inclines to make the bright and pleasant side of life predominate, and one cannot but feel the inspiration of his cheery philosophy, brave words of encouragement, and happy influence. The element of wit, which he never fails to introduce, lends a charming zest to the conversation—which never lags when he is present. Would that the parting hour had not come so soon!

February the eighth—King Carnival and his Queen sway their merry subjects. A unique programme, abounding good humor, and a feast of pancakes.

Busy fingers were fashioning place cards all the afternoon and many clever ideas were carried out—funny little quips, that left no sting—on the characteristics of those for whom they were intended.

February the fourteenth—In the annals of St. Valentine's day no more unique souvenir of the occasion is to be found than the following, received from the ever-genial "Bard of old Athol":

ATHOL BANK,
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1910.

From the matchless and mirthful young "Maids of the Mount,"

On a card, if not quite on a kiss, I can count,
On St. Valentine's Day.

So, surely from some Murray-torious fount
In return I should say

That nowhere but under "The Rainbow" can
shine

The maiden I covet for *my* valentine.

The Bard of old Athol, moreover, with this
Presents to the maidens (with oceans of bliss)

The latest received by electrical cars

From the famous and mystical planet of Mars;
As well as a wonderful tale from Mahomet,

Or somebody else, about Halley's old comet.

Theirs—ahem!

W. M.

February the sixteenth—How many of the Juniors or Seniors have succeeded in playing even one game of the remarkably ingenious "Solitaire," that our dear and esteemed friend, Mr. William Turner, designed and made with

his own hands for the amusement of the little ones?

We appreciate the gift, and much more, the kind thought of the giver.

February the twenty-sixth—A cordial welcome was extended to Miss Coughlan, alumna, by her former teachers and companions, among whom are her sisters, Teresa and Cecilia, who enjoyed the privilege of several outings during her visit.

Nellie's floral gifts still adorn our altars—fragrant reminders of her in prayer. The lily blooms on St. Joseph's altar bespeak her mindfulness of the month's devotion.

February the twenty-seventh—We attended High Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral and heard a most instructive sermon, preached by Reverend C. Canning, in the interests of Catholic Church Extension, in which he portrayed in words of burning zeal the spiritual necessities of those poor Ruthenian emigrants to the great North West, who are sadly in danger of being robbed of the heritage of the Faith by proselytism.

We could not fail to be imbued with the good Father's spirit, and, who knows but a vocation to a missionary life may yet be vouchsafed to some among us who were privileged to listen, that day, to the earnest and inspiring words of this devoted priest.

February the twenty-seventh—A flying visit from Bessie McSloy, Class '09. It goes without saying that she was warmly welcomed.

With the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament for which she was remarkable during her school-days—all of which were passed since the preparatory days of her First Holy Communion until her Graduation, last June, at this Loreto—dear Bessie presented roses and carnations for our customary Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, a privilege we have on the first Sunday of the month, besides other special Feast-days of the Church.

March the twelfth—During the Forty Hours' Devotion in St. Patrick's Church, we had the happiness of spending some time in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament and thus paying our homage to the Sacramental King.

March the thirteenth—Passion Sunday. The purple-shrouded statues, telling of the coming gloom of Holy Week, attunes our souls, at this

penitential season, in unison with Holy Mother Church.

As the shadows fell, we waited the solemn moment of the Benediction of Our Eucharistic Lord.

Our beloved Bishop, assisted by Reverend J. Bonomi, officiated at the solemnity and joined in the Plain Chant of the *O Salutaris, Stabat Mater*, and *Tantum Ergo*, thus adding a dignity to the ever-beautiful and venerable music of the Church.

March the seventeenth—A quiet celebration of the anniversary of Old Ireland's Patron Saint, but many evidences of love for the land which the good Saint once trod—the land of martyrs and memories—the cradle of heroes—the nursery of saints—and for the undying Faith which St. Patrick implanted in the hearts of the people.

"To get a visible expression of the spirit of the Gospels we should have to go to Ireland—to Ireland, with her pensive and poignant sweetness, her unworldliness and her sense of failure; where veils of soft mists shimmer with pale rainbow colors, where the hills are covered with the silvery grayness of doves' wings. There is a subdued coloring about the roses; their leaves have a moist freshness, a gentle greenery, like the colors of old stained glass. There is a faint opalescent lustre about the mists; the damp bark of the trees passes through endless shades and soft half-tones. There is a wistfulness in the face of the natural world, speaking of the springs of hidden tears. There are a hundred faint gradations in the grayness of a single valley, a softness and tenderness in the growing buds when the dawning days are silvered with dew."

MARY GORDON.

Very lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own failings, and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting creature, but if we take the trouble to look into the matter, we find that she does not laugh at her neighbor's pet weaknesses. Our lovable woman may not be witty; she may be a little prosy, but she it is to whom we go for sympathy when in trouble, and confide in with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds when we are not present.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.”

January the tenth—Once again the Abbey has re-opened to welcome its new boarders as well as all other returning pupils. All are bright and happy after the greatly-appreciated vacation and on all sides is heard the glad and joyous greeting, “Happy New Year.”

Too late to be chronicled in the Christmas RAINBOW was the ceremony which took place on the eighth of December. This beautiful Feast of our Blessed Mother was fittingly celebrated and rendered memorable for all at the Abbey. It was, of course, a general Communion day, and, in the afternoon, nine new members were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary by Father McCaffrey, our chaplain, who, after Benediction, delivered a short but appropriate address on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Those who on this day consecrated themselves to the Mother of God were Helena Murphy, who read the Act of Consecration, Mary Rodden, Genevieve Twomey, Beatrice Mulligan, Rose Noonan, Frances McKenna, Cecile McLaughlin, Rose O'Connor and Celestine O'Meara.

January the fifteenth—Several of the students of St. Michael's College undertook to gratify our desire for a rink. We extend to them our hearty thanks for their kindness, but regret that unpleasant weather has rendered their efforts almost of no avail.

January the seventeenth—Sincere congratulations to the girls who so successfully passed the recent examinations in music at the University. All from the Abbey obtained honors. Julia Kerr, Victorine Rooney and Mary Renny were the successful candidates in the Senior examinations, Eileen McAleer, in the Junior, and Bessie Mulligan, Rose O'Connor and Louise O'Brien in the Primary.

January the eighteenth—Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Loane, S. J., who was lately appointed successor to Rev. J. J. Connolly, S. J., as parish priest of Guelph, Ont. Father O'Loane

has many friends at the Abbey, where his visits are always appreciated.

January the twenty-first—To make his lecture more appropriate for the occasion—the Feast of St. Agnes—Dr. Kidd spoke to us on the early martyrs, reminding us of the difficulties under which they followed the teachings of our Faith. The evening was made even more interesting than usual by the use of limelight views, which Dr. Kidd procured in Rome, illustrating the Eternal City and the Catacombs. His explanations gave us a clear conception of many things of which, previously, we had only a vague idea, and the hour spent with the competent lecturer proved both pleasant and profitable.

January the twenty-second—A second Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. S. Dowdall, of Eganville, Ont., who paid the Abbey a most delightful little visit.

January the twenty-sixth—An unexpected pleasure was given to us in a visit to St. Helen's Church to see the beautiful entertainment which the Sisters in charge of the school there, had endeavored to make a brilliant success. The hall presented a very pleasing appearance in its elaborate decorations, and the scenery was unusually good. The costumes, too, were very pretty, and the work of the performers most attractive. All those who took part—among them many of our convent pupils who were glad to afford assistance to the praiseworthy undertaking—displayed not only enthusiasm, but considerable musical and dramatic talent. The songs given were melodious and the choruses evidenced careful training, and an appreciation of it on the part of the performers.

At last the concert closed, with much good cheer and congratulations. On our way home we visited the new St. Helen's Church and made our three requests. Then we proceeded towards the Abbey, after having enjoyed a most delightful afternoon.

January the twenty-seventh—Dr. Teeffy resumed his series of lectures on “The Church,” and took advantage of his first opportunity of giving us his New Year greeting. He assured us of his earnest wish that the ensuing year may prove a truly happy and blessed one, and that we may accept willingly the crosses, as well as

the pleasures, that may be offered us. During the course of his lecture Dr. Teefy dwelt on the pride and dignity with which we should realize our position as members of that mystical body of Christ—the Church—and his eloquent words instilled into our hearts an even deeper feeling of gratitude that to us has been granted the inestimable gift of Faith.

February the first—The ladies of the Loreto Alumnae Association met and contributed a very entertaining programme. The Choral Club rendered several choruses in a most pleasing manner, while a paper on Rudyard Kipling, with some selections from his works, testified to the literary and elocutionary ability of the members of the Alumnae.

February the third—Father Rosa, C. M., of the Niagara University, aroused our interest and enthusiasm by his lecture and limelight views, showing the commercial importance and possibilities of the Hawaiian Islands, as well as their exquisitely picturesque scenery. While looking at the splendid views of these comparatively unfamiliar islands, it was almost impossible to avoid comparing them with the views of Rome, lately shown us by Dr. Kidd. The sombre, mysterious beauty in the views of Rome and the Catacombs stood out in striking contrast to the fascinating displays of color revealed throughout the scenes of Hawaii. Father Rosa explained to us the various processes followed in the manufacturing of sugar from the native cane and drew our attention to the various changes the advance of civilization has brought about in the customs, and also in the appearance of the inhabitants. Now there remain only a few points of resemblance between the early generations in their primeval mode of dressing and of living, and the native Hawaiians of the present time, dwelling in their neat cottages and engaged in the cultivation of rice-fields or the raising of sugar-cane. During the evening we caught many glimpses of the tempting fruits and flowers of the island, yet, perhaps, the greatest impression was made on our minds by the wonderful sight of the volcanoes in action at night. Their fiery volumes of smoke, steam and gases were seen ascending high in the air, against the blue-black sky, while, below, the dull gray,

rocky ground was scarred and crossed by the crimson paths of molten lava.

February the fourth—The customary first Friday ceremonies were conducted by Father Rosa. He also contributed to the pleasure of the day by addressing the assembly of pupils. His tales of the American Civil War and descriptions of scenes in the ever-interesting Yellowstone Park, as well as his even more engrossing "fish stories," revealed to us the fact that in our midst there was an unexcelled entertainer. This opinion was verified by Father Rosa's appearance at our evening recreation, where he called forth peal after peal of laughter from the merry band. The recreation was one worthy of remembrance and all joined in the "Good Night" chorus, blissfully content at the prospect of an unusually long "sleep"—a greatly appreciated privilege granted us at Father Rosa's request.

February the fifth—The departure of our guest, after celebrating Mass at an hour convenient for the late sleepers. During his visit Father Rosa became a universal favorite, due, no doubt, to his knowledge of the likes and dislikes of convent girls. It is hardly necessary to state that for Father Rosa there is ever ready a sincere and hearty welcome at Loreto Abbey.

February the sixth—The majority of the boarders who returned on time are enjoying their first outing since the re-opening of school. The late comers and those not so fortunate as to have the opportunity of visiting in the city, are taking advantage of the holiday and its attendant privileges to indulge in a few pastimes not generally permissible.

February the seventh—At last the day set for the annual fête, the masquerade, arrived and the suppressed excitement found an outlet during the process of dressing for the occasion. Surely, this was the transformation scene, after which there issued forth from the curtained alcoves "the forms of things unknown." Twentieth Century maidens had become dames of the long ago and, in the same magic manner, Indian princesses and daughters of History and Fiction had usurped the places of our companions. The early part of the evening was occupied with the Grand March and a short pro-

gramme of choruses, appropriate to the various characters represented. Then all repaired to the refectories, each prettily decorated for the occasion, where ample justice was done to our Mardi Gras Banquet. Mirth and good spirits reigned supreme, but it was not until the dancing had really begun that the festival attained its climax. Then could be seen Japanese, French and Dutch maidens or matrons of the sixteenth century, in their graceful gowns and powdered coiffures, side by side with Daughters of the Regiment, the Queen of Hearts, or, perhaps, Joan of Arc. Another glance disclosed dainty fairies, gazing in undisguised amazement at Little Bo-Peep, a Tambourine Girl, or, more probably, at our darkey clown, who invariably succeeded in being just where he might provide most amusement. In another quarter of our spacious Concert Hall a stately judge, in gown and venerable wig, presided over a group, where, among the many dainty blooms of Spring and Summer, could be distinguished Ireland, Evangeline and Red Riding-Hood. In spite of the enticing music and prevailing merriment, gradually the dancing ceased, the prizes were awarded, and "Good-night," bright, but rather sleepy, perhaps, followed the serving of refreshments.

February the eleventh—An unusual treat was afforded us by Miss Hope Morgan, a former Abbey pupil, who has since become a vocalist of sufficient celebrity to entertain Royal personages, among whom may be mentioned the late Queen Victoria of England. Before beginning her programme, Miss Morgan referred to her Loreto days and to Reverend Mother's kindness to her, and she expressed a wish that we should consider her one of ourselves. Then followed those songs, during which we forgot all but the pleasing personality and the clear, rich voice of our gracious vocalist. During the evening, flowers were presented by Miss Florence McGillis, as a slight token of appreciation of the favor paid her Alma Mater by Miss Morgan, whose recital will ever prove a pleasant recollection for those who had the opportunity of hearing her.

February the fifteenth—Once again, Loreto Abbey has had the privilege of entertaining, or rather, of being entertained by, a competent orator. On this occasion, Reverend W. F. Clark, S. J., of Buffalo, favored us. Tuesday evening,

he delivered a most impressive and instructive sermon on the "Knowledge of Christ." This is the knowledge which was planted in our minds and hearts, when, at our mother's knee, perhaps, we repeated our first "Pater Noster," and which, since the day when we knelt at the altar to receive our first Holy Communion, has again and again been strengthened by more frequent refectations of that Bread of Life. Yet, how negligent and almost scornful is the work-a-day world towards that fount of knowledge—that Book, where are preserved the words of Christ and of His Apostles. Hour after hour, day after day, and week after week, is spent in reading the latest article on science, commerce, or discovery, and how eager each and all of us are to inform ourselves of the news of the day, be it a political event or merely the latest bit of social scandal. And all the while, our knowledge of Christ is never considered, or replenished by a few minutes' reading of His Gospel. Father Clark, in a few pathetic words, painted the death-bed scene of a loving mother, when to her devoted and beloved son she utters the last syllables of advice and encouragement which that son may ever hear from her who has always guided, followed, and exulted in, his progress in life. How dear to that son are those words of his dying mother, and how indelibly they are impressed on his mind! Yet, should not the words of the dying Christ excite in our hearts an even greater burst of loving emotion towards Him who did more for each and all of us than the most ideal mother could ever do for a most dutiful son? Such seems not to be the case, however. More homage and devotion is demanded for a Lincoln or a Washington than would be tolerated if openly offered to the Creator and Redeemer of all. The name of Christ is hushed and seemingly held in contempt rather than in reverence in some parts of our educational world. And, all the while, we who do revere and love that Holy Name, do little, very little, to add to our own knowledge of Christ, content, as we seem to be, with merely a bare outline of a life of three and thirty years, whose every day and hour should be full of untold interest and consolation.

February the sixteenth—Our already high opinion of Father Clark's efficiency as an orator was, perhaps, raised to even greater heights, when he appeared before us, this morning, as the

scholar of Literature, and clearly and concisely explained to us the proper method in which to study a poem. In order to retain our interest, a poem must not only satisfy our curiosity in regard to its subject, but it must also clearly depict the sentiments of the poet, when he wrote it, and it must, too, appeal to our emotions. Father Clark's well-chosen quotations, from various poets, proved the great value of color, rhythm, and imagination in poetry, and showed how requisite each of these qualities is, to true poetry.

February the seventeenth—Dr. Kidd gave us one of his ever-interesting lectures, the subject being—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." In his own impressive style, Dr. Kidd presented to our minds all that is necessary to properly comply with the requirement of the Third Commandment, and his words brought home to our minds not only the importance of attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but also that of sanctifying the day by some of the other means at our disposal.

February the nineteenth—At our monthly meeting of the League of the Sacred Heart the following pupils were appointed Promoters—Myra Street, Florence Malone, Bessie Ganley, Florence McGillis, Helena Murphy, Alberta McNab, and Celestine O'Meara, of whom the last two were elected as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

February the twenty-first—A double pleasure was accorded us, this evening, when we assembled to hear Miss Helen Morrow, the talented elocutionist. Our beloved Reverend Mother, who has been seriously ill for several months, was able to be present. Need we say how our hearts rejoiced to behold once more that kind motherly presence, to see that gracious smile, as she found herself again surrounded by her many children, whose welfare has ever been one of her dearest interests. May He from Whom all good gifts flow, restore our loved Mother to health, we fondly pray.

Miss Morrow showed marked ability in the varied programme she so successfully rendered. Not only the pathetic lines of "The Little Cripple Boy" and the stirring passages from the writings of Sir Gilbert Parker and Robert Service, but also selections from the immortal Shake-

speare, proved the great talent of Miss Morrow. In her interpretation of Scene I., Act III. of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," she cleverly distinguished the various characters of Titania, Puck, Bully Bottom, and the "hempen home-spuns."

During the evening, solos were given by Miss Harriet Harwood and Miss Louise Foy, while Miss Helena Murphy presented flowers to our elocutionist, who, before her departure, reminded us of the pride she felt in having been a Loreto pupil.

February the twenty-fourth—Dr. Teefy delivered an eloquent discourse on the teaching of Christ and the power of His Church to preserve and spread that teaching. We were reminded of the importance of the Church in the history of the past and the influence it has exerted on all civilization. After mentioning the various means by which the Church dispenses graces, Dr. Teefy summarized its many points of influence as follows: The power of jurisdiction and the power of sanctification.

February the twenty-sixth—A visit was paid by the boarders to St. Mary's Church, where the Forty Hours' Devotion was being conducted. The altar was ablaze with lights and profusely adorned with flowers, in the midst of which, high on His throne of glory, reigned the King of Kings, accepting the grateful devotion of His faithful worshippers.

To-day, too, the graduates of the year entertained Miss Margaret Conway by giving her a birthday feast, which all greatly enjoyed.

Sincere and heartfelt congratulations to our dear M. M. Teresa, who has just received her Diploma—Licentiate in Music—from the University.

CELESTINE O'MEARA, '10.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Guelph.

January the tenth—The reopening of school! Smiles of welcome—tears of homesickness—presents to be compared—new acquaintances to be made—and, finally, work again and the regular routine of school-life!

January the twenty-second—The first meeting of the Mary Ward Literary Club, this year!

The members were all present, also several visitors, so it was a large and merry circle which gathered around our Directress. The reading of Mary Ward's life was continued; a short talk followed on the life and work of Sir Walter Scott; and the reading of "Guy Mannering" occupied the remainder of the hour.

January the twenty-third—We were happy to welcome M. M. Benedicta and Miss Edith Smith, who paid us a short visit. My sister and I were schoolmates of Edith's in Montreal, and, of course, we found much pleasure in recalling old times.

January the twenty-fourth—It was our happy privilege to attend a concert, given in the Hall of Our Lady's Church, by the Catholic Choral and Literary Society of Guelph. This Society has been organized for the purpose of encouraging and developing the musical and literary talent of the parish, and of cultivating a love of Art for Art's sake. Judging by this, their first entertainment, they are eminently successful, and it is evident that the enterprise is in the hands of able and enthusiastic directors. The talent of the parish is of no mean order, and is certain to command attention in wider circles. The programme throughout was marked by refinement and artistic excellence, and we shall look forward to the next concert as to a rare treat.

January the twenty-eighth—Sister M. Augusta and Miss Frances Daniells, of Hamilton, spent the week-end with us. Needless to say, "the dear Hamilton girls" are always welcome, and Miss Daniells was no exception to the rule. We sincerely hope she will come again, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting the others, of whom we have heard so much.

January the twenty-ninth—Our dear M. M. St. Anthony had the pleasure of a visit from her sister, Mrs. Ford, who, during her stay with us, endeared herself to everyone in the house. We shall long remember how pleasant she made our recreations by her amiable readiness to sing for us, to play for our dancing, and to entertain us with her wonderful fund of anecdotes.

January the thirty-first—Permission was graciously granted to four of us, to accompany relatives to an entertainment in Aberfoyle. Of

course, the sleigh-drive to and from our destination was greatly enjoyed—the occasional upset only adding to our fun. ^{As} One maiden slipped into an immense snow-bank, she calmly announced, "All is not lost which falleth." But she was lost—until we succeeded in extricating her from the depths of the drift. ◊

February the second—To-day, twelve of the young ladies had the happiness of being received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. The pretty ceremony was performed by our loved chaplain, Reverend Father O'Loane, S. J., who, after a beautiful and impressive instruction on the virtues of Our Lady, conferred the ribbons, medals and badges of membership on the following: Mary Brandon, Patricia Doyle, Ella Foley, Margaret Hamilton, Stella Heffernan, Mildred Heffernan, Antoinette Kennedy, Eileen McGinnis, Celesine Pigott, Loretto Reinhart, Marguerite Schmuck and Edith Wright. After Benediction, the new sodalists were entertained by the other pupils, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in recreation.

February the eighth—The great event of the season—our Masquerade Ball—of which an account is given elsewhere.

February the eleventh—We were agreeably surprised, this morning, when Reverend Father O'Loane visited our classes, and, in his own happy way, gave us a few good laughs. Father kindly invited us to visit the Rectory, when the renovations and improvements, which are now in progress, will be completed.

February the eighteenth—This morning, we received a very inspiring and practical instruction from Reverend Father O'Loane, on the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of our holy Faith. In the course of his remarks, Father dwelt especially on the importance of frequent Communion as an aid in laying a solid character foundation of good principles and virtuous habits.

February the nineteenth—The fancy work has arrived! Centerpieces, doyleys, collars, cuffs, tea-coseys, dresser-covers, pincushions, Loreto cushions—cushions of all sorts and sizes! It is wonderful how industrious some people have suddenly become. It is said that certain girls

who never before used a needle, are now wearing thimbles to bed, and others are holding forth in sleep about the respective merits of the Wallachian stitch and English eyelet. "Enthusiasm, thou art afoot! take what stitch thou wilt!"

February the twentieth—The second meeting of the Children of Mary, and the election of officers, took place to-day. The result of the election was as follows—President, Miss Antoinette Kennedy; Sacristan and Treasurer, Miss Marguerite Schmuck; Librarian, Miss Ella Foley.

On the third Sunday of each month, the Sodality meeting will take place at three o'clock, instead of at half-past one, as on other Sundays.

GERTRUDE FOLEY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

December the tenth, the Feast of the Translation of the Holy House of Loreto, two pupils were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. Monsignor Barbieri performed the ceremony, which was preceded by a short sermon. His Lordship took for his text the words, "Monstra te esse matrem," and pointed out the necessity of proving ourselves worthy children of the Immaculate Mother. He then gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Christmas holidays passed all too quickly. Midnight Mass was celebrated by the Reverend L. Matthews, C. F. The chapel looked lovely.

During the holidays we had a delightful visit from the Most Reverend Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. He was accompanied by his secretary. It was the first visit of His Grace to Gibraltar, and, consequently, to Europa Convent, but he knows the houses of the Institute in Germany and in Rome well, and he is one of the many admirers of its holy foundress, Mary Ward.

The arrival of the NIAGARA RAINBOW was an event of some importance, and we read with much interest the many entertaining articles contained in it. It is always a favorite with us and our interest in the Canadian convent of the Institute has been increased by reading in "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," Dr. Sheehan's fine criticism of the education given there.

January the third—the birthday of the foundress of the Institute and a day of general rejoicing for the Community and pupils. Mary Ward's sweet face is now familiar to us from the large picture which has just been placed in the reception-room.

We have had one of the severe storms, which seem now to be of annual occurrence in Gibraltar. It did some damage to the trees and knocked down one of the heavy marble statues which adorn the playground.

In February, some new pupils arrived and the Peñas, who had been taking a long vacation, returned to school. They were at Lourdes, where they saw a miracle performed, and afterwards visited Rome. There they had a special audience with His Holiness the Pope.

We have just heard that all the pupils who presented themselves for the examinations of the London Academy of Music have passed in violin and pianoforte. The examiner was Mr. Lee Williams, who has been three times in Gibraltar in this capacity.

ISABEL DOTTO.

Recital by Miss McCann.

MT. PATRICK'S DAY was a thoroughly enjoyable one at The Abbey. The pleasure of the afternoon was, in a great part, due to a visit from Miss McCann, an Australian vocalist, whose coming was welcomed by all. Many were delighted with the opportunity of again meeting their former vocal teacher, while the prospect of Miss McCann's recital was no slight source of enjoyment to others. How great a treat was in store for us we realized during the course of her programme. The opening number, "The Wearin' of the Green," so appropriate for the day, can scarcely be said to have been appreciated more than the other favorites, which Miss McCann so graciously and amiably sang for us. The beauty of all of them was enhanced by the very musical voice and interesting manner of this talented vocalist. Flowers were presented, during the afternoon, and a piano solo was well rendered by Miss Helen O'Reilly.

CELESTINE O'MEARA, '10.

Personals.

"Oh, Helen, Helen, intelligence has just reached me—"

"Well, thank heaven!"

"Your spelling is really disgraceful."

"This isn't spellin' lesson. It's a composition."

"Please, send me a family—not too large and not too expensive."

The accommodating bookseller supplied the missing word—Bible—and filled the order of our embarrassed friend, with an "I presume this is what you require."

"An isosceles triangle is one which has its base equal, and the included angle equal, also."

"Laura has made a valuable discovery—"The North American Indians have copper-color hair.'"

If you'd only like me a little I'd be awfully kind to you."

"I wouldn't wish to make a pagan of you."

"Tell Sister I can't go to a music lesson now because I'm in the *commotion* class and I expect to be *commoted* soon."

"Wind pressure is the pressure of the air in motion exerted on a body. The greater the *philosophy* the greater the pressure."

"Mother, if the ends of the earth meet when that comet comes, will there be any earth? I couldn't sleep all night."

A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad as you please; but with all this, if he is not good he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime ends which he seems to reach, in his most splendid achievements, are only a brilliant sort of badness.

First of all, learn to laugh. A good hearty laugh is better than a dose of medicine. Learn

to tell a story. A well-told story brings an actual gleam of sunshine into a room. Learn to attend strictly to your own business. This is a very important point. Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot possibly see any good in the world, keep it to yourself. Learn to greet your friends with a smile; they carry too many frowns in their own hearts to wish to be annoyed with yours. Learn to avoid ill-natured remarks. They do not help matters, and cause a great deal of unnecessary friction. And do learn to say kind, encouraging words to those whom you meet. We all need a little praise occasionally.

A vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either of our own or that of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by and we miss half of their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, and so forgiving. Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home?

Education, rightly understood, is a drawing out, not a crowding in. The best education consists in developing the powers and eliciting the bent of the mind, and laying a foundation for future culture. To speak of any girl's education as being "finished" is tantamount to speaking of a scaffolding as being finished, preparatory to the real work being begun. In after life comes the true work, and circumstances have much to do in guiding it. If girls are encouraged to place the culture of the mind not only before, but in opposition to, that of the body, they must be consequent sufferers—if not in girlhood, at some later period; and may bequeath suffering to others. Overwork and long hours shadow the irrecoverable springtime, and often bring in a harvest of mental as well as physical troubles.

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NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1910.

No 3.

**May-Day, Nineteen Hundred and Ten, the
Twenty-Third Anniversary of the Con-
secration of the Right Reverend
C. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop
of Hamilton.**

A GAIN the golden circle of the Loreto year brings round its cluster of lilies—its jewel month—the beautiful May! And who would not, figuratively and literally, wander among the lilies?

With the joy of Spring in the air and the radiant, rosy blossoming of a May morning, attuning our hearts to notes of gladness, dawned the bright, auspicious festal day, which affords us the blessed privilege and unbounded delight of receiving and welcoming to Loreto's portals our revered, our beloved, our good Bishop of Hamilton, who possesses so many claims to our abiding filial love, and of extending to him heartfelt congratulations, hallowed by the touch of prayer.

This, the twenty-third anniversary of His Lordship's consecration, reminds us that, for twenty-three years, we have been guarded, protected, and encouraged by his unflagging episcopal solicitude; while we have basked in his approving smile, and, upon highly-appreciated occasions, have been cheered and refreshed by his pastoral visits.

When, at last, the supreme hour of May-Day arrived, and our dear Bishop was really in our midst, how thrillingly sounded the announcement of his coming, in the hymn—"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus"!

The address to His Lordship was read by Phyllis McIntyre.

A floral offering to His Lordship—a sheaf of fragrant roses—was presented by Mary Battle.

These beautiful roses might well be symbolical of God's flowers—the children—planted in Loreto's garden to thrive in Christian soil, on holy ground, while our indefatigable Bishop watches that no blighting wind may find us defenceless.

Like these flowers, the hearts of Loreto's children have blossomed to the full, as God intends, while their fragrance, like that of the flowers, perfumes the garden and is wafted over, and around, and above, even to the Throne of highest heaven!

Mary Battle sang "The Meeting of the Waters" exquisitely. His Lordship's thoughts must have gone back to the time when he visited that beautiful spot in dear old Ireland, so sweetly sung by that most charming of poets—Thomas Moore.

The "little ones" did their part beautifully in the two songs—"A Festal Greeting" and "God is Love." Doubtless, they derived additional courage and inspiration from the instinct that they have and hold the innermost place in our beloved Bishop's great heart.

The recitation—"Little Cristel," by Jean Michael; and the recitation—"The Story of Some Bells," by Margaret Gordon; were a delight to lovers of all that good elocution suggests. His Lordship told us that he had visited the various places and the bells immortalized by "Father Prout," the poet of his beloved "Shandon Bells."

The vocal and instrumental numbers were attractive features of the programme, and a delight to the audience. Helen Smith's "Slave Song" was a joy to hear, in expression and artistic finish.

The concluding hymn was to "Mary Immaculate"; and His Lordship took up the last line and proposed the sinlessness of the Immaculate Mother of God—the one woman model, for all time and all ages—for our imitation. He dwelt strongly on the importance and necessity of Christian education, on the need of good young women in the world of to-day, and the manifold benefits that have accrued to the Church from the labors of women, thoughtful and spiritual enough to estimate things at their proper value—to put God first instead of the world.

His Lordship emphasized the fact that woman's crowning height can only be attained within her own sphere, never in that of man—any attempt, therefore, on her part, to aspire to activities outside the home, to cast herself into the rude turmoil of the political arena, to become mannish, he repudiated in terms of withering scorn; and, in his paternal solicitude in our regard, drew attention to the necessity of our being well prepared and fortified for what we would surely meet when going out into the world, where some women are now so sadly forgetting themselves, and giving so bad an example. His conviction is that if women are true to themselves, and faithful in the fulfilment of home duties, there will never be occasion for them to go abroad to do anything unwomanly.

That His Lordship may sojourn among us many years to grace the Episcopate which he dignifies, and to labor, with strength and health unimpaired, as fruitfully as of yore in the Master's vineyard; and that we may prove ourselves worthy of his interest, and loyal to his zealous teachings, is the ardent wish and prayer of his devoted Children of Loreto, Mt. St. Mary.

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.....*L. Bonvin, S. J.*
Address,

PHYLLIS McINTYRE.

Floral Presentation.

MARY BATTLE.

Piano Solo, Humoreske.....*Dvorak*
MARY GORDON.

Vocal Solo, The Meeting of the Waters.....
MARY BATTLE.

Little Children's Greeting and Floral Presentation.

Recitation, "Little Christel".....*M. E. Bradley*
JEAN MICHAEL.

Chorus, "Roses Everywhere".....*Denza*

Piano Solo, Soaring.....*Schumann*
MARY BATTLE.

Vocal Solo, Slave Song.....*Del Riego*
HELEN SMITH.

Recitation, "The Story of Some Bells"...*Anon*
MARGUERITE GORDON.

HYMN TO OUR LADY.

"In Memoriam."

Death of Emperor-King Edward the Seventh.

It seems but yesterday,

Leaving her empire to her knightly son,—
Victoria passed from her sceptred sway

To crown awaiting years told off by duty done!

This crown's full weight of care,

The thorny path of kings, in dangers trod,
Now his: he nobly speaks us promise rare—

"I'll try to follow in her footsteps!—Help me
God!"

Well has he kept the pact:

'Gainst fearful odds he pledged his reign to
peace;

Men, nations conquered by his Christian tact;

Till at his bidding baneful strife had but to
cease!

Crowned king, he's reigned the man!

And manliness most royal virtue yet

Found in his sires—since Egbert's reign began—

Or Guelph, or Stew'rt—Tudor—Norman—
Plantagenet!

Ere decade brief has flown

Is flashed apace earth-girdling message
dread—

"A monarch has put off his earthly crown,

Edward, our world-wide empire's greatest king
is dead!"

What more could pathos lend
 To dying words of him we deep deplore?—
 "I know that all is over; this the end;
 "I think I've done my duty." Kings may do
 no more!

Hearts crushed, we mourn our dead.
 But see, a half-score kings their homage bring;
 Behind his bier the humble dust they tread!
 'Tis well: we lift our heads, and *proudly*
 mourn our king!

Sweet be thy rest, dear king!
 While blessings on thy reign the years in-
 crease;
 Thou'st wrought us good; who from thy rest
 would bring
 "Edward the Peacemaker," called by the
 Prince of Peace!

IDRIS.

Alexandra.

"Queen Mother."

Alexandra, "dear queen,"¹ of our fancy's fond
 dreaming,—
 (Why, alas! must all sweetness know bitterest
 woes?)
 Fair you came to us blossoming, blushing and
 beaming,
 In your youth's fragrant beauty, a sweet
 princess rose!

Chosen rose of our roses, and flower of our
 flowers,
 (Of grief's dark desolation let mad mortals
 tell!)
 Sunshine yours we would cloud with but fresh-
 ening showers;
 How we've cherished and loved—but you've
 long known it well!

Brightest rose-queen, your beauty endures as no
 other,
 (Ah, that Death's cruel angel should come
 near your bower!)

1. "Dear Queen"—a term of endearment very sweet
 to English ears, and given by Edward I, the Great Plan-
 tagenet, to his beloved Queen, Eleanor of Castile."

With your fragrance as bride, and as wife, and
 as mother,
 England's proud love, alas! cannot shield
 from this hour!

And alas, that hope vital should have this sad
 morrow;
 All your sweet joy of yesterday glad we'd
 restore;
 Widowed heart, we are longing to comfort your
 sorrow,
 But not even for *his* sake could we love you
 the more!

* * * * *

Near the touch of Death's fingers, all's icy con-
 gealing;
 And no soothing of friends meets her heart-
 stricken moan;
 Tho' beloved offer solace from rare depths of
 feeling,
 To the grave of her lost King she enters—
 alone!

Now in sympathy's arms she is folding that
 other,
 Round whose life sweetest, saddest of memo-
 ries cling;
 Here in anguish supreme came that last lone
 "queen mother,"²
 To lament o'er the tomb of her lost, martyred
 king!³

Alexandra would linger where shadows are
 falling,
 With repose that invites not the quick, living
 tread;
 Tho' she tenderly answers to loved voices calling,
 She would beg but the boon—to remember
 her Dead!

IDRIS.

Individualists may truly clamor that a woman's
 life is her own, with the right to seek happiness
 as she chooses; but it is still more true that hap-
 piness snatched in defiance of morality almost
 inevitably turns to bitter herbs and ashes.

2. Queen Henrietta Mary, wife of Charles I.
 3. Charles I, also buried in St. George's Chapel,
 Windsor.

Island Reberies.

“**T**HE King is dead! Long live the King!” The brevity and vanity of human life; the fickleness of human nature; and the necessity of the world’s moving on; is all expressed in the words, “The King is dead! Long live the King!” What a cruelty seems involved when there is change of dynasty, or when the crown reverts to another family!

The King is dead; we are mourning our beloved Edward the Peacemaker, and the whole world is mourning with us.

We can—prayerfully—echo the shout, “Long live the King!” and without any violence to our feelings, because as the son has succeeded the father, we feel that Edward VII. lives again in George V. Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, was an ideal ruler. His reign ever kept before us the scriptural command, “Fear God: honor the king!” To be “subject to the powers that be” becomes a pride when those “powers,” be they represented by “king” or “president,” stand for Christian liberty and enlightenment as opposed to unchristian slavery and darkness.

King Edward came to the throne well prepared to do his part well—to be every inch a king among men, a man among kings! For fifty-nine years he had been taught king-craft by one of the wisest sovereigns who ever ruled.

That sovereign—her Majesty Queen Victoria—one of the wisest and best of women, was also his mother; so that from her alone, he inherited the instinct, and even the moods of mind that go to ensure successful rulership. All this he had, not to speak of his long line of kingly ancestors reaching back through more than a thousand years to Egbert, who became King of England in 827, A. D.

And King Edward, the manly man, the democratic king, was extremely proud of his royal ancestors; and, to say the least, that pride did not diminish as he retraced his way through the ages of chivalry, when knighthood had a deeper meaning than it has now. The knightly Edward VII. admired the knighthood that was guided, guarded and inspired by religion. He felt that kings should be proud of the responsibility of

knighthood and that they were ennobled by its corresponding duties. “*Verbum sapientiae*” may not be amiss here. Knowing ones had more than food for reflection, when, before King Edward’s coronation, he was discussing details with the Grand Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, the King informed the Catholic Duke that he wished nothing omitted from the ancient Catholic coronation ceremonies of the Kings of England, that he was willing and ready to fulfil all obligations, responsibilities and duties that lay in his power.

Of course, there could be no mention of fealty to the spiritual head of the Church; and the odious, hateful words of the Declaration Oath were literally mumbled by the knightly, disgusted King.

Queen Victoria’s repugnance, and King Edward’s abhorrence are united in King George’s “decided objection” to utter those words of base insult to the Catholic religion,—the religion which took to heaven their greatest ancestors, and the most worthy descendants of Charlemagne!

King Edward had at hand the true history of our kings, of their reigns, and of the men and events of those reigns. His subjects did not enjoy that privilege; and, as yet, King George’s subjects—with fractional exceptions—do not enjoy that privilege! Startling assertion! but more startling, that it is true!

We need mention but the works of one historian—Agnes Strickland—who wrote for the benefit of royalty, and the minority who wish to know “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth”! Her “*Lives of the Queens of England*” and “*Lives of the Queens of Scotland*,” necessarily included the lives of kings and commoners. These works were dedicated to Queen Victoria in these words of the author—“To Her Most Excellent Majesty, Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, the *Lives of the Queens of England* are by gracious permission inscribed, with feelings of profound respect and loyal affection, by Her Majesty’s faithful subject and devoted servant, Agnes Strickland.” This historian was of noble birth, a lateral descendant of Queen Katherine Parr, a direct descendant of William I., also one of the court ladies of Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV.

Queen Victoria wished to know the truth, and, in detail. Her ancestors—good, bad, and indifferent—and their times, were called back by the magic of Agnes Strickland, who tells us that “facts, not opinions,” should be the historian’s motto; also “the treasures of antiquity laid up in old historic rolls, I opened.” All historical records stored in the British Museum and in other places in England and on the continent were placed at her disposal.

Queen Victoria and King Edward knew the *true* story of their ancestors and ancestral times as we of the Old Faith know it, and they knew that we know it. *We* have the bared consciences, as it were, of all disputed events and times, before and after the purging, guiding process of the confessional!

Honest Agnes Strickland, devoted member of the Church of England, and biased in spite of herself at times, often quotes as indisputable authority the priest-historian Dr. Lingard, who wrote the “History of England.”

If, for example, Queen Victoria could bear, could wish to know the true character of Elizabeth the monster, that queen of Satanic cunning, why should not commoners see her in her true colors?

Again, Agnes Strickland, from yearly, daily, nay, hourly record, tells the true story—as *we* know it—of Mary Queen of Scots, that unswerving Christian, that peerless woman and queen, dishonored, done to death, murdered by Elizabeth and the ambitious, barbarous, inhuman Lords of the Congregation in Scotland.

Is it wonder that, in a book of preferences, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, wrote—“My favorite queen is Mary Queen of Scots”!

Now would not the history class of any common board-school in England regard the King’s preference with horror? Yes, because, impossible as it may seem, the policy—political, let us style it—has not yet afforded the truth of historical fact to the common people of England. Neither are we allowed historical truth in our Canadian schools—high or low! And how many of our educated men and women have read Agnes Strickland, Lingard, or Cobbett? Not one in a thousand!

This reluctance, even repugnance, to venture into said histories, arises, I fancy, in most cases,

from the fear of being disloyal to present beliefs and to fathers or forefathers who adopted these beliefs.

We would be inclined to say that when the true story of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart cannot be told to the public generally, the personalities of those queens should be omitted from the pages of school histories. But this could not be done; one truth permeates and overlaps all others. The thoughts, words and actions of Elizabeth, as the true daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, were the cause of regrettable fact, and as one result, culminated in the murder of Mary Queen of Scots. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, so far as mortals could perceive, died the death that naturally follows such lives. To Anne Boleyn was given the grace of repentance,—the deep repentance of the Magdalen! She had sinned publicly against Katherine, the true wife of Henry VIII., so she first confessed as publicly as she could, then called for a priest, made her private confession, and received Holy Communion from that priest’s hands, on the morning of her execution. Our school histories say nothing of this; they merely tell us that Anne Boleyn favored the Reformation; she certainly did so, when leading a sinful life!

Poor Anne Boleyn, as never before, was great and beautiful in death. The human heart is always the same. While we are bent upon serving God, the examination of conscience, self-accusation, the “proving” of ourselves by repentance, confession, and the amendment of our lives, is sweet, and we experience the verity of the assurance, “My yoke is easy, and my burden light.”

On the other hand, to take for example but that one “star-performer,” Henry VIII., to the tune of his six wives—no easy burden!—when he gave himself over to the world, the flesh, and the de’il, and was followed by many a Judas of Church and State, self-accusation, repentance, and confession, preparatory to the receiving of the “Bread of Life,” was all at an end to those who had committed spiritual suicide. So they said, “We will not take Christ at His word! We will have no Bread of Life.” Satan will not, cannot come into the Presence of the Living God!

Henry VIII. and his followers soon had all

the resources of the kingdom in their hands; and what cannot money do? It always brings first to the scene the brute force of soldiery. The faithful pastors of Christ's fold were condemned to fine, imprisonment and death; the English and Scottish people were robbed of their faith. The faithful suffered and died for it by thousands; but their children and children's children inherited that deprivation, and they form the millions of good Protestants, our dear separated brethren, in England and Scotland to-day.

The Divine Founder of the Church has placed His peculiar mark upon His Church; it is this: No true, honest Catholic, who has been instructed in his faith, and who has eaten that "Living Bread" at the Lord's table, has ever been known to turn to husks of swine.

The world, the flesh, the de'il, persuasions of friends, or fear, may entice him away for a time, but he always longs for home, and if he corresponds to grace he drags himself back like a weary child, if only to die. If he despises grace, he dies in hopeless despair. Even our separated brethren have noticed this fact,—King Edward of the number,—King Edward the Observer!

King Edward the Peacemaker readily recognized that we could not be offered a more flagrant insult than is contained in that modern addition to the coronation oath, which reviles our belief—the faith of our fathers, and his—in Holy Writ, in the express words of God himself when He says: "This is My body; this is My blood."

George V., on firmer ground than that on which his father first stood, as king, inflexibly voices his "decided objection" to the odious words contained in the oath.

Those whose knowledge of history is limited to our school-books, were certain that "Victoria Mary" would choose to be known as "Queen Victoria," because the title "Queen Mary" is not pleasing to English ears! To our Queen the sound of "Queen Mary" is sweet, is beautiful! And it was also the wish of our late King. Royalty, with other readers of Strickland, Lingard, Cobbett and the Clifton Tracts, knows the true history of the Marys.

Kings live their lives apart; and in the study and practice of king-craft they have their an-

cestors constantly in their presence, and with them the England, the Realm, of their times.

King Edward trod the ground they trod, had his home in the castles they built, wore the regalia that they had worn, and followed them to where, within the grand old temples built by the grand Old Faith, they sleep, awaiting the resurrection.

Westminster Abbey is the last resting-place of Edward I., Edward III., Edward V., and Edward VI. Edward II. rests in Gloucester Cathedral; Edward IV. and Edward VII. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Following royalty also, and connected with them by blood and daily association, was Agnes Strickland the historian. To her we may apply the maxim of "Carmen Sylva"—"Study well the body; the mind is not far off!"

In the National Portrait Gallery, London, is a beautiful portrait of the beautiful Strickland, painted, in 1846, by J. Hayes. The mind of this historian was well fitted to appreciate the greatest Mary of them all—the beautiful, the unfortunate Queen of Scots,—Edward VII.'s favorite queen and ancestress.

From the moment that Mary Stuart left her beautiful and refined land of France, where, as maiden, wife, queen, and widow, she had been almost adored, her life became enmeshed in a web of conspiracies. As explanation, we may mention that the minority of her father, James V., with its regency, and her own minority with its regency, had emboldened and tempted the ambitious nobles, until they sacrificed all conscience, all religion, and even ordinary manliness, in their fierce struggle for the crown or its emoluments. These murderous robbers and rivals had among them two priest-Judases, the Earl of Murray and John Knox, who, from the first moment of Mary's return to Scotland—a mere girl in her teens—counselled her destruction and death. With all the cunning of fiends incarnate, they pursued their inhuman course openly and in secret. When Mary married Lord Darnley, he, also, was marked for destruction; when her babe, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England, was born, the possession of the child's person was the great desideratum. They encouraged Darnley in his dissipated habits; they whispered vile calumnies

against the Queen to arouse his jealousy,—they succeeded. The murder of the faithful Rizzio followed. Rizzio, her trusty secretary, a very plain-looking individual, and fifty or sixty years of age, had been recommended to Mary by her uncle, Cardinal Guise. They conspired to murder Darnley, to seize the Queen, and, by violence to her person, to compel her to marry Lord Bothwell; but Bothwell and Morton were first to murder Lord Darnley. All this was executed to the letter; and the conspirators were jubilant until they began to fight over the spoils. Bothwell fled to Denmark, where, at first, he was well received. But becoming mortally ill, he called the King of Denmark, his court and the Protestant bishop to hear the awful confession that, wholly repentant, he could not carry unconfessed before the Great Judge. He named himself and Morton as the principal murderers of Lord Darnley, avowed that the Queen had always repelled his advances, and that the assassination of her husband had been perpetrated without her wish, consent or knowledge, that she had been his unwilling captive and wife.

Bothwell's confession, according to his wish, was taken down in writing. King Frederick of Denmark sent a copy of Bothwell's confession to all the courts of Europe. When it reached Scotland, Morton and others were put on trial, found guilty of murder, and executed.

Bothwell recovered from that illness, but was degraded by the King of Denmark, and kept in a common prison until his death.

When Bothwell's confession reached England, Mary Queen of Scots had been for years Elizabeth's captive. Queen Elizabeth "carefully suppressed" the confession, and, continuing the policy of the Scottish associate lords, she relented not until the beautiful head of Queen Mary of Scotland fell from her shoulders and rolled in the dust!

Need we wonder that Mary's son, the young James of Scotland, declared that, in gratitude to the King of Denmark for exonerating his dear mother, he would marry only a princess of Denmark, if he could gain her hand. So Anne of Denmark, King Frederick's daughter, became the Queen of James VI., and an ancestress of Edward VII.

The sufferings of her crucified Saviour are

recalled by Mary Stuart's unparalleled woes. Throughout all, the beauty of her person exemplified the beauty of her mind, heart and soul. Her magnanimity, her forgiveness of her enemies, was Christ-like.

How generous, how unselfish, how sympathetic she must have been, is evidenced by the inalienable, deathless affection of her faithful attendants. Has this world ever produced another such as Mary Seton? Witness the heart-broken devotion of Jean Kennedy and Agnes Curle, ministering on the scaffold.

Queen Mary Stuart was executed in February; her body was not given interment until August—and then in Peterborough Cathedral. Her faithful attendants, meantime, lingered in semi-starvation at Fotheringay. Queen Elizabeth, finally, to cover up her part in Mary's death, ordered a grand funeral, and banquet; and sent the Countess of Bedford to represent herself.

At that banquet, when pressed to partake of numerous viands, Queen Mary's faithful friends shed copious tears, and begged to withdraw.

When Queen Mary Stuart's son came to his own in England, he proudly brought his mother's remains from Peterborough Cathedral, and gave them most fitting resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Grandeur than that of Queen Elizabeth, although on the same plan, the tomb and monument of Queen Mary Stuart is the finest in the Abbey.

Bothwell's confession is still "carefully suppressed" by the ruling educationists of the British Empire.

If one asks for Strickland's historical works, the answer is "Out of print!"

To Royalty and others who know the true story of Queen Mary Stuart our school histories add insult to injury by telling us—"Oh, what coarseness!—that that persecuted, murdered Queen could not control her passions." And this of Edward VII.'s "favorite queen" and revered ancestress.

Despite the fearless testimony of Cobbett, Strickland, and others of the Church of England, the memory of the saintly Mary I. of England, the true daughter of the saintly Katherine of Aragon, is vilified to the extreme. She is dubbed "bloody Mary" by the falsifiers and the "paid" historians. We are told by Cobbett that when

she came to the throne she forgave and spared for religion's sake those who had turned from the Old Faith to embrace the reign of "lust and plunder," inaugurated by her father, and had plotted against her very life. She sweetly intervened and succeeded in saving the life of Lady Jane Grey, upon her first attempt upon the crown; but, upon the second attempt, the laws of the land had to take their course, much to Mary's grief.

Our paid historians ignore the fact that Mary turned from the royal coffers the revenues of the poor, restored the monasteries and the abbey lands, which were the livings of the poor; then, systematically began and finished the payment of her father's and brother's debts—Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s. Her reign was one of constant self-denial and charity. But the "lust and plunder" malcontents were likewise busy, and with diabolical zeal. Some of these turned from their evil ways, or apparently did so; but, as they became very diligent in enforcing the laws of the land against their former evil associates, we have much reason to suspect their honesty of purpose,—and every reason to denounce their approval of the fires of Smithfield. One of these worthies, engaged in cutting one another's throats, or literally burning one another was the Judas-Gardiner. Our school historians dignify these recreants and murderers as "martyrs": two of them were Ridley and Cranmer. Of Cranmer, Cobbett, the English Churchman, says, that he was so deeply steeped in crime, he should have suffered the death penalty years before. Queen Mary's intervention saved him twice.

Not once did Queen Mary I. sign the death-warrant of any one who died for conscience sake. Murder, inciting to murder, and high treason, were the crimes for which Mary—unwillingly and always with tears—had to sign the death-warrants of the so-called "martyrs."

Queen Mary's death—as that of her sister, Elizabeth!—was in keeping with her life; it was the outward manifestation of interior peace. She requested to be arrayed in a poor garment and begged that no semblance of the crown, that had weighed so heavily on her head, should be placed near her in death.

As in the case of Queen Mary Stuart, every domestic and attendant of Queen Mary Tudor loved her and cherished her memory.

Her will bequeathed her personal property to the poor.

Surely our "paid" historians and their abettors, who calumniate Queen Mary Tudor in order to exculpate traitors to God and country, "know not what they do."

Queen Mary Tudor's motto, that she adopted for herself, was—"Time unveils truth."

Our good separated brethren of to-day who, as ourselves, are fighting their way to Heaven, according to their lights, are not the descendants of the Judas-Cranmers who would reform the Church instead of their own hearts, but of the pious and helpless majority, from whom the Old Faith, was relentlessly stolen. Let individuals study their own family history for startling revelations along this line!

Queen Mary (Henrietta Maria), wife of Charles I., was beautiful in person, very loyal and generous in disposition, and was so devoted a wife and mother that King Charles asked only to spend every possible spare moment with his wife and babies.

When the King and Cromwell came to blows, the Queen made many trips to France—her own country—brought supplies and money to her lord, and even took the field at the head of an army and did successful battle for him. In vain!—the King's forces were defeated, a price put upon his head, and the Queen's, and poor Henrietta Maria, at the urgency of the King, fled to France. Charles I. was a kingly king, a polished gentleman, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a sincerely good man. He would not seek personal safety by leaving England: he preferred to live or perish there.

Never was a king more idolized by the majority of his people than Charles I. But did not his parliament condemn him to death?—No! No! No!—A *minority* of that parliament, of the Cromwell type, assisted by troopers, condemned that King to death. The majority, who voted against the regicidal measure, were seized by the troopers, flung into the "Hell" below Westminster Hall, and imprisoned there until the minority had condemned and beheaded their King. Cromwell came, intoxicated, to the last meetings of his worthy followers, and, at the signing of the King's death-warrant, he, in the merriest mood of his coarse, brutal nature, diverted himself by daubing the faces of his colleagues with ink!

Cromwell's mercenary troopers controlled London; but the loyal citizens shouted "God save your Majesty" until the head of Charles fell from his shoulders and they were dispersed by the military. Need we wonder that the Church of England honors "King Charles the Martyr"?

Cromwell's iron and hateful rule plunged England into debt by millions upon millions. The people joyfully welcomed the "Restoration" of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers. Then, his beloved mother, Queen Mary (Henrietta Maria) returned, to be known as the "Queen Mother." She was the last "Queen Mother" up to the present: now our beloved "Queen Mother" Alexandra weeps for her lost King where that other "Queen Mother" wept long ago: for King Charles I. and King Edward VII. both lie in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Agnes Strickland does what may be termed beautiful justice to the life of Queen Mary of Modena, wife of James II., and, incidentally, to that of James himself. This Queen was singularly beautiful, elegant, dignified, mentally gifted, pious, and generous-hearted.

When Queen Mary's son—dubbed the "Pretender" by his unnatural sister, Anne—was born, Lady Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, an ancestress of Agnes Strickland, was appointed sub-governess. The truly noble family of Strickland—members of the Church of England—followed James II. and Queen Mary Beatrice into exile, poverty, and suffering, unto death.

Our "paid" historians withhold from us the glories of James's career. All that suggests them are the lines—

"O the noble Duke of York,
 "He had ten thousand men;
 "He marched them up to the top of the hill
 "And he marched them back again," etc., etc.

James II., as Duke of York, was our first Nelson, and our first Wellington! No better general ever commanded our land forces; under his command the British fleet conquered and crippled Holland, until then mistress of the seas!

James II. was too doting a father to be a kingly king. He loved and trusted his children to the point of insanity. He refused to believe that his idolized daughter and his protégé nephew and son-in-law, William of Orange, had, for years, been plotting for the crown. Mary and William, to the last, wrote most affectionate

and filial letters to the trustful King of England. Mary wrote the last of these Judas letters after William had actually sailed, with his mercenary sixteen thousand Hessian troops, to invade England. When assured that William was coming, James II. showed his daughter's letter in indignant refutation. When William and his troops landed, James left the country to them without striking a blow, although the navy declared for him, and Butler, Duke of Ormond, was in readiness to hand the land forces over to him.

Queen Mary would never allow in her presence any conversation that attacked the reputation of the absent, consequently, the names of Mary, William, and Anne were never mentioned. Doubtless, she missed the spicy lines sung by James's Scottish subjects:—

"There were Mary the daughter, and William
 the cheater,
 "With Geordie the drinker and Annie the eater,"
 etc., etc.

Poor "Annie," the "Good" Queen Anne of our school books, was inconsolable in death. To her last breath she wailed continuously, "Oh, my poor brother! What will become of my poor brother!" He was no "Pretender" then, when death was taking the crown from her grasp.

Queen Mary, wife of William of Orange, was a true Stuart in appearance,—tall, graceful, and handsome. As a daughter, before her marriage, she had been very happy; but from the first moment of her married life until her death, she was neither wife nor queen in her own household. The Villiers sisters held first place in William's affections. Mary, Anne, and William were all at discord with one another. Shortly before Mary died, she rose from her death-bed and wrote a letter to William, beseeching him to give up his Villiers mistress!

That Queen Mary II. repented of her sins, as daughter and sister, is very doubtful.

We have now come to our present "Queen Mary," consort of our King George V. Our Queen is a truly British princess, having been born in England, and being a great-granddaughter of George III. Our popular Queen is particularly acceptable and dear to the Loreto heart; for King George V. and Queen Mary, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, when making their tour of the world-wide British Empire, in 1901, spent a day at the Niagara Loreto,

where the Religious and their pupils were deeply impressed and charmed with the sweetness, naturalness, grace, and gentle dignity of our Royal Lady.

Our present Queen is not the first "Queen Mary," of sterling worth and gentle dignity, to visit Loreto. Queen Mary of Modena, consort of James II., was a particular friend of "The English Ladies" (Ladies of Loreto) in England, whose foundress, Mary Ward, was a member of the Ducal House of Northumberland.

There is something so sweet and endearing in the title "Queen Mary," chosen by King Edward VII. for his daughter-in-law, that our feelings are expressed by the supplication, "God bless Queen Mary"!

And shall we not add—"God save the King"? Assuredly, and most ardently. His most gracious Majesty George V. is a worthy son of our great and lamented King Edward, and our beloved Queen Alexandra.

George V., sometime Duke of York, resembles in character that other Duke of York, James II. He has the same love of the sea; the same indifference to pomp and ostentation; the same industrious and orderly habits; and the same honest determination of purpose. Like his royal father, our beloved and lamented Edward VII., George V. will neither fatten upon injustice nor cease to oppose it. He has studied the page that displays all the good, and all the devilry that has beset the path of England's kings since the days of Egbert. He will strive to fill to the Irish people the measure of justice favored by Queen Victoria and King Edward. His "decided objection" to the coronation oath will bring return of self-respect to the crown, which, for the two past centuries, has grossly insulted the loyal adherents to that Old Faith, which, for one thousand years, took to Heaven his ancestors and those of every Englishman, Irishman, and Scot! George V. is already meeting opposition in this from those who have "fattened upon the spoils." To take those creatures individually, and in any part of the Empire, those who know them best, if put upon oath would testify that, to the best of their knowledge, there is not a God-fearing, praying man among them! It was this society that plotted to seize Queen Victoria on her way and to crown in her stead Ernest of Nassau. Yet they immediately became loud in their protestations of "loyalty," and have shouted that word, ever since, in

every part of the Empire. Our King and the majority of Englishmen know their worth as *men*!

If doing an act of common justice before God and man will cause change of faith in the royal family, and the majority of Englishmen, the necessity of a change is obvious logic!

And now, "George V." is sweet to our ears; for we love to hear and to read of the days "when George was King." The long reign of George III. was the era of Nelson's victories, and of Wellington's "hundred fights," that culminated in Waterloo and the downfall of the Great Napoleon.

If only injustice had not lost to us the American colonies!

June 4th. was King George III.'s birthday, and, long years after his death, it was kept a holiday, and known as "Training Day." King George V.'s birthday—a pleasing coincidence—is June 3rd.

So once more "George is King," and we can in hopeful, summer June, raise our voices and pray—

"Long live the King! God save King George"!

IDRIS.

We can find models for our imitation in those persons who rise above the reach of life's ills, little and great, and who are always either absorbing or giving out fragrance and music and sunshine. On the great mass of their experiences, they exercise an influence which makes discomforting things amusing, and commonplace things delightful.

Did you ever stop to think that no one else can really make or unmake you? Parents and teachers may do their best, companions may do their worst, precept and example, good and bad, may be forced upon you, but it is in the quiet inner chamber of your own soul that the shaping of your character is really done. Your own hand holds the graving tool. That is the meaning of many an uncomfortable hour when you cannot make the verdict of the careless crowd have any weight with the inner monitor that questions and judges so relentlessly. Never mind the others; they are outside; to their own master they stand or fall. You are you. What are you going to do with yourself?



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

ENTRANCE TO LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

The Beginning of the Arts.

THIS paper has two objects: first, to indicate how some of the leading arts began, and, second, to assign reasons why they might have been greatly developed within a comparatively brief period of time. Prehistoric archæology, with which unfortunately we shall have to deal, is misty and misleading. That the present state of our archæological knowledge rarely admits of certainty, is the deliberate conclusion of no less an authority than the Marquis de Nadaillac. It is a safe rule not to allow one's self to be led blindly by a science or a theory, or, for the matter of that, by any human device whatsoever.

After the fall from his former paradisiacal state, wherein sin, sorrow, or even mortality itself had never cost him a thought, the "golden age" of Scripture, of general tradition, of Hesoid and of Ovid came to an end, and man found himself, with somewhat clouded faculties, condemned to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and subject to a recalcitrant environment. His world, which seemingly shared his curse, was in a crude, disorderly condition. The elements of nature were his enemies; all was hostility; but how much of his high faculties he forfeited by the disobedience which led to his being driven out of the earthly paradise no one can tell, although many would have us think that they know. That they were sufficiently commanding to constitute him the highest type of terrestrial being is proved by both science and history.

It is difficult to conceive of man without speech, and impossible of woman, and correspondingly easy to believe that he possessed the *logos*, "whose father is spiritual, and whose mother is corporeal," as a modern writer beautifully describes the gift of language. Probably it was not a set of nouns and verbs and quantifying and qualifying elements, all differentiated as in our dictionaries and grammars, but some means of vocally expressing ideas in brief sentence terms, in which thought, feeling, and desire were couched in complete utterance, elucidated by accent and gesture; and this was a great development, a work in itself capable of awakening his thoughts and giving them a distinct im-

pression. While the real origin of language remains unexplained, comparative philology has enabled us to trace back the genesis of the races, to follow their migrations, and, what is better, to trace their origin, and the entire testimony of this science strongly favors the union of mankind.

Pottery is among the most ancient of human remains and as it cannot be made without fire, it is justifiable to believe that the secret of the spark formed a portion of the ideas which man carried down with him. Certain it is that very early in his career the Promethean particle was well known to him, and the knowledge bore innumerable blessings in its train. Even if man had to discover fire, the task would have presented few difficulties; for he was a worker with stones, and it is scarcely possible long to strike such substances together without producing sparks, and, besides, great conflagrations were kindled by lightning, by the smouldering furnace within the earth, by chemical action, by the friction of falling rocks, and by the chafing of dry limbs and stems in dense forests, which is the origin of fire assigned by the Vedas. With half a score of ways to learn the secret, man would have to be more stupid than his records represent him, if he failed to become master of the power. Many books have been written on the assumed changes wrought by the use of fire, but space can be found here only for the almost obvious remark that a great number of arts, both useful and representative, were powerfully stimulated by it from the first.

Our ancestor proceeded to emancipate himself from his adverse conditions by means of the single extraordinary capital he commanded, his intellect, in the possession of which lay the only promise of his future achievements. His upright form, the articulating muscles of his throat and mouth, his gripping hand, his double system of nutrition, fitting him to use vegetable and animal foods by choice, his large size and general superiority of physical organization, as compared with most other animals, were all advantages, of course, in the centuries struggle for existence which ensued, but they would not have availed if, unlike the beasts around him, man had not far more brains than were sufficient to meet the demands of bodily existence, and this

overplus considered in connection with his physical superiority indicated that he was destined to accumulate experience, to invent tools, to discover laws of nature, to establish useful and ornamental arts, governments, societies and civilizations, and in all respects reign the monarch of his sphere.

Man, as distinguished from the other zoological species was, therefore, by virtue of his mind, a progressive animal, a fact too frequently overlooked by the writers who are slaves of a theory. Furthermore, the power to develop into what the highest specimens of his race have become was in man while yet at the foot of the ladder. The proof is positive on this point. The very oldest remains uncarthed by the palaeontologist are of a thoroughly human type, without a trace of the orang or the chimpanzee. Palaeolithic man was modern man, minus some of the experience and complex knowledge of the latter. However rude his beginning his advancement has been constant, though its speed has sometimes been checked for a brief period; and this progress has been along the line of satisfying the human need for food, shelter, art, religion and philosophy.

Precisely as the whole field of literature may be divided into the scientific and the emotional, so all human handiwork may be classified as industrial art and fine art. An industrial art is one which fashions objects primarily intended for use; a fine art is primarily intended to give pleasure. Both kinds are engendered by an innate appetency and an act of our will, and the capacity to produce art is essentially an habitual power in man of becoming the cause of some effect. Invention is indigenous in the nature of man, probably the first savage was an inventor, becoming such as soon as he made choice of the toughest bit of stone accessible to serve him as a hammer, and when he shaped his knife from flint, or shark teeth, or shells, he was a mechanical expert. Invention was an offspring of our human desire for the easy acquisition of such things as food, shelter, recuperation, locomotion, social enjoyment and spiritual satisfaction.

At first all power was hand-power, and the scant machinery of the world was moved only by human muscles. All invention is based on

change in materials, or processes, or social institutions. The word means finding out how to perform an action by some new implement, substance, or method of application. "Fundamentally it is a change in some one or all of these," says Dr. Mason in his engrossing "Origins of Invention," "a class of objects that are not an end in themselves, but which are used as means to an end, are covered by such terms as tools, implements, and machines." A machine is a contrivance for changing the direction and the velocity of motion or force, as the locomotive engine and the dynamo. By means of a tool the entire force exerted is brought to bear upon the material, as in the hammer hitting a nail. A machine, the steam-engine for example, consumes a vast amount of force in its own working, but despite this waste, it enables the workman to apply his efforts more rapidly, or more powerfully, or in ways unattainable by hand. The terms "mechanical powers" mean that series of devices, such as the inclined plane, wedge, lever, wheel, and a host of other things, which enable one man to do the work of many, thus affording somebody an opportunity to remain idle. When man discovered that a weighty object could be moved easily by placing a roller under it, there was solved one of the problems of the carrying-trade, which began on the human back, probably that of the female; for the roller truncated, or cut into slices, gave us the wheel. Another problem, that of how to go somewhere with the least expenditure of time or energy, has been with the inventor from the earliest date to the present time, as the efforts now made to conquer the air testify. Prehistoric man used his rivers and streams as easy highways which required no repairing. The first craft was a raft, made of a single log, or of many tied together, which was succeeded by the canoe, roughly formed by scooping out a tree trunk, by means of fire and stone implements, and urged forward by the paddle, the oar, or the sail. At a very early date, improvements in the means of travel and transportation enabled the tribes to build up by the instrumentality of barter, the most natural and equitable of all methods of exchange, a commerce of surprising variety and compass.

How many hints did man take from Nature

in developing art? Just as many as he could, we may be sure; and thereby he showed his intelligence and secured much of his progress. Through want of mind, the other animals were unable to avail themselves of any such aids, and so the horse remained a horse, the tiger a tiger, and the ape an ape.

The first want of man must have been for food, and it was met by hunting, or tillage, or both, according to his geographical situation. Vegetarians may contend as they choose but man was a flesh-eater from the beginning. By means of industry, comparatively enlightened in its direction and persevering in its application, the unpromising primitive world was made to assume a new appearance, and the elements from destructive agents became instruments of progress. The vegetable kingdom offered an abundance of succulent fruits, stems, leaves and roots, besides cereal grasses and nuts. Animals were plentiful, so that it required little cunning to capture them. Thus situated, if man did not live on the fat of the land it must have been because he disliked to work, and this weakness he still keeps by him. Thus, man was a hunter, using the term in its widest sense, and woman was a seed and vegetable gatherer, and in this manner was set the first division of labor.

The primitive hunter obtained by force, aided by strategy, the animals he coveted. His first weapon was doubtless a knotty branch torn from a tree as he hurried past, or a stone picked up from those lying at his feet. According to the most reliable authorities on antiquities, the bow and arrow, a complicated engine requiring in its construction much intelligence, soon followed, and arrowheads form the most ancient of all relics. Both in Europe and America, the aborigine had to contend with powerful mammals and fierce carnivora; but, relying on his superior mentality, he did not hesitate to face the most formidable of monsters. He constantly called upon his inventive power for aid, and the trap, a device whose function is to induce an animal to imprison itself or to commit self-destruction, was the result. His contact with the animal kingdom made early man a hunter, a naturalist and a warrior, precisely as the intimacy of the woman with the vegetable kingdom, whence she produced bread-stuffs, constituted

her an herbalist, a botanist, and a gardener. One by one the animals were brought under the subjugation of the human will never to be liberated. The contest of man with man unfortunately began in the very dawn of his career and has continued till the present, whether on the battlefield or, though less gloriously perhaps more bitterly, in trade and commerce. Thus, primitive man practiced the art military which during the entire course of European history has been developed. Someone has called war "the great drama," and such it is from the æsthetic standpoint. While most industriously cracking his neighbor's head, early man was learning much about weapons of attack and defence, strategy and fortification, and the primitive woman used her softer nature to polish the rude manners of her warlike people and to render them less savage and ferocious.

Naturally the useful arts have made the chief epochs in history, and are the main basis of civilization; but a fine art is only a mechanical art with the added qualification that the objects produced by it must give pleasure, and, while man possesses a life which is sensual and conditioned by material needs, he has co-existing with it another life which is purely emotional and spiritual, the promptings of which have actuated him to progress from heaps of burial stones to pyramids, from cromlech to cathedral; from clothes of twisted grass to modern fabrics; from mud huts to mansions and palaces; from rude drawings to the sculptures of Thidias and the paintings of Raphael; from picture-writing to the alphabet; from a rough sense of form and color to a philosophic conception of beauty; consequently as the demands of both phases of human nature must have been about equally incessant it is highly probable that both classes of art were practiced synchronously from the very outset.

By the term, primitive man, is meant here not the first man, concerning whom we can obtain information from Scripture, but only one high up in the line of descent. The phrase, prehistoric man, would be more correct but the other name is more popular. No trace of man has been found previous to Adamite time, but the length of the interval between the first man and the birth of Christ, has never been deter-

mined. What seems more pertinent to the matter in hand, however, is the assurance that the shortest period assigned by Christian chronology would, for reasons about to be adduced, more than suffice to permit the arts to develop into the condition in which they were found by the retrogressive glance of History. The remains gathered from widely different places, the inhabitants of which had no communication with each other, everywhere bear the same typical form, and, perhaps, the most valuable lesson that can be learned from their aggregate is the powerful additional testimony it bears to the oneness of the human race.

Ethnology is too generally based on the assumption that the modern savage is identical with the ancient savage, a contention so far from the truth that they really hold few points in common. There are people who, like those described by Isaiah, have "gone away backward," and the present hunting tribes are chiefly but the degenerate posterity of social groups which, knowing what they wanted, climbed to a higher stage in earlier ages.

In lieu of a portrait of prehistoric man more circumspect than that supplied by the erratic poets who call themselves men of science, and who, as a rule, magnify the ape in and out of season, I venture to conceive of the early "forerunner of my blood," my savage ancestor, somewhat after the manner of the Faun of Praxiteles, as described by Nathaniel Hawthorne, except that I believe man was always subject to the natural law, and possessed principle, or a knowledge of good and evil. Says the gloomy romancer: "The whole person conveyed the idea of an amiable and sensual nature, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. The Faun has no principle, nor could comprehend it, yet is true and honest by virtue of his simplicity; very capable, too, of affection." And the primitive woman, what of her? I like to conjure up the primitive women as ingenuous, simple, good souls, loving their relatives and sweethearts, magnifying their husbands, and taking a vicarious pride in their success in the chase and the battle. They possessed, I venture to think, big hearts, and minds packed full of sound sense, sentiment and amiability. Doubtless they were trustful, prattling, affectionate

bodies, home-loving, tender, and so resourceful as to be capable of humoring "himself" on all occasions. Probably the lot of the prehistoric woman left something to be desired, and there was not a single militant suffragette to champion her rights, but there is absolutely nothing in the record to show that she was the brutalized slave of man to be kicked or killed at his pleasure she is represented to have been by many writers. Cruelty does not breed refinement, and she was an artist; moreover, she was much too useful to her lord to be badly treated by him. Men were the hunters, fishermen, warriors, and tillers; women were the cooks, spinners, weavers and housekeepers, and both progressed side by side in all the sciences and arts connected with their respective callings.

There is a passage in "The Descent of Man," which is none the less humorous because it was written in solemn seriousness, wherein Charles Darwin records his experience of what are generally regarded as the most degraded of savages, "The Fuigians rank amongst the lowest barbarians," he tells us, "but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H. M. S. Beagle, who had lived some years in England, resembled us in disposition and in most of our mental faculties." Precisely; wherever man is there also are the mental faculties and the aptitude for rapid improvement; for human ability was born with Adam, and is but nurtured by civilization to fuller growth. Saint Thomas Aquinas teaches that, although it is not demonstrable in the sense that a problem from Euclid is demonstrable, there are in the finite world, and especially in the rational creature, traces of the divine nature. Now, given a creature so endowed, standing superior to the countless creatures about him, able to apply the experience of the past to the guidance of the future filled with the glamor of the vision of beauty, is it unreasonable to suppose that he should feel himself the possessor of a power or skill of doing something not thought of by Nature? Art is the antithesis of nature, and the moment such an idea is conceived in a human brain the artist *in possimus* is born. "It is a pleasant thought," remarks the Marquis de Nadaillac, in his splendid "Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples," "that in the midst of their struggle for

existence, and when they had to contend with gigantic pachyderms and formidable beasts of prey, our most remote ancestors, the contemporaries of the mammoth and the lion, already developed those artistic tendencies which are the glory of their descendants."

To find the beginning of fine art, we must first find the impulse of which it is the fruit. The writer believes that the primal impulse of representative art comes from the God-like desire of man to be a creator, and as such it is set down in the second paper of this series. There is a secondary impulse also, and this is found in sympathy, the degree of which is determined by our sensibility, or capacity for feeling. The humanity of man is forever endeavoring to break down separating barriers, and to get nearer the common humanity which underlies our individual personalities. Hence, besides the primal impulse to stand toward something in the relation of its creator, there is also the influence, flowing from the identity of our common humanity, which urges the artist to tell a story to others, so that they may appreciate his feeling—his sorrows, his joys, his aspirations. The weakness of current criticism lies in the fact that it reverses the positions of these two impulses, thus putting the cart before the horse.

Exactly as in invention, the mental processes involved in the creation of the beautiful expand from extreme simplicity into complexity and differentiation. Art forms were at first extremely simple and little if at all removed from natural shapes. In short, as common invention is a slight change in a natural object to improve its use, so an art form is a slight change in an object to augment its beauty, and although simplicity is a mighty artistic power, the progressive refinement of artistic beauty depends on the increase of complexity in these changes coupled with higher and better defined functions. Dr. Mason says: "The first man making a change in any natural object for the gratification it afforded him is the starting point of three evolutions: that of the art itself, whether textile, plastic, or musical; of himself in the presence of it growing out of a mere imitator to be a creator; of the universality or public appreciation of art, of what may be called the radical or tribal imagination." It is not difficult to conjec-

ture how practical art began. Perhaps on being called upon to make a useful object to a certain shape, a worker wrought as regularly and deftly as he knew how, and ventured to add a beauty line here, or a bit of decoration there, or, mayhap, he boldly sacrificed utility to the æsthetic demands of his nature and dealt exclusively with ornament as suggested by his fancy, thus placing his work in the domain of the artistic.

All who have studied the matter will allow that the æsthetic sense in man might have been awakened by very simple stimuli; probably it originated with him who first entertained a beautiful thought whether of the woman he loved, of the cause he championed, or merely of an outline, a contour, or a patch of color in nature; but it has been subjected to various and complex influences, which have increased in number as civilization advanced, so that at this distance it is not easy to conceive of it as ever having been very simple. Gradually the potency of colors and forms exercised its influence, more subtle shades and gradations of tints came to be noted, until color began to have something like emotional meaning, and artistic capacity expanded with its exercise. What should be remembered is, first, the start in art is not difficult, and, again, the highest æsthetic products of the race are only later links of a chain whose first link began when the glance of primitive man was for the first time charmed by some bright-hued blossom, or his ear captivated by a harmonious combination of sounds.

Unfortunately the light of the recording muse, Clio, illustrates only the last and shortest stretch of, the long road that mankind has left behind it, and beyond this point all is darkness. The most ancient epochs of history prove the existence in a yet more remote past of an already advanced civilization, but silence prevails as to the inaugurators of this civilization, their biological condition, their climate, their flora and fauna. Concerning those things we know nothing. Neither the historian nor the archæologist nor any one else can tell us a single fact about the first start of artistic activity among men. All is conjecture. The historian may, indeed, lead us backward through all the phases of society till its annals open in the earliest records of Babylonia and Egypt, but when he has completed his

lengthy retrogressive journey he finds himself in the presence of an art not only not beginning but in some of its forms already well advanced. The archæologist may dig up for our inspection pictorial scratchings on slate or bone, but, even if he could establish their authenticity, a task often impossible, they contain internal evidence of being only the result of very many previous essays. Does this indicate a vast antiquity for man? Well, let us see.

Two enormously important considerations have been most extensively overlooked by archæologists and ethnologists alike, for what reason I know not, unless it be to prop up the drooping glories of evolution, a theory which claims a prodigious antiquity for man. The two vital matters thus ignored are the facts of consciousness and the circumstances of the correlation of the arts. In the pages of modern science it is affirmed with endless reiteration that during the period of savagery the senses were educated to the almost total exclusion of the intellect. That the life of the savage was calculated to train his senses must be unreservedly admitted. His ear was practiced from early childhood in quickly detecting the approach of wild animals, and his eye in discovering the foe afar off; for it was on the keenness of those faculties he chiefly relied for his food and safety; but I deny that the senses can be developed without the mind sharing in their progress. Sense education is mind education. Consciousness is an act of the intellect, and perception instructs both the senses and the mind. The soul cannot know, without knowing that it knows; it cannot feel without knowing that it feels; nor can it desire, will, and act without knowing that it desires, wills, and acts. In all such instances consciousness attempts an intellectual interpretation of feeling. Perception always terminates in, and blends with, consciousness; so that when the savage saw or heard, and he was always seeing and hearing, he had a consciousness of his sense-perception, and every such consciousness meant, from its very nature, an improvement of the mind.

As stated in the first paper of this series, the arts are connected together in a most intimate manner and have the deepest and closest affinities. They make up one hierarchy of the beau-

tiful; none of them is fully intelligent apart from the rest; they intersect each other; and each can be expressed in terms of the others, a conclusive proof of their underlying unity. This holds good of both classes. Inventors have been truthfully described as "poets of material." In the fine arts we speak of the architecture of a poem, of musical poetry, of pictorial music, and so on. The arts themselves are interchangeable, and they run into one another. In fact it is impossible for real art in any of its provinces to be incongruous with real art in another of them, and good work in one registers with good work in all the rest. This alliance developed along two lines; architecture, sculpture, and painting, forming one group, the materials for which are palpable and permanent, and literature, poetry, music, and perhaps, dancing, make another group, finding their materials, not in solids, but in words, sounds, and motions. While it was impossible for the several arts to unite, until each had been developed to some extent, the whole of them showed an early tendency to coalesce nevertheless, and it is a historical fact that for generations the leading arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting combined in the output of one master.

Now, if we apply those basic facts of consciousness and the correlation of the arts—the latter chiefly gathered it is right to say, from the very valuable volumes on "The Philosophy of the Beautiful," by Prof. William Knight—to the subject under discussion, it will be observed that each of the arts, whether useful or ornamental, prepares the way for some of the others, by enlightening the mind to more or less of the requirements, scope, and development of the whole set. Hence, when the savage practiced one of his arts he was gaining an insight into more than one through the great power of mutual suggestiveness wielded by all of them. By plastering wet earth over a basket to protect it from burning, while placed over a fire, the savage was gathering experience for the making of pottery. The very construction of the basket by twig-weaving had previously suggested to his mind the great arts of plaiting and textile weaving, by which, instead of being compelled to wear the skins of beasts thrown loosely over his person, he procured clothes.

The initial start of art is seldom difficult. The great requisite in all its divisions is order, the "Heaven's first law," of the poet. Art is arrangement. Amiel, in his famous "Journal Intime," justly remarks that æsthetics consists of a true perception of order. Generally speaking, a very high degree of artistic regularity may be obtained by the simplest of means. Let me offer an example. I set down on a sheet of writing paper some eighteen or twenty pen scratches at random. The result is distracting, because my attention is divided among the scratches. This same scattering of the attention is ever the result of disorder, the correction and removal of which is the dominant object of art. I make a small circle with my pen on my paper, and draw my eighteen or twenty lines so as to form right angles with its curves around about. The re-assembled material, I find, strongly suggests a star, and, what is more, I no longer heed the separate lines, for the reason that my attention concentrates in the figure. Thus, by the application of a very rudimentary form of order I have transformed a chaos into something resembling a work of art; for the latter term means essentially the correlation of parts into a single whole in which the parts become lost.

Does any reader doubt but that the most abject savage who ever breathed was capable of applying some such rudimentary form of order to the things at hand? The truth is that the savages—man and woman alike—must have made use of their innate sense of order a hundred times a day, and every time they did so they were preparing themselves, by obtaining notions of proportion, balance, and symmetry, for the production of high art. It may be that placed in the midst of the most striking objects of nature, undeveloped and uncivilized man did not at first regard them with any kind of intelligent interest, but, although it is not likely, viewed everything chiefly as it adapted itself to his physical wants and enjoyments. Still, what may be called the poetic stage of development comes early in human progress. The train is laid, so to speak, in innate æsthetic feeling, and it requires only a glowing stimulus to fire it. No sooner does nature cease to be simply the caterer to man's physical necessities than she begins to stir the mind with wonder and admiration, and the sense of

beauty once awakened, the tide of æsthetic culture flows and swells with astonishing rapidity.

Let us see if we cannot find in savage life something that might have served as a universal æsthetic stimulus; one art, the practice of which furnishes a key to that of others. There is a primordial art, which has been described as now impoverished and dried up like an old tree that has emptied all its suckers, and which has been the delight of all sorts of savages, present and past—dancing, the art of pleasurable motion. This taste is so widespread wherever savages, or the trace of savages exist, that we feel justified in assuming it has been so from the outset, and that its universal acceptance can depend on nothing less than a law of nature.

Sonorous vibration, or sound, is always produced by the shock of two bodies, called sonorous bodies. When a gun is fired, for example, the gunpowder on exploding produces a large quantity of gas, which having vent only by the barrel of the firearm, bursts out with extraordinary force, making a loud noise. The gas when it violently struck the air, set it in vibration; hence the volume of sound. I have before me a drinking glass made rather thin. I strike the rim with a ruler; it gives a strong and clear sound. I put a finger on its edge. The sound ceases, but I feel the glass still tremble. Thus, I learn that the glass vibrates, and that sound is produced by vibration.

I make another simple experiment. I strike a tuning-fork against a corner of my writing table; its vibrations are quite visible, and when I check them, the instrument becomes silent. I thump the table with my fist; it vibrates also, like the glass and the tuning-fork, only I cannot perceive the vibrations. Hence, I conclude that comparatively solid bodies vibrate. Neither the glass nor the tuning-fork was in contact with my ear when I heard their vibrations, but they reached my sense of sound nevertheless. They were transmitted to the air, which in turn vibrated, and thus communicated vibrations to the interior of my ear, which also proceeded to vibrate. There can be no sound where there is no air. Frequently in summer one has to shut a window in order to exclude noise. A thin pane of glass suffices to lessen the din that annoys us, or to cut it off altogether, by preventing the

vibrations of the air from reaching our ears, thereby proving that sound is brought to us by the air.

Had the vibrations been powerful enough, however, their energy would not have only reached the window panes but caused them to vibrate also; they in their turn would have transmitted their vibrations to the air in the interior of the house, and so, despite the glass barrier, the sound from without would have forced a way to our ears; so when the weighty fire engine thunders by, the closed windows cannot exclude the sound. This demonstrates that the obstructing power of solids depends on the power of the sound. Moreover, it is quite possible to hear without the instrumentality of the ears. I plug my ears with my fingers, and then get a friend to hold my watch in close contact with my forehead, when I can distinctly hear the ticking. This fact tells me that my body is not too solid to resist sound vibrations. Again, I grasp my flat, hard-wood ruler firmly between my teeth, then plug my ears with my fingers as before, and get someone to place my watch on my ruler at some distance from my mouth. I can hear the ticking, but not very distinctly, because in this case the sound had to pass through two solid bodies. Such facts teach that our bodies are highly susceptible to sound vibrations. In its last analysis rhythm is vibration. All animals are sensitive to rhythm, the purpose of which is, according to Professor Scripture, in his startling "New Psychology," to aid in clearness of the feeling for time intervals. So, the most primitive of human artistic acts may well have been the rhythmical dance performed in unison with the rhythmical song, and it is to those twin acts that we should look for the universal stimulus which alone was needed fully to awaken the innate æsthetic feelings of man.

The first form of music was undoubtedly produced by that most wonderful of all musical instruments, the human vocal organs. The poet Lucretius speaks of "the birds instructing man" and of "gales that shook the reeds" and taught the swains the secret of the pipe. This is good poetry, but it is not true. The sounds rendered up by nature from her own operations undoubtedly furnished hints to man, but he did not learn from the birds, and the pipes and other

wind musical instruments were not discovered very early in his progress. All circumstances point to the fact that the first joyful heart expressed its feelings in rhythmic vocal sounds.

It is not difficult to imagine a primitive man inspired by sound as the painter by the colors of the sunset, or the sculptor by the beauty of the human form divine. Thus possessed by the motive of the musician, which always is to produce pleasing sounds, our imaginary primitive man would labor to manipulate sound so as to affect his listeners. Swayed by his feelings, he would seek out new combinations calculated to yield expression to his emotions, and he would endeavor besides, through tonal inflections, to add force to the rhythm of the dance, if not to the words of the early poet. His faculties would naturally develop, and he would further try to produce new relationships in vibration ratios and sequences, and he would follow it up by laboring to discover original methods of treating his musical inspiration.

Rhythm is the principle of order applied to music, and without it music cannot exist, any more than it can be effective without the addition of harmony. When a speaker or a writer appeals to the passions, or composes under the influence of the imagination, not only is the voice modulated, but the words, even if not spoken but only written, acquire regularity in the succession of accented and unaccented syllables, by which phrase is meant, of course, that some of the syllables are given more than ordinary heaviness of sound as compared with others. In highly imaginative prose we have irregular rhythm, and in poetry we have uniform rhythm; but in all sorts of artistic vocal expression rhythm in some form must be present. We may conclude that the rhythmical link between vocal art and the heart is of the strongest sort.

Why do we find pleasure in the song of the bird, the babble of the brook, the sighing of the wind? If an object is vibratory and the exact number of its vibrations are reproduced in the air near it the object will begin vibrating and sounding without having been touched. This is a case of sympathy of vibration, or synchronism; the concurrence of events simultaneously. "Many a teacher of music," says a writer in "Etude," the musical monthly, "has had practical

experience of synchronism by having had a vase or globe begin to rattle when one particular note is sounded on the piano, or possibly a violin string will give forth its note under the same circumstance." We find pleasure in certain sounds of nature, therefore, because they sympathize with certain vibrations of our frames and even of our souls. This is so simply because those sounds of nature strike a note in accord with one of our being. Probably they act on our nervous and physical systems, somewhat after the manner of mild tonics, and produce an activity conducive to health, and, consequently, to pleasurable feeling. The simplest music has its pulses and beats—its rhythm—without which it would not be music at all, and by them it not only stimulates our life, that on its physiological side is made up of similar things, but links itself to multifarious human interests more strongly than by any of its other qualities.

The unsophisticated organisms of a primitive audience might naturally be expected to respond with extraordinary readiness to the rhythmical throbs of sound by mental pulsations requiring no great mental outlay. Probably the early musician called to his aid some resounding instrument, however rude. It is safe to assume that about the first act of a born musician in any era would be to seek out some sonorous body that might be made to produce sound by striking it with a stick. It is tolerably certain that primitive instrumental music was produced, at the outset at least, by concussion; by some form of the drum, very likely a sonorous log, and later a piece of hollow tree trunk. Taps or beats very easily group themselves into measures by alternations of strong, or accented, or weak, or unaccented, raps, and measures tending to combine them in pairs and groups would be the most likely form to be taken by primitive music. The evolution of musical instruments began when the first man struck two substances together for the purpose of producing sounds pleasing to his ear, and it has since followed the general line of producing machinery for the prolongation and repetition of the radical monotone, which probably formed the germ of all music. The bow was a weapon for shooting arrows, but its stretched string seems to have suggested at a very early date the lyre and the harp, whence

followed the whole numerous sisterhood of stringed musical instruments. The greatest among them, the piano, is little more than a harp enclosed in a box. The reed instruments, first formed probably by pressing out the pith from some species of shrub, and its germain wind instruments, are not nearly so ancient as the drum and the lyre.

Noise is, so to speak, untamed sound, and music is nothing but sound restrained by time and tune. I am very far from affirming that the primitive musician was capable of producing anything that would bear favorable comparison with even the simplest harmony of a Bach or a Beethoven. The comprehension of complexity in any walk of art requires long and special training. Ingenuity of construction would be wasted on a crowd of primitive men. A rumble of musical sounds, a revelry of unrelated tones may suffice to satisfy the unskilled ear. It is related in "The Art of the Musician" that the Shah, during one of his visits to London, was entertained at an orchestral concert, and in reply to an enquiry as to which of the items best pleased him, named the "first one." This, it was discovered, signified the preparatory tuning of the various instruments! At no time in the progress of such a being as man was a high degree of artistic culture needed to compel him to yield appreciative attention to a waltz or a march, however rudely rendered. Like Dogberry and reading, such things seem "to come by nature." Even in our enlightened twentieth century, among people whose ears have been educated by hearing good music if only from the pianola or even the graphophone, the readiest response of the man in the street is primary to regularly recurring, distinctly perceptible, not too remote, accents, corresponding to easily timed possible movements, such as the walk, the energetic quick-step, or the intoxicating capers of the dance. The fact is that music is the language of emotions, to which it appeals without the intervention of more than a particle of the definite intellectual conception required for the other arts.

A rhythmical measure is a group of elements that can be held in a single span of the attention; so that, as Prof. George M. Stratton, in his "Experimental Psychology" assures us, the rhythm to be agreeable must rise and fall at the rate at which the normal pulse of consciousness—the in-

ner process of attention—can easily go on. If a measure lasts too long, it is felt as a strain upon the attention; if it is too rapid it causes weariness in trying to keep pace with it; but if each measure of the rhythm has a duration coincident with that of the pulse of our consciousness the result will be not only pleasing but also exhilarating. We may conclude that the satisfaction which rhythm gives us is due to a natural pulsation in our mental life, and the rate of this psychic pulse roughly determines the rate at which pleasing rhythm may occur in music, poetry, and the dance.

With all these scientific facts fresh in our minds, let us endeavor to imagine, if but inadequately and "as in a glass darkly," the aesthetic significance of such a rite as a communal dance. Almost every book of travel among savage people deals extensively with the national dance, and to such works the reader is referred for a description. The ballad-dance embraced verse, music, and action, which are the foundations of the lyric, the epic, and the drama. These literary forms have prose opposites, respectively philosophy, history, and rhetoric. The contrasted relationship may be exhibited by means of a simple table, as follows:

POETIC FORMS OPPOSED TO PROSE FORMS

Lyric—Versified personal reflection.	Philosophy—Reflection Systematized.
Epic—Descriptive verse.	History—Description of events and of nature.
Drama—Presentation of expressive forms.	Rhetoric—Presentation of expressive forms.

By a law of our nature we learn from a positive its opposite, as white suggests black and small large. The mind makes the comparison at once. The implication is struck out instantaneously. In the case of the primitive dance the poetic forms served as positives and what they suggested as negatives. Consequently the dance was calculated to teach man the six great forms into which universal literature is molded. Poetry which has been called creative literature, because it adds to the sum of existence, claims three of these great divisions, namely, lyric, epic, and drama. Prose, which does not create but merely discusses what already exists, owns the other three classes, that is to say, philosophy, history, and rhetoric.

We have so many books, and are so dependent

upon them, that we find it no easy task to recall a time when literature was affected by anything else than our habit of written composition. Yet, the study of comparative literature reveals everywhere a period of literary activity long preceding the earliest book; an unwritten poetry destined to influence periods much later than its own, and preserved only by oral tradition without any aid from script, while the processes of its composition have been regulated entirely by the phenomena of spoken literature. It is evident that when man, moved by a natural craving, set out to dance in the early dawn of his career he really began his intellectual education, and before he stumbled upon papyrus and the styles to record events he had already tucked away somewhere amid the grey stuff of his cranium an extensive literature.

Perhaps the most pathetic relics of all antiquity are the flat stone slabs unearthed from time to time and said to be remains of the primitive hearths. Caves, which offered a shelter that was dry and warm in winter, and cool in summer, were in demand. They formed the first compartment house. The primitive hut was probably a very modest affair made of wattle work or mud, and it is not likely that even the most imaginative and optimistic of house agents would have found it easy to picture as a sumptuous country-seat. It was a home nevertheless, made necessary chiefly by man's hunger for companionship. It must have been the scene of many harmonizing activities. The family existed before the commune or the state. The beginning of social life is buried in obscurity, but it is reasonable to date it from the formation of the first family, or from the start. When man constructed his first "shack" he began the art of building, and if he put but the least bit of ornamentation on its exterior walls, or made a single outline anywhere not for its utility but to suit his fancy, he practiced the decorative construction we call architecture. But did he do so? We have ample proof that in the later stages of the palaeolithic era, there was in France, Switzerland, and Southern Germany, a race who, like the Esquimaux of today, had a strong artistic tendency, and were constantly drawing with the point of a flint or bone, or modeling with flint knives from stag horns sketches of animals they hunted, scenes of the chase, or other objects which struck their

farce. The animals are depicted in a most unmistakable manner, and some of the drawings are so spirited that, warned by the fate of Mr. Pickwick when he mistook the name of Bill Stumps engraved on a stone for an antique inscription, one hesitates to take them too seriously; although it has been shown in these columns that at the period to which the specimens are assigned, man was fully capable of producing far more complex artistic formations. The truth is that in almost every part of the world the early aborigines have left their portrayals of beast and human being, frequently intermixed with indecipherable hieroglyphics, generally done in shallow line in intaglio upon walls of caves, boulders, cliffs and standing stones. The dates of these productions cannot be determined, but the method consisted simply of the artist taking a hard pointed stone in hand, and by means of a succession of blows tracing a writing or a picture in outline. Men who decorated the interior of their caves might be expected to start architecture by decorating the exterior of their houses. The caves survive, but the huts which were built of flimsy material, have perished. Fine-art is either decorative or expressive at the outset, and ere long the two run together; hence architecture, starting probably in crude mural decoration, soon associated with itself the applied arts of sculpture and painting.

The greatest difference between the Paleolithic and the Neolithic age is marked by the improvement in the industrial arts brought about by the introduction of bronze. In other words, man advanced through the portal of chemical discovery. Pure copper is found in many countries in a native state on or near the surface of the earth. It attracted the early attention of man, but the metal proved too soft to give great advantage over stone, and it was not generally used until some great inventor discovered that by mixing about twelve per cent. of tin with it, copper could be converted into bronze capable of taking a hard, cutting edge. This discovery revolutionized the age, and gave it a name, the Age of Bronze. Vessels of that metal, the graceful shapes and beauty of which awaken our amazement, have been plentifully found. Moreover the new alloy could be fashioned into knives, chisels, hammers, swords, spears and arrow-heads. The men who used bronze soon became

conscious of superior power, and this confidence led them to go into battle in compact masses; and they conquered and enslaved their enemies not provided with metallic weapons. Wherever they found a valley in possession of stone savages, they invaded it, conquered the inhabitants, and made them their slaves, thus laying the foundations of two institutions destined to cast dark shadows on the path of human progress—slavery and feudalism. The collection of families into "gentes," or bands of blood brothers, must have taken place at a very early date, and the adoption and perfection of bronze weapons enabled the more powerful of the new combinations to assert their supremacy and found great nations.

Soon the bronze men began to supply their agricultural slaves with improved implements. The awkward digging-stick gave place to the hoe, the spade, the plough. The finer tillage guaranteed a regular and abundant harvest, which was guarded by the metal weapons. The population grew dense, the arts of working wood and metal were developed; comfortable houses were erected; cities rose and became centres of political, social, and religious ideas; governments were formed by the organizing of society, and under their protection industry, religion and the arts rapidly advanced each in its sphere, enterprise was encouraged in its efforts and safeguarded in its accumulations, all to culminate in the early historic civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Syria, and Greece.

Speaking very generally, we find that the æsthetic feelings have progressed from the social form to individualism, and from man to animals and nature. Their growth may be roughly traced from a first manifestation in sexual admiration to personal ornament, thence from the human body to whatever comes in contact with it—garments, weapons, shields, vases, utensils. Thus, the æsthetic sense at first concerned itself with man, then became externalized with animals, and eventually with general nature. The artist found his reward at the outset in the satisfying of a passion and the granting by his public of some material good or happiness or self-satisfaction, and later on in the creation of a tribal or national feeling, criterion and taste, which led the people to bestow the highest rewards upon those who gave the greatest pleasure, precisely as only

yesterday the heart of the civilized world went out to Mark Twain in his suffering and death.

M. CASEY.

A Glimpse of Japanese Art.

WHEN we speak of the art of a nation we naturally think of the art of the artists or of a certain school of artists. When we speak of English art we think of the staid paintings of the Royal Academy or of the consumptive types of the pre-Raphaelites; the mention of French art calls to mind the military pageantry of Meissonier, the beautiful landscapes of Corot, the softly feminine work of Bouguereau or the unimaginative barnyard compositions of Rosa Bonheur. In considering Japanese art, on the contrary, we think not of the artists but of the people, and in no country is art so thoroughly popular as it is in Nippon. To the Briton, art is distinctly a luxury, if not an acquired taste. The French have an excellent taste in art but their inherent thrift prevents any extensive gratification of this taste. With the Japanese, it is a part of their every-day life; not only do they surround themselves with beautiful objects but on every hand the useful and the beautiful are combined.

Little is known of Japanese art previous to the reign of the Empress Suiko—about 560, A. D.—when the influence of Chinese civilization began to be felt in Japan, and, as a matter of course, Japanese art received a tremendous impulse from its contact with that of China. Strangely enough, Chinese art owes much to that of ancient Greece, whose art was brought to Northern India by Alexander the Great and was carried thence into China and Korea. In Grecian art the ideal seems to have been the portrayal of dignified beauty and physical perfection, combined with simple severity or unrelieved vacuity of expression. The Chinese artists, however, soon came to regard the portrayal of the emotions as a higher type of art than the mere idealization of physical perfection.

The first Japanese art, under the influence of the Chinese masters, was essentially religious in character and depicted scenes from the life of Buddha or illustrations of his precepts. While

the work was often conventionalized almost to the point of modern decorative design, it was characterized by strength, directness, decision and, withal, a delicacy of stroke almost marvellous. It is safe to say that there was no work produced by any European artist before the end of the XII. Century which would not appear tame and spiritless when compared with the paintings of such masters as Wu Tao-tsz, Li Lung-yen, and Ngan Hwui. In fact, until the last decade of the XIII. Century, the Chinese led the world of painters, with their pupils, the Japanese, as their nearest rivals.

In the latter part of the VIII. Century, two artists, Kanaoka and Kawanari, began to depart from the traditions of the Chinese school and instead of painting Buddhas they began to paint scenes from every-day life. While this secular school became popular, it never entirely displaced in popular favor the Chinese religious picture. The divergence of the Japanese secular art from the Chinese canons gradually became so marked that, by the middle of the X. Century, it came to be recognized as the native school or Yamato-riu. The first great artist of this school was Iwasa Matahei, by many considered the founder of the school, but, in reality, its culmination. Flourishing in the midst of the luxurious Genroku Era, he no longer sought his themes in the field of sacred mythology, but portrayed scenes in court life, incidents in the lives of great men, and wonderful landscapes.

In the last years of the XVII. Century, Hishigawa Moronobu employed wood-engraving to bring these pictures (*ukiyo-ye*) within the reach of the masses, and, from this time, the popular school assumed a very important place in Japanese art.

The origin of wood-engraving in Japan is somewhat uncertain, but it was probably employed there some 600 years before its introduction into Europe. In 764, a large number of copies of a Buddhist *Dhāraṇī* were printed, and, in 1320, a priest, named Ryokin, cut blocks from which a number of prints were made, some of which are still extant. Late in the XVII. Century, Hishagawa Moronobu and Okamura Masanobu developed wood-engraving to a point where really artistic woodcuts were produced. Many of these prints were colored, but the coloring

was done entirely by hand until early in the XVIII. Century, when color printing was developed. The Chinese had understood and practised color printing for years before its appearance in Japan, but, apparently, their methods did not appeal to the Japanese artists, who originated entirely different processes and technic.

Under Suzuki Harunobu, chromoxylography reached a wonderful development, and, after him, while there was much elaboration, there were no marked advances made.

The processes employed in making Japanese woodcuts are unique and entirely different from those employed in Western art. The artist outlines his design on a thin sheet of paper and sends it to the engraver, who pastes it face downward on a piece of cherry-wood, after which the paper is oiled and every brush mark becomes visible. The pattern is then cut out along the grain of the wood with small chisels. The block is then sent to the printer, who takes the first impression and sends it to the artist, who paints in the first color on the proof and sends it to the engraver, who cuts a block to show this first tint. A second proof is taken for the artist, who then paints in the second color and returns it to the engraver, and this process is repeated as many times as there are colors.

In printing, the block is charged with the required color, rice paste is sprinkled upon it and a sheet of moistened paper laid in place. The impression is made by rubbing with a pad made of sheets of paper pasted together, and it is by the skillful manipulation of this pad that the delightful half-tones and gradation tints are obtained. The making of these prints is rightly regarded as an art in itself and not merely as a method of multiplying copies of an original picture.

With the passing of Harunobu, Utamora, Kiyonaga, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, there came a period of decadence in which the quality of the prints degenerated almost to the low level of some of our modern picture post-cards. Cheap, vivid aniline dyes, imported from Europe, were substituted for the rich—and often costly—colors of old Japan, and soon the chromoxylographs were fit companions for our colored Sunday supplements. In recent years, however, there has been a strenuous effort on the part of such

men as Seiteis, Kobayashi, Gekki, and Kansai to revive this art.

It has been said that the Japanese artist is ignorant of perspective and has never discovered shadows or shading. I will admit that the use of linear perspective is not a favorite devotion of the Japanese artist, but there are few European artists who can equal him in the handling of aerial perspective. As to the handling of shadows, the examination of a drawing of a fish, where every scale has its proper shadows and shading, or of a mass of foliage, where every leaf and twig occupy their proper places, in an accurate scheme of light and shade, shows that the Japanese artist has not overlooked this branch of art.

A. DE ROULET, M. D.

Queen Alexandra.

LIKE a full-flowing tide, swift, generous, and strong, does the respectful sympathy of the nation and Empire go out to Queen Alexandra in the dark hour of her sorrow and loss. Even as she, a thousand times, has given quick womanly comfort and new hope to her subjects in their times of sickness, sorrow, and distress, so do they, rich in her example, turn with one impulse towards her, and, on the hushed wings of silence, is borne the message of a people's sympathy, affection, and esteem.

Queen Alexandra's life has been to the English people, in many ways, the fulfilment of a national ideal, an ideal, simple, perhaps, but deep and true and characteristic of the race. To Englishmen she has been, in some sort, the embodiment of the spirit of womanhood, with all that it implies of grace, beauty, gentleness, and power of affection; and to Englishwomen, and indeed to all women, she has been, year by year, as new responsibilities and new duties opened before her, an example and an inspiration.

The keynote of her life is its womanliness. Ever since on that grey March morning, in 1863, she arrived at Gravesend a shy, tremulous girl of nineteen, dressed simply in white poplin and muffled in a large white shawl, ever since a few days later, in sumptuous robes, "like a tall garden lily, splendid for the day," she became the wife of the King we now mourn, she has repre-

sented something apart from and outside the rough and tumble of daily life, something gracious and refined which, perhaps, was best expressed by the Irish people in a flash of Celtic insight when, on her arrival in Kingston Harbor, in 1868, her first visit to Ireland, they presented her with a white dove.

It is not that the world of pain and pleasure has passed her by, or that she has shrunk from facing the stern realities of life, but that her pleasures have not been those of the crowd, sought in the bustle and gaiety of feast and assembly. She has rather found her happiness in the sound of children's laughter and the touch of little hands, in the quiet days at Hvidøre with her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, or at Sandringham, wandering in the unfrequented parts of the Norfolk coast, watching and sketching the changing sea, the wind-driven spray, the masses of moving cloud.

To the simplicity of her Spartan upbringing and the quiet home life at Fredensborg, Queen Alexandra, no doubt, owes her preference for the simple life of the country, but her mother's principle of education, "I wish to bring my children up in sackcloth, that they may later wear purple more gracefully," was certainly justified by Queen Alexandra's success as leader of society. As Princess of Wales, and later, as Queen, she has always been admirable in graciousness and dignity, both in her public relations and in the less formal social intercourse with favored persons. The proof of her success lies in the fact that gossip and criticism alike have found nothing to say of her during the forty-seven years she has lived among us. With regard to the actual wearing of purple, her first letters from England are said to have been filled with expressions of girlish delight at her beautiful dresses, but, though she has always been the best-dressed royal lady in Europe, she is too artistic ever to have been extravagant, and has ever resolutely set her face against ostentatious display.

For all her grace and charm, and for all her royal position, Fate has not seen fit to spare her the dark days which fall to the lot of humbler mortals. Of physical pain she has had her share. That she could bear prolonged mental strain she proved during the long weeks of her husband's

illness, in 1871, during which she watched and waited by the Prince's bedside, and the nation, watching and waiting, too, grew to love her for her endurance and gentle strength, where before they had admired her youth and beauty. Again in the anxious days, at the time of King Edward's coronation; she watched unceasingly and untiringly by the royal patient. Sorrow, too, has not been spared her. Her last child, Prince Alexander, had only a few short hours of life, and her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, to whom she was deeply attached, was cut off suddenly in his manhood.

In the intellectual life of the nation, Queen Alexandra has taken but little part, and, beyond her great friendship and admiration for Mr. Gladstone, the public has never had an opportunity even to guess at her political inclinations. Her appeal has been to the heart, not to the head, and by her charming personality, by her life, as wife, mother, and Queen, and by her endless sympathy and kindness to her people, she has established herself firmly and deeply in their affections.

From her earliest coming, in the days when youth might have been held to excuse heedlessness and lack of consideration for others, Queen Alexandra has been remarkable for her infinite capacity for doing good. Every movement for the welfare of the people has had her warm interest. Poverty, sickness, and distress have ever found in her generous compassion. Whether in practical ways, such as the share she took, when a bride, in the improvement of the cottages on the then recently acquired Sandringham estate, by the establishment of technical schools there, by the quick question, "Where are the cupboards?" when being shown over some County Council model dwellings, by her kindnesses to individuals, as in the case of a groom at Sandringham, attacked by typhoid at the same time as the then Prince of Wales, whom she visited in the room over the stables whenever she could be spared from her husband's bedside, Queen Alexandra has endeared herself to the English people and given innumerable proofs of her realization of the responsibilities of high position.

Her name is fragrant with good deeds as the woods, at this season, are fragrant with the delicate scents of spring. MARGARET DOUGLAS.

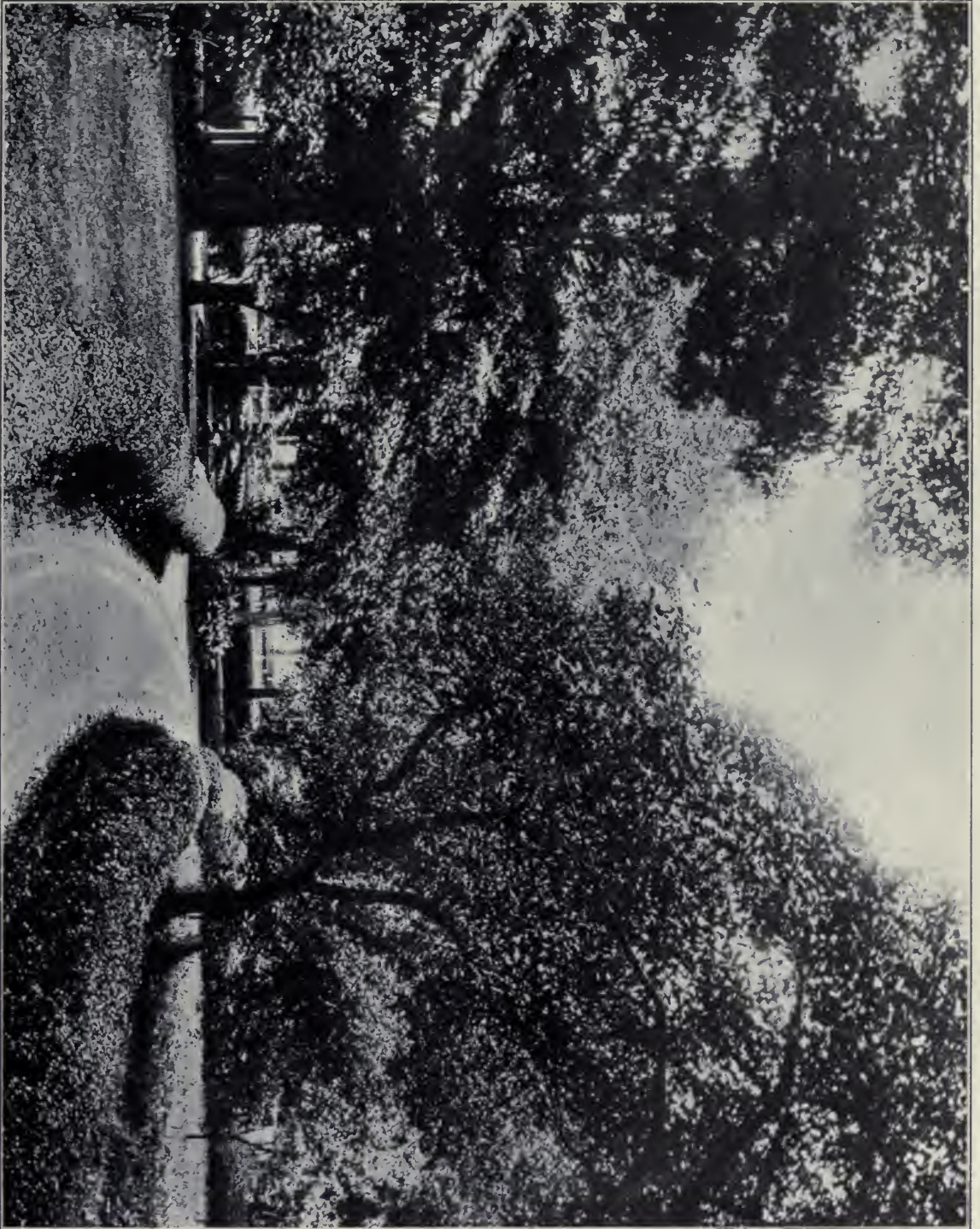


Photo by C. T. Mackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

ENTRANCE DRIVE TO LORETO CONVENT, MOUNT ST. MARY, HAMILTON, ONT.

1001
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1911

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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JULY, 1910.

Blessed Joan of Arc—Complete Story of her Wonderful Life, her Tragic Death, her Rehabilitation, her Beatification—written by Miss Ellen A. Ford, and presented by the author, came to us in time to join, in unison with the Church in France, in the first anniversary celebration of the proper Mass and Office of the Beata.

Miss Ford's splendid and virile pen has nobly vindicated the virgin Maid of Domremy and her divinely-inspired mission, with a deep conviction of the spiritual atmosphere that surrounded her career.

The seal of the Church is now authoritatively set on her sanctity, and this is for us a complete refutation of the historic calumnies of which, for centuries, she was the victim.

We take much pleasure in recommending to the public this fascinating and beautifully illustrated volume, bearing out as it does the prophetic words which Shakespeare unwittingly put into the mouth of Charles VII.: "Joan, the Maid, shall be France's Saint."

*

"Fear not the sentence of death and what shall come upon thee by the good pleasure of the Most High."

No such admonition was necessary for our dear Sister M. Adrian O'Connor, who died at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, on the twenty-eighth of April. Never did child prepare more gleefully for holiday home-coming than did she, in those last days, make ready for her passage to the Presence Chamber—her welcome to the Eternal Home. Those who loved her best could not grieve that her summons came so soon—five short years of religious life—and all was over. Short years, yet from each is left, in the hearts of sister novices and pupils, a memory of an influence, gentle and unselfish, bringing out all that was best in everyone. She had that greatest art of genius—the art of hiding her own attainments. It was always necessary to remind oneself that she had an exceptionally gifted mind, and only a very few had any idea of the rarer interior qualities of her soul.

To her family and many friends we extend sincerest sympathy. For herself, we who watched the eager planning for work to be done when the weeks of intense suffering were over, and then saw the quiet setting aside of earthly cares when, at last, she was told her short day was closing, we trust that ere now she has realized the lines so often on her lips:

"Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That every plan we build,
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Such were the words which echoed in our hearts as we gazed on the lifeless form of our beloved Mother Euphrosyne Harrington. A life of faithful service in the Master's vineyard, the last year, one of patient suffering crowned by a death such as is the lot of God's chosen ones—this is the story of her religious life.

Though we had been deprived of her presence many months before her death, still when the portals of our convent closed upon her blessed remains, it seemed as though one of God's brightest sunbeams had been shut out from our midst. Cheerfulness, the fruit, doubtless, of her childlike simplicity, endeared her alike to the members of her community and to the children given to her charge, of whom the poor and neglected seemed to be the object of her special attention and care.

The funeral services were held in our convent chapel. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Reverend W. McNamee, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Very Reverend Dean Dunne acting as deacon and Reverend H. McGuire as subdeacon. Reverend F. Byrne assisted as master of ceremonies. Reverend T. O'Brien was present in the sanctuary.

After the funeral services, the body of our lamented sister was borne to our plot in Mount Olivet Cemetery, where it was laid to rest. Although hidden from mortal eye, the brightness of her presence will long linger with us.

*

Gilbert Chesterton's tribute to the late Francis Thompson deserves more than a passing notice: "With Francis Thompson we lose the greatest poetic energy since Browning. . . . Great poets are obscure for two opposite reasons: now, because they are talking about something too large for any one to understand, and now again, because they are talking about something too small for any one to see. Francis Thompson

possessed both these infinities. He escaped by being too small, as the microbe escapes, or he escaped by being too large, as the universe escapes. In Francis Thompson's poetry, as in the poetry of the universe, you can work infinitely out and out, but yet infinitely in and in. These two infinities are the mark of greatness; and he was a great poet.

Beneath the tide of praise, which was obviously due to the dead poet, there has been a continuous comment upon his attraction to and absorption in Catholic theological ideas. It is true that Francis Thompson devoted himself more and more to poems not only purely Catholic, but purely ecclesiastical. And it is moreover true that more and more good poets will do the same.

Poets will tend towards Christian orthodoxy for a perfectly plain reason: because it is the simplest and freest thing now left in the world.

Religious ritual attracts because there is some sense in it. Religious imagery, so far from being subtle, is the only simple thing left for poets. So far from being merely superhuman, it is the only human thing left for human beings."

*

Once when Lord Tennyson was out walking with one of his grandchildren, he began to tell the child some pretty little tale about the fairies and a giant toadstool under a tree in their path. The boy, who was about eight years of age, listened indulgently for a moment. Then, looking into the poet laureate's face, he remonstrated, "Oh, but, grandpa, everybody knows there are no fairies nowadays, and that toadstools are only a sort of fungus growth!"

This anecdote is luminous with meaning. The boy, indeed, was quite right. There are no fairies nowadays. The most fanciful thing we are allowed to submit to a childish ear is the tale of a protoplasm.

It is wrong, says the parent of to-day, to de-

ceive a child with the old radiant romances. Better let the cupboard of youth be bare than the bone be a sweetmeat. So, for the scientific child the forest is no longer peopled with sprites and elves, and the sparkling streams are no longer a place for magic craft. Hobgoblins are dismissed contemptuously by his uncanny enlightenment and bacteria installed in their stead.

As a result, the scientific child is very, very learned and very, very uninteresting, says Corinne Martin Lowe in *Lippincott's Magazine*. His mind is starched with facts; he has no more play of fancy than a cash register. Yet, more than mental grace has been sacrificed to the system under which he has been brought up. The great principles of life, guarded by these gay fictions of childhood, are often the price of the deprivation.

The fault with the "truthful" method is the assumption that literalness is truth. The scientific parent, indeed, is not scientific enough to appreciate the science of symbolism. For symbolism is the art of presenting truth in terms of the familiar; and in this art the fairy story is supreme.

*

"Let no one fancy," says Margaret Sangster, "that in everything the children of to-day have superior advantages or enjoy greater opportunities than belonged to those who went before them. I am by no means sure that the elaborate machinery of the twentieth century schoolroom surpasses the simpler methods of fifty years ago in matters essential to real culture, and I am decidedly of the opinion that home and school in America, at least, are just now united in the perilous business of hurrying children too rapidly through childhood."

*

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on "small, sweet courtesies of life" contains a pas-

sage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let everyone, therefore, see that you do work for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the 'small, sweet courtesies,' in which there is no parade, whose voice is to still, to ease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

*

To be happy always was and always will be the paramount quest of humanity, and the present is as hungry for it as ever was the past or ever will be the future. But one of the difficulties seems to be in determining the ingredients of happiness and how it may be compounded.

Our mothers and grandmothers knew little about fads, cared nothing about voting, would not know how to begin a discussion of the history of art as applied to the home; but they knew and practised the art, which is fast becoming forgotten, of making home the most loved place on earth. They knew what the homely virtues of charity, sympathy and forbearance are. They knew that their greatest happiness consisted in consulting for the happiness of those with whose love God had blessed them. They did not squeeze the possibility of enjoying physical happiness out of their bodies by tight-fitting clothes or badly built hats or shoes; they did not shut out the enjoyment of soul-happiness by a cloak of selfishness and worldliness and wilfulness, which excludes religion and all high spirituality; and they did not dwarf their capacity for intel-

lectual happiness by studies which, instead of enhancing their companionship, tend to make them autocrats and dictators, unlovable and unloved.

If those who long for happiness would seek for it through the old-fashioned methods of religion, godliness, virtue, spirituality, and drop their silly time-consuming fads, their reward, we think, would be greater.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Brownie and I," by Richard Aumerle. 12mo, cloth, \$0.85, a story of college boys and the favorite dog.

When "Between Friends" was presented to the public, some months ago, we predicted that the author, Richard Aumerle, would be acclaimed as a real interpreter of boyhood life. We are pleased to say that in the present volume, "Brownie and I," he has measured up to the high standard set in his first story. He is a faithful painter of his boy subjects. He shows them not only as he would have them, but as they are. His characters pulse with life and naturalness. We see them at their sports, pranks, and studies. More than that, and rarest of all effects produced by juvenile writers, we think with the boys. We enter into their minds and are ourselves transformed into boys, back into the heyday of youth, with its joys and sorrows, its heart-whisperings and indefinable impulses. Richard Aumerle has a magic pen, endowed with the originality that is truth and the witchery that is inspiration.

"Brownie" is the college dog, who chums with the new boys as soon as they arrive, and by his sympathy and antics helps them to throw off the attacks of homesickness that come to even the most thoughtless lads. "Brownie" figures in the college sports and escapades, and even succeeds in winning the decisive baseball game of the year in a chapter that is a master-

piece for its thrilling description, intimate knowledge of the boy heart, and pathetic dénouement. The maudlin pathos that mars most animal stories, is wholly lacking in this.

*

From the same publishers comes "Clare Loraine," by "Lee." 12mo, cloth, \$0.85.

The tomboy girl has ever been a fruitful source of inspiration to writers and of pleasure to readers. In any sphere of life she is full of variety—but place her in a convent, surrounded by quiet, religious and disciplined children, and she becomes infinite in her tricks and bewildering in her pranks. "Clare Loraine" is no exception to the type. Her "cuttings-up" at home—all harmless but embarrassing—determine her dotting parents to send her among the gentle nuns of St. Mary's Convent, there to have her harum-scarum propensities sobered, if possible. Clare is not in the convent twenty-four hours before things begin to hum. Her chumming with Jo, Dumpty, and Ladd, their formation of the "Clover," and the succession of hair-raising exploits which follow, is guaranteed to make chronic gloom disappear and irrepressible laughter take its place to stay. Of course, time changes Clare somewhat—for at heart she is a good little soul—and when Hallowe'en has passed and Christmas is at hand—both of which feasts are beautifully observed at St. Mary's—she is quite a lady, much to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Loraine, who visit her. One of her pranks seems providential, as it results in the reuniting of a long-separated family.

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"The Young Man's Guide," by Reverend F. X. Lasance. 800 pages, oblong. 32mo. Cloth, \$0.75, has also been received from the same publishers.

In the words of a zealous priest, "The Young Man's Guide" is, indeed, a safe and sane guide. Common sense is stamped upon every page of

the book. Manliness and Christian refinement and gentleness are strenuously inculcated. Sympathy and human respect are mercilessly condemned. Catholic doctrine is set forth and expounded in a concise, forcible, interesting, and convincing manner. The temptations and dangers that surround Catholic youth in the world to-day are clearly pointed out, and the weapons to combat them are well indicated. The publication of this work is very timely, and, doubtless, every pastor who has at heart the temporal and eternal interests of the young men of his parish will hail its appearance with joy, and use every means in his power to gain for it the widest possible circulation among those for whom it is intended.

— — —

With Faith.

Hold fast thy dream. What one can be so fair
As that which, dawn-sent, to the heart will creep
While yet life's dewy roses scent the air,
Ere sodden clouds have made the sky to weep?
To-night, perhaps, thou'lt try in vain to sleep—
Hold fast thy dream.

Keep still thy hope. If this so fair should die,
Up from its ashes carking doubt will rise
To cast a gloom across the rose-flushed sky,
And chill thy new-born hope, whose infant eyes
Are heaven-lifted—dear heart, be thou wise,
And keep thy hope.

Guard well thy joys. So few must come to
some,
In winter-tide, 'twere best thou take care,
Go drink in all the fleeting sweets that come.
Some day, white-fingered snows will touch thy
hair;
Lest, then, thy mem'ry be to thee despair,
Guard well thy joys.

AMY E. BLANCHARD.

"Edgar Allan Poe."

EDGAR ALLAN POE stands forth in the unique position in English Literature as the founder of a school of poetry as yet composed solely of his own writings.

That in his own day he was not appreciated, with a true artist's appreciation, we gather from the records of his unhappy life, and from the fact that we know so little of his life, not even the exact date of his birth, although January 19, 1809, is, now, almost universally acknowledged as correct.

Before Edgar was three years old his mother and father died within two weeks of each other, and the little lad was taken from his Boston home by his god-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, to Richmond, Virginia. He received the first years of his schooling in England, but later returned to Richmond where, under the tuition of Dr. Clarke, he made immense progress in the classics. He was a great favorite amongst the boys, "free-hearted, kind to his companions, and always ready to assist them with hand or head."

His schoolmates appreciated him on the campus and in the schoolroom, but they could not understand, much less sympathize with, those moods which were to him his real life—which transported him to that land of poetry and song where he rightfully belonged by reason of his great heritage of genius.

However, while yet at school, he met an appreciative and kindred spirit in the person of a Mrs. Stannard, the mother of one of his schoolmates.

Thus entered the first woman into his life, a life which was all through greatly influenced by his love of, and association with, women.

It is characteristic of the poet that, even at this early age, it was the soul of the woman which attracted him. "All—all expired save thee—save less than thou, Save only the divine light in thine eyes—Save but 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." From being his friend and confidant, she soon became the idol of his boyish heart, the theme and inspirer of some of his earliest verse. That the poet regarded her as his deliverer from the "Seas of Despondency" is quite evident

when in his little poem "To Helen" he likens her to

"Those Nicean barks of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.
* * * * *
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

In 1826, he finished his brief school career, and presented himself and his debts, incurred by dissipation and gambling, at the house of his foster-father.

As was to be expected, a rupture ensued between him and Mr. Allan, and Poe betook himself to Baltimore, to his aunt, where, for two years, he acted as tutor to his cousin, Virginia Clemm.

About this time, Mrs. Allan having died, a reconciliation was effected with Mr. Allan, who gave the boy a choice of a profession. Edgar finally decided on the Army, and was soon installed at West Point, but he could not endure the strict military discipline, and lax conduct soon brought about his expulsion. His patron was infuriated, hot words were exchanged, and Poe left the only home he had ever known, almost friendless, and absolutely penniless.

It was then that he published his first volume of poems, some of which portrayed "That delicacy of touch, purity of sentiment and rarity of melody," which were afterwards to characterize his best poems.

We hear nothing more of him until 1833, when his name appears in the *Saturday Visitor* as the winner of a hundred-dollar prize offered for a tale.

This story, "MS. found in a Bottle," not only won for him the prize but launched him upon the career of a journalist.

In 1836, he found himself in a position to marry, and again that, to him, powerful influence—a woman—came into his life.

For some time after this marriage to his beautiful cousin he worked steadily and untiringly to provide for his young wife and her widowed mother.

At this time he wrote mostly tales and criticisms, for which he received a beggarly remuneration.

This accounts for his frequent changes of employers. Mr. Skipsey says that "for years—in fact for nearly the whole of his literary life—Edgar Allan Poe was condemned to work like a literary hack for a hack's wages."

Poe idolized his girl wife, and it was during their short married life that he spent the only quiet and happy years of his wretched existence.

Even after her death, Virginia seemed to exert a peaceful influence over him, for 'tis the pupil of his boyhood and the wife of his manhood that he has immortalized in that gem of literary harmony, "Annabel Lee":

"For the moon never beams without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Poe says himself: "With me poetry has been not a purpose but a passion; and the passion should be held in reverence; they must—they cannot at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind."

And be it said to his credit that he never wrote a line of his poetry for any consideration save his own love, or, as he himself terms it, "passion," for rhyming.

This accounts for the dearth of poetry in his writings up to this time. He was writing for a living, and he would not desecrate poetry by hackling over its price. However, in 1843, he took the world by storm when he published his wonderful mythical and rhythmical masterpiece, "The Raven."

And, from its place amongst the most cherished gems of our literary treasures,

"The Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him stealing throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul, from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—Nevermore!"

For initiative harmony no poet has ever excelled Poe as he tells us of the bells, and as we listen to his musical rhyme in imagination we hear "the jingling and the tinkling of the bells"—silver bells; "the rhyming and the chiming of the bells"—golden bells; "the clamor and the clangour of the bells"—brazen bells; and "the moaning and the groaning of the bells"—iron bells.

In his poetry he was always true to the artist soul within him, and when he was faithful to his own feelings, Edgar Allan Poe was always in the right.

To be sure, the foolish doctrine which he expounds in his "Philosophy of Composition" is much to be regretted, but he has more than atoned for it in his "Essay on the Poetic Principle."

Apart from his sound philosophy, wonderful theory, and almost poetic flow of language in this essay, Poe has succeeded in doing what but few other poets as yet have ever done; he has analyzed and explained the theories and rules, the following and illustration of which, in his own poetic writings, have made him a great poet.

Many men theorize, others apply these theories, but the combination of conceiving and applying a theory is rare, indeed.

In the opening paragraph of his essay on the "Poetic Principle," the poet himself says, "And here in the beginning, permit me to say a few words in regard to a somewhat peculiar principle, which, whether rightfully or wrongfully, has always had its influence in my own critical estimate of the poem. I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms. I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites by elevating the soul. . . . After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags, fails, a revulsion ensues; and then the poem is, in effect and fact, no longer such."

He then proceeds to elaborate and verify this theory, and, in the course of the essay, rather sarcastically remarks of the "Quarterlies" that "as yet, they have not insisted on our estimating Lamartine by the cubic foot, or Pollock by the pound."

Later in this essay, itself a masterpiece of elegant prose, he defines the poetry of words as the "rhythmical creation of beauty."

So much for his poetry, which followed so faithfully the dictates of the true artist soul as this poet understood it—beautiful in concept, rhythmical in verse, and faultless in technique.

And his prose! What other writer has brought forth anything to equal in thought or treatment his "Ligeia," the "Assignment" or the "Mask of the Red Death"? These tales are in prose form, but they have all the harmonious organic completeness and serial beauty of fine poems.

In his prose he has mingled the beauty of his poetry, the logic of his essays and a fine analysis of human passions and feelings peculiar to his prose writings alone.

"There is no point among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind, more thrillingly exciting than the fact—never, I believe, noticed in the schools—that in our endeavors to recall to memory something long forgotten, we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember."

Who of us has not at some time experienced a like sensation?

The poetry of Edgar Allan Poe compares favorably with that of Tennyson, Shelley or Coleridge; his prose can be compared with that of no other writer for it is especially in this branch that he stands by himself—mysterious, weird, mournful—his prose writings fascinate us by these very qualities as much as by his wonderful command of the English language.

When I commenced this little sketch of Edgar Allan Poe I remarked that, in his own day, he was not appreciated with a true artist's appreciation, but there was one man, a Mr. Griswold, who recognized in Poe a poet of unusual genius, but he was not broad-minded enough to acknowledge it. So, from the pen of this man originated many of the scandalous stories concern-

ing the poet's private life, many of which are current at the present day.

This man Griswold was shrewd enough to see that an attack upon Poe's writings would only injure himself, as the people had the evidences of the poet's great mind before them, hence he "concentrated his efforts instead on the defamation of his private life and character—a matter which only a few were in a position to defend."

True, Poe's life was one of harassment, strife and sorrow, but not of unmitigated folly, weakness and dissipation, as his enemies, headed by Griswold, would have us believe.

He was of a nervous, high-strung temperament, but gentle and tender to those who befriended and loved him.

To the women who helped to frame his life and inspire his writings, he has left a last tribute in exquisite verse.

Perhaps in all his poetry there is nothing so beautiful in conception, so faultless in execution, as that sonnet to his dear wife's mother and his own aunt, Mrs. Clemm:

"Because I feel that, in the heavens above,

The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,

None so devotional as that of 'Mother,'
Therefore by that dear name I long have called
you—

You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts where Death installed
you,

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My Mother—my own mother, who died early,

Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are Mother to the one I loved so dearly,

And thus are dearer than the mother I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

For forty years, the career of Edgar Allan Poe was one of sorrow, toil and disappointment, and his death was as tragic and lamentable as that of Shelley, Chatterton or Marlowe.

Found dying on a wharf in Baltimore, on a cold October night, he was removed to the hospital, where, on October 7, 1849, he died.

And now that a hundred years have rolled away since that sensitive and poetic soul came

into this world, we find his follies have sunk into, at least, partial oblivion, while his marvelous verse and weird tales are crystallized in immortal fame.

His talents, his life, his death and his name are fittingly summed up in that little verse inscribed on the tablet erected to him in the Metropolitan Museum, New York—

"He was great in his genius;
Unhappy in his life;
Wretched in his death;
But in his fame he is immortal."

GERTRUDE KELLY.

The Homage of Nations.

THE last and most memorable day of an unforgettable fortnight has passed. There are periods in the life of nations as of men when time seems to stand still, and all the common thoughts, the normal interests, are merged in one supreme and absorbing preoccupation. So it has been with London, with the whole Kingdom, with the British Empire, one may almost say, with the world, during the past fourteen days. It needs an effort to remember that so scanty a space separates us from the hours when Edward VII. was still the reigning King of England. On Thursday, May 5, the millions of his subjects throughout his wide realms in all the continents, among all the seas, awakened to their daily tasks with no presage that the sword of Fate was hanging close over the head of their crowned Ruler. That evening there was a hint of danger, and then, with appalling swiftness, the tragedy drew to its end, and before another midnight had struck, the King was no more. No sermon on the vanity of human hopes and the impermanence of earthly power could add to the effect of this sudden stroke from the Unseen; it mingled a sense of awe and mystery with the burden of sorrow—a strange, stern reminder of that lesson of mortality which we all have learned—and all forget. It smote like a wind of ice from the snow mountains sweeping across a sunlit plain. All men must die, and Death, that deals his silent arrows among the aged, the sick, the suffering, comes

sometimes like an expected visitor, sometimes almost in the guise of a friend. But lest we grow too easily reconciled to his terrors, he levels the blossoming flowers of the garden, the young green shoots of the harvest-field, and the noblest of the forest-trees that front the tempest and the lightning. Who should have seemed secure and happy if this great King were not? A few short weeks ago he moved among us in all the splendid dignity of the loftiest station on the earth, in the plenitude of his royal gifts of character and intellect, revered, admired, watched over, beloved. "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world." But a Voice mightier than the voices of monarchs spoke and the King lies low, and the world stands hushed and stricken before his bier. How can we talk of other things in the presence of a catastrophe so unforeseen, so striking, so poignant in its appeal to our sympathies? Once again we have to learn that all the children of men, be they princes or paupers, are bound together by common ties, by a common helplessness, by a common inevitable doom.

But, at least, the King has been nobly mourned. The nation roused itself from its first shudder of amazement and consternation to pay the amplest honor to his memory. And, for a fortnight, it is not too much to say that Britain has been weeping over her illustrious dead. One splendid and solemn pageant of grief has succeeded another, and all have been marked by the same sincerity and, even amid their funeral pomps, the same simplicity of sorrow. With a fine judgment, such as we can be sure King Edward would himself have commended, a true instinct of fitness and sympathy, it was arranged that all classes of the late King's subjects should find an opportunity to bear their part in the obsequies. No monarch had ever so vast a body of mourners by his coffin. The first short period of repose in the rooms of Buckingham Palace enabled an affecting tribute to be paid by the kinsfolk and the intimate personal friends of the late Sovereign. Then came the removal of the remains through lanes of soldiers and thronging crowds to Westminster Hall; and there the statesmen and the legislators, the Ministers, the servants of the dead King, the rulers of his fleets, the leaders of his armies, the nobles of

his Court, the magnates of his realm, assembled at his last Levee. No one who was present at that intensely touching reception, that simple and beautiful service of prayer and song, will ever lose the impression it created, or forget that moment of infinite pathos when the widowed Queen knelt beside the bier. But when the high ceremony was over, when the great hall no longer blazed with scarlet and gold, when the lights had ceased to gleam on swords and jewelled orders and plumed helmets, when the kings and the captains, the envoys and the great officers of State had departed, then, the turn of King Edward's people had come. Nothing like this lying-in-state has ever been seen, nothing in all the records of the death and burial of kings so overpowering in its magnitude, in its spontaneity, in its testimony to the depth and meaning of the popular affection. The scenes of the past two days, inside and outside Westminster Hall, are without a parallel. Here was no crowd assembling to witness a sumptuous ceremony, rich in all the glory of military and courtly display, such as that enacted yesterday in the streets of London. In Westminster Hall there was little for the crowd to see—only a coffin on its pedestal, shrouded in its palls and draped flags—nothing there to bring humble, toiling men and women by the hundred thousand to stand for hours in a line, in the chill of dawn, in rain and wind. But they did not come to see anything; they came as those who have loved the dead come to drop a flower upon a new-made grave. And that, indeed, was what they did—the flower of fealty; and a loyal attachment it was which, all through those wonderful days, was laid at King Edward's feet, as, silent, patient, sadly conscious of their loss, the great multitude of his people of London moved slowly through the hall, and looked their last at the place where their lost Sovereign was lying.

Yesterday came the crowning scene of all, when the dead King was borne through the streets of his capital to his last resting-place. No Sovereign has ever been so magnificently accompanied to the tomb; for his bodyguard was of kings, and the mightiest rulers of the earth, in person, or by their nearest of kin, rode behind his hearse. These Emperors and Kings and Crown Princes journeyed hither to do honor to

Britain; they assembled here specially to exhibit their regard for that British Sovereign who won so exalted a place in the affections not merely of his own subjects, but in those of the peoples of the civilized world. How highly our late Sovereign was honored and respected abroad we did not, perhaps, fully realize before. We now learn that those qualities which we in this country had amply recognized, were also appreciated in foreign countries. We had known, of course, that he was always popular, always welcome wherever he went, always esteemed as the first gentleman in Europe, the pattern of good-breeding and gentle manners. But now we find that there is everywhere an ungrudging recognition of his devoted efforts, his successful services, in the cause of international concord. A world, clad in iron, ceaselessly busy in piling up great armaments, always prepared for war; is unanimous in its praises of the King who labored for peace. It understands that, in his care for the interests of his own people, Edward VII. was always scrupulous in his regard for the rights, the well-being, and the security of other States; that he brought to bear all his admirable gifts, all his tact and judgment, and all the influence he exercised over the Courts and dynasties of the Continent, in order to enlarge the sphere of international amity and soften mutual jealousies. Now and again it happens to some great personage, some Sovereign or Minister, to be set on high, by universal consent, as the foremost individual of his time, the leader and judge among the nations. Most often this dominating position is the reward of success in war or conquest, of such achievements as those of a Napoleon or a Bismarck. King Edward gained it by none of these sombre triumphs, but by works of justice, humanity, charity, and good-feeling. For the nine years of his too brief reign he impressed those virtues, in his own genial, easy, sensible fashion, upon the world, and he made them felt in practice much more deeply than many potentates who have figured as moralists and sages. And now that his brave, kindly, serviceable life is over, we have committed him to the earth in sorrow, indeed, but in gratitude and hope; grateful for the good work done, for the fine example given, hopeful and confident that the tradition King Edward

laid down will not perish with him, but will be fruitful for peace and honor through many a long year to come for the land he loved so deeply and the world he served so well.

May he sleep in peace, he who labored for peace so hard; with his memory enshrined in the hearts of his people!

The Physical Culture Department.

THE course of physical culture recently brought to a close at Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, was a decided success. The conduct and deportment of the pupils taking the course was exemplary, and the manner in which they entered into the work was very gratifying to their instructor, and reflects great credit on the training given them in the Institution.

The work consisted of breathing exercises, freehand calisthenics, wand drill, marching exercises, and some military drill.

The benefit reaped by some of the pupils was very noticeable, being marked by a more erect carriage, better developed chest, and general physical well-being. All who took the course endeavored to carry out the instructions given them, and have, I hope, felt the good effect of their work.

Owing to the prevalence of tuberculosis among the young people of our country, too much care cannot be given to the formation of well-developed bodies. Deep breathing should be encouraged, as it strengthens the lung tissue, and purifies the blood of the whole system.

If, during the growing period of girlhood, sufficient attention is given to the correct development of every part of the body, the tendency to lung trouble should be very much lessened.

"A healthy body makes a healthy mind," and it behooves the educationalists of the present day to look well to the physique of the youth of our country.

S. J. HUGGINS.

The shortest road to popularity is to see the really good points of our friends—and mention them.



Photo by C. T. Blackburne, Hamilton, Ont.

GROUNDS, LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

**The Senior Music Students of Loreto
Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton,
Attend Mark Hambourg's Recital,
on Friday Evening, April 15th.**

The strong emotions of the heart all seek expression in modulation of sound; and religious sentiment is both awakened and calmed by music that lifts the soul out of the world of sense, and elevates it toward the infinite and invisible.—*Bishop Spalding.*

THE conspiracy into which the elements had evidently entered, on the evening of the fifteenth, cast no shadow on our spirits as we joyfully wended our way to the Alexandra Pavilion to hear one of the most satisfying programmes of piano music ever presented in this city, interpreted by the eminent Russian pianist.

A flattering reception, which, as the concert progressed, developed into a genuine ovation, was accorded the artist. The Bach-Taubig introductory number displayed his tremendous virility and ability to build up orchestral climaxes, and was followed by Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata in F Minor, Op. 57—written when the master was at the height of his power—which was given with such fine abandon and interpretation that even a tyro might get the different moods of the piece, running through gloom and longing to joy and fulfilment. With only one pause at the conclusion of the first allegro movement, when Mr. Hambourg was interrupted by enthusiastic applause; and an occasional bow, he went on to the close, making the Sonata a unit in expression. The profound beauties of the second movement were a revelation to those who had never before heard it interpreted by a great artist. In the last movements, the runs were of crystalline clearness, extraordinarily delicate, soft and even.

The second part of the programme contained seven of the most delightful compositions of that great Polish master, Chopin, beginning with his Nocturne in G Major, in which the player fairly lost himself in the maze of color and tone, whirlwind runs and flashes of bewitching melody.

In these numbers the perfection of Mr. Hambourg's technique, with its capacity for the spontaneous expression of the most minute phrases, was completely demonstrated. Especially ex-

quisite was his rendering of the tender Preludes, in which poetry and warmth were combined, while in the Polonaise in E flat, all the brilliance and facility of his marvellous technical skill appeared. "The entrancing delicacy of tone, poetic feeling, the caressing way in which the melodies were played, the perfect finish and romantic expression of the Valse, these and many other evidences stamped the young Russian the world's greatest interpreter of Chopin." And when, in the third group, he played his own composition, there was the superadded charm of being in direct communion with one of the greatest artists of our time.

"Hambourg," writes a critic, "may be called the chief exponent of emotionalism in piano playing, and, however much you may disagree with his interpretation of a work, you still marvel at the overpowering personality of the artist. When this personality meets your own preconceived ideas, you are carried off your feet. Here is the secret of Hambourg's extraordinary popularity. He is the genius of pianism personified, a past master of everything known as mechanically difficult, a thinker with something virile to say of his own, rather than a mere interpreter.

Hambourg has given concerts in every European country from Turkey to Ireland. He has been alternately deified and slashed by critics, and always worshipped by his audiences."

Of the pianist's right to share with the modern orchestral conductor in the creative work of the composer, Hambourg writes:

"Some orthodox musicians deny the artist any liberty at all. They insist that music calls for no individual interpretation at the hands of the exponents. 'Play the notes as they are written,' they say, 'and leave the composer alone.' Now, that rule may apply very well to five-finger exercises; but the music which is performed by an artist on the concert platform, requires very different treatment, for it is a language of beautiful sounds in which he has to express his various emotions. Every great conductor puts his own interpretations on the music which he happens to be directing, just as every great actor reads into his part the meaning which best suits his own individuality. Why, then, should the pianist be blamed for giving the stamp of individuality to his interpretation of a musical work? Indeed,

the stronger the individuality of the player the more effective, as a rule, will be his rendering of the piece.

"In music and in drama, the work to be performed is, in the first instance, created by the composer and the playwright, respectively, but the work of creation does not end there. The musician and the actor are also creators, investing the music or words with the light and shade, without which the performance would be stale, flat, and altogether unprofitable."

Musicians are agreed that, students to grow in appreciation of the best music, must hear it. A highly appreciative and musically intelligent audience availed themselves of this opportunity, but there were no more interested and enthusiastic hearers than the pupils of Mt. St. Mary, who showed not only appreciation of good music but an ability to listen to it.

PROGRAMME.

1. Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.....
..... *Bach-Tausig*
Sonata Appassionata in F Minor,
Op. 57 *Beethoven*
 2. Nocturne in G Maj..... *Chopin*
Two Studies, G-flat, E-flat Minor..
Two Preludes, B-flat Minor, A-flat
Valse A-flat
Andante Spianato and Polonaise,
E-flat
 3. Etude G-flat "The Waves"..... *Moskowski*
Volklied..... *Mark Hambourg*
Paraphrase on "Eugene Oneguine".....
..... *Tschaikowsky-Pabst*
- Heintzman & Co.'s Concert Grand Piano used.

MARY FARRELLY.

It is the student who stands before the house of knowledge modest, patient, single-minded, conscious only of his own poverty and the unspeakable riches within, to whom wisdom will open her gates. No blustering, conceited person will fare very well in her courts. Humility and patience are the first requisites. The greatest scholars are always the humblest of men.

A Series of Literary and Dramatic Interpretations by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, America's Greatest Shakespearean Reader, at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

THE chief literary event of the scholastic year, and one of distinct importance, was Mr. Griffith's reading of the *Divine Comedy*—that "mystic unfathomable Song"—greatest always to the greatest, and which stands alone as a creation of genius. What grander could be imagined! "Those who know the *Divine Comedy* best, will best know how hard it is to be interpreter of such a mind, but they will sympathize with the wish to call attention to it. They know and would wish others to know also, not by hearsay, but by experience, the power of this wonderful poem.

Mr. Griffith's ripened, consummate art, combined with the power of using speech as one uses the notes of a musical instrument, when voicing the inner meaning of some beautiful passage, and an intense admiration for the nobler qualities of the human soul, is ideally adapted to the elucidation of the immortal Dantean trilogy of sublimest poetry. With a power of fascination independent of scenic adornment, he guided an enchanted audience, in the shades of coming night, through unknown regions. First, to the "darkened cavity," the abode of the lost, whose sufferings are intensified by despair, for their torments are eternal. Before the eyes of fancy, spectral shapes and multitudes of shades lamented the sins of wasted years. Appalled by the scenes of horror presented to our gaze, we realized, as we had never before, the hideousness and enormity of sin and the justice of its punishment.

A sigh of relief—and the solemn, sweet *Purgatorio*, where dwell those in expiatory sorrows, debarred for a time from the Eternal Presence, was entered. Here the comforting dogmas of Holy Church bring hope and happiness. Though the shadow of pain rests on the soul, there is the conviction and firm belief in the Communion of Saints, and the glad certainty of release.

That "Song is the art of eternity" was forcibly brought to our minds in the *Paradiso*.

With what illuminative art the purely spiritual elements of the poem were here brought into view by Mr. Griffith, whose voice responded to the finest shadings of tone, as he uttered that loftiest form of prayer which Dante addressed to the Blessed Virgin, and to which she responded by granting him a vision of the glory of God. In the words of the poet—"At this point, o'erpowered, I wait unequalled to my theme."

"If we want to keep the minds of the young on those high altitudes of thought where the air they breathe is pure, and free from noxious vapors, let us put into their hands Dante," writes Canon Sheehan. . . . "Dante stands out amid the caitiff rout of his contemporaries, a colossus, girt with the majestic and massive strength of genius and virtue combined, his high hands holding aloft the flaming torch of truth to light the dark and devious paths along which poor humanity is still struggling. And History, which, with unerring finger, whether of disdain or justice, has blotted out from her pages the names of the mere rabble of dukes and counts, Guelphs and Ghibellines, podestás and magistrates, kings and priors, has protected and enshrined in her pages this name amongst the things she will never suffer to pass into oblivion. . . .

"Strangest of all is the depth of tenderness that shows itself in this soul, which, on a merely superficial glance, seemed clothed with the pride of genius, and the haughtiness of unstained manhood. If we have any very definite idea of Dante, it is that of a proud, haughty, disdainful soul, wrapped up in the melancholy of gloomy thoughts, and carrying in gait and face and figure the outward symptoms of a spirit darkened and embittered by the tragical events of his life. We know that when he passed along the streets of Ravenna, the people pointed him out: '*Eccovi l'uomo ch'è stato in inferno;*' and how his speech was short and swift and brusque, especially towards the great ones of the earth. . . . But if this great spirit was dowered with 'the scorn of scorn, the hate of hate,' it also was possessed with the larger poetic dower of 'the love of love.' It is easy to misunderstand both, just as such souls are generally misinterpreted by their kind; and by the shallow critics who measure their manifoldness by their own barren simplicities.

. . . It seems to me more true to say that this disdain was rather a panoply, a coat of arms against the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' than the real, inner soul of the man. To see Dante aright, one must turn away from that haughty and terrible face and watch him, the humble disciple of Virgil, as with timid steps, and in deep humility, he followed his master through the narrowing circles of hell; and dropped down in faints of terror, or shed bitter tears, as Francesca swept by him, and in one pause of pleasure in her endless misery told her sad tale; or the wail of the sepulchral souls came borne to his ears, and he saw the terrible lids closing down forever under the sentences of the final judgment. And Dante, to be better known, must be followed into the higher regions of Purgatory and Paradise, if we are to know the depths of humility and the strength of divine love that animated the tried spirit, and contrasted with the gloom and severity of his exterior.

"And then, the marvellous sweetness and purity of this man. Although he wrote enthusiastically, almost passionately, of love, it is quite easy to perceive that it was not the love that flames along the lines of carnal poets or dramatists. I wonder if there is in all literature anything so beautiful as Dante's ideal and spiritual love for Beatrice. It seems almost capable of redeeming and sweetening all that humanity has suffered from sensuous poetry. It is so ethereal, so taintless, so fleshless, so reverential, so tender, so awesome, that I think the womanhood of the world should deem itself glorified and sublimated by such a conception. Except alone the tribute of the same poet to our Blessed Lady, or the many tributes paid by his glorious countrymen by pen and pencil to the highest form of womanhood, it is the noblest personification of ideal beauty that has ever been made by human pen. When one sees in imagination this glorious vision leading the poet upwards along the steep heights that lead to the summits of heaven, it gives a little shock to remember that Beatrice was married, and probably unhappily. But then we know that it is the child of fifteen, the gentle vision that confronted him that memorable day on the bridge that spanned the Arno, that he has placed for ever as the brightest spirit in the ranks

of those who have been canonized by poetic adoration.

"Beatrice is the spirit made perfect, the Being that evokes the adoration of man for the Highest."

"Ch' amar dee l'opra chi'l suo Fabro adora."

* * * * *

Mr. Griffith's reading of "The Dream of Gerontius" was inspiring, elevating, and ennobling. With exquisite taste and gentle dramatic force, as though uplifted by the potent spell of this purely spiritual theme, Mr. Griffith's interpretation was a triumph of artistic expression and finished delivery, as he delineated the sensations of a disembodied soul, passing through the different experiences which must come to the spirit when it exists alone, without the body, until it reaches the Infinite Presence—"Passive and still before the awful throne"—and judgment is given.

How beautifully the calm, silent grandeur of the scene which followed the consigning of the soul to a state of purification, that it may be prepared for the eternal company of the blessed, was depicted by Mr. Griffith, whose rich voice and sympathetic utterance lent themselves to the noble lines—

"Now let the golden prison ope its gates
Making sweet music as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light."

* * * * *

In the last of the delightful series we were given an opportunity to renew our impressions of the great Shakespearean masterpieces, which Mr. Griffith's art so truly illumines and glorifies. Whether he depicted the ambition of the all-powerful Cæsar, the endearing qualities of the mighty Brutus—"the noblest Roman of them all"—the subtle machinations of Cassius, the fiery eloquence of Antony, the vast meaning and peculiar charm of Hamlet's philosophy, the terrors of conscience and remorse of Macbeth, the jubilant wickedness and transcendent dash and courage of the last Plantagenet, the wit and vivacity


of Portia, the more pungent repartee of Katharine, or the filial love of the true-hearted Cordelia—Mr. Griffith brought to the portrayal an intellectual subtlety of characterization, no less than a rare virility, and a masterly insight into the gradations of human sentiment and passion, which stamped him a possessor of genuine ideals.

After the final impersonation, Father Brady, who was among the Reverend invited guests, stepped on the platform and, on behalf of the Faculty, students, and audience, felicitously tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. Griffith for the unique intellectual treat which his revival of the priceless treasures of the Classics had afforded.

Father Brady's remarks revealed his own profound scholarship, as he supplemented the theological point of view of the *Divine Comedy*.

MARY BATTLE.

Soirée Musicale at Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.

 NE of the most delightful and pleasant evenings of the spring session was afforded us through the courtesy of Mr. Hutton, Director of one of Hamilton's local orchestras, most of the members of which placed themselves at his disposal, on Thursday, May the fifth.

A really excellent programme was rendered, Mr. Moore, the well-known baritone, and Miss Jessie Irving, elocutionist, assisting.

The opening number, the "Quoniam" from Mozart's 12th. Mass, showed the orchestra at its best, both in point of attack and responsiveness to Mr. Hutton's bâton. The lighter numbers gave pleasure, especially to the younger set, who, no doubt, exercised an unwonted self-control in withstanding the siren strains of *Valse Nuptiale*, which starts with a quotation from Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and which again appears in the last waltz.

Mr. Moore's group of songs was particularly effective, reaching a splendid dramatic climax in "The King of the Winds."

Miss Irving, who was in the audience, on request, gave several recitations, being notably happy in her interpretation of "When Albani Sings."

The following is the complete programme:

- I. "QUONIAM," from 12th. Mass *Mozart*
- II. SELECTIONS FROM "STABAT MATER" . .
Rossini
- III. ITALIAN OVERTURE *Rossini*
A Group of Songs:
(a) "LONGING" *Ambrose*
(b) "LIFT THINE EYES" *Knight*
(c) "KING OF THE WINDS" *David*
Mr. Moore.
- IV. GAVOTTE *Czibulka*
- V. "Valse Nuptiale" *Drummond*
(a) "MY YELLOW ROSE"
(b) "WHEN ALBANI SINGS"
Drummond
Miss Jessie Irving.
- VI. MARCH *Sousa*
GOD SAVE THE KING

The personnel of the orchestra:

- First and second violin — Mr. Hamilton,
Miss Clowes, Miss Hopper, Miss Porteous, Mrs. Jex.
- Viola—Mr. Jex.
- 'Cello—Miss May Green.
- Double Bass—Mr. Birn.
- Clarinet—Mr. Amos Hutton.
- Trombone—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. North.
- Cornet—Mr. Lovejoy.
- Piano Accompanist—Miss Clunas.
- Conductor—Mr. Hutton.

The Gerhard Heintzman Mignon Grand Piano used on this occasion.

Schumann.

IT is not my intention, in this paper, to concern myself with the branches of Schumann's family tree, for the simple reason that I have not been able to obtain information worth recording of his ancestors; so I shall devote a few moments to giving a general idea of Schumann the man, before proceeding to follow his career.

From his earliest years, Schumann is said to have been a most sentimental youth; and his mind, naturally rhapsodic and somewhat melancholy, received an increased impetus in these directions by, an early study of the writings of Jean Paul.

A few extracts from his letters of this period will give a clearer idea than pages of description. As a youth of eighteen, he writes to a friend:

"Perhaps even now you are sitting among the ruins of the old mountain castle—Heidelberg—smiling gaily and happily at the blossoms of June, while I stand amid the ruins of my blasted air-castles, and gaze, weeping, out into the black horizon of the present and the future."

Again he says:

"If the whole world read Jean Paul, it would be decidedly better but more unhappy. He has often reduced me to the verge of despair, but the rainbow of peace always floats softly above the tears, and the heart is wonderfully exalted and transfigured."

High-flown language came naturally to this specimen of morbid humanity. He takes leave of his friend with a gush at which our boys of eighteen would laugh outright—"May you be happy, every angel be with you, and may the genius of joyful tears ever accompany you."

Schumann's excessive sentimentalism was due to his peculiar physical condition, a fact which was confirmed by his physicians, after a post-mortem examination. Pointing out certain features, the doctors said: "These four points stand in close connection with his physical condition for many years. As a whole, they indicate serious disease which first took root in early youth, gradually increasing with the growth of the man, and not resulting in madness for a long time. His organization was such that his mental infirmity was stamped by intense melancholy, such as is rarely witnessed in similar cases. Instead of the strange gaiety, idle self-satisfaction, and shallow optimism which usually bless and delude the patients in such diseases, the innate fervor, peculiar reserve, and contemplative nature, which were his in health, became the keynote of his mental discord, changing to melancholy depression, sad forebodings, depreciation of his claims and merits, and final infection of his whole frame."

In the light of these remarks, though we may be amused at Schumann's youthful outpourings, we cannot think of their predisposing cause without pity for one so early doomed to misery.

Referring to his pursuits in Leipzig, Schumann says: "I have not yet become intimate in any

family, and fly, I know not where, from miserable mankind, go out seldom, and am sometimes heart-sick at the pettiness and miseries of this selfish world. Oh! what would a world without men be? A boundless churchyard, a dreamless sleep of death, a flowerless, springless nature, a lifeless peep-show with a puppet. And yet what is this world of men? A vast cemetery filled with faded dreams, a garden of creepers and weeping willows, a dull peep-show with sobbing dolls.

O God, that is it! Yes! Fate's giant fists may silence men's tongues, but not their hearts, which love the warmer and esteem the dearer for distance, because they regard each other as invisible, dead, or superterrestrial."

It is curious to note in Schumann's letters how he jumps from one extreme to the other of the mental thermometer. From Milan he writes: "For several weeks I have been—and am ever more and more so—so poor and so rich, so weak and so strong, so decrepit and so full of life," etc., etc.

At the outset of his residence in Leipzig, he writes to his mother: "Good morning, mamma. How can I describe my bliss to you at this moment? The alcohol burns and bubbles in the coffee urn; the heaven is pure and golden enough to kiss, and the very spirit of dawn, clear and cool, breathes around. Besides all this, your letter lies before me, in which is disclosed a treasure of sensibility, intellect, and virtue. My cigar is capital, in short, this world is beautiful at times—that is man, if he would always rise early—sunshine and blue skies abound in my life here."

Such was the mental organization of Robert Schumann, who was born on the eighth of June, 1810, at Zwickau, in Saxony. He is one of the links that bind us to the musicians of the wonderfully productive decade, 1803-1813. His father, a successful publisher and bookseller, was a man of sufficient position and worldly prosperity to have his son thoroughly educated, and provided with all the necessaries of life. In childhood, this son was of a lively temperament, full of fun and good humor; but a great change took place in his disposition at the age of fourteen. He became contemplative and taciturn, given to musing and following flights of fancy.

As a child, when he had scarcely mastered the

elements of pianoforte playing, he seems to have felt instinctively that music is more than a meaningless playing with sounds, more than a mere tone jugglery. For as he tried to imitate his playmates by successions of musical sounds, was he not practising, as it were, a kind of spiritual portraiture?

From a very early age, Schumann showed a great talent for music, and his father asked Weber to undertake his training. His mother had no appreciation whatever of music, knowing it only as the profession which made Mozart and others lead a most impecunious life, consequently, on the death of his father, she chose the law as a profession for her son.

In accordance with this decision, Schumann was sent to Leipzig, whence, after a time, he removed to Heidelberg, and entered as a student at the university. There he worked diligently, not at law, but at music, and at getting allowances of money from his guardian, for he had all a young man's knack of spending money.

After a period of indecision between the two professions, he finally wrote a letter to his mother, which, while it distressed her a good deal, settled his course for the future. She communicated with Wieck, the celebrated teacher at Leipzig, asking his advice—which was promptly given in favor of music. He was to undergo a test of six months' study with Wieck, and, if at the end of that time, he showed unmistakable signs of reaching the heights of musical art, he was to go on, if not, he must study law.

It was music that won, so he was soon permanently installed with Wieck as a student, and before long, in attempting by means of some mechanism, to develop independence and strength in the ring-finger, he so injured that member of his right hand that, finally, the whole hand was useless for the technique of piano playing.

He now turned to composition. An article of his on Chopin was published in the *Universal Journal of Music*. But, at the close of 1833, a number of young men, headed by Schumann, met in Leipzig, passed a resolution that the musical world suffered from incompetent critics, and determined to start the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Apparently, they did not succeed very well, for at the end of twelve months all had sheathed their swords except Schumann, who carried on the work alone. He sought corre-

spondence from the European capitals, still he was often reduced to extremities in the matter of getting news; sometimes even going the length of making up sham letters from Vienna and London, giving items that he had extracted from the papers.

In his earlier years, Schumann had had sundry love passages, but, up to the time of his first residence with the Wieck family, he does not seem to have engaged himself to any one. Although Clara Wieck was soon to appear before the world as a fine pianist, he did not regard her with more than artistic admiration. After some time had elapsed, he really found that he loved Clara Wieck, and was anxious to make a position worthy of offering to her. He sent several of his essays and some testimonials and certificates to be inspected at the University of Jena, and received, in return, a diploma in philosophy and a gorgeous document in high-sounding Latin phraseology.

In Vienna he was delighted with the cooking, and disgusted with the gossip, which was as objectionable as at Leipzig. His journal did not succeed there, so he left, and, returning to Leipzig, urged on his marriage with all possible eagerness, the result of which was that he and Clara Wieck were married, in 1840. Four years after, he gave up the publication of his journal, of which Oswald Lorenz became editor, and devoted himself entirely to composition.

In 1844, Schumann moved to Dresden, where he succeeded Ferdinand Hiller as conductor of the *Liedertafel*, combining with this position, in 1848, the duties of Director of a newly organized Chorus Club. In 1850, he was asked to go to Düsseldorf to take the post occupied for a time by Mendelssohn. He got an old plan of this city, and found that a lunatic asylum was on one of the principal streets—once before, he had been much annoyed by finding a similar institution opposite his door. However, he went to Düsseldorf, but soon felt that the work was uncongenial, and retired to private life.

Schumann's life was not a blaze of glory, he was never the idol of society nor the fêted of princes, but concerning public appreciation of him and his works, at that time, we will hear what he says himself:

"I do not understand the want of recognition from which I am said to suffer. The opposite

is more true. Then I have proofs which, though prosaic, are very convincing, such as the publishers' eagerness to buy my works, and the high value they set upon them . . . and I am quite satisfied with the recognition hitherto bestowed on me in abundance."

After his marriage, in 1840, happy in his home life and satisfied with the artistic progress he was able to make, he seems to have been for a long time in peace. Occasionally we come across indications of his old nervous trouble. In 1853, he was greatly attracted by spiritualism. Let us hear him describe a séance of table-rapping, as written to Hiller: "We tapped the table yesterday for the first time. Wonderful power! Just think! I asked for the first two measures of the C minor Symphony. It delayed longer than usual with the answer; at last it began, but rather slowly at first. When I said, 'But the time is faster, dear table,' it hastened to beat the true time. When I asked it if it could give the number of which I was thinking, it gave it correctly as three. We are all filled with wonder." Again he said: "We have repeated our experiments in magnetism, we seem surrounded with wonders."

The last years of Schumann's life are sorrowful to contemplate. The ossification of his brain advanced rapidly and he suffered from all kinds of delusions, among others a continual buzzing of one note, around which he was weaving eternal harmonies. At last, in a fit of desperation, he threw himself into the Rhine, but was rescued. Soon, however, he was confined in a private lunatic asylum, where he died a peaceful death in the arms of his wife, July 2, 1856.

It would not be seemly to close this paper without a more extended mention of Madame Schumann. It is no exaggeration to state that never before had pianist retained so powerful a hold upon the public mind, and for so long a time.

The claims of Schumann as a composer were almost unknown in this country until his widow, by her wonderful playing of his works for the pianoforte, brought to light his exalted genius, which was too far in advance of his own time to obtain the immediate recognition which his illustrious contemporary, Mendelssohn, received.

MARY LEYES.

Annual Closing Exercises at Loreto Convent, Hamilton—Rewards given to Young Ladies at this Seat of Learning.

THE assembly hall of Loreto Convent presented a scene of youth and beauty, yesterday afternoon, at the Closing Exercises, which were attended by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, Mayor McLaren, Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G.; Reverend R. E. M. Brady, Reverend A. J. Leyes, Reverend G. Cassidy, Reverend F. Hinchey, Reverend J. O'Connor, and a large number of representative citizens, who braved the intense heat to witness the delightful event.

A wealth of floral decorations filled the air with sweet fragrance, while the palm-embanked platform, on which the pupils, in their pretty white costumes, were grouped, presented a very attractive scene.

The following literary and musical programme, which served to display the ability of the students, was thoroughly enjoyed:

ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS *L. Bonvin, S. J.*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

SALUTATORY AND FLORAL PRESENTATION.
MARGARET GORDON.

CONFERRING OF HONOR MEDALS.

CHORUS—Drift, My Bark *Kücken*
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

RECITATION—"The Legend of Service".....
H. Van Dyke
MARY BATTLE.

PIANO SOLO—"Tarantelle" *Karganoff*
MARY GORDON.

VOCAL SOLO—"The Meeting of the Waters".....
Moore
MARY BATTLE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." (Act I,
Scene II, Belmont. A scene in Portia's house.)
Portia MARGARET GORDON
Nerissa MARY GORDON
Attendant PHYLLIS MCINTYRE

LITTLE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

RECITATION—"The Old Minstrel" *J. Ewing*
JEAN MICHAEL.

"LUCINA AND PANCRATIUS." (Versification of the Scene in Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," by a Member of the Community.)

Lucina EDNA WITHERUP
Pancratius MARY BATTLE

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS—

Jerusalem, O turn thee to the Lord Thy God,
O turn thee unto Thy God.

From (Gallia) Gounod

PIANO SOLO—"The Two Larks" *Leschetizky*
LOUISE VOISARD.

VOCAL SOLO—

(a) "Silent O Moyle"
(b) "The Minstrel Boy" *Moore*
HELEN SMITH.

Awarding of Honor Certificates in Music, obtained from Toronto University, Special Prizes, Commercial Diploma, and Certificates for Entrance to High School.

"AVE MARIA LORETO"
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

His Lordship, at the conclusion of the programme, which, he said, evidenced the refining culture of heart and mind imparted in the Institution, delivered one of his characteristically delightful addresses.

His Lordship then complimented the Mayor. "He is a worthy representative man," he said. "He has the courage of his convictions. All Catholics want is a fair show. They ask no favors, and I honor the man who has the courage of his convictions. I am glad the chief magistrate of Hamilton sets the good example of being proud of his home and his family. The man who loves children must be a good man. My own family is extensive. During the last six weeks I have been racing Halley's Comet. I have travelled throughout the diocese, confirming 2,229 children in forty parishes."

The Mayor, in addressing the pupils, expressed his pleasure at being present, and dwelt on the splendid work accomplished by the nuns. "I am sure everyone is proud of the class turned out at Loreto, this year," he said. "When you go away on your vacation, and when you go away for good, remember the untiring efforts of the Religious, who have been so kind and patient with you. The only reward they get is the feeling that they send out into the world pu-



HONOR STUDENTS, LORETO CONVENT, MT. ST. MARY, HAMILTON.

MARY FARRELLY — Winner of the Medal for English Literature, presented by the Governor-General; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton; and the Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Reverend R. E. M. Brady.

MARY GORDON — Winner of the Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G.; and the Gold

Medal for Mathematics, presented by Hon. J. M. Gibson, K. C., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

CLARA DOYLE — Winner of the Papal Medal for Church History, and the Gold Medal for Science.

MARY BATTLE — Winner of the Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition and Literary Interpretation.

ERMA ASHTON — Winner of the Gold Medal for Physical Culture, presented by Lt.-Col. Moore.

pils who are improved in education and otherwise. This Institution, which has done so much for the young ladies of Hamilton and other places, is a credit to the city, and I wish it long life and prosperity."

**Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises of
Loreto Convent, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton.**

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, graciously presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., obtained by Miss Mary Farrelly.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Clara Doyle.

Honorable Mention, Miss T. Coughlan and J. McCabe.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, obtained by Miss Mary Farrelly.

Honorable Mention, Miss Clara Doyle.

Gold Medal for English Essay, in Matriculation Class, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., obtained by Miss Mary Gordon.

Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Reverend R. E. M. Brady, obtained by Miss Mary Farrelly.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Hon. J. M. Gibson, K. C., Lieutenant-Governor, obtained by Miss Mary Gordon.

The Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition and Literary Interpretation, obtained by Miss Mary Battle.

Gold Medal for Science, in Matriculation Class, presented by Mrs. James McSloy, St. Catharines, obtained by Miss Clara Doyle.

Gold Medal for Proficiency in Matriculation Class, presented by Mrs. H. J. McIntyre, obtained by Miss B. Goodrow.

Gold Medal for Physical Culture, presented by Lt. Col. Moore, obtained by Miss Erma Ashton.

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, obtained by Miss Phyllis McIntyre.

Silver Medal for Vocal Music, obtained by Miss Helen Smith.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Sixth Academic Class, obtained by Miss Jean Michael.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Fifth Academic Class, obtained by Miss Edith Cutter.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, obtained by Miss J. McCabe.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, obtained by Miss Margaret Hooper.

First Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Junior Department, obtained by Miss Rhea Hurd.

University Honor Certificate, in Senior Grade Piano, obtained by Miss K. Lieast.

University Honor Certificate, in Primary Grade Piano, obtained by Miss H. Carson.

Junior Teachers' Certificate, Education Department, obtained by Miss Blanche Goodrow.

Diploma in Commercial Department, obtained by Miss Eileen O'Brien.

First Prize in Ceramic Art, awarded to Miss Edna Witherup, and Erma Ashton.

First Prize in Water Colors, obtained by Miss Muriel ffolkes.

First Prize for Art, in connection with High School work, merited by Miss Clara Doyle, J. McCabe, H. Smith, E. Cutter, C. Coughlan, obtained by Miss C. Coughlan.

First Prize for German, first year, obtained by Miss Beatrice McBrady.

First Prize for French, Division Matriculation Class, obtained by Miss Louise Voisard.

First Prize for French and Latin, Second Form, obtained by Miss K. Nolan.

First Prize for French, First Form, obtained by Miss M. James.

First Prize for Penmanship, in Fifth Academic Class, obtained by Miss C. Coughlan.

Special Prize for Stenography and Typewriting, obtained by Miss F. Davidson.

First Prize for Fancy Work and Plain Sewing, obtained by Miss M. Drescher and Eileen O'Brien.

Certificates for High School Entrance Examinations, obtained by Miss J. Lawton, C. Coughlan, L. Leyes, E. McKune, M. James, K. McLean, and I. Unsworth.

First Prize for Proficiency in Junior Fourth English Class, obtained by Miss M. McCarthy.

First Prize for Proficiency, in Senior Third English Class, obtained by Miss Barbara McIntyre.

Prize for Arithmetic, in Senior Third Class, obtained by Miss V. Meehan.

Prize for Proficiency in Junior Third Class, obtained by Miss Rita Hurd.

First Prize for Proficiency in Junior Second Class, obtained by Miss M. Hiscott.

First Prize for Good Conduct, obtained by Master E. Allan.

First Prize for Proficiency, in Division Second Class, obtained by Miss Lois McBrady and M. Patrick.

First Prize in Senior Part First, obtained by Miss Ruth McSorley.

First Prize in Junior Part First, obtained by Miss Anna McSorley and Annette Peebles.

First Prize for Plain Sewing, obtained by Miss M. Patrick and L. McBrady.

First Prize in Division Second Class Arithmetic, obtained by Miss Eileen O'Brien and Miss Florence Hennessey.

The Children's Entertainment at Loreto Convent, Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill.

WITH the June Bride and the June Graduate occupying so largely the public eye, one is likely to overlook the strenuous school labors of younger students, but the Ladies of Loreto realize the importance of the groundwork of education, training the little children as carefully as "children of a larger growth."

These up-to-date Religious, if one may use such an expression in such a connection, combine strictly modern methods of teaching with the manners of the old régime, when people had time to be courteous and kindly.

The Chicago academy at 65th. and Washington Avenue celebrated its commencement on the evening of May 26th. when diplomas were bestowed upon three young women, Misses Anna Kipley, Florence Fox and Marie Huffaker. The programme given was one of unusual interest, the chief part being a play, "Nemesia," a tale of early Christian days in Rome, in which excellent dramatic work was done by the older scholars.

The play was repeated Saturday afternoon when the younger pupils gave an entertainment not less interesting than the previous one. The programme consisted of several musical numbers, a play and an operetta, and the performances of the little folk were surprisingly good.

"Blue Bells," a dramatic chorus, was very well sung by Margaret and Mary McGoorty, Genevieve Moriarty, Kathleen Pierce, Kathleen and Agnes Fitzpatrick, Margaret Henry, Thelma Dillon, Helen Coombs, Helen Boehm, Antoinette de Roulet, Katherine and Leone Moriarty, and others.

"Grandma's Fan," a poem recited and acted in concert, showed elocutionary teaching of taste and understanding. In this the old-fashioned minuet, with its slow and stately figures, was gracefully danced by Agnes Fitzpatrick, Antoinette de Roulet, Rose O'Grady, Clara Kirsten, Emily Van Albany, Lois Hearne, Helen Coombs, Helen Clark, Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Janet Cuneo, Anna Gaylord, Clara Sanford, Violet Dwyer, and Mabel Flavin.

A piano trio by three little tots of nine years was a remarkable bit of execution, for Lucille and Wilinore Potter and Florence Fugenschuch played "The Children's Dance," by Strachvog, in perfect time and with great expression. This was followed by Gus Edward's delightful little song, "Maybe it's a Bear!" sung and acted cleverly by Margaret Henry, Helen Boehm, Genevieve Moriarty, Thelma Dillon, Florence Fugenschuch, and Katherine Pierce, little maids of eight and nine, who entered into the spirit of the little song drama.

"Every night at nine o'clock,
When my prayers are said,
When my mamma kisses me
And sends me off to bed,
Everything is dreadful dark,
I get an awful scare,
I hear a little noise and think
OO! maybe it's a bear!

Oo! oo! oo! oo! maybe it's a bear!
If it ever catches me I'll die right then and there!
Oo! oo! oo! oo! It's over by the chair!
Hold your breath, I'm scared to death, 'cause
maybe it's a bear."

So realistic was the acting, of the chorus especially, that sundry tiny tots in the audience clung to their mothers and, in wide-eyed, terrified anticipation, looked at the particular corner of the stage at which the youthful actors were pointing, in well-simulated fright.

A trio in the difficult Spanish bolero time was

rendered with exceptional technique by Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Mary Kenny and Wilinore Potter, girls of nine and ten, and a song, "The Rain Drops," was prettily sung by these three little girls, a novel feature being that the accompaniment was played by their nine-year-old school-mate, Florence Fugenschuch.

The Cantata, "Grape Gatherers," was exceedingly well rendered, very good work being done by the younger pupils as the Gypsies, in a spirited "*Sevillana*," one of the more difficult of the Spanish National dances. Miss Helen O'Neil sang a charming little Spanish madrigal as gracefully as a little Carmen, and Helen Fitzpatrick, Catherine Malooly, Helen O'Brien, Helen Lumney, Rose O'Sullivan, Margaret Teller, Theodosia Hillman, Ellen Golden, Helen O'Neil, Madeline Kennedy and Margaret Leonard, as Gypsy dancers, were full of a dainty grace and refinement.

Looking upon the youthful dancers one recalled the poet's screed:

"The gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well according bands,
It is a sight the care-full brow might smooth,
And make age smile and dream itself to youth."

Quite a difficult piano solo in two parts, a "Saltarelle" of Howarth, and the "Spinning Song," by Spindler, were played by Helen Combs, nine years old, without a single mistake and with an air of easy readiness quite remarkable in one so young.

A Protestant lady present remarked to one of the little performers, surprised as she said, at the matter-of-fact manner in which these small gentlewomen performed their parts before the crowded roomful of people.

"Weren't you afraid, my dear, to play before all those people?"

"Not very much, ma'am," was the ready reply. "You see, I had played it well enough for Mother Superior, and she told me to play it just like I did for her and the Sisters."

"Quite a commentary on the spirit of the school," whispered the stranger. "It's a pleasure even to see those girls walk across the stage,

they are so unconscious and graceful, and seem so sure of what they are going to do. They are certainly well trained." And the listener rejoiced at the tribute to Catholic education.

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

Banquet in Honor of the Class of 1910, Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls.

THE banquet given in honor of our graduates marked a particularly enjoyable day in the last week of the school year. The refectory was gaily decorated, its tables looking like a miniature fairyland, with flowers in profusion. The center decorations were of snowballs, artistically arranged, while from the chandeliers to each corner of the table, evergreens set off the national color. The menu—need we say it?—was one of excellence, and all did justice to the tempting viands. The following prophecy of the class of 1910, composed by the undergraduates, was read by Miss Madeleine McMahon.

It is my privilege to peer into the future of the quartet of brilliant graduates of 1910:

We are first carried in spirit to the military function of the social season of Quebec. The decorations of ferns and national colors lend splendor to the affair. The bright-colored uniforms of the gallant soldiers and the soft hues of the ladies' gowns tell of the grandeur of the assembly, which is gently swaying to the dreamy music—but lo—who are the striking twain, just entering the ballroom?—the gentleman, tall and dark, and dressed in his uniform of red and gold, with many medals of honor sparkling on his breast, and the little lady at his side, slender and graceful, her abundant golden hair tinged with silver, arranged becomingly, and her gown of delicate mauve clinging to her in graceful folds. This fine intellectual face, with its dreamy eyes, is familiar to us, and, upon inquiry, we are informed that they are the well-known Colonel Windsor and his wife (née Miss Rita Penfold Coffey), former graduate of Loreto. We hasten to renew this old acquaintance and find in Colonel Windsor's wife, our fair Rita, with all her virtues matured, one of the noble matrons of the army.

In recalling fond memories the old soldier's joke is very prominent, but how little we knew then that our teasing prophecy would come true.

But the sands of time are running fast and the scene changes. Hush—an intense silence fills the crowded hall as the great musician of the day, glides out before the footlights, and faces the sea of admiring eyes. She pauses—and, with a slight glance, acknowledges the burst of applause which follows the momentary silence, then seats herself, and the deep melodious tones that fill the hall seem strangely familiar to my ears. Instantly my memory reverts to those dear, remembered days at old Loreto, and I am again listening with real attention to those amazing chords, which, even then, foretold the scene which now presents itself. At this moment, she rises from her place at the piano and I scan more closely her form and mien, and, like a flash, I recognize my old schoolmate. Leaving the hall quickly, with difficulty I obtain an audience with this awe-inspiring maiden, and that haughty glance which, of old we had daily beheld at 3.45 p. m., brought back the old, familiar words of authority, "Will you, girls, please sit down." However, it soon passed, and, upon being recognized by the young artiste, I was warmly welcomed in the old affectionate manner of our Hazel. Question after question flowed, and, when among the others, the vital question arose, with a haughty toss of the head she replied that there was no domineering lord over her, she preferred a life of single blessedness.

The scene is shifted to another of our planets, and the first glimpse presented to our eager gaze reveals more familiar surroundings. It is evening, and through the long corridors of our dear old Abbey are gathered together the beloved and familiar faces of our former friends and teachers. But, looking intently, we see apart from these, kneeling before the grotto of our Lady, a small and slender figure, a holy light transfigures her thoughtful brow, for that very morning, in her, one more had been added to God's chosen ones. In surprise, we answer yes.

As the days pass by, she advances more and more in virtue and holiness, making friends on all sides by comforting those in sorrow by her cheery manner and sweet words. But now a very happy change has come to our dear Sis-

ter, word has been brought that she is to be stationed at the Falls the next school year. How happy she will be to dwell once more within those sacred walls, endeared to her by school-day memories, and so we leave her amidst the peaceful surroundings, living her life for God.

And now the whirligig of time, brings us to the heart of one of our great American cities. The society season is at its height and among the many charming debutantes, one, especially, tall, dark and slender, is followed by hundreds of admiring eyes. How gracefully she courtesies, and how joyous and exciting is this her first appearance in the great world, of which as yet she knows but little. Months pass by, and our fair debutante is caught in the whirlwind of gaieties and carried to many cities. Strange to say, she enjoys herself most at Cleveland, where she is very bright and far from *Moody*. A year slips by on the wings of time and she in whom we are interested has traveled far and wide, seeing and admiring the great wonders of God's earth: everywhere making hosts and hosts of friends and charming many, who would be more than friends, by her sweet manner and magnetic personality.

But, on returning to dear old America, those to whom she is nearest and dearest remark how quiet she has grown of late, and notice the sad, dreamy expression in those eyes, usually so full of spirit and glee. Well may they wonder, for only to her Lord does she tell the secret, that her heart is turning to higher things and striving for the noblest this earth can give. She grows more and more restless, only finding comfort in doing good for the poor and nursing the sick. But as days flit by, it is with joy that she realizes that God has given her the gift that surpasses all others, the entire devoting of her life to Him. And before many months have elapsed, the desires of her heart are gratified in the Holy Order of God's loved children—the Sisters of Charity.

We shall now say adieu to our gay quartet and trust that all may not merely sight the Golden Gates but reach them, bearing with them the good works of a meritorious life—all true and valiant women.

The banquet closed with the entire assembly singing "Auld Lang Syne," and it was a group of merry maidens that responded to the tinkle of the bell that night.



LORETO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

Recital at Loreto Convent.

ON Friday, June 10th., the teachers and pupils of Loreto Convent, 81 Bond Street, spent a most enjoyable hour—charmed by the really magnificent playing of Miss Valborg Martine Zöllner, concert pianiste—pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth. This young lady possesses a marvellous command of the piano, with her style and technique can scarcely be surpassed.

Among some of the numbers rendered were: "Prelude in F sharp minor," Chopin; "Les Fugères," Liszt; "Scherzo," Moszkowski; "Black Key Study," Chopin; and, by special request, "By the Sea;" W. O. Forsyth. All of these were executed in a masterly style, with the deepest feeling and most artistic interpretation.

Mr. Forsyth is to be congratulated on possessing such a gifted pupil and one who has responded so admirably to his careful training.

The Abbey.

No sound of busy life is heard save by the cloister's din,
The tinkling of the silver bell and the Sisters' holy
hymn.—*Bell.*

FOR sixty-five years the kindly summer sun has shone in benediction on the graduates of Loreto.

Every year the dear old school has sent out a few of her well-beloved children, to battle with the world, stamped with the mark of her approval and carrying in their aching hearts her motto—"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

Where are they now, these sweet girl graduates of the past sixty-five years?

"All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
'Ah! when shall they all meet again?'
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
'Forever—never!
Never—forever!'"

This year is quickly wearing away, and, in a few days, we, the graduates of 1910, will take our place "in the world's broad field of battle,"

with hearts that long for the quietness and peace of our girlhood's home.

Before us we see an unfamiliar scene, cold, uninviting, and full of the stern realities of life. Behind us we see the cozy schoolroom, full of well-beloved faces,—we hear the glad cries of care-free childhood, and the call of the vesper-bell.

"How sweet to our ears are thy chimes, O Loreto!

They peal forth at dawning, at midday, at night,
Each tiding they bring seems to draw us still
nearer

To Him who is ever the Truth and the Light."

Everything in the old school seems sacred, now that we are about to leave it; we would not even change the jingling piano in the recreation hall,—a new one could never bear the initials of those whom we love.

The garden, with its shaded walks, the joy of three generations of light-hearted girlhood—is engraved forever on the hearts of the ten maidens, who must, this year, leave it.

Next year, we will be but a memory in the school we loved and loyally upheld; even our places in this sunny little class room will be ours no more. Dare we hope that in the hearts of those who have labored for us through our many years of school life, we will find a little spot "sacred to the memory of the Class of 1910?"

It has been our privilege to be amongst the last of the pupils of the old school. The building of a new Abbey on the northern heights of Toronto marks a new epoch in the history of Loreto. But another sixty-five years will have rolled their weary way before as many loving hearts will have turned to it as their happy resting-place, before life's battles have begun.

When a new school is erected to the honor and glory of Our Blessed Lady, and over its stately portals are carved the words we learned to love in our school-days, it will be to the convent that bordered the turbulent shore of Lake Ontario that our hearts will turn.

How eagerly in the past we welcomed the coming of June, knowing that with it come holidays. How easily we said good-bye to our classmates, knowing that September would see us

all gathered again under the beloved roof of Loreto. But this year, how sadly we watch the clock tick away the seconds—how vainly we have wished it would stop forever and leave us as we are!

Other classes have desired the same before us, but still the old clock in the upper corridor ticks away, relentlessly marking off the minutes, hours, and days, until, on the twenty-second of June, we will stand, crowned and honored, but, within us, we will carry aching hearts that bleed and tremble as we say,

“Loreto, fare thee well!”

KATHLEEN HARKINS, '10.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Art Exhibit at Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

“Art which is the expression of beauty, is necessarily moral, elevating and religious.”

AN atmosphere of mystery seems to pervade a studio. The half-finished studies, the covered canvases, the stray bits of sculpture—all the odds and ends that belong to an artist's life—breathe thoughts unknown to the uninitiated.

To-day, the first of our annual exhibit, the hidden treasures have been brought to light, and all the sparkle and glitter and color of attractively-displayed art work meet our gaze and elicit our admiration.

My eyes wander longingly around the tastefully-decorated room, and finally rest upon the long rows of landscapes and studies from still life. At one time I am carried out into the “vast meadows, where, in the sun the cattle graze”—the dim sweet-scented meadows—or to paths stretching away between elm-clad heights, made still more beautiful by the golden sunshine of an Indian Summer morning; then, again, I am transported by the same magic brush to the seaside, where the waves gently caress the rocks upon the shore, or seem at times so wild and free that I unconsciously step back a few paces to be beyond their reach. The latter most realistic sketch was painted by Muriel ffolkes, whose “Autumn Scene” has also been greatly admired.

Mary Battle shows three aquarelles—a pastoral scene, an early spring scene, and an autumn landscape. She also exhibits a vase decorated with American Beauties, a toilet-set in ramblers, and two lovely rack plates—one decorated with ox-eye daisies, and the other a study in brown.

Edna Witherup has a gorgeous display of pieces, including a cider-set, a large vase decorated in hollyhocks, a tea-set in tea-roses, two aquarelles—a marine scene—“A Quiet Calm”—and “Sunset on the Sea.”

Erma Ashton's display of china, consisting of a cider-set in yellow roses, a punch-bowl, a clover plate, and a cold-cream pitcher, decorated in roses, is charming.

Marjorie Harris' “View on Lake Ontario,” with its flecks of yacht and skiff sails, steamers, or more picturesque merchant vessels, is most realistic.

A tray in pink roses, a jardinière in tea-roses, a lemonade pitcher in English violets, and several smaller pieces, are the work of this promising young artist.

Ferne Davidson's set of dinner plates in wood-violets, is among the loveliest in the collection, and her charming landscape is a joy to “the inward eye”—the eye through which the beauty and sublimity of scenery touch, elevate and refine the soul.

The perfect blending of claret shades in a really beautiful claret-set, the work of an extern, is simply wonderful.

The china painting department is the great delight of the hour, and the fascination it exercises over young girls seems to prove that home decoration has at last found a responsive chord in the hearts of our future matrons.

A portrait, not of this year's exhibit, hanging from the west wall of the studio, attracts the eye more than the work of amateurs. At a glance the secret is revealed—it was painted by a master hand. The picture represents a beautiful young girl, so life-like that one almost listens for the words from the half-parted lips.

I almost envy these embryo artists the happiness that they must enjoy in the cultivation of their God-given talent, and the opportunity within their reach to develop it.

EILEEN O'BRIEN.



GRADUATES OF 1910, LORETO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

MARY MAXWELL

ROSINA MACDONALD

HAZEL FREEMAN

RITA COFFEY

**Closing Exercises at Loreto Academy,
Niagara Falls.**

THE closing exercises at Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls, were attended by an unusually large and appreciative audience.

The programme, which is given below, was beautifully rendered, the singing in each of the vocal numbers, revealing a clearness and depth of tone, indicative of much careful training.

In lieu of the play or essay, usual at such exercises, Van Dyke's exquisite "Ode to Music" was charmingly interpreted by members of the Senior Elocution Class—Miss Bertha O'Sullivan accompanying in her finished and artistic manner.

The Minims performed their little action-song with characteristic sprightliness and simplicity, and received well-merited applause.

The Very Reverend Monsignor McCann, as representative of His Grace Archbishop McEvay, conferred the Academic Honors, and, at the close of the programme, addressed a few helpful and congratulatory remarks to the present students and to the Alumnae.

The pupils and visitors then repaired to the chapel, where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by the Very Reverend Monsignor McCann. The Act of Consecration was read by the senior graduate of the year, Miss Rita Coffey, after which, the four favored young ladies performed the usual ceremony of laying their wreaths at the foot of Our Lady's statue.

Among the distinguished visitors were the following clergy: Very Reverend Monsignor McCann, Toronto; Very Reverend Dean Sullivan, Thorold, Ont.; Reverend Dr. Treacey, Dixie; Reverend Fr. Fuerchte, Thorold; Reverend Fr. McCafferty, Toronto, Ont.; Very Reverend E. Walsh, C. M., President, Niagara University; Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., Reverend Fr. Lynch, C. M., Reverend J. O'Brien, C. M., Reverend Fr. Dawson, C. M., Reverend Fr. Allan, C. M., Reverend B. J. O'Neill O. C. C., Prior, Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls; Reverend I. J. MacDonald, O. C. C.; Reverend Bernard Finck, O. C. C.; Reverend J. M. Gillis, C. S. P., Washington, D. C.; Reverend Charles Maxwell, D. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Reverend Fr. Ethelbert,

O. F. M., Montreal; Reverend Fr. Schnur, Buffalo, N. Y.; Reverend Fr. Mountain, Apostolic Missionary, Reverend L. Sharkey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Reverend Fr. Farrell, S. J., Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Reverend Fr. Peel, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Reverend Fr. Moynihan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

List of Prize Winners.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Hazel Freeman. Honorable mention, Miss Rita Coffey.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, presented by His Grace Archbishop McEvay, D. D., obtained by Miss Madeleine McMahan. Honorable mention, Miss Rose Mudd.

Governor-General's Medal for English Literature, obtained by Miss Mary Maxwell. Honorable mention, Miss Rosina MacDonald.

Gold Medal for Essay, obtained by Miss Rosina MacDonald. Honorable mention, Miss Mary Maxwell.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, obtained by Miss Rita Coffey.

Gold Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss Rosina Merle.

Silver Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss Isabel Elliott.

Gold Medal for First Class Honors in Senior University Examination in Music, obtained by Miss Bertha O'Sullivan.

Silver Medal for First Class Honors in Junior University Examination in Music, obtained by Miss Georgia Baxter.

Silver Lyre for First Class Honors in Primary University Examination in Music, obtained by Miss Margaret Duignan.

Silver Medal for Junior Vocal, awarded to Miss Kathleen O'Gorman.

Silver Medal for Junior Vocal, awarded to Miss Marjorie Vrooman.

Diplomas for Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping, awarded to Miss Neenah Brady, Fanny Best, Ruby Suttles.

Diplomas for Stenography and Typewriting, awarded to Miss Rosina Merle and Miss Anna Rosa.

Diploma for Bookkeeping, awarded to Miss Josephine Meyers.

Prize for obtaining highest number of marks in Stenography, awarded to Miss Neenah Brady.

Prize for Charity in Conversation, awarded, by vote of companions, to Miss Madeleine McMahon.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment and Good Conduct, equally merited by Miss Marguerite Amyot, Fanny Best, Neenah Brady, Florence Bowen, Teresa Kelly, Rosina Merle, Madeleine McMahon, Kathleen O'Gorman, Bertha O'Sullivan, Dorothy Rochford and Marjorie Vrooman, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Gorman.

Prize for Amiability, equally merited by Miss Anna Argy, Fanny Best and Eleanor McManus, obtained by Miss Eleanor McManus.

Prize for Prompt Return after each vacation, equally merited by Miss Anna Argy, Fanny Best, Florence Bowen, Elizabeth Cunningham, Louise Cunningham, Edna Duffey, Isabel Elliott, Myra Hinze, Teresa Kelly, Rose Mudd, Madeleine McMahon, Helen McCarney, Jessie Newton, Kathleen O'Gorman, Nora O'Gorman, Elise Robider, Jean Sears, Marjorie Vrooman, obtained by Miss Teresa Kelly.

Prize for Order and Personal Neatness, equally merited by Miss Marguerite Amyot, Anna Argy, Florence Bowen, Fanny Best, Neenah Brady, Edna Duffey, Myra Hinze, Teresa Kelly, Rosina Merle, Helen McCarney, Madeleine McMahon, Josephine Meyers, Kathleen O'Gorman, Norah O'Gorman, Bertha O'Sullivan, Dorothy Rochford, Jean Sears and Ruby Suttles, obtained by Miss Madeleine McMahon.

Prize for Penmanship, equally merited by Miss Anna Argy, Neenah Brady, Elizabeth Cunningham, Rose Mudd, Eleanor McManus, obtained by Miss Rose Mudd.

Prize for Darning, equally merited by Miss Myra Hinze, Cecilia Merle and Ruby Suttles, obtained by Miss Ruby Suttles.

Prize for Fancy Work, equally merited by Miss Fanny Best, Myra Hinze, Cecilia Merle, Adeline Mulqueen and Helen McCarney, obtained by Miss Helen McCarney.

Prize for Plain Sewing, awarded to Miss Eleanor McManus.

Prize for Catechism, in Primary Department, awarded to Miss Helen Twoomey.

Prize for Personal Neatness, awarded to Mary Murray.

Prize for Application, awarded to Fleda Osborne and Lola Ward.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, awarded to Gertrude Doty.

PROGRAMME.

Full Chorus—Joys of Spring—Vocal Waltz
..... *Lichter*

Crowning of the Graduates.

Vocal Solo—"The Nightingale's Song"..*Nevin*
MISS RUBY SUTTLES.

Piano Solo—La Castagnette.....*Kettina*
MISS HAZEL FREEMAN.

Chorus—Advance and Retreat of the Bobolinks
.....
THE MINIMS.

Recitation with Musical Accompaniment...
MISS BERTHA O'SULLIVAN.

Ode to Music.....*Henry Van Dyke*

PreludeMiss Fanny Best

LullabyMiss Mary Maxwell

Play SongMiss Eleanor McManus

WaltzMiss Helen McCarney

SymphonyMiss Hazel Freeman

Hunting SongMiss Edna Duffy

MinuetMiss Rosina McDonald

DirgeMiss Madeleine McMahon

Vocal Solo—"Sing, Sweet Bird".....*Ganz*
MISS KATHLEEN O'GORMAN.

Semi-Chorus—

(a) The Shoogy Shoo.....*Mayhew*

(b) I Know a Maiden Fair to See..*Rossini*

Full Chorus—

(a) Down by the Sea.....*Marzo*

(b) To the Wind.....*Marzo*

Distribution of Prizes.

AVE MARIA LORETO.

Classes will be resumed the first Tuesday in September.

You can't learn to win until you learn to lose. Temporary failure is a chrysalis from which many a full-winged success has soared.

1913

**A Pleasant Reunion at Loreto,
Niagara Falls.**

THE scholastic year closed with a meeting of the former pupils of Loreto, Niagara, for the purpose of organizing an Alumnae Association.

On Monday, June 20th., a luncheon was served at one o'clock in the prettily decorated dining hall, after which old friendships were renewed, as the members mingled and recalled the olden days, strolling about the spacious grounds or viewing the magnificent Falls from the extensive galleries of the convent.

In the evening, a banquet was given and as the sounds of merriment were borne through the corridors, one fancied that time had receded and that those, who for many years had known life's responsibilities, were once more joyous, carefree schoolgirls.

At eight o'clock, on Tuesday, the 21st. inst., the Holy Sacrifice was offered by Reverend Father Gillis, C. S. P., Washington, D. C., who addressed the former students in words of congratulation and encouragement. The choir, on the occasion, was composed of members of the Alumnae, and their clear, sweet tones proved that they had not lost the beautiful art of song acquired during their schooldays at Loreto.

Tues
A meeting was held in the assembly hall of the Academy at ten o'clock, when the following officers were elected:

- President—Miss Gertrude Hefferan, Erie, Pa.
- Vice-President—Miss Cyrene Keane, La Salle, N. Y.
- Secretary—Miss Elizabeth Matthews, Niagara Falls, Ont.
- Treasurer—Mrs. Frackleton, Fenton, Mich.

The Alumnae attended the Closing Exercises of the Academy, which were held at 3.30 p. m.

Before separating, the former pupils made a choice and acceptable gift to their Alma Mater and, on saying farewell, lessened the sadness of parting by the promise of a reunion one year hence.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, Godlike hatred.

**Closing Exercises at Loreto Abbey,
Toronto.**

THE Closing Exercises and graduation of ten of the pupils took place at Loreto Abbey, on Wednesday, June the twenty-second. Long before the appointed hour, the spacious concert hall was filled with parents of the pupils and friends of the Institution. When the curtain rolled up, a scene, verily "a thing of beauty," was presented to the audience. Arranged in robes of snowy white against a background of the Loreto colors, stood on tiers about one hundred and fifty of the Abbey pupils, while in front, forming a semi-circular row, were the ten young ladies on whom the honors of their Alma Mater were to be conferred. The Right Reverend Monsignor McCann occupied the seat of honor, as representative of His Grace Archbishop McEvay, whose illness prevented him from being present, but whose restoration to health has been an intention in the earnest prayers of all, for some time. The chief number on the programme was the drama—"Diana or Christ," by a member of the Community. The histrionic ability displayed by those taking part claimed and absorbed the attention of all present, while the merit of the rendering, as a whole, was voiced by a critic in the art, as the best play he had ever seen on a convent stage. At the close of the entertainment, Right Reverend Monsignor McCann congratulated the pupils on their successful close of a most successful year, one wherein they had received an education deserving the name—a training not alone of the head but of the mind and heart. The Reverend speaker paid a glowing tribute to the work done at the Abbey, which has always been in the foremost rank as an educational institution, quoting in proof the satisfaction expressed by the examiners of the papers on different subjects. The following is the programme:

- Welcome Chorus
- Crowning of Graduates.
- Serenade: *Gounod*
MISS GABRIELLE BRUNET.
- Drama, "Diana or Christ."
Dramatis Personae.
Aegisthus, Prefect of Ephesus. Florence McGillis
Virgilia, Wife of Aegisthus. Margaret Conway

Electra, Daughter of Aegisthus....Mona Clark
 Atho, Son of Aegisthus.....Grace Podger
 Patroclus, friend of Aegisthus.Kathleen Harkins
 Alcida, Friend of Electra.....Helena Murphy
 High Priest of Diana.....Marie Hearn
 Court EnvoyBlanche Goodrow
 HeraldMarjorie McTavish
 SemproniusMary Boland
 MercutioBessie Ganley
 Greek Chorus of Virgins, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Violin Selection
 MISS MARIE SMITH.

Piano Solo, "The Witches' Dance"..*MacDowell*
 MISS LENORE FULTON.

Song, "Erin the Tear and the Smile".....
 MISS MADELEINE L. CARTER.

Distribution of Medals and Honors in Senior
 Academic Classes.

AVE MARIA LORETO.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Classes will be resumed on Tuesday, September the sixth.

**Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises,
 Loreto Abbey, Toronto.**

Graduating Medals conferred upon Misses Mary Rodden, Celestine O'Meara, Myra Street, Irene Casserly, Florence MacGillis, Bessie Ganley, Margaret Conway, Helena Murphy, Mary Boland and Kathleen Harkins.

Gold Medals for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by His Grace Most Reverend F. P. McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto, obtained by Miss Myra Street and Miss Genevieve Twomey.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, presented by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, obtained by Miss Katharine Brown.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Junior Department, obtained by Miss Adeline Robbins.

Gold Medal for Church History, presented by Reverend G. H. Williams, obtained by Miss Margaret Conway.

Bronze Medal for Excellence in English Literature, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor General, obtained by Miss Mary Rodden.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. Gertrude Foy, obtained by Miss Mona Clark.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by the Honorable Eugene O'Keefe, Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword to His Holiness, contested under the direction of William Pedergast, B. A., and obtained by Miss Florence Malone.

Gold Medal for Latin, presented by Reverend William McCann, obtained by Miss Mary Boland.

Gold Medal for Proficiency in Junior Matriculation Class, presented by Reverend A. J. McCaffery, obtained by Miss Teresa O'Reilly.

Gold Medal for Shorthand and Typewriting, presented by Mr. J. J. Seitz, obtained by Miss Marie Hearn.

Gold Palette for Painting, obtained by Miss Muriel Buckley.

Prizes for Good Conduct and Fidelity to School Rules, presented by Reverend L. Minehan, in Senior Department in Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Florence Malone; in Senior Department in Day-School, obtained by Miss Grace Podger; in Intermediate Department in Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Annie Smyth; in Intermediate Department in Day-School, obtained by Miss Frances Hearn; in Junior Department in Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Annie Larkin; in Junior Department in Day-School, obtained by Miss Edna Russell.

"I can only pass this way once," somebody thoughtfully said concerning life. Have you ever thought how that note of oneness strikes through everybody's life in this world? In a moment—once a babe; once a child; once a youth; once becoming a young woman; once in the vigor of maturity; once in old age, should we live so long; once dying. Really, when we come to think of it, our chance in this world is pretty narrow. If twiceness or thrice-ness were the note of our life here, a failure once or twice would not be so great a matter. But that grim fact of oneness makes living a mighty serious matter, doesn't it?

So the question—how to make this one life of ours in this world nobly effective—is a very practical question for each one of us; is it not?

Alumnae Column.

AT the annual meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association, held at Loreto Abbey, on Tuesday afternoon, June 7th., the following officers for the year 1910-11 were elected:

Honorary President, Reverend Mother Ignatia; Hon. Vice-President, Mrs. T. P. Phelan; President, Miss L. Hynes; First Vice-President, Mrs. Roesler; Second Vice-President, Miss Josephine Doherty; Treasurer, Miss Irene Phelan; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bertha Boland; Recording Secretary, Miss Josephine Collins; Convener of Literature, Miss Josephine Doherty; Convener of Music, Mrs. Edward Sullivan; Convener of Finance, Mrs. James Dwyer; Convener of House Committee, Mrs. Joseph Doane.

High Mass for the Members of the Alumnae of Loreto was celebrated by Reverend Doctor Roche of Church Extension, in the chapel of Loreto Abey, on Sunday, June 12th., at ten o'clock. The Loreto Glee Club, under the able direction of Mrs. Charles Smith, gave an exquisite rendition of Forrester's Mass; the Ave Maria by Marchetti, sung at the Offertory, being deserving of the highest praise. At the conclusion of Mass, Reverend Doctor Roche explained the aims and objects of Church Extension and exhorted all present to take an active personal interest in its welfare.

When we read of the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked.

Letter Box.

TRIESTE, May, 1910.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The perusal of your columns has given me so much pleasure that I cannot withstand the temptation of telling you how pleased I am when I see your brilliant colors emerge from their envelope. How eagerly I look for the heading, "Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton"—dear old Mount, where so many happy days of my school life were passed!

Perhaps it might interest your readers to hear something about the Convent of Our Lady of Sion here, and the doings of our little foreigners. Trieste itself is a seaport town of Austria, 370 miles from Vienna; it is finely situated on the Adriatic Sea, with a background of steep hills. It was a place of importance in Roman times, under the name of Tergeste. The convent is built on a high hill in the principal part of the city. From the tower of the chapel we have a magnificent panorama of all the surrounding country, the beautiful blue Adriatic Sea and the snow-covered Julian Alps, which seem to rise from the sea. If it were not for the variety of colors given to them by the reflection of the sun, one would be inclined to believe they were not mountains but clouds. How I would like to describe the wonderful sunsets when old Sol descends, as it were, into the sea, in all his "gold and crimson glory," but as my pen is inadequate to such a description, I will instead tell you about the afternoon the members of St. Cecilia's Choir spent, last week, at the Castle of Miramar, the former residence of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Mexico.

Leaving on the train, at 12.15, before going to the village of Miramar we first paid a visit to Grignano, a small place built upon the mountain and overlooking the sea. After climbing up the mountains and admiring the view, we walked back over rustic bridges to the grounds surrounding the Castle. On entering the park we were accosted by a gendarme, who, after a strict surveillance "de nos personnes," concluded we were honest-looking people and allowed us to pass.

The Castle is situated on a lovely headland.

The grounds, being on the slope of the mountain, are laid out in terraces; each one lovelier than the other, with their bowers, bridges, kiosks and towers, all covered with ivy, roses, and wisteria in full bloom. The garden around the Castle is laid out very artistically with parterres of all shapes and flowers of every hue. A wide stone stairway leads down to the Adriatic, which, that day, seemed like a mirror covered with diamonds glistening in the sun.

At three o'clock the Castle is opened to the public. We were ushered in by one of Maximilian's old servants, who led us from room to room, describing in a most pathetic manner all that pertained to and spoke to him of his ever-loved master.

The interior of the Castle is magnificent and was built after the design of Maximilian himself. In the hall at the entrance of the main stairway, the walls are decorated with trophies of his hunting expeditions. There are several life-size portraits of him, one, painted in Mexico, which arrived after his assassination, represents him in his imperial robes. In the throne-room we see him receiving the Mexican representatives, who are offering him the crown of Mexico, another shows his departure, embarking in a boat at the foot of the stone stairway, accompanied by his wife, the Princess Charlotte. When, some time after, she received the news of his death, she lost her reason, and, to this day, in one of her châteaux in Belgium, she is still awaiting his return. She must have been a very beautiful woman, as the paintings represent her at every age, and are charming. Poor, unfortunate woman! The memory of her and her unfortunate husband throws a sadness and gloom over the whole castle. Everything speaks of him, his apartments, which still remain as he left them, years ago, his writing-desk, his collection of Japanese curiosities, as he had arranged them himself—but I am afraid it would take me too long to give a description of each room, so, after a last glimpse of the Adriatic, on the wide terraces surrounding the Castle, we paid a visit to a secluded spot in the garden, where a small chapel contains an immense crucifix of beautiful workmanship. The figure of Christ is life-size and was carved from the wood of the boat in which Maximilian embarked for his long voy-

age. The face is most wonderfully expressive, it seems that Princess Charlotte passed many an hour here, entreating Him, who is the comforter of the afflicted, for courage to drink of the chalice which, she had a presentiment, was one day to be presented to her lips.

After leaving the Castle the children partook of a delicious lunch on one of the terraces near the sea. Needless to say, they did honor to the occasion, and interspersed the different courses by writing postals to all their friends far and near. At six o'clock, we took the boat for home and were entertained during the passage with strains from a guitar, "Santa Lucia," of course, beginning and ending the programme.

Next week, we are to go to visit the grotto of Adelsberg, situated at about 120 miles from Trieste. In my next letter I will give you a description of this famous grotto. Before finishing my lengthy letter, I must add that our children, who are of every nationality, are all interested in America. They have rather a confused idea of Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, New York, skyscrapers, millionaires, Chicago, and the Indians. But since my arrival and graphic descriptions, it is a case of "see America and die." Au revoir.

S. M. L.

He is the best reader who makes books help him to think instead of making them give him thoughts. The proper work of books is to stimulate rather than to store the mind. Some people can not read much, and probably never become well read in the popular sense; for if a book interests them, it makes them think so much that they have to put the book away and watch their own thoughts; and if it did not make them think, they could not read it at all. To be barred out from books in such a delightful way as that is better than to be infinitely well read in the storage way. To know when to drop a book is one of the characteristics of an artistic reader. Then, too, one must dare to read a few books over and over, and not fret for fear of falling behind in the great rush of the "new-book" world. The world will not soon outstrip its best, and such a reader will be in at the finish, let him go ever so appreciatively slow.

**School Chronicle, Loreto Convent,
Niagara Falls.**

March the thirty-first—Our dear former companion, Miss Agnes Buddles—now known in religion as Sister Mary Carmela—had the great happiness of receiving the habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Loreto Abbey. His Grace Archbishop McEvay officiated on the occasion. Niagara was well represented—Miss Frances O'Farrel, Vivian Spence, Elinore Lilly, Iona McLaughlin, Grace Sears, Jean Sears, Cecil McLaughlin, Madeline McMahon, Neenah Brady and Dorothy Clarkson, were among the invited, and extended their heartiest congratulations to the young novice, at the outset of her religious career. Our little Hildegarde Bartlett was very important, having filled the rôle of angel to her sister, Fabiola, Sister Mary St. Paul of the Cross. This last-named novice is a former pupil of Loreto Abbey, and is the second member of the family who has been called to the religious life. Her only brother is at present in the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault au Récollet, Montreal.

In the afternoon of the above date, we were honored by a visit from Bishop Colton of Buffalo and Bishop Hickey of Rochester. Their Lordships were accompanied by Rev. Father Birmingham, pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

April the tenth—It was our happy privilege on Sunday, April 10th, to entertain the Rt. Rev. John Grimes, D. D., V. G., coadjutor Bishop of Syracuse. His Lordship was accompanied by Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Niagara University, Rev. Father Allen of the same institution, and Rev. Father Lee of Corning, N. Y. The visit was unexpected, consequently informal.

Bishop Grimes was greatly impressed with the beauties of our Niagara home and praised its ideal surroundings. Before his visit was over, to the delight of each convent girl's heart—a holiday was granted for the following Saturday.

April the fourteenth—We had the happiness of welcoming another representative of the Syracuse diocese, Rev. J. F. Mullaney, Rector of St. John the Baptist's Church of that city. It is needless to introduce Father Mullaney to the RAINBOW readers, but just to mention—he is the brother of the late Brother Azarias, whose works have moved so many hearts to all that is best

and noblest in literature. Father Mullaney was warmly welcomed by all, but particularly by two pupils from his home city. During the course of the afternoon, the Rev. Father gave us an impromptu talk, urging us to the cultivation of a love of the truly excellent in literature, and a greater acquaintance with the gigantic work accomplished by the early missionaries in our land, the thrilling and interesting accounts of which are to be found in the "Jesuit Relations." Like his far-famed brother, Father Mullaney is a great lover of books and a promoter of literary culture.

We hope for another visit from this learned ecclesiastic, in the near future. He will always meet with a warm welcome from the community and pupils of Loreto, for during his short visit, he won all hearts by his genial affability and kindness.

April the sixteenth—At last, our holiday had arrived, and the first pleasure of it was an "unusually long sleep." The morning was spent in preparation for our baseball game, which, annually marks the celebration of the 24th of May, a day dear to every Canadian's heart. Of course, we Americans join in the festivities with a good will and contend with our Canadian sisters in our favorite game.

The afternoon found us on our way to the "Dufferin Islands," where we spent a most enjoyable hour, gathering wild flowers and admiring nature's manifestations.

But alas! there was one drawback to our enjoyment, in the excitement of leaving we had forgotten the substantials, the lunch baskets had been left behind!

Nevertheless, the first buds and blossoms of spring and those sweet modest violets, which we found in profusion, amply compensated us for the loss, and the extra exercise rendered us entirely appreciative of the luncheon, which, on our return, we enjoyed on the lawn.

April the twentieth—We all shared in the joy of Miss Bertha O'Sullivan in welcoming her dear parents, who came all the way from old Quebec, to pay their daughter a short visit.

April the twenty-fourth—This evening, St. Catherine's Literary Society gave an improvised entertainment of music, song and elocution. Each member contributed to the evening's en-

joyment and the hour passed much too quickly, to suit the young maidens most interested in the program.

April the twenty-eighth—Our dear friend, Rev. Father Rosa, once more appeared in our midst, and, as usual, received a very evident welcome, for his visits always mean an evening of the utmost pleasure.

Father Rosa is unequalled as an entertainer, and the remembrances of his visits and his many kindnesses to us will be treasured long after we have left Loreto's walls.

April the twenty-ninth—This afternoon, Rev. Father O'Neill, O. P., and Rev. Father Walsh, O. P., accompanied by Rev. Father Brady and Rev. Father O'Connor, of Hamilton, paid us a short visit. The two Dominican Fathers were returning from Montreal, where they had delivered a Lenten Course of lectures. It was Father O'Neill's first trip to Niagara, and he contrasted the smooth Lakes of Killarney with our roaring waters of Niagara.

Visitors, on their return from the consecration of the newly-consecrated Bishop of London, including Father Cauley of Osborne, accompanied by his sister, took a peep at the far-famed cataract, and, in the interim, found time for a few minutes at the Academy. We were also favored with a visit from Rev. Dr. Kirby, of Youngstown, Ohio, and Rev. Father Buckley, of New Zealand.

May the first—As is customary each year, the "May Bands" were chosen, and the excitement that prevailed in our study hall, combined with the interest taken by each girl, gave us a vivid impression of what elections really mean. After much deliberation and reflection, Mary Maxwell and Rosina MacDonald were chosen to head the "Bands." Mary Maxwell chose as Patroness for hers Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and Miss MacDonald, Our Lady of Loreto.

May the seventh—The feast of the great Archangel Michael—a day signalized in the annals of the Institute by a singular interposition of Divine Providence—was duly celebrated, and little Doris Shreve, the youngest in the house, bore the statue of our Saint to the altar.

May the tenth—The following delightful violin recital was given, this evening. Through the

earnest endeavors of Miss Blanche Carter the evening was one to be remembered.

The programme was as follows:

- DONIZETTI—Sextett *Lucia de Lammeroor*
MISS CARTER.
- VOCAL SOLO *Strelczki*
MISS K. O'GORMAN.
- DUETT—Angels' Serenade *Braga*
MISS CARTER and MISS C. MERLE.
- PIANO SOLO *Coleman Chovan*
MISS BERNICE MACK.
- REVERIE *Falkhurst*
- CAVATINA *Raff*
MISS CARTER.
- VOCAL SOLO—Thoughts of Home *Edwards*
MISS R. SUTTLES.
- SERENADE *Harris*
MISS CARTER.
- PIANO SOLO—Spirits of the Glen *Dennée*
MISS E. CUNNINGHAM.
- ROMANCE Op. 4 *Heutsch*
- TRÄUMEREI *Schumann*
MISS CARTER.

Wednesday, the eighteenth — On Wednesday afternoon, under the excellent guidance of Miss Julia Wechter, the students of the elocution department gave a very interesting recital and delighted all who were present. Each pupil gave evidence of having made great improvement in all that pertains to the art of elocution—voice, enunciation and attitude, and each recitation called forth enthusiastic applause.

The following programme was rendered:

- THE QUEEN'S GIFT *Rose Thorp*
MISS RITA COFFEY.
- MARIO *Thomas Reed*
MISS HAZEL FREEMAN.
- THE SILVER CROSS *Francesca Alexander*
MISS ROSINA MACDONALD.
- AMIEL'S GIFT *Jean Bluett*
MISS MADELEINE McMAHON.
- THE MONK FELIX *Longfellow*
MISS ELEANOR McMANUS.

Miss Wechter then favored us with one of her choice selections, "The White Rose."

May the twenty-second—Amongst the hal-
lowed rejoicings of the close of May, came the
touching and impressive ceremony of First Com-
munion. Florence Tyson, May Dawson, Mary
Murray, Hildegard Bartlett and Marguerite
Bracken were the privileged ones. How we all
envied them their radiant happiness! No won-
der tears of joy filled so many eyes, while feel-
ings of tenderest emotion filled our hearts, as the
little white-robed forms approached the altar-
steps and we voiced the sentiments of their souls
in sweetest strains.

Reverend A. Smits, O. C. C., officiated and
delivered a very beautiful sermon, giving the
little ones many kindly words of advice.

May the twenty-fifth—Three golden days
gleam forth with a radiance of their own. After
the many pleasures we had enjoyed during the
year, it was ordained that we should retire awhile
and give ourselves up to earnest reflection.

Accordingly, on May 25th, Reverend M. J.
Rosa, C. M., opened the annual retreat and con-
ducted the conferences with that spirit of truly
practical piety so needful at the present day. As
we sat in our little chapel and mused on his
touching discourses, we longed to be true to the
ever-noble principles he inculcated.

On Sunday morning, the retreat closed with a
few impressive remarks for the preservation of
the graces we had received during the last few
days.

With the imparting of the Papal Blessing, and
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, our three
days of well-nigh perfect prayer came to a close.

May the thirty-first—It was with a deep feel-
ing of emotion, closely allied to sadness, that we
celebrated the close of May. On account of the
uncertainty of the weather, we were obliged to
hold the procession in-doors. The spacious halls
of our Alma Mater rang with the beautiful
hymns and as we wended our way towards the
chapel, the Litany of Loreto was chanted. The
procession was headed by Miss Rosina MacDon-
ald, the victorious leader of the band of "Our
Lady of Loreto," accompanied by little May
Dawson, the victorious leader of the junior
school.

Arriving within the chapel, at the shrine of
our Blessed Mother the crown was laid upon her
head.

The ceremony was followed by Benediction of
the Blessed Sacrament, and with the soft strains
of that dear hymn, "Farewell to May," closed
the dearest of months, with its love-inspiring de-
votions.

June the tenth—A most enjoyable and instruc-
tive evening, when the Rev. F. Rosa, C. M., in
a lecture on the birds and animals of Canada, il-
lustrated his remarks by a series of magnificent
stereopticon views.

June the seventeenth—The Very Rev. E. J.
Walsh, C. M., delivered a brilliant address on
"Educational Ideals." ROSINA MACDONALD.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

The hereditary Muse of poetry and romance,
bequeathed to the noble Bard of Athol, finds ex-
pression in the sentiments conveyed in his quite
charming lines, addressed to the RAINBOW *Staff*,
and which, we would fain hope, are not merely
chivalric regard but rather a meed of approval
and encouragement of their best efforts.

TO THE RULERS OF THE RAINBOW.

Thanks a thousand, all aglow
For your splendid Easter "Bow,"
Which in all respects that count
Marks the maidens of The Mount,
Its bright controllers,
Worthy of the famous fount
Where they are scholars.

The Bard of Athol, with his sword on,
Gives special thanks to Mary Gordon,
Event recorder,
For her attention to what he
May utter in his hours of glee—
Not aye in order—
Evincing the delights that flow
To him so blithely from the Bow.

A glad and glorious Eastertide
To you and all who with you glide! W. M.

P. S.: You'll please accept, beyond surmise,
The very latest from the skies—
Of course containing nothing comic—
The newest Journal Astronomic.

After the days of Lenten gloom, nothing could have come more opportunely to brighten us for school life than the Musical and Dramatic Entertainment, given by St. Mary's Young Ladies' Sodality, and to which our kind chaplain, Reverend F. Hinchey, invited us.

Those who remained at the convent during the Easter holidays, considered themselves fortunate to enjoy such a treat as the Operetta, entitled "A Japanese Girl," proved to be. The costumes and scenery were excellent, and the chorus sang and danced remarkably well.

The idea of the Operetta was suggested by a picturesque custom prevalent in some parts of Japan. When a near relative has to be absent from home for a long time, he often leaves behind him a growing plant, young tree, or singing bird, which is called by his name and regarded as his substitute. The greatest care is bestowed upon this object, for, should any harm befall it, the Japanese regard the misfortune as portentous of ill luck to the person whom it represents.

The young ladies in their gay kimonos and flowers on the beautifully decorated stage, formed a brilliant picture throughout the performance.

April the sixteenth—We visited St. Joseph's Church during the Forty Hours' Devotion. While adoring Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His love, we could not but recall the words of Cardinal Wiseman: "In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt as during the Forty Hours' Devotion. No ceremony is going forward in the sanctuary, no sound of song is issuing from the choir, no voice of exhortation proceeds from the pulpit, no prayer is uttered aloud at the altar. There are hundreds there, and yet they are engaged in no congregational act of worship. Each heart and soul is alone in the midst of a multitude; each uttering its own thoughts, each feeling its own grace. Yet you are overpowered, subdued, quelled into a reverential mood, softened into a devotional spirit, forced to meditate, to feel, to pray. How many have spent hours in that heavenly Presence, where they seem to breathe the pure air of Paradise! To them, indeed, it is 'the house of God and the gate of heaven.'"

April the seventeenth—The first of three perfectly happy days of Retreat, conducted by Reverend A. O'Neill, O. P., whose deep insight into human nature was evidenced in every exercise from the opening sermon, in which he earnestly appealed to each one to enter these days of silence and prayer with a desire to profit by the opportunity afforded, to the last beautiful instruction on the mission of divine grace in the soul.

Even those who had looked forward with a certain trepidation to this periodic call to a more serious view of life, to this new experience of remoteness from customary occupations and enjoyments, were surprised, after the introductory sermon, at the inward peace and calm produced by the preacher's words.

Among many other salutary lessons, Father O'Neill emphasized the value of our immortal souls, the obligation of laboring for their salvation, the necessity of prayer—which is a conversation with God and should not be an irksome task, but rather a precious privilege—not only in our spiritual life, but for our intellectual and temporal welfare. He urged us to look beyond the world of sense by keeping our desires within due bounds and according them only a restricted liberty. This, he remarked, is not in accordance with the spirit of the world around us, which repudiates the soul and its importance and is solicitous only for the body, but we must estimate things at their proper value and show the beauty of religion in our daily lives by diffusing an atmosphere of gentleness, kindness and forbearance, that all who come in contact with us may realize what virtue, in its truest sense, means.

The good Father's words, while awakening a sense of our responsibility, could not fail to cause introspection, and stir the latent fervor of those who may have become lukewarm.

That we have been faithful to the high ideals inspired by the zealous missionary's lucid exposition of the great truths of religion, will, we feel sure, be the best proof we can offer when next Father O'Neill sojourns in Canada, of the success of his efforts in our behalf.

April the twenty-first—A holiday—the best part of which was the delightful informal hour with Father O'Neill, who, at the close of the retreat, spent the forenoon with us in the recreation hall, chatting interestingly of his trip

across the ocean, last February, of his travelling companions, among whom were Mark Ham-bourg and Mrs. Ham-bourg. As we had had the pleasure of attending this celebrated Russian pianist's Recital, in Hamilton, the week before, we were eager to compare notes and hear Father O'Neill's impressions of his performance and personality.

The conversation then drifted to the dear Emerald Isle, its beautiful cities, ruined castles and abbeys, famous in song and story; its mountains, glens, and jaunting-cars—everything pertaining to real Irish life—to which Father O'Neill's descriptive powers did full justice—is there not something peculiarly arresting and magnetic in Irish eloquence, just as there is something peculiarly alluring in Irish wit? Topics of current interest—notably, Home Rule, of which the good Father is an ardent advocate, were also discussed. Indeed, so sanguine was he of the realization of his hopes in this direction and so glowing was his portrayal of the Beautiful Isle of the Sea, with her hoped-for crown of national life and liberty, that we long to visit her shores, linger in her storied halls, romance in Irish fancies—and, mayhap, look in on Father O'Neill in his picturesque home on the banks of the historic Lee.

April the twenty-third—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by Very Reverend E. J. Walsh, C. M., President of Niagara University, N. Y.

Owing to the many claims made upon the time of our Very Reverend guest, by his devotion to every good cause, and his manifold activities, manifested in the erection of additional college buildings at Niagara University, he could afford but the briefest visit to Mt. St. Mary, greatly to the regret of his friends of the Faculty, who, with the members of the other Loretos of the I. B. V. M., regard him as one to whom all are deeply indebted.

We wish the Very Reverend President of the great Institution which so many of the Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Reverend clergy of the United States claim as their Alma Mater, continued success.

May the first—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by Reverend J. A. Tracy, C. M.,

Niagara University, N. Y.; after which this worthy son of St. Vincent de Paul, in resonant and eloquent tones, exhorted us to the imitation of the Mother of God—the perfection of womanhood—stainless womanhood—and placed this ideal before us as something noble and sacred.

At a period of the world's history when woman is really becoming degraded, when the age seems to be going back to the pagan idea of woman, and when the lives of women are becoming pagan lives, what a sublime satisfaction was the good Father's assurance, that it is impossible to honor Mary, to pray frequently to her, to meditate on her privileges, without growing better and stronger in faith, and coming nearer to her Divine Son.

May the fifth—Ascension Day. In accordance with the time-honored custom, we assembled in the chapel in the early forenoon, to receive in spirit the blessing of Our Lord, such as the Apostles received on Mount Olivet when a cloud received Him out of their sight; and which Blessing the Holy Father continues to impart to the four quarters of the earth.

After supper, with eager anticipation, we hastened to the concert hall, from where faint sounds, as of tuning of instruments, had reached us, awakening a musical curiosity as to what was in store.

Elsewhere the programme is given in full, here I wish to convey, both from the Faculty and students, an expression of appreciation and sincere thanks to Mr. Hutton and orchestra and assisting artists.

May the fifteenth—His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Joseph's Church. Two of the Juniors—Ernestine Müller and Barbara McIntyre—were among those confirmed.

Although His Lordship had already officiated at St. Anne's, in the morning, and, with that ardent zeal characteristic of his Apostolic succession, instructed and anointed with holy chrism a large class of the parish school children, as well as adults, he proceeded in the early afternoon to St. Joseph's, where we had the privilege of listening to his instructive words, delivered with all that earnestness so peculiarly his own,

and which, in their simple directness and suitability, could not fail to produce the desired effect.

Our beloved Bishop's indefatigable labors in the discharge of his episcopal duties have for weeks kept him busily engaged, going around doing good, like his Divine Model, dispensing the word of God, and leading the flock entrusted to his care into right ways.

May the all-potent intercession of our Immaculate Mother, which he has so often asked us to invoke in his behalf, obtain for His Lordship the fullest measure of the success dearest to his heart, in his God-given mission of bringing souls to Christ.

May the eighteenth—Last evening, many grave faces might have been seen in the groups of usually merry girls. Marguerite was reading aloud from a newspaper the possible results to our small globe in its passage through the comet's tail—and we felt as though an unsheathed sword had been suspended over our guilty heads. The evening was spent somewhat seriously, and several took a last peep at the sky before retiring, in anticipation of the impending disaster, but they were rather amazed to find it just the same as ever. Soon the sleeping apartments were hushed in silence, save for the voices of those who have the rather undesirable art of communicating their secrets to the wakeful, by proclaiming them in very shrill tones.

About midnight, I heard steps approaching, then the opening of a window, and a voice in woebegone tones: "Oh, nothing at all has happened, everything is just the same"—and, with a sigh, Celia returned to her bed. Evidently, she had been anxiously awaiting a catastrophe—and was disappointed!

Some one nearby remarked: "If Celia cares for an earthquake, or a fire, or a cyclone, or a flood, our tastes are not in that direction, and I sincerely hope that if her wishes are realized I shall be many miles away from the scene"—the latter is surely planning a trip to Mars!

The following graphic description of the woes of a young teacher will, doubtless, be enjoyed (?) by others similarly situated: ". . . If you would go just one degree farther and spend some of your extra prayer-time in asking the

quickest saint in heaven to charge me with radium, or whatever new-fangled substance is the source of the hustle of the age, your delicate consideration would be quite unparalleled.

Every little while, mother gives a despairing look towards somebody celestial—perhaps that speedy saint—and the look seems to say—"Dear goodness! that girl is so desperately slow!" But if mother were to visit my class, as I hope she will soon, and see me looking sixty ways at once and dealing pretty completely with the antics of as many boys—il me semble qu'elle dirait—"Well, she's not so slow, after all."

You would sympathize with my delight in having a class of boys again—even if they are for the most part restless and villainous and hard to manage. The name that a friend gave them—St. Michael's wrigglers—fits them better than anything else I can think of; and, since this is the season when all well-brought-up pollywogs are putting forth all their efforts to transform themselves into gay young frogs, I shall keep a sharp lookout, and if I see any of mine showing signs of shedding their skins or developing extra arms or legs or otherwise trying to change themselves into St. Michael's frogs, I shall send you a good specimen for nature study. Au revoir. *Fabiola.*"

May the twenty-sixth—The Feast of Corpus Christi—a day of unspeakable happiness for Lois McBrady, who made her First Communion—and of renewed joy for those to whom the memory of other First Communion Days came back, as the favored child approached the altar, her soul hushed in a holy peace, and God's own purity in her heart.

Lois was singularly privileged. Her uncle, Reverend R. Brady, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, was celebrant of the Mass, and beside her knelt her mother and her sister, Beatrice, also a pupil, partakers at the Divine Banquet.

How touchingly beautiful was the scene when the small white-robed figure rose, followed by her attendant angels—Janet McIntosh and Genevieve Arland—bearing lighted tapers and clusters of snowy blossoms, emblematic of the innocence of the heart within which the Real Presence was so soon to be enshrined; and proceeded

to the altar-rail, while the choir sang the soul-inspiring hymn—"O Lord, I am not worthy that Thou should'st come to me."

Surely, our Blessed Mother must have smiled upon her children and blessed those hearts in which her Son found a home.

After the First Communicant's déjeuner, we returned to the chapel, where we listened, with reverent attention, to an exposition of the motto of the Basilian Order—*Bonitatem, et disciplinam, et scientiam doce me*—which Father McBrady took for his text, developing the spiritual significance of goodness, discipline, and knowledge, as applied to our daily lives. Father McBrady then made a touching appeal to us to visit frequently the Divine Prisoner of Love in the Tabernacle, where we would ever find grace to acquire the goodness, knowledge, and discipline that will enable us to become model Catholic young women.

In the evening, Mrs. McBrady, with kind forethought, provided ice cream and cake for the Community and pupils, who again desire to express their appreciation of her generosity.

May the twenty-ninth—The Solemnity of Corpus Christi. Ernestine Müller, whom illness prevented from making her First Holy Communion on Corpus Christi, had the happiness of receiving Our Divine Lord for the first time, to-day. Her angel attendants were Ruth and Anna McSorley.

Very Reverend A. C. Walter, D. D., celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, at which Mrs. Müller and her daughter, Isolde, also a pupil, were present. The latter had made her First Holy Communion the year previous, in the historic Gereonskirche in Cologne, Germany, where, up to this period of their lives, Isolde and Ernestine had resided. Since the death of their beloved father, their mother returned with them to her home in Canada.

Mrs. Bauer, Ernestine's grandmother, was not unmindful of the German traditions, on this occasion, nor were her relatives in the Vaterland, whose gifts reached the happy child in due time.

The Juniors shared with Ernestine the dainty supper which Mrs. Bauer's hands had prepared.

In the evening, His Lordship, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., attended by Reverend F.

Hinchey, chaplain, admitted the following young ladies—Beatrice McBrady, Mary Farrelly, Eileen O'Brien, Clara Overend, Josephine McCabe, Jean Michael, Marion Sweeney, Muriel Drescher, Cecilia Coughlan and Louise Voisard—into the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

Blue Ribbons of Honor were awarded to Helen Smith and Edna Witherup.

A special expression of gratitude, which comes from our hearts, we would wish to convey to His Lordship, who, although fatigued from the Corpus Christi procession, and the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation, in the morning, came during the inclement downpour, and honored us by officiating on this occasion.

The most golden and delightful memory not only of the school year but, probably, of our lives, will be the recollection of the informal evening hour, which it was our privilege to spend with His Lordship, who delightfully entertained us with song and story and missionary reminiscences of his early apostolic labors. *Ad Multos Annos!*

Julia Fahey added considerably to the sweet enjoyment of the occasion by her remembrance of school girls' weakness for ice cream and cake, a generous supply of which was provided by her for the Faculty and students.

May the thirtieth—The Misses Walsh, of Buffalo, N. Y., pleasantly surprised their little nieces, Ruth and Anna McSorley, on Decoration Day. After an outing to the city, on their return to the convent, the Minims were brought to the parlor to entertain—and be entertained by—their interesting brother, Master John Francis Anthony Walsh McSorley, aged four.

The recipients of the many post-cards, written to-day, have pretty souvenirs of Hamilton and its picturesque surroundings.

May the thirty-first—The usual procession through the grounds was necessarily curtailed owing to the rainy weather. The banner-bearers were—Mary Battle, Cecilia Coughlan, Jean Smith, Lois McBrady, Zita Goodrow, Germaine Lefrance and Barbara McIntyre. Clara Doyle, the victorious leader of the "Band of Our Lady of Loreto," had the coveted honor of crowning the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The ceremony was followed by Benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament—and the beautiful month, with its tender associations of hymns and canticles, blended in harmonious tones, and hearts gathered in love at the Queen's shrine, passed out to the strains of—"Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flowers."

During the past month, Edna McGuire, Class '08, and her sister, Marion, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hilda Murray, Class '08, Toronto; and Marie Coughlan, Hastings, Ont.; were welcome visitors at the Mount.

June the second—Cards have been received, announcing the marriage of Miss Edna Tracy, Class '08, to Mr. J. Burris Mitchel, Los Angeles, Cal.

The RAINBOW extends its heartiest felicitations to the bride and groom.

June the fifth—A party, given by Mrs. Arland, in honor of Ruth McSorley's birthday. The merriment, which began—shall I say at dawn?—continued during the day, and, when the blissful hour arrived and the vision of all the dainties spread in such profusion, burst upon the gaze of the tiny guests, their joy knew no bounds. The birthday cake, encircled by its eight candles, was especially tempting, and such delicious oranges and bananas and cakes and bonbons had never been seen—nor probably enjoyed with such genuine delight. What a fairy godmother Mrs. Arland has been!

June the seventh—Becoming acquainted with sister students from other Loretos is always pleasant, but when they come from the mother-house, Loreto Abbey, Toronto, the pleasure is immeasurably enhanced.

Miss McGillis, K. Harkins, M. Conway, M. Street, H. Murphy, F. Malone E. Maloney, B. Ganley, M. Rodden, E. Carseley, H. Harwood, M. Boland, accompanied by M. M. Delphina and M. M. Irene, are our guests to-day.

After dinner, a stroll on the tree-shaded campus, then a visit to the studio to inspect the art exhibit, and we set out for Dundurn Park. All June blossomed and sang around us, and there was much merry finding of flowers, wandering about the grassy hillsides, much laughter and interchange of thought, and quick humorous observations on life in general, as we explored the curiosities of the Museum, and, later, accepted

the scroll-ornamented invitation of a confectionery to come in and be refreshed, before ascending an elevation which commands a magnificent view of the broad blue waters of Lake Ontario. We would fain have lingered long, but it was now time to retrace our steps, so we boarded a returning car and were rapidly whirled to our destination, where a delicious tea was awaiting us. In the interval, we entertained—and were delightfully entertained by—the "Abbey girls," with music and song.

Too soon the whistle of the "Modjeska," approaching the wharf, warned us that the hour of departure had come, and we bade good-bye to our guests, with the hope that we had proved how cordial a Mt. St. Mary's welcome could be.

June the eighth—Father Brady gladdened us with his presence at the recreation hour in the grounds—and we have recorded the visit on the dial of our "Sunny Hours." He talked interestingly of many things—the "Celestial Wanderer"—with which the good Father appeared to be uncommonly familiar!—the epoch marked by it in the world's history, &c.—while we laughingly recounted the speeches of some of the Minims concerning the "Famous Visitor."

Questions—explanations—exams.—approaching holidays—then Helen and Eileen, remembering their duty as hostesses, with merry insistence led the way into the house.

June the ninth—Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel, of Los Angeles, on their wedding-tour, pay a visit to Mrs. Mitchel's Alma Mater. Edna was most cordially greeted by her former teachers and friends, and Mr. Mitchel very warmly congratulated.

We attended the Recital of Mrs. Martin-Murphy's pupils in the Association Hall, at 8.15.

Among the singers were two of our companions, Helen Smith—who was really the Queen of Song of the evening—and Mary Battle.

Helen contributed "Ah, Fors è Lui"—*Traviata*—and "Carissima"—*Penn*—and, in response to two encores, gave "The Sweet o' the Year," and an operatic Aria.

Mary Battle sang "The Bird and the Rose"—*Hörrocks*—with much taste and feeling.

Referring to the recital, a local critic writes: "An audience that filled the auditorium of Asso-

ciation Hall to capacity greeted the pupils of Mrs. Martin-Murphy, last night. This talented teacher's recitals are always looked forward to with interest, not only by the friends and relatives of her pupils, but by music lovers in general. The programme was varied to suit all tastes. Among those who were presented with bouquets was Miss Helen Smith, who was handed a mammoth bunch of beautiful American Beauty roses, sent by her uncle from Chicago, her home; and a bouquet of white carnations, from her grandfather in Brantford."

The Misses Bibby are spending the week-end with their aunt, M. M. Ethelreda, and we trust they may enjoy the beauties of Hamilton as much as the other "Abbey girls," who were our guests during the early part of the week.

MARY GORDON.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

April the fourth—Anticipation of to-morrow's privilege in the shape of our annual retreat, brought the majority back promptly to begin the last term of the year.

April the fifth—Most impressive and inspiring was the opening address of our days of seclusion and communing with God. To judge by the thoughtful faces and quiet manners of the girls, the special benedictions and soul-uplifting sermons have fallen on good ground. May the fruit be gathered in after years. Our grateful affection and fervent prayers follow Reverend J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., who conducted our retreat, and brought God's message to our hearts.

April the ninth—With hearts free and happy, we entered into the enjoyment of the day's holiday. A unique feature of the close of our retreat was a reunion of the graduates of Mt. St. Mary, of '09. A very pleasant evening was spent, presided over by the chaplain.

April the seventeenth—One of the most profitable and enjoyable features of the past two years has been the series of weekly lectures by Reverend Dr. Teefy and Dr. Kidd. And it is with great regret we learn they are not to continue

during the coming year. We owe much to these learned lecturers, and hope to welcome them on our return in September.

April the twenty-fourth—Do we appreciate our privileges, girls? Living in the House of the Lord, with the daily Sacrifice, and then so many extra Masses! This morning, no less than four! We were pleased to welcome our old friend, Father Klauer, C. SS. R. Father Barrett celebrated the second Mass. We, too, fell heir to the honors paid to Catholic Canada by the distinguished prelates and Church dignitaries of America, who were present at the consecration of London's new Bishop. Archbishop Dontenville, of Vancouver, accompanied by Reverend Father Murphy, O. M. I., of Ottawa, offered the Holy Sacrifice in our Abbey chapel, and then, graciously spent the morning as our honored guest. The Archbishop was en route for Rome, where he will receive the responsible and dignified office of Provincial of the Order of Oblate Fathers.

April the twenty-fifth—High festival in honor of Florence's natal day! A school feast is a rare treat, that we know how to appreciate.

April the twenty-eighth—This was a memorable day, a second Mass being celebrated by Reverend Father Meehan, whose many friends at the Abbey gave him a hearty welcome. In the afternoon, the celebrated author and lecturer, Reverend J. Talbot Smith, visited us. He aroused our enthusiastic interest in a few of our great Catholic authors; chiefly American writers, the poet-priest of the South, Father Abram Ryan, John Boyle O'Reilly, and the saintly, unassuming Bro. Azarius. The graduates were proud of the privilege of meeting Father Talbot Smith.

May the first—May-Day is with us, and the advent of Our Lady's month awakens us to the fact that our school year is slipping by. May the Mother of Perpetual Help and our dear Lady of Victory bless the "May Bands," and their enthusiastic leaders, Alberta McNab and Myra Street.

May the fifth—The Second School have opened the season's picnicing. The more dignified "young ladies" rather envied the "children,"

as in high glee they set out for Long Branch. Never mind, girls, one picnic does not make a summer. And then, mystery of mysteries, some fairy queen visited our quiet little studio. There, amid graceful folds of green tapestry, delicately interwoven with exquisite lace, and decked with garlands of pink and white roses, we gazed with wonder and amazement at the artistic and dainty little tables laden with choicest viands. Over all, soft and mellow rays of light fell in many shades from the colored globes above. Of course, in neither hostess nor friends, with their fashionable gowns and grown-up mannerisms, could we recognize ourselves. It was a novel Loreto holiday, and no end of fun.

May the sixth—Patriotic sentiments were aroused to-day by Mr. Hall's splendid address. May the shield from Nelson's vessel inspire us with the courage to adopt the motto from one of England's greatest heroes, and translate it thus: Loreto expects each child, in life, to do her duty.

May the ninth—We were much impressed with Prof. Kylie's lecture, this evening. From the earnestness of his tone and the seriousness of his manner, we could glean a little of his secret of success. It is inspiring to find one so young already eminent in educational circles; and it was with a glow of pride we realized that Mr. Kylie, M. A., lecturer at Toronto University, is "one of ours."

May the tenth—The annual "Tea" of the Alumnae was a veritable success. The graduates did enjoy the innovation of serving.

May the eleventh—Our best wishes accompanied our distinguished Archbishop McNeil to his future home and See, Vancouver.

May the fifteenth—How we love the dear old customs of our Abbey home! We felt the spirit of the Lord hover near during the prayer and the "Veni Creator" on this joyous Pentecost Day.

May the seventeenth—There was general enthusiastic excitement on the announcement of Mr. Griffith's intended visit. We enjoyed our old friend, "Julius Cæsar," and our souls thrilled at the graphic rendering of the pathetically beautiful Dream of Gerontius. We congratulate Mr.

Griffith on the happy choice of his latest study, Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

May the twentieth—The sad news of our Sovereign's death brought much sorrow to loyal Loreto. School work was suspended on the burial day, and all shared the country's common grief on the death of the King, who so justly bore the beautiful title of "The Peacemaker."

May the twenty-first—Those who had the good fortune to meet Mother St. Roque's mother were charmed with this dear, gentle old lady, who was a pupil of our own Loreto in Gorey, Ireland, seventy years ago. Her father built the church and convent there. There was a merry twinkle in more than one eye when she alluded, with grateful affection, to the saintly Mother Benedicta Somers, for one gleaned that, even in those far-off years, schoolgirls were guilty of the awful crime of "having a favorite."

May the twenty-third—The musical treat of the season was enjoyed this evening in the piano recital of two of the leading pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Ada J. F. Twohey, Mus. Bac., and Miss J. C. Allan are worthy pupils of their distinguished teacher, Mr. A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc. The last selection from Grieg, Concerto in A minor, Op. 16, allegro, molto moderato, by Miss J. C. Allan, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss A. J. Twohey, verified the saying that "music is the language of Heaven."

"All things come to those who wait," and so we paid our respects to the comet last night—in a body—in full dress, if dressing-gowns may be described as such. How we revelled in the unusual disturbance at the awful hour of 9.30!

May the thirtieth—"Chickens" have been plentiful this spring. The last consignment arrived this morning in a Har(d)wood case, in a flourishing condition, rather hard to manage.

May the thirty-first—May days are over, and the procession and flowers and "Bands," and crowning and singing are sweet memories. May loving thoughts of our Mother echo and re-echo in our hearts!

June the first—The usual Alumnae meeting was most entertaining, this month. Six Loreto former pupils took part in the splendid little

play, "The Piper's Pay." The parts were most appropriately chosen, and each enacted her rôle most successfully. We thoroughly enjoyed the plight of the poor little social lady in distress, her powerful protectress and her crafty detective.

June the second—Mr. Wilmot's "social" talk on his late "tour of the world," with his many beautiful projections of the quaint and lovely spots across the "big waters" was most enjoyable.

To our year alone belongs the privilege of celebrating our beloved Reverend Mother's Diamond Jubilee. The day was celebrated by High Mass, sung by Mgr. McCann, who also delivered a beautiful and touching sermon on the love of the Sacred Heart. In it he paid tribute to the loving, devoted service of our dear Reverend Mother, and congratulated her on the work of Christian education that has been so successfully carried on in her Institute during the past years.

June the fifth—To-day we were favored once more with one of Father O'Malley's beautiful little sermons. Father's sermons are among the especially prized privileges of the year. They are always brief, with some grand eternal truth uniquely brought forward. To-day, the devotion to the Sacred Heart was strongly recommended, and the rise of this sweet devotion beautifully described. One could almost feel the appealing love of the Sacred Heart, when Our Lord spoke to His saint to defend His interests against the coldness and reserve caused by the teaching of Jansenism.

June the twelfth—First Communion. How the strange, new joy to the little ones extends its sweetness to all present. The eight children, with their tiny angels, flowers and candles, were very beautiful to-day. Our chaplain, Reverend Father McCaffrey, said Mass, and held an informal reception for the First Communicants in the evening.

At ten o'clock, the Alumnae had their annual High Mass of thanksgiving. Reverend Dr. Roche officiated, and delivered a most appealing sermon on the necessity of the Church Extension Society. The absolute religious destitution of thousands of Catholics in Western Canada

was vividly portrayed, and he made several suggestions as to how the women, and even the children of Ontario could and should do their part in providing churches and priests for these less fortunate children of Holy Church.

The choir was chosen from the members of the Alumnae, and their singing of the Mass was grand. We heartily congratulate the ladies who took part.

MARY RODDEN.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

We had a charming visit from Reverend Mother General, who arrived on the 15th. of February, and left for Spain on the 2nd. of March. We got up a musical and dramatic entertainment, which was honored by the presence of our Bishop, the Right Reverend Monsignor Barbieri, O. S. B. The most interesting items on our programme were: Tableaux from the life of Mary Ward. I. Mary Ward's first word. II. Mary Ward and Anne Turner in prison. III. Mary Ward and companions at the Court of Urban VIII.

The only drawback to Reverend Mother's visit was that it was too short, and we said farewell with the sincere hope that we should soon see her again.

On the 17th. of March, the feast of Ireland's glorious patron was duly honored and the day ended with a most enjoyable soirée.

The Easter Term closed on Tuesday of Holy Week, and classes were resumed on Easter Wednesday. That evening we began our Retreat, which was conducted by the Reverend Father Slopp, a Carmelite. We came out on Low Sunday, after second Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the 11th. of April we heard the sad news that our holy Bishop was suffering from pneumonia. From the first, his advanced age and the gravity of the disease left little hope of his recovery. He himself had no doubt how it should end and awaited calmly and peacefully that moment for which his life had been a long preparation. He received the last sacraments on Thurs-

day morning and the same day sent his last blessing to the community of Loreto, Europa. On Friday, the 15th., at two o'clock in the morning, he passed peacefully away, having preserved full consciousness to the end. The sorrowful news was made known to the pupils, on their coming into the convent chapel for Mass, by the sombre aspect of the funeral draperies. Before his death he expressed a wish to be buried as a monk, with none of the insignia of a Bishop. In fact, he was laid out as a Benedictine Abbot. His funeral, however, was one of the grandest ever seen in Gibraltar, a striking testimony to his personal character, as well as to his exalted position.

The late Bishop was a sincere friend of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of Reverend Mother General, and he will be long mourned by the nuns and pupils of this convent.

On the 7th. of May, the news reached us, by private telegram, of the death of our King. He is much regretted in Gibraltar, where he was a general favorite. He visited the Rock on three occasions, twice as Prince of Wales, and once as King, on the 8th. April, 1903.

He was the only British Sovereign who ever visited this place.

ISABEL DOTTO.

Personals.

"What is she saying?"

"She's talking in Shakespeare."

"George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii."

"What is meant by the earlier school of composition?"

"The Kindergarten, I suppose."

"Aerial roots are found in poison ivy and in the air."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them."

"Amphibians are creatures that can live both on land and water, but not at the same time."

"There is one nostril on each side of the middle of the frog's mouth."

"Is your throat sore again?"

"No, thank you, that noise I'm making is the way we learn to spell in our class."

"Poor Elma has the mumps."

"Has she? I suppose she is having a swell time."

"Isn't Rita thin?"

"Yes, she looks as if she were playing truant from the graveyard."

"Where are you going to school now?"

"I'm going to St. Patrick's cemetery for boys and girls."

"I do not tink Our Lord will send me to purgatory for I am too nervous. I would not like to die in de winter because it is too long a cold drive for me to de cemetery."

"I have lumbago in my arm."

"The comet is out—where are you?"

"That old comet is no good. I'm not going to see it. The last time I saw Halley's comet its tail was hanging down."

"Oh—I never in all my life saw that comet before!"

"Well, why didn't you call Anna?"

"Oh, she'd be scared if the comet looked at her."

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RAINBOW

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No. 4.

Visit to Loreto, Niagara, of the "Cardinal of the Eucharistic Congresses."

IF the beauty of Niagara be at all seasons entrancing, as we, who live on its banks and love its unique and matchless glories, so well realize, it is in autumn that it reveals the fullest splendor of its transcendent magnificence—then it is that its woods are resplendent with every shade and tint, and its meadows and gardens aglow with the rich, warm tones that characterize the season. Meet it was that, when Nature was at her loveliest, the representative of Christ's Vicar on earth should appear in our midst. Cardinal Vannutelli, on his arrival at Falls View, in the early morning of Wednesday, the 28th. ult., stood transfixed at the indescribable beauty of the mighty cataract, then, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, he seemed to invoke a benediction on that magnificent piece of the Almighty's handiwork. Attended by the members of his suite and the Carmelite Fathers, who were waiting to welcome him when the train arrived, His Eminence proceeded to the little shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and, there, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, after which he repaired to the Hospice of Mount Carmel for déjeuner.

A few hours later, a motoring-car brought the distinguished visitors on a sight-seeing tour—Brock's Monument, Niagara University and Stella Niagara being included in the expedition. While returning to Falls View, they passed St. Patrick's Church, where they tarried a few moments to visit the Eucharistic King. Lined up on either side of the church, to greet the Legate with welcoming song, were the pupils of St. Patrick's Parochial School, conducted by our nuns.

Among the children present, were many whose families had come from "Sunny" Italy. Having asked to see his little compatriots, who gladly clustered around him at the invitation, and chatted volubly, in the bella lingua Italiana, the great Cardinal conversed affably with them for a little time, then, gave the Papal blessing to all assembled. His Eminence seemed well pleased with this impromptu reception and took his leave before the triumphant strains of the "Te Deum" had ceased. The party then proceeded to visit Loreto of the Blessed Sacrament, enthroned on "vine-clad steeps."

Among those who had come from Toronto to meet the Cardinal, during his visit to the convent, were Reverend Mother General, M. M. Alexandrine, M. M. Gonzaga, M. M. Delphina, S. M. Immaculata and her sister, Ela Leacock, B. A., who spent some time in Italy: from Loreto, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, M. M. Filomena, M. M. St. Michael, M. M. Pulcheria and a class of senior students.

As our honored guests passed into the concert-hall, which was adorned with the Papal colors, the inspiring hymn, "Long Live the Pope," so expressive of Catholic loyalty, was sung enthusiastically by the students. Miss Dorothy Rochford then advanced to the front of the stage and read, in a pleasing manner, an address, in French, to the Cardinal, who, thereupon, arose and expressed his appreciation, not only of the welcome accorded him here, but, likewise of the beauties of nature, which the Great Creator had lavished on this privileged spot. He dwelt on the joy that was his in being present at the great Eucharistic Congress, where the evidence of a strong, living faith among the people was so marked. Here, too, in this peaceful abode of

learning, he realized that the same strong germs of faith were being nurtured. It would be a happiness to him to bring to the Holy Father the expressions of the staunch loyalty to the Holy See, evinced by the Catholics whom he had met in the various parts of this great country.

To give a worthy appreciation of the dear Cardinal, who won the admiration of all during his brief visit, we could not do better than quote from an editorial, which appeared in the pages of *THE RAINBOW*, a few years since, on the occasion of the visit of His Eminence to Ireland, as Papal Envoy, for the opening of the Armagh Cathedral.

"Cardinal Vannutelli, who made an all but royal progress through the country, is a very notable man. Cardinal Bishop—one of six of that dignity—Chancellor of the Treasury of the Congregation of Propaganda, Prefect of the Council, Archpriest of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bishop of Palestrina, accredited Protector of Portugal at the Holy See, Cardinal Protector of some religious orders, notably, of the Carmelite Order, with a host of other titles to honor, and office of responsibility, in the diplomatic and ecclesiastic service of the Holy See, he remains, through all and in spite of all, just Vincenzo Vannutelli, the tallest ecclesiastic in Rome, and the youngest brother of the distinguished Cardinal Serafino. Devoid of the commanding intellect and personal ambition, which often make men, in the front rank of power, both feared and scrutinized, Cardinal Vincenzo is fortunate in his friends, but still more happy in the possession, in common with his brother, of inexhaustible amiability. He is endowed with Nature's patent of nobility—a frank and simple kindness of heart, and a knowledge of human nature and sympathy with it, from which springs a royal gift of unflinching tactfulness. The clever indirectness of astute diplomacy is outwitted and out-manoeuvred by the refinement and truth of his cultivated good nature.

It is easy to understand how Cardinal Vannutelli comes to be so popular with the Romans. When he comes into Rome from his diocese of Palestrina, a few miles outside the city, as he frequently does for the functions at Santa Maria Maggiore, he is always surrounded by crowds of his people, who love to exchange with him

smile for smile. But he delights to retire to his diocese, where he was born, for the greater freedom and simple life which he can there enjoy.

Neither an anchorite nor a worldling, neither an immature ascetic nor a man from whom the spiritual world has receded, Cardinal Vannutelli is a kindly, courtly gentleman, and a spiritual-minded priest, one to whom holiness is not incompatible with humanity, and who preserves the harmony of life in bright and cheerful godliness. Notwithstanding the pomp of an exalted position, he lives a really simple life, and in this, as in other ways—in some respects even in outward semblance—he is a kindred spirit to Pius X. It is said that it was to the influence of Cardinal Vannutelli, more than to any other, that the Pope yielded in his passionate resistance to election.

Cardinal Vannutelli began his career by residence at the Collegio Capranico, and made his studies at the Collegio Romano and the Gregorian University. Ordained priest in 1860, he became Professor of Theology before entering the diplomatic service, in 1865, in the suite of Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Oreglia in Holland, and subsequently, at Brussels. Recalled by Pius IX., he was made by him Assistant Secretary of State. By Leo XIII. he became Uditore di Rota, and for a mission as Apostolic Delegate to Constantinople was created titular Archbishop of Sardi. He was Envoy Extraordinary to Moscow for the Coronation of the Tsar, and Nuncio at Lisbon from 1883 to 1891. He was created Cardinal *in petto* December 30, 1890, and proclaimed June 30, 1891, under the title of the English Church in Rome, San Silvestro in Capite. He was appointed to conduct the delicate mission of adjusting the Patronato Regio of Portugal in British India, which had survived the Portuguese territorial possession of the southern Peninsula. Finally, he was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda."

The party accompanying His Eminence, on his visit to the Falls, included Bishop O'Connell of California, who had visited Loreto, Niagara, some thirty years ago in company with Mgr. Conroy, Papal Delegate; Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Ill.; Reverend Anastasius Kreidt, O. C. C., President of St. Cyril's College, Chicago; Reverend Dr. Kelly of the Church Extension Society, Chicago; Prince de Croy, Count Van-



To Loretto Abbey Toronto
with best wishes and sincere
thanks,

+ Michael Card. Logue,
19th September 1910.

nutelli, nephew of the Cardinal, Mgr. Lega, Uditore di Rota, l'Abbé Uginet, Mgr. Tampieri, Secretary of Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom he visited in Canada, some fourteen years ago, Mr. Kelly and M. Cagiati, members of the Pope's household.

B. L.

Visit and Reception of His Eminence Cardinal Logue at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, September the Nineteenth.

SEPTEMBER the nineteenth will ever remain a day of golden memories in the history of Loreto Abbey, for on that occasion it was our distinguished honor and privilege to welcome a Prince of the Church, His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland, Archbishop of Armagh, and worthy successor of a long and saintly line of bishops.

Full of expectancy of the greatness of so exalted a personage as a Cardinal, we had unconsciously formed various ideas of the awe and majesty surrounding him. We were, however, soon to have ocular proof of the truth we had so often heard but had never so fully realized—that the truly great are ever simple. Only those souls not by nature equipped with real greatness are obliged to counterfeit it by hedging themselves about with ceremony. Our Cardinal had no need of such extraneous helps to secure a veneration which is spontaneously accorded to his noble, sincere and vigorous personality, while the charm of his kindness gains him universal affection.

At half past eleven, well nigh two hundred "maidens stoled in purest white" were on the stage ready to greet His Eminence, while members of the Alumnae Association were seated in the body of the Auditorium. At the appointed time His Eminence arrived, accompanied by Monsignor McCann, Monsignor Segrave, and a large number of the clergy of the city. When the venerable figure of the Cardinal appeared, he was greeted by the joyous strains of the welcome chorus, "Hail to Thee," sung by two hundred students who, it was plain, had put their whole souls into the singing of it. Miss Hope Morgan, the distinguished singer and artiste, a former pupil of the Abbey, delighted all by her

clear, powerful and sympathetic voice as well as by the charm of her simplicity and the taste shown in her selections. That His Eminence really enjoyed Miss Morgan's rendering of them was evident in the hearty manner in which he complimented the artiste in the very charming address which he afterwards delivered to the pupils. After congratulating them on the advantages they enjoyed, he warmly commended the work done by the Loreto Nuns, to the high standard of which he could testify from his personal knowledge of it in Ireland, where, His Eminence stated, they were unsurpassed as teachers, both in the department of secondary and that of higher education.

His Eminence spoke with disapproval of the system of coeducation which tends to put woman in competition with man in every walk of life. Woman is not intended by Providence to be the rival of man. Her vocation is far higher and nobler. Her beneficent influence is a mighty lever to move men and thereby mould the destiny of the world. But should woman succeed in getting what is generally termed her rights, it is more than doubtful whether she would continue to exercise a very powerful influence for good. It warmed our hearts to hear the good Cardinal revert again and again to the excellence of the education imparted by Loreto Convents and Colleges beyond the seas, and the equally excellent use made of it by the pupils, for Loreto Nuns and true Loreto girls the world over are sisters and love to hear each other praised.

The entire address was illuminated by flashes of wit, which were received with well-merited applause.

In conclusion, His Eminence declared that, since an ordinary Parish Priest could give a holiday, a Bishop might give two, and a Cardinal three. Convinced by this logic, the pupils received the boon with satisfaction, the Faculty with supernatural resignation. Lest the latter should form the dark design of curtailing it by any unworthy quibble, His Eminence specified that this day was not to count, thereby again showing his extraordinary sagacity and intimate acquaintance with Faculties in general.

After the beautiful hymn, "Ave Maria Loreto," had been sung, the students were presented personally to His Eminence, who received each one most kindly, after which the members

of the Alumnae enjoyed a like privilege. After the formal presentation, the girls, spontaneously attracted by the gracious demeanor of His Eminence, thronged around him to enjoy a few never-to-be-forgotten moments of informal talk. When he was at length obliged to go, it was with reluctance that the circle parted to allow him to proceed, and, for the entire length of the hall, he passed through a line of kneeling Religious and students, eager to receive his blessing.

His Eminence then visited the Blessed Sacrament.

Returning to the reception-room, where a chosen few were permitted further conversation, His Eminence departed from amongst us, leaving the house rich in blessings and affectionate memories of the revered successor of St. Patrick.

L. D. E.

Sailing.

My shallop o'er a shadowy stream
Glides slowly,
I, by the helm, half sunk in dream,
Rest wholly.

I hear no din of marts or streets,
Peace rifting,
My soul task is the taut, white sheet's
Deft shifting.

A legion birds on wooded flanks
Sing ever,
A myriad blooms from bosky banks
Fling savor.

Remote from sullen, wind-lashed mains
And harm,
I sail secure; no boding pains
Alarm.

Hour follows hour in golden state
Through noon-tide:
I watch, till evening waxes late,
The moon ride.

When all the garish lights of life
Sink paling,
Bear me, my soul, away from strife
Thus sailing.

M. CASEY.

The Diamond Jubilee of Reverend Mother Ignatia Lynn, 1850-1910.

HOW shall she be honored whom the King would honor? Shall it be by worldly pomp—coveted riches and costly gifts, high-sounding titles and widespread renown? Nay, only fittingly and acceptably can she, Loreto's venerated Superior, be honored by the worthy deeds, true and gentle speech, simple, heartfelt devotion of the many who, during the long years of her untiring and zealous labors as a Religious, have felt the inspiration of her wise and kindly counsels, and still more of her beneficent, self-sacrificing life. The great good accomplished during these years of faithful and fruitful service in the vineyard of the Lord by Reverend Mother Ignatia Lynn, of Loreto Abbey, Toronto, the able and beloved Superior in America of the Institute of Mary, who can estimate?

Sixty years ago there came to a sweet, ingenuous maiden, who had not yet seen fifteen summers, the strong conviction that "The highest form of sacrifice is to give and consecrate ourselves forever, body, soul, and our whole being to the love and service of Jesus Christ and to work, even unto death, in His service." In consequence of the loving invitation, "My child, give me thy heart," was given in her case the ready and generous response—"My God and my All! My heart, my will, my whole being are Thine for time and eternity. Let my one thought be to seek and to accomplish Thy holy will." That fervent young soul had as distinctive traits deep sincerity and noble simplicity; most wonderfully have these characteristics been preserved and strengthened in all the changes of a long and strenuous career.

The spark of heavenly love then kindled to flame, has ever since been carefully guarded and cherished; never has its lamp been left unfed with the oil of divine charity, and steadily with the passing years has its flame grown purer, brighter, broader, bringing life and joy to countless numbers.

During this unusually long period of devoted service, Reverend Mother Ignatia has been instrumental in rearing to God's greater glory, not only many material edifices—holy Houses of Loreto—but countless spiritual temples of the



REVEREND MOTHER IGNATIA LYNN.

Holy Ghost, for her endeavors have been singularly blest, and not only the present but future generations should spontaneously rise in gratitude; and honor her.

Unflinchingly, unsparingly, through the innumerable trials attending the newly-founded houses of the Institute in Canada and the United States, her sacred engagement has been kept. Whether as teacher, Mistress of Novices, Assistant to the Foundress in America, the late Mother Teresa Dease, or as Superior of all the community on the American continent, she has ever kept in sight the aim of the Institute—the perfection of its members, and the instruction of youth. In this great cause no laborer more zealous than she, but with this dominant thought: “Having done all you are commanded, still say, we are only unprofitable servants.”

In honor of these three score years, and to give to all—pupils, the Community, and the Loreto Alumnae—an opportunity for joining in celebration, the Jubilee bells were rung on three separate occasions. On June the second, the anniversary of the venerable Jubilarian’s profession, High Mass was celebrated in the beautiful chapel by Very Reverend Mgr. McCann, V. G., of Toronto. He also preached a most appropriate and eloquent sermon, paying a well-deserved tribute to her in whose honor the festival was kept. In the afternoon the young ladies were given a congé, and, attired in their simple white gowns, they deferentially offered her their tribute of heartfelt respect and affection, in the elegant drawing-room. Afterwards all assembled in the concert hall and were there delightfully entertained by choice vocal and instrumental selections, given by the pupils, assisted by the young Canadian Paderewski, Ernest Seitz, and his sister, Miss Helen, a gifted violinist.

Many beautiful floral offerings were received from friends in Toronto and Hamilton, and a congratulatory telegram from His Grace Most Reverend F. P. McEvay, our venerated Archbishop. He expressed also his sincere regret at not being able to be present for the occasion, but stated that he had that morning offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the highly-esteemed Jubilarian. The feast of Saint Ignatius was appropriately chosen for the tribute of loyalty, gratitude, and affection offered to Reverend Mother by the Community of Loreto. Reverend Father

J. B. Bergen, S. J., the Director of the eight days’ Retreat, brought to a close that morning, celebrated the Mass of the feast-day for the venerable Jubilarian, after which he bestowed the Papal Benediction on all who had made the Exercises of the Retreat.

The choir rendered most admirably the music appropriate for the occasion, the rendering of *Jubilantes in Aeternum* could scarcely be surpassed. The altar was resplendent with myriad lights and choice floral decorations, while the hearts of all the worshipers were filled with gratitude and thanksgiving. Many messages of congratulation were received from friends far and near, the most highly valued being the special Pontifical Benediction of the Holy Father. Gifts valuable and numerous testified to the appreciation entertained for the recipient and her noble life-work. Worthy of note among these, was a superb, artistically illuminated album containing the following lines, written for the occasion, by a member of the Community.

Jubilantes.

Sixty years of winters drear and summers fair,
Sixty years of converse sweet with God in
prayer;

Sixty years of toil, the burden meekly borne,
Rolled away, and ushered in this gladsome morn.

Gone the years, ’tis true, but remains for thee
Virtue’s crown of Faith and Hope and Charity,
Faith in God, which guided thee thro’ thorny
ways,

Hope that for eternity thou’lt sing His praise,
Charity, the greatest, ’tis God’s special love,
All for thee and thine for Him fast interwove.

So thy children in this day must have their part,
Offering not transient gifts to gladden thee,
But wealth of prayer to bless thy Diamond Ju-
bilee.

Sponsa Christi.

(These lines were written by one of Reverend Mother’s novices. The booklet was artistically decorated with flowers emblematic of the Spring, Summer and Autumn of life.)

The violets whispered of Life’s glad Spring—

A fair young soul and a promise made
To follow wherever the Master called—

Through Thabor’s sunshine or Calvary’s
shade.

The roses spoke of unfolding beauty,
Of buds of promise in service sweet;
The lilies told of the souls, all white-robed,
Placed as trophies at Jesus' feet.

The Master smiled as He stooped to bless her,
Rememb'ring the seeds oft sown in tears,
And bade His angels with care to garner
Her golden harvest of faithful years.

Then, sweet a voice from garden and woodland
Sund, "May-blooms and roses *your* leaves
must fall;
Seed-time's oft cloudy, waiting weary,
But harvest in heaven is worth it all.

O precious season of Virtue's sowing,
How soon you're over and then—the call!
Safe home with Mary and near the Master;
The Soul cries—Heaven is worth it all!

The jubilee bells were rung for the third time on the afternoon of Tuesday, October the fourth, when the members of the Loreto Alumnae assembled at their beloved Alma Mater to pay their tribute of attachment and gratitude. Miss Bertha Boland, the Secretary of the Association, read the address, which clearly expressed cherished memories of years spent happily and profitably within Loreto's cloistered walls. The President, Miss Hynes, presented a magnificent floral offering of sixty white roses, a spiritual bouquet and a purse of gold. Then followed a very select programme of readings, music and songs.

Very Reverend Mgr. McCann, V. G., addressed the assembled pupils of the present and former years, in his usual impressive style. He congratulated the ladies who have been so fortunate as to have received their training from one so eminently qualified to form superior, noble women and who had spent their girlhood under the tender, solicitous care of their beloved Reverend Mother Ignatia.

The waves of the mighty ocean, by sight and sound, win the admiration of the beholder yet they give only a faint, inadequate conception of the great fathomless depths. So, these outward demonstrations are but feeble indications of the deep and enduring affection entertained for her, whom they were intended to honor. She was Loreto's first young Canadian postulant; she has long been first in rank, and she continues to

be, as she has long been, first in the hearts of the whole Community of Loreto. Earthly love and devotion could offer her no higher tribute. We listen now for the celestial utterance,—“I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee”—drawn thee in thy youth and innocence to My service and in the fulness of time thy coronet perfected, I will draw thee to myself with the loving invitation, “Come, my beloved; this day thou shalt be crowned.” Then, heaven will ring with the joy of the great choir welcoming thee—*Jubilantes; Jubilantes In Aeternum!*

Island Reberies.

THERE was a day when, in a united Christendom, all roads led to Rome; the return of that blessed day will be the answer to our unceasing prayers, the realization of our fondest hopes. How our hearts have been thrilled by the glories of the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal! And how nobly our dear separated brethren responded in their manifestations of good will!

The coming of a Papal Legate to America, to Canada, has been our crowning joy. Not all of us may hope to visit the dear old home-fold, to look into the face of our great White Shepherd; so he has come to us in the person of his Legate, His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, whose progress from Quebec to Winnipeg has been one continuous invocation of blessings upon everybody and upon everything. True to the duties and responsibilities of the good shepherd, His Eminence has been unsparing of physical energies and disdainful of personal ease.

When on his way to Winnipeg, it was his pleasure to leave his car at Kenora, at 6, a. m., to bestow the Papal blessing upon an assembly of school children, including those of the Indian Industrial School.

Four hours later, the train of “great expectations” rolled into Winnipeg, and from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's private car, placed at his disposal, stepped His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, Papal Legate. His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, received him, and, escorted by civic dignitaries, conducted His Eminence and suite to motor cars. The proces-

sion of over one hundred motors passed through the principal streets of Winnipeg ere crossing the Assinaboine and Red Rivers to St. Boniface, the Cathedral City.

Before the gates of St. Boniface Cathedral thousands of people were assembled, while six thousand had already taken their seats within the sacred walls. From the Cathedral towers floated the Papal standard, the flag of St. Louis, and the Union Jack.

The St. Boniface College Band occupied the front balcony. Carpet was spread from the main entrance to the gateway, where towered a magnificent quadruple arch, made of Manitoba golden grain, wheat in the head. How fitting that this should be erected in honor of him whose mission to Canada was to honor the "Bread of Life"! The arch was festooned with the Papal colors, yellow and white, and cardinal, also. Vertical and horizontal rows of electric lights completed the effect.

The long and tedious waiting came suddenly to an end. Up dashed the car of the master of ceremonies, closely followed by the important one. Scarcely had it come to a standstill, when out stepped His Eminence,—his seventy-four years might have been twenty-five! Rising majestically to our expectations, with a military swing and quick step, this great Prince of the Church, accompanied by His Grace of St. Boniface, started towards the Cathedral door.

Never shall I forget that imposing, red-robed figure towering above all, that smiling, benign countenance, that hand raised in blessing,—while bells pealed and the chimes of "the turrets twain" joined in the welcome. When His Eminence crossed the threshold of the Church, the St. Boniface College Cadets, who had formed a guard of honor posted on either side of the approach, closed in and followed the ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries.

The Cathedral interior was beautifully decorated. Above the high altar was an oval shield, bearing the arms of Pope Pius X., encircled with electric lights, and supported by Papal standards. Facing the throne of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, which is on the Gospel side, was one erected on the Epistle side, for the Cardinal, and surmounted by his coat of arms.

The sanctuary and nave were impressively festooned with yellow and cardinal-red.

Along the galleries, at measured distances, were trios of flags—the Papal standard, the flag of St. Louis, the Canadian flag, and the Union Jack.

Then the thousands who had remained outside, not aware that every seat was already full, made a rush for the open doors. The crush was simply terrifying. Some of us, on the point of fainting, were assisted out of the jam to the open air. What a blessed relief! Finally, when refreshed and reassured, a policeman pointed the way up a staircase to a side gallery, which we reached in safety. But the introductory address, the address from the mayor of St. Boniface on behalf of the citizens, and the Cardinal's reply, were all over. In mitre and episcopal robes, and carrying the crozier, His Eminence, passing down the nave of the church, bestowed upon us all the coveted Papal blessing.

His Eminence managed also to visit the German and Ruthenian congregations.

His Eminence being the guest of His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, took luncheon at the archiepiscopal palace where were invited to meet him, besides ecclesiastical dignitaries, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Sir Daniel MacMillan, of Manitoba, Premier Roblin and others in government circles.

At 3, p. m., His Eminence was given a reception at St. Boniface College; at 6, p. m., he was entertained by Sir Daniel MacMillan at a dinner, given at Government House, in his honor; and at 8.30, this self-sacrificing and tireless Prince of the Church and of men was at the Catholic Club, to receive all who wished to meet him.

In honor of the Cardinal, St. Boniface was brilliantly en fête. On Sunday evening, thousands upon thousands thronged from all directions, in carriage and upon foot, to view the magnificent electric illuminations at the Cathedral, the Archiepiscopal Palace and grounds, the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, the Hospice Taché Orphanage, and the St. Boniface Hospital.

Monday was the eventful day for us. His Eminence was to say an early mass at the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, St. Boniface. By kind invitation of these dear Sisters of Charity we accompanied a party of them—nurses—from St. Boniface Hospital. We set out at six o'clock,

on a peerless morning. The breeze from the prairie sent floating around us the autumn-hued leaves of the Manitoba maples, while the great silver moon, at the full, was sinking into an amethyst horizon, immediately over the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. A short walk brought us to the gate of the Mother House. And what a sweet, pathetic sight met our eyes! Here, on either side of the carpeted approach, were two hundred orphans from the various Winnipeg and St. Boniface orphanages. The youngest, the two or three-year-olds, were in the inner line. The girls wore a navy-blue uniform with red trimmings; and the boys, a navy-blue "Buster Brown" uniform. The rows of white collars and ties had an extremely pretty effect; and the darlings were so quiet, so orderly, and even soldier-like. But the military, the real thing, was there, too: a detachment of fourteen miniature cadets, in uniform of black with gold pipings, and bearing wooden guns, formed guard of honor and held place of honor at the gate. Their "drum-major," wearing a murder-suggesting sword, also yellow gaiters and plumed hat, stood ready to do his duty. Presently his childish treble rang out, "Shoulder arms! Present arms!" and before we knew it we were down on our knees, for the blessing bestowed by a quickly-passing presence in red robes, followed by the orphan officer and his soldiers! As the orphans, accompanied by their beloved Sisters, gradually disappeared within the welcoming walls, we joined the concourse and, with a renewed interest, contemplated this grand old building and its history. It is an immense log structure, boarded outside, and painted white, with green facings; and was built in 1845 by the Grey Nuns who came to Manitoba in 1844. To quote from the "Life of Madame d'Youville," foundress of this community of Sisters of Charity or Grey Nuns—"It is remarkable that Mde. d'Youville's uncle, M. de la Verandrye, the explorer, in 1738, the same year that his niece began her work for the poor at Montreal, in one of his expeditions through the North-West passed by the very spot where the Grey Nuns' first convent is now situated in St. Boniface.

This two-story wooden building, one hundred feet by forty-five, was, owing to divers disappointments and accidents, slowly constructed.

Begun in 1845, it was still far from being completed when the Sisters moved into it, in 1847."

And oh, what angels of mercy the Indians found in those Christ-like Sisters, who not only gathered their children to their bosoms and became second mothers to them in the school, but who ministered to old and young, sick and sore, wherever there was need. Gratefully did the Indians respond; when game was plentiful the Sisters were well supplied; when food was scarce, Sisters and Indians fasted in common.

Besides this Vicarial House and Novitiate, the Grey Nuns have now in St. Boniface their "St. Boniface Hospital," which, at present writing, has three hundred and fifty patients; and the "Hospice Taché," or orphanage. In Winnipeg they have St. Joseph's and St. Ann's orphanages.

We must resume the account of Monday morning. With the lame, the halt and the blind—God's poor—who always gather round the Grey Nuns, we entered the chapel to assist at the Cardinal's Mass. Oh, what a joy it was to receive Holy Communion from the hands of the Papal Legate, Peter's special ambassador! Very distinctly sounded in our ears that command of Christ—"Feed my lambs; feed my sheep."

Meanwhile, His Grace of St. Boniface had arrived to join His Eminence at breakfast.

Sister Superior of St. Roch's Hospital kindly waited with us in the ante-room, to be our friend at court. The auspicious moment arrived: the party was at the open door: a word from the Sister, and our most gracious and courtly Archbishop Langevin, turning towards us, in words most sweet to Christian ears, presented us to the representative of the Holy Father! What a moment! What a blessing! What a memory to carry to the grave!

From the Mother House to the Orphanage—Hospice Taché—was but a step, on that beautiful morning; so we followed in the wake of the Cardinal and the Archbishop. Between the two institutions a new orphanage is being erected. Forewarned, a half-hundred busy workmen had hurried to the favorable side. Off went their hats and down went they on their knees while the great Pastor invoked upon them abundant blessings. It was a touching sight.

In the great hall of the Orphanage, festooned in cardinal and the Papal colors, we found the little ones all in order and waiting. The dar-

ings' welcome—in the French language—consisted of a song, a very clever dialogue, composed for the occasion, an address and the waving of bannerets with "vivas" for the Holy Eucharist, the Holy Father, the Cardinal, the Archbishop, and the good Sisters. His Eminence addressed the children in French. Much to his pleased surprise, a little girl who had taken part in the French dialogue, in presenting His Eminence with a magnificent bouquet of cardinal-colored roses, offered them with a few sentences in Italian. This orphan "Maria" was his little countrywoman!

The Sisters have fourteen nationalities under their care,—the little speakers of fourteen different languages! It was sweetly touching to see the little ones gather round the Cardinal in response to his smile of invitation and outstretched hands, meaning "Suffer the children to come unto me," and for the conferring of the blessing which Christ his Master left for them.

With hand again uplifted in blessing, the good shepherd, Cardinal Vannutelli, passed from the hall and our saddening gaze.

His Eminence hurried to St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, for the distribution of prizes; then back to dine at high noon at the St. Boniface Hospital; from there he went at 2, p. m., to hold a reception at Government House, Winnipeg. At 5, p. m., His Eminence and suite took train for St. Paul, Minnesota.

The personage and personal characteristics of Cardinal Vannutelli, suggest the Catholic Church—"Ever old, ever young." He possesses a well-balanced combination of the mental, motive and vital temperaments; his towering, well-proportioned figure, straight and unbending as the sturdiest oak, shows the passing of the years only in a peculiar, but literal ruggedness. His voice is deep, loud and musical. The expression of his face is tender and benign; and his smile is kindly in the extreme. His presence suggests the atmosphere of prayer.

His quick but quiet passing from duty to duty, his concentration of mind upon the duty in question, the appreciation of every moment of time, all speak of the discipline and recollection of the religious life, and of his mission—"to serve."

Cardinal Vannutelli's duties as Legate differed from those of Delegate or Alegate. As Legate to the Eucharistic Congress he was clothed with

full power to discharge the functions of the Pope and to act in his name. When Europe was undividedly Catholic, and the Church in conflict with that primal barbarism which it was her mission to overcome, a Legate sometimes came to a kingdom with a menace in his hand, or as a chastiser of evil-doers. King John of England usurped the spiritual power of the Church and enslaved his subjects; whereupon the Pope sent his Legate to place England under an interdict—a thing dreaded unspeakably in those ages of faith. In the present case the Papal Legate came to us, happy in his mission of peace and benison, intent upon bringing the children of the Church closer to the Apostolic Chair, and conserving to them the faith which they inherited from their fathers.

His Eminence having accepted the invitation of his friend, Mgr. Langevin of St. Boniface, visited the West, showering blessings upon all, and while delightedly impressed with the prosperity of this greater Canada, reminded us by his every word and action that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, born December 5, 1836, was sent at an early age to the Capranican College, Rome. After a course in the Gregorian University he was ordained priest in 1860. After holding many responsible offices he was consecrated Archbishop of Sardic, and sent to Constantinople as Apostolic Delegate. Later, he represented the Holy See at the Coronation of the Czar at Moscow. Upon his return he was appointed Nuncio to Lisbon. He relinquished that post in 1890, and was admitted to the Sacred College as Cardinal-priest. In 1900 he was made Cardinal-Bishop of Palestrina. His elder brother, Serafino Vannutelli, is also Cardinal-Bishop. The highest grade in the Sacred College is that of Cardinal-Bishop; besides the brothers Vannutelli there are only four others who have attained to that rank. Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli is Protector of the Sulpician, and of the Irish College at Rome. So sympathetic is he with everything characteristically Irish that he has been lovingly styled "the Irish Cardinal" and "the Green Cardinal"!

* * * * *

Another privilege enjoyed by the citizens of Winnipeg and St. Boniface has been the two lec-

tures, on "Building of Character" and "Association," delivered in Manitoba Hall, Winnipeg, by the great Jesuit preacher, the Reverend Bernard Vaughan, D. D., of London, England.

We attended the second lecture, that on "Association."

The Reverend Father, familiar from his photos, was supported on the platform by the Reverend Father Gueritsima, of Winnipeg, Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, and Mr. Molloy, M. P. P. His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, occupied one of the boxes.

Before beginning his lecture, Father Vaughan stepped from the platform to pay his respects to the Archbishop.

Upon starting out, the Reverend lecturer informed the audience that, by "association" he meant our intercourse with our neighbor, our fellow-being,—in the home, on the street, and in the place of business. As individuals we have to hold in check our affections, our passions, and our ambitions. We must never let go of ourselves until we are done with this life. We must live the Christian, interior life, and be guided by it, first in every department of our home life, duty must be faithfully performed. From the home we pass to various places and various duties, but always with the object of serving God and neighbor. Here, in this enchanted city of Winnipeg, he realized the prosperity, the greatness, and the greatness-to-be, of this beautiful Canada, this *third* of the British Empire, with its expansive wheat-fields, great forests and rich mineral depths. He beheld the great tide of democracy rolling onward to populate this golden west. His sympathies were with the masses, but the individual should keep himself on the side of Christian law and order. The people of the Mother Country are noted for their allegiance to the laws, to the British Constitution. If we Canadians do our duty individually, God will make use of each and every one of us in the upbuilding of Canada, in the upbuilding of this great, this unrivalled British Empire. Any one of the ancient Empires of the world compared with ours would be but as a glowworm compared with the sun. The greatest natural institution the world has ever seen is the British Empire. The greatest supernatural institution the world has ever seen is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church with its divine origin, its

divine guidance, and its worthy equipment, is the only institution, the only power, by which a nation may become really great, and may then maintain that greatness. Without religion the empire, the home, the individual, will, at last, totter and fall. We must beware of the material side of life, of the luxury which enervates us both physically and morally. If we believe the Catholic Church to be the true Church, in dealing with our neighbor we must ever remember our belief and, as merchants, make every effort to exhibit our Christian wares. The greatest Catholic country in the world is Ireland, and the greatest capital is Dublin, because the Irish people faithfully say their prayers and go to church.

In conclusion, the eloquent lecturer said he was proud beyond measure of being an Englishman, but he was infinitely prouder of being a member of the Catholic Church.

Never was a face in form, feature, expression and coloring, more typically English than that of Father Vaughan; his voice—clear, ringing, yet mellow, is distinctly English; his enunciation is faultless, and—English; his pronunciation of the language is that which we Canadians admire, sometimes affect, but never acquire. In figure, Father Vaughan is as straight, sturdy, and imperial as England's oak! He carries England with him everywhere and into everything, as the worthy Roman of old carried his imperial Rome. And all this, in the fullness of his heart, and with all his powers of body, mind, heart, and soul does Father Vaughan, S. J., offer to heaven in the service of Christ and His Church.

* * * * *

Reverend Father Vaughan, S. J., must indeed have been intensely moved when he stood beside the remains of another zealous member of the Society of Jesus, the Reverend Father Aulneau, who was massacred by Sioux Indians, on "Massacre Island," Lake of the Woods, in June, 1736. These remains are now to be seen at St. Joseph's Jesuit College, St. Boniface.

To-day, standing beside the open coffin of the martyr-priest, we recalled his life story. Father Aulneau was one of the five children of the Lord of La Vendée, France; his only sister became a nun; two of his brothers entered the priesthood, and the remaining one married and perpetuated the family. A grandson of the latter, M. Paul

Aulneau, Conseiller Général, lives in the ancestral home, which is still the manor-house of Bournezeau, Vendée.

In 1734, when thirty-five years of age, Father Aulneau, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, bade farewell to his widowed mother, sister and brothers, and sailed for Canada to devote his life to missionary work among the Indians. He reached the French fort, St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, in the autumn of 1735, and spent the winter there, subsisting chiefly on tainted dried fish. Table fare was but a trifling consideration to the missionary, who spent much of his time in studying the Indian language or languages, and made progress so rapidly that he was able to compile a grammar, which, after his death, was used by other missionaries.

In the June of 1736, Father Aulneau set out from Fort St. Charles, accompanied by young Verandrye, the nineteen-year-old son of the explorer, and nineteen French and Indian voyageurs. They paddled the day's journey of twenty miles in their birch-bark canoes, then camped for the night on "Massacre" Island. Here, it is supposed, they were surprised and attacked while they slept by a party of two hundred Sioux Indians, who were enraged at the French for having sold firearms to their enemies. A few days later, some Frenchmen, in passing the island, beheld the gruesome spectacle. Landing, they found the bodies of La Verandrye and the voyageurs decapitated and mutilated. Father Aulneau's remains alone were intact. Some years later a Sioux Indian, who was present at the massacre, said that their intention was to spare the "Black Robe," but that an Indian, crazed by excitement, killed the missionary before they could prevent it.

The bodies were removed to Fort St. Charles and buried under the floor of the chapel, the nineteen voyageurs in a common grave, and Father Aulneau and young Verandrye together in the same coffin.

In time Fort Charles, a log structure, was abandoned, it fell into decay, and finally even the site of it was lost.

A few years ago, His Grace Archbishop Languevin and the Jesuit College priests determined, if possible, to locate the site of Ft. St. Charles and to excavate with a view to finding the remains of Father Aulneau and his companions.

Their efforts were crowned with success about two years ago.

In 1890, some Canadian Jesuit priests, while giving a mission in France, made the acquaintance of M. Paul Aulneau, Conseiller Général of Vendée, and grandnephew of Father Aulneau, S. J. He was glad to show them the long-treasured letters which Father Aulneau had written to his mother from the wilds of Canada. Those letters, full of filial affection and Christ-like love and solicitude for the souls of the poor Indians, are now published in both French and English. In every unregenerated pagan he saw but his brother "ransomed by the blood of a God." He sadly tells his mother that report says that Verandrye (the explorer) has more solicitude for the Indians' furs than for their souls!

Father Aulneau was intent upon missionary expeditions; and La Verandrye, a clever business man, upon fur-trading and exploring expeditions.

With her son's letters is preserved one from a priest in Canada to some other priest, requesting him to "break the news gently to Father Aulneau's mother"!

Can we not imagine the tears elicited by these cherished letters, written one hundred and seventy-five years ago!

The mother's agonized heart has long ago found peace and rest in the dear home-land; and here, in the land of his martyrdom, but among his brethren of the Society of Jesus, all that is mortal of the martyr-missionary awaits the Resurrection.

Again, side by side the remains—the bare skeletons—of Father Aulneau and La Verandrye lie in an open coffin, lined with red velvet, and within a large glass compartment which contains also the skulls and other bones of the nineteen voyageurs.

One head shows a protruding arrowpoint, still firmly fixed in the bones of the cheek near the nose; flesh, blood and rust, have perhaps served as cement in holding together the iron and the bone. Ah, the horrors of that frightful massacre! Father Aulneau was found in a sitting posture, with hand uplifted as if in blessing those around him.

The coffin containing the remains of Father Aulneau and La Verandrye is in two compartments, as was doubtless the former one; the

skeletons were found side by side, with the rotted wood of the coffin over and under them.

The bones of Father Aulneau's body are darker than those of La Verandrye's, showing him to have been an older man.

The sutures between the skull bones are also helps in comparing ages. The skulls are placed in a row, as they were found. The sutures of one skull are almost entirely closed; the owner was the oldest man of the party. Those of another are all open, even to the front of the brow; this head must have been that of the youngest man.

Beside Father Aulneau's remains a card bears the printed inscription—"R. Père Aulneau, S. J.," and a second card, beside those of La Verandrye, the name "J. B. La Verandrye."

In what grief must La Verandrye, the explorer, have bent over these bones of his murdered son, who now lies on a spot over which his father passed in his expedition of 1738, two years after the massacre.

The Verandrye blood proved itself eminently Christian; a niece of the explorer was the foundress of the Grey Nuns, Sisters of Charity; the late Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface, foremost among missionaries to our great North-West, was a direct descendant; a Grey Nun, the Sister Superior of St. Anthony's Indian Industrial School at Kenora, is one of Verandrye's living descendants.

With wood of the old fort St. Charles and of the first coffin, with rusty knives, nails, hinges, locks, keys, Indian tools and trinkets, there are Father Aulneau's shoe-buckles, rosary beads, and the hook and eye of his Jesuit's cape. These being found with the remains, were the chief aids in identifying his body and distinguishing it from that of Verandrye. Science, stepping in, also pronounced the darker bones those of the missionary.

What thoughts, what historical facts, throng upon us as we contemplate these bones! Verandrye, the father of the massacred boy, was the first white man who set foot in Manitoba.

Could he retrace his steps from the grave, what would he think of this thriving, this wonderful city of Winnipeg, the greatest wheat center in the world!

Father Aulneau—the first Christian missionary to reach the Lake of the Woods; the victim

of savages in our unlimited wilds,—rests in the blest cathedral city of St. Boniface, among his living, earnest brethren of the Society of Jesus, and within the walls of a college as imposing as that which he left in his beloved France.

* * * * *

We come to another page of Canadian history. When facing the magnificent cathedral built by His Grace Mgr. Langevin, the present Archbishop of St. Boniface, the visitor finds at the left-front, among others of early days, the grave of Louis Riel, the Metis or half-breed leader of the Indians and "Metis" in the North-West Rebellion of 1885.

That rebellion—the last encounter between the interests of the red man and his ever-to-be dominant white brother—was suppressed after sanguinary conflicts; Riel was captured, and executed.

A red granite pillar marks his grave, and bears the simple inscription—"Riel, 16 Novembre, 1885."

As we all know now, the Indians and Metis were the victims of maladministration of justice, beginning with the government at Ottawa and ending with that of Gov. Dewdney.

The dealings of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Indians had been marked by uprightness and truthfulness.

A grievance arose when, in 1869, "Wandering Willie" MacDougall, without plausible explanation, raided the Metis settlements and with his band of surveyors planted stakes promiscuously over the farms of the people.

That rebellion was suppressed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who led the "First Red River Expedition," with its following of picnickers.

Then continued the blunders on the part of the government at Ottawa, which did not give time to necessary inquiry into the reported grievances of these far-away people. Sir John MacDonalld, great and typical Canadian as he really was, trusted entirely to the honesty of his bosom-friend, Governor Dewdney. The latter, whom Chief Poundmaker proved a "teller of lies," appropriated to himself and his agents the money voted by government to be expended in supplies for the Indians. As one instance—out of ten thousand dollars, seven thousand five hundred was withheld, and the two thousand five hundred

expended in "rotten" supplies or provisions for the Indians.

Dewdney fattened upon the cream, while the Indians ate the "tainted fish"!

Shade of Father Aulneau! When pure Christianity does not guide our dealings with our fellowmen, the weaker inevitably suffer.

The missionary son of the Lords Aulneau of Vendée chose to eat the "tainted fish" in order that he might nourish with the "Bread of Life" the starving souls of his Indian brethren of the wilds.

IDRIS.

First Communion.

Paper Written for the International Eucharistic Congress, Montreal, by Mother M. Loyola, St. Mary's Convent, Wicklegate Bar, York, England.

ARE WE DOING OUR UTMOST FOR OUR FIRST COMMUNICANTS?

A THOUGHT that must strike many of us when there is question of First Communion, is this—Much is expected and rightly expected of children at this momentous period of their lives, much during the time of preparation, much in after fruits. Does the help we provide for them bear any proportion to our expectations? We know, of course, that the Sacrament works by its own efficacy, but this in no way dispenses with the most careful preparation of mind and heart. Are we doing all we can to secure such preparation?

THE WORK BEFORE US.

Our work is to lead the child up to our Blessed Lord that it may see and hear and touch Him that His influence may pour in upon its soul through every avenue, that it may come to the altar-rails—not with a few dry dogmas as its sole provision, but with the eager desire that can say: "I know in whom I have believed."

ITS DIFFICULTIES.

The bulk of our children can do little by themselves. Even when dealing with objects that appeal to eye and ear and hand, we must have recourse to all manner of expedients to arrest their attention and gain their co-operation. How much more is this the case when the subject-

matter is beyond the reach of sense, and when concentration of mind and effort of will are claimed at times for matters distasteful to the best disposed?

How can we bring within the range of their imagination and intelligence and heart and will the truths we want them to grasp with a grip that will last through life? Only by realizing that we must appeal to every one of these faculties, and make a distinct study of the road to each.

WE MUST APPEAL TO THE IMAGINATION AND INTELLIGENCE.

Imagination and intelligence we may take together. Through the first we shall reach the second. "Truth," says Cardinal Newman, "is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination and reason . . . and is sealed up there in perpetuity."¹

AIDS. BRIGHT INSTRUCTION ON OUR LORD'S LIFE.

To enable the Life and actions, the words and Personality of our Lord to impress themselves upon the imagination of the children, we may take them to the cottage of Nazareth, to the Temple, through the streets of Jerusalem, on to the stormy Lake or the grassy plain, letting them see Him among the poor and the sick and the little ones, feeding the multitude, seated at table with the Twelve. We can paint all this in vivid colors so that there shall not be a wandering eye or a careless listener before us. Children are not flatterers. If we bore them they will let us know it. Watch the telltale faces. These, and their questions and answers, are our best guide as to what appeals to them. Our talks with them should be short and bright, lit up by plenty of anecdotes, ended perhaps by a hymn.

HYMNS.

Will anyone provide us with a few hymns, every idea of which shall be easily grasped by all in a First Communion class? There are none, I think, which will approve themselves as wholly suitable to those accustomed to deal with children. Yet much might be done in this way. Children love hymns and learn them easily. Their own resources after Communion are soon

1. Hist. Sketches III, N. 14.

exhausted. How helpful some very simple rhymed Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, Contrition, and Desire, before Communion, of Adoration, Thanksgiving, Love, Petition, and Oblation after Communion, might prove.

LANTERN SLIDES.

Another help would be lantern slides representing scenes in the Life of our Lord, those especially having reference to the Blessed Sacrament. Nothing so engages the interest and affection of a child, as the sight of our Lord's gentleness, tenderness and compassion as shown in the Gospel story. And this we can now represent with a vividness which will make a lifelong impression on mind and heart. A selection of slides from the Life of Christ could readily be made,¹ and supplemented by suitable subjects from the Lives of the Saints and of the infant lovers of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament our own days have seen.

Perhaps we might venture still farther, and by means of the cinematograph represent to the eyes of our little folk, not the form only but the movement which will make the Gospel scenes live before them. Think of their delight could they see the Jewish children not only crowding round our Lord, but being actually taken up into His arms and embraced and blessed, and nestling on His breast! Would not this bring home to them the Eucharistic embrace for which they are preparing? Or they might watch the Blessed Mother laying her Divine Babe in the arms of a little child, and so realize something of the Trust to be confided to themselves. In the same way they might make acquaintance with the peasant child of six in converse with S. Alphonsus who allows her the privilege of making her First Communion at this early age.²

All this would involve labor and some expense to obtain satisfactory results. But can such considerations weigh with us when there is question of presenting the little ones to our Lord as happy and as eager as we can? We must be ingenious, resourceful, enterprising. We must try one scheme after another, interchanging ideas, com-

paring results. If one suggestion should be found impracticable, let us cast about for something better.

APPEAL TO THE HEART AND WILL.

But all this is only preparation for the real work of making ready the heart and will. First Communion is the great epoch in a child's life, having its influence on the whole career. It is the time when its conscience is trained, its will braced, its principles of action formed. If we take so much pains to fix the attention and arouse interest, it is that we may ensure lasting results in the life and conduct. Let us be definite here and practical. We must show the children that the chief part of preparation must be their own doing. It does not consist merely in coming to instructions and learning their catechism, but in setting earnestly to work to correct the faults which they know our Lord will not like to find in their hearts when He comes. Put before them now in very simple language the Child Life of Him who—a child like themselves—is coming to them to help them to be like Him. Show Him to them in His home life, at His prayer, at His play, at His lessons, in His troubles; and tell them they will best please Him and make ready for His coming by trying to be like Him. Teach them how to meet temptation; to rise promptly and without discouragement after a fall; to offer their daily actions to God, and to turn to Him at once in time of trouble. Teach them the necessity of prayer and of perseverance in it to the end. Familiarize them with the thought of the Presence of God as a safeguard in temptation and a help in every need. These things are not spiritual luxuries for the favored few. We all need them to keep out of sin and to store our lives with the merit that lies in our daily path. And now is our chance with the children. Never again shall we have a right to claim them so entirely for a course of instruction. Never again will their hearts be so fresh, so teachable, so eager. Oh, let us do all we can for them *now!* Let us impress upon them the duty of morning and night prayer and examination of conscience, of attendance at Sunday Mass, of regular approach to the Sacraments. Let us see that the prayers they use for Mass and preparation for the Sacraments are suited to their age and capacity. In a word, let us get

1. Some priests have a collection of several hundreds of suitable slides.

2. The magnificent films of the Life of our Lord by the *Bonne Presse*, though very reverent, grate on the religious sense of some. So do the slides of the Mass (from life), but this might not be the case with children.

them to look upon fidelity to the practices of a Christian life as the real preparation our Lord asks of them, and to expect from His Presence with them great strength and help in the battle with self for which each one of them must be prepared.

AIDS. THE CO-OPERATION OF MOTHERS.

And here experience shows us that next to the grace of God, those who have the instruction of First Communicants at heart, must look to the mothers. Pains may be taken by others to reach the child's intelligence, heart, and will, but they will be rendered to a great extent ineffectual if the home influence does not tell in the same direction. It has been found that much may be done towards securing the co-operation of mothers, if on the formation of a First Communion class, they can have their responsibilities and power for good brought home to them in a familiar talk.

Tell the mothers, then, that preparation for First Communion is not simply a time for implanting a certain number of doctrinal facts in the child's mind. It is the preparation of the young heart for our Lord's coming by the exercise of those Christian virtues and the formation of those Christian habits which must be its stay through life. For this the proper sphere is the home. Routine may influence it in school. There it goes with the crowd. It is at home that individual effort is called out and that good habits are formed. Tell them that in the instructions now to be given the home life of the Holy Child will be set before the children as the model of what a Christian home should be, and that they will be urged to imitate His reverence at prayer, obedience, &c. Show them how much a mother's intelligent help may do here. The child's will is weak. Watchful and loving care is needed to guide and second its efforts. Prudence, too, and patience. We must not expect miracles at this time, or suppose that the prospect of the Great Day will so fill the volatile childish mind as to bring about the correction of every fault. Good will is about all we must expect. The child should know we look for this. But it would be a fatal mistake to make its faults at this time matter for special surprise and reproach. With little in the way of interference, the mother will be noting the child's conduct and encouraging

every effort. Prayer, morning and night, confession, more frequent, probably, during this time of preparation, punctuality at instructions—all these the mother should make her concern, and forward as far as may be. Could we put these points before mothers with the earnestness born of deep conviction, could we bring them to look upon it as a privilege to help us here, what lasting fruits a First Communion might bring, not to the child alone, but to its home.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

With a view to the home influence exercised at this time, will it be considered irrelevant if a plea is made for the restoration amongst us of that reunion of the family at night which was at one time a general practice in Catholic households? In days when the sanctity of the home is assailed in so many ways, and its safety and happiness need stronger defence than in the past, should we not do well to meet together at nightfall to secure a blessing and protection that will follow the children when they leave its shelter and enter on the battle of life? Experience shows that few impressions are earlier and more lasting than this, of seeing father, mother, brothers, and sisters kneeling together as the day closes, in united prayer. A young mother recently found her babe just three kneeling in a corner, the eyes closed, the little hands joined. To the question: "What are you doing, Pet?" came the reply: "I'se saying my prayers." "You see," explained the mother, "she had seen from her crib Jack and me saying our prayers together when he comes home of a night." Jack is a guard on the railway. Has he not had his reward already in the impression made where it will probably never be effaced!

No doubt, when the habit of family prayer has been lost, effort is needed to recover it. But mothers are generous, and ready to use their influence here as far as prudence will allow. The habit of morning and evening prayer is absolutely essential to perseverance in a Christian life. Would not God bless the determination to meet together for five minutes¹ each evening before the children go to bed, and thus let every member of the family help to train these little ones in the way they should go?

1. The night prayers of the *Simple Prayer Book*, English Catholic Truth Society (one million two hundred thousand), price 1s, take no more than five minutes, examination of conscience included.

A RETREAT.

If a short retreat is possible, well-planned, interspersed, perhaps, with interesting reading, singing, or lantern slides, mothers will help greatly by falling in heartily with whatever arrangements are made in the children's behalf.

THE EVE.

On the eve let them see that the children get to bed in good time and that all is ready for the morrow. The dress should be festive if possible, but simple, devoid of display and of anything that could distract either themselves or others.

THE DAY.

The First Communicants should be in church one-quarter hour before Mass begins. Happy those who come accompanied by father and mother and have them kneeling by them at the rails! Let all at home help to make the Great Day as bright as possible. Let the children feel themselves the objects of reverent affection. Care should be taken that the pleasures, presents, &c., be not over-exciting, and should there be Benediction in the evening all should attend.

AFTER.

A great help towards keeping up the fruits of First Communion, is the gathering together of a First Communion set before certain great Feasts, for a General Communion. This might be preceded by a short instruction tending to revive the good dispositions and resolves with which they approached the altar to receive our Lord for the first time.

Now more than ever is the mother's care and influence indispensable to preserve in the heart of her child the happy fruits of its union with God. She must watch over its reading, its companions, its amusements, ascertain how often confession and Communion are advised by the Confessor and do what she can to see that its religious duties are faithfully fulfilled.

How often has it happened that in her zeal to promote the child's welfare, a mother finds her own fervor quickened; that she begins to accompany the little one to the altar, and that the practice of frequent Communion thus gradually makes its way into a household!

Reviewing, then, the ground over which we

have travelled, we see that preparation for First Communion should bring our Lord vividly before the children's minds in order to win their hearts to Him, and that bright descriptions of Gospel scenes, with lantern slides or the cinematograph, and simple rhymes, embodying the Acts before and after Communion, would prove very helpful to this end. Secondly, that we should get the children to look upon their imitation of the virtues they see in our Blessed Lord, and fidelity to their religious and home duties, as the preparation for His Coming which He desires to find. We must teach them now the necessity and the practice of prayer, obedience, and self-denial; the duty of morning and night prayer with examination of conscience; of attendance at Sunday Mass; how to meet temptation; to offer their daily actions to God, and the like. A powerful help and one we should make every effort to secure is (1) the co-operation of mothers which may often be won by a familiar talk with them on the formation of a First Communion class, and (2) the practice of family prayer at night. After First Communion mothers should continue their watchful care over their children's companions, amusements, and reading, and do what they can to ensure their religious duties being faithfully fulfilled. Means should also be taken to keep up the fruits of First Communion. Such might be a General Communion preceded by an instruction before great Feasts.


Have you ever realized what a charm there is in enthusiasm? Life is so often monotonous that we like occasionally to be wakened up with interest, and the person who is radiant over small things is always a delight.

The girl who carries enthusiasm into her work as well as into her play, will find that she holds a winning card. Work that is done for the "joy of working" is likely to be well done. Lack of interest makes for dull-routine. It brings discontent and often failure. Persons who succeed are the ones who can inspire both themselves and others by their magnetic personality, and there is nothing so magnetic as enthusiasm. People will follow us, like us, and admire us, if we have it. It is worth cultivating if it is not natural endowment.



RECEPTION ROOM, LORETO ABBEY.

**Reception Tendered to His Lordship the
Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop
of London, by the Pupils of Loreto
Academy, Stratford, Saturday,
September the Seventeenth.**

 ON Saturday evening, the pupils of the above Institution assembled to welcome His Lordship Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., on the occasion of his first visit to this portion of his diocese.

As His Lordship entered the brilliantly-lighted hall, accompanied by Very Reverend Dean McGee, he was greeted by the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," coming from voices animated by eighty loyal hearts. This was followed by "Loreto's Greeting."

Miss Vesta Duggan then read the following address:

TO HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REVEREND M. F.
FALLON, D. D., BISHOP OF LONDON.

Right Reverend and dear Father:

Ever since the joyful tidings reached us that Your Lordship had been appointed to the See of London, we have been gladly looking forward to the honor of a visit and the pleasure of welcoming you to this portion of your diocese, where you will find loyal hearts ready to offer respectful homage; hearts grateful for the privilege of enjoying Your Lordship's protection and, we trust, friendship; hearts appreciative of the kind dispensations of Providence who has guided you through the diverse ways of your religious career to your present appointment.

For those who have followed you with interest through these different phases of clerical life, there is a long chain of pleasant memories. The noble record of the zealous, dearly-beloved parish priest has been but further emphasized in the arduous responsibilities which followed, and with such a glorious retrospect, how delightful is the anticipation!

We fully realize that a life of public benefit like yours, means a life of complete self-immolation, a literal dispensing of the sweets of religion to all those within the happy radius of your influence, a leading through pleasant pathways at the cost of many personal sacrifices, so we beg the dear Master in whose footsteps you are so

closely walking, "to present you with the sweetness of His blessings" that into your life may come the same bright sunshine that you have diffused so generously wherever you went.

In the chorus of welcome that greets you from all parts of your diocese, no tones are more exultant than those resounding to-day throughout Loreto's precincts, when her children are trying to voice the sentiments of loyal, loving hearts.

The next number on the programme, "Little Ones in Songland," was warmly applauded by His Lordship, as were "Lovely Rose"—soloist, Miss Edith Kastner—the piano selection, "Élégie," rendered by Miss Alma Levett, and the Chorus, "Ave Maria Loreto."

At the close of the performance, His Lordship said:

Thank you for your kind entertainment. It has been a surprise and a delight to me that you could have prepared anything so good in so short a time. I congratulate you on your appreciation of the artistic as proved by your excellent interpretation of the music—vocal and instrumental. I cannot sing and I cannot play, but I do love music.

I congratulate you, too, on being under the influence of the Religious of the Institute of Mary. I ought to feel at home with them, too, as, I believe, I had a *grandmother* or grandaunt Chief Superior in one of their convents in Ireland.

Make the best use of your time by properly uniting prayer and study. Study as if there was no such thing as prayer, and pray as if there was no study.

The convent-trained girl is easily recognized in any position in life, whether her lot falls in the cottage of the workman or in the palace of the noble.

I thank the girl who spoke the words of the address, although what she said was not true. The part which I can take to myself is that in which she spoke your good wishes. I do not know why Our Lord brought me to this diocese to take charge of a portion of His flock, for I realize how little I can do of myself—but with the aid of a daily Hail Mary from the tots in the front row, I should be very strong; and with three Hail Marys from the second, third and fourth rows, I should be able to do mostly everything. St. Teresa once set out to build a con-

vent with only one shilling in her purse. Friends tried to dissuade her from her purpose, on the ground that she had no money. St. Teresa replied: "Teresa is nothing, Teresa and a shilling are very little, but Teresa, a shilling and Jesus Christ can do everything." Therefore, I, with your prayers and the grace of God, can accomplish the work that has been appointed me.

At the conclusion of his address, His Lordship gave his blessing to the children, and the reception closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Sorrow in the Eyes.

TEARS in the eyes of a man mean so much. There is something divine about the sorrow of a man. He finds himself supremely helpless to meet it. A woman can make excuses and talk. This is not a man's way. He says nothing.

Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus. The Redeemer's tears! Would it not have been the crowning privilege of life's highest hour to have witnessed one of these tears—to have been near enough to feel it fall, to save it, to embalm it forever! And who could ever be the same again who had been so near Christ. Some of His tenderness and loveliness would come out from Him, and we would hold it to our hearts forever. Lazarus took up life again because He could not look on Mary's tears.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me although he be dead, shall live."

He told Martha this but she had not realized His meaning because she did not half know Him. She had seen His tears, and she said: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And He brought him to life again for her. Oh, the loveliness and the reward of Christ!

There is something so wonderful about tears. They are so new, and they are so old, and they are so long with us,—from the cradle to the grave. All along the road of life they are never very far away—the language of joy sometimes, but more frequently the language of sorrow.

Tears wore channels into Peter's face. Tears from the eyes that had looked on Christ must have been different from ordinary tears. Tears from the eyes that had met the wounded glance

of Christ must have been burning tears of shame and insatiable sorrow. And so the channels came into his face,—channels deep and rough. But the tender heart of Christ knew how to smooth those wrinkles out.

"Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? Lovest thou me more than these?"

Unspeaking joy ravished Peter's poor broken heart.

"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Peter's tears seem closest to the tears of Christ. They were so much for Him, so much on account of Him. He had seen them—had accepted them completely and no more remembered the treason behind them.

I love to think of Mary Magdalen's tears. They were so brave; they were so full of affection that Christ drew near.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

He knew very well why. But was there ever a sweeter question?

"If thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him; and I will take Him away."

It seems no answer to His question. But it was the grandest answer ever hidden in the mist of tears. Oh, the voice of the risen Saviour!

"Mary."

"Rabboni!"

And heaven touched the earth where the weeping Magdalen stood. Was there ever such a reward?

"Do not touch me."

What was she going to do, I wonder? I would have fallen at His feet and have tried to keep Him because I would be afraid He would go from me again. And then Thabor would have passed away, and I think, for me, life, too.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

A million million of dollars could not make that flower which nods at you when you step into your garden. A billion billion could not buy that smile from the friend you love. The unminted wealth of countless mines could not make a single shaft of the blessed sunshine which gladdens you each day. So we have an incentive to do good in the fact that we are dependent. We owe it to each other to give a kindly word, an honest hand-clasp, and, if needs be, material assistance.



CHAPEL, LORETO ABBEY.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
*By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin
 Mary in America.*

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OCTOBER, 1910.

On the glorious Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, one of the most joyous celebrations of the year took place at Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

That day marked the completion of the twenty-fifth year of our dear M. M. Eudoxia Fromm's course upon the beautiful way of the Counsels—the path of the higher life—and many were the gifts and greetings bestowed on the esteemed Jubilarian by friends, both religious and secular.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by Very Reverend A. Walter, D. D., while the choir, composed of members from the different houses of the Institute, who had come especially for the occasion, rendered a Convent Mass in a manner worthy of the hallowed anniversary.

In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the exultant strains of the Jubilee Hymn, brought to a close the festivities of an exceptionally joyful day—all present wishing for the dear, honored Religious many years more of splendid service for the

King of Kings and, then—the glorious "Jubilantes in Aeternum"!

*

On the evening of July the eighteenth, in the calm of the sunset hour and the peace that pervades life's closing scene for the chosen ones of Christ, Mother M. Teresa Corrigan passed to her eternal reward, after a long and painful illness, borne with exemplary patience and fortitude.

Called, in tender mercy, to lay the burden of her years and infirmities at the Master's feet, and the garnered sheaves of these three score years of consecrated service in his vineyard—a service begun in early maidenhood and faithfully continued even beyond the harvest of a Golden Jubilee—how sweetly the "Veni Sponsa Christi" must have sounded to her enraptured ears!

Not many of the members whose privilege it was to be associated with the founders of the Institute in America, are now among us; and with the passing of Ven. M. M. Teresa Corrigan, we recall those pioneer days of heroic endurance and privations in a strange land.

One of the first pupils to enter the school in Toronto, was the beautiful Emily Zavala Corrigan, daughter of Patrick and Clara Josephine Eggeso Corrigan, of New York City; and granddaughter of Henry Eggeso, of New York. Her father, whose family is well known in Catholic and Irish circles, was a brother of the late Sir Dominic Corrigan, of Dublin, Ireland—an eminent authority on cardiac maladies.

Mother M. Teresa was always among the first recipients of the many literary gems which came from the pen of her gifted cousin, the late Lady Martin, of Dublin, for whom she entertained a deep affection.

We beg to offer assurances of prayer for the dear deceased to her surviving relatives.

*

The death of Sr. M. Cera Purcell, on the twenty-third of June, marked the close of one of

those quiet, prayerful lives—the portion of so many predestined souls to whom Almighty God vouchsafes the grace of a religious vocation.

Sr. M. Cera was ever mindful of the religious injunctions received at her Holy Profession—to spend herself and be spent in the interests of others—for whom she never wearied to labor until illness incapacitated her for active service.

During long months of intense suffering, ever submissive to God's will, eagerly waiting for the summons that would admit her to her heavenly home and the longed-for "Well done," this faithful Religious was a constant source of edification to those privileged to attend her.

For Sr. M. Cera, Death had no terrors. In this respect, especially, her life taught us a lesson of that confidence and hope in the goodness of God for those who have left all—home and country and friends—to follow Him.

*

Referring to the death of the late Mother Alphonsa Ellis, of Loreto Convent, Hulme, Manchester, our Correspondent writes:

"She was more than resigned, indeed, quite joyful at the thought of going to Our Blessed Lord. She had been a perfect Religious, in every sense of the word, and literally wore herself out working for souls. The sacrifice she made when she entered, in her twenty-fifth year, was a great one, but made with a generous heart, and, from the first she ever sought to add to, rather than retrench from, her offering. Her holy death was but the echo of her life—no one who had not lived in constant union with God by prayer could have found, as she did, such facility in spiritual matters when reduced to extreme exhaustion. It rested rather than tired her to pray. Her unselfishness and consideration for others were remarkable to the last. Her director told us she was a saint, and that attending her was more to him than making a retreat.

In addition to her great holiness, Mother Alphonsa was a most loving mother, endowed with exceptional gifts of mind, and an especial aptitude for drawing young people to God. You can form some idea of the loss we have sus-

tained, but grieving would be selfish, for she has won her crown and is safe with God."

*

As we close Francis Thompson's "St. Ignatius"—which, alas, he did not live to see in print, or to know not only the literary pleasure but the spiritual profit that his readers would derive from its pages—some of us realize our misconception of the true spirit of St. Ignatius, regarding him in the light of the stern soldier-saint, forgetting the element of kindness, greatness of heart, and tolerance for human foibles, that a mere military martinet never could possess; whereas Francis Thompson reveals him as an ever-loving, holy father to the Sons of the Society of Jesus.

A contemporary has remarked: "We know the old saying that it takes a Saint to write the life of a Saint, and we are inclined to add—or, *that half brother to a Saint, the Catholic poet.* After reading *The Hound of Heaven*, we expect all the depths of spiritual insight and every bit of the profound appreciation that Francis Thompson brings to the consideration of his great subject. It is a delight and alas, a rare one, to find the life of a Saint enshrined in a fitting literary style. Perhaps Father Paschal Robinson's exquisite translation of *The Life of St. Clare*, and this life of St. Ignatius, presage a new order in hagiology, we hope so.

"To the lover of St. Francis of Assisi, it is evident in nearly every chapter of the book that in the back of the author's mind, indelibly printed, are the features of that other Saint, whose name Francis Thompson bears; and either to emphasize by contrast or to draw some curious and subtle comparison, ever and anon he sets beside St. Ignatius the other figure so unlike and yet so closely related in the kinship of sanctity, the poverello of Assisi.

"Writing of the conversion of St. Ignatius' former persecutor, Ortiz, and his subsequent going through the *Spiritual Exercises*, the author

says: *We are grateful to him (Ortiz) for this retreat under the Saint's direction were it only for the side-light it throws on an aspect of Ignatius we might otherwise never have known. We like to learn that the Saint of Assisi once frankly and enjoyingly laughed—a most kind and innocent laugh—er—at the simplicity of a good lay-brother. And even so we value an amusing little anecdote of Ignatius, in its place, as much as the records of his visions and sublimities. It helps us to keep in touch with his humanity, which is in danger of obscurity by the dazzling aureole of his sanctity. A kindly featured face emerges from that circle of luminous whiteness; Ortiz, it is said, gave way under the strain of those recluse meditations in the Abbey of Monte Cassino; his head became affected. Then, the lofty and ascetic Saint forgot to forget his own gay and cavalier youth; he danced before Ortiz; he danced as another David; he danced the old Basque national dance. Ortiz was roused and brightened—the two, one may well think, laughed heartily together; and lo and behold! the "Exercises" were carried successfully to an end.*

Another on page 148. Ignatius is moving heaven and earth to prevent his own election as General. *As a last resort, Ignatius offered to abide by the decision of his confessor, The Franciscan Fra Theodosio, of the Convent of San Pietro in Montioro. The association of Francis and Ignatius is interesting; let it therefore be recorded that it was a Franciscan who finally gave the Jesuits their first and greatest General. By way of securing what to him appeared a favorable decision, Ignatius spent three days in the Convent, praying and confessing. Having thus exposed his iniquities, he asked the Franciscan to acquaint his own brethren, in writing, with the unworthiness of their choice. Theodosio's written decision was therefore opened before all the members, and proved to be a statement that the penitent was bound to accept the voice of his brethren and the office to which*

they summoned him. Condemned out of the mouth of his chosen referee, Ignatius gave way. The Society had its General on April 13, 1541.

One more quotation exhibiting the poet-biographer's power of spiritual analysis:

No two things could be more exteriorly unlike than Franciscan democracy and Jesuit autocracy. Yet the Order of St. Francis could hardly be more individualistic beneath the surface than the Order of Ignatius. On both, by wholly different methods, the common and penetrating seal was set, so that Jesuit or Franciscan was Jesuit or Franciscan all through. But the seal once set, nay, in the setting of it (little though this might appear on the surface) the Jesuit's personality was sedulously educed and fostered. He was assigned to do that which he was, to act himself; even as, after other fashion, the law of Franciscan simplicity was to be one's self. For all wise spiritual training is one in end, though the roads to that end are many, and in the diversity of human nature several men prefer several ways. In these diversities of nature and election be the need and justification of many Religious Orders.

Of a surely master-poet the foregoing was keenly thought and wisely said. We hope we have given our readers an appetite for the book itself.

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, "The Friendly Little House and Other Stories," by Marion Ames Taggart, and Others. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

A library of short stories of thrilling interest, by a coterie of Catholic authors that take rank with the best writers of contemporary fiction. Stories that reflect all the sentiments of the human heart—its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its realizations and disappointments, its victories and defeats—nothing but what is healthful, edifying, inspiring. There are nineteen stories in the book.

The brilliant success achieved by the students of the Irish Loretos, at the recent Intermediate Examinations, has reached us through a Dublin weekly.

Loreto Convent, Balbriggan, has obtained five Medals in the Senior Grade Experimental Science, the Middle Grade Medals in German, in History and Geography, and two Medals in Experimental Science; the French and Irish Medals in Junior Grade, and two of its pupils tie for the Italian Medal. The Convent obtained two £20 Second Class Exhibitions in the Senior Grade Modern Literary Course, a First Class Exhibition in Division I. of the Middle Grade Modern Literary Course, and a £15 Exhibition in Division II.; two First Class Exhibitions in the Junior Grade Modern Literary Course, and two Second Class Exhibitions in Division I., and one in Division II. A First Class Exhibition in the Junior Experimental Science Course, in which the School takes first place, is also to its credit. Three Junior Grade Composition Prizes in French, in which the School has first, second, and third places, go to Balbriggan, and a Senior Grade and two Junior Grade German Composition Prizes. Balbriggan takes first place in Middle Grade Irish and in Junior Grade Irish, and has two Composition Prizes in the latter. First and second places in Junior Grade Italian were won by its pupils. Its total of 36 Distinctions is the highest in Ireland.

Distinctions were also obtained by the Loreto Convents in Wexford, Stephen's Green, Dublin; Omagh, Killarney, Fermoy, Mullingar, Navan, Rathmines, Gorey, and Enniscorthy.

Warmest congratulations to our sister students in the "Island of Saints and Scholars!"

Silence is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue, and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.—*Hazlitt*.

England's Greatest Catholic Historian.

Reverend John Lingard, Unlike Macaulay, Hume and Froude, is Trustworthy and Impartial.

NOW that Mgr. Ward with his "Dawn of the Catholic Revival," and Father Edwin Burton with his masterly life of Bishop Challoner, have revived interest in a hitherto strangely neglected period of English history, we may hope that a worthy biographer of England's greatest Catholic historian, may do tardy and adequate justice to the life and labors of Doctor John Lingard.

Lord Acton, who never merited the charge of wasting time on verbose eulogies, had a profound respect for Lingard, as the only trustworthy and impartial historian of England, and often expressed his admiration for this trustworthiness. Lingard's reputation has always suffered in Protestant historical circles; for his priestly calling made him a victim of popular prejudice. His motives were suspected as biased ipso facto, and his statements received the distrust which is the lamentable concomitant of indolent and unscholarly bigotry.

A Bearer of Truth.

But as time beats down the barriers of traditional intolerance, and men look for history not as a mass of classic rhetorical statements, but as a record of actualities, Lingard will tower above the fallacies of Hume and Macaulay, Lecky, Froude, Freeman, and the long line of popular idols, as the bearer of truth to a nation which, for three centuries, has stubbornly stopped its ears and hooded its eyes that it might neither see nor hear the mischief it had wrought in leading men from the Catholic faith of their Anglo-Saxon forefathers and sires. Lingard's merits as a trustworthy and reliable historian will ultimately triumph, and his work must find its true place in the appreciation of posterity. His share in the marvellous renaissance of English Catholicism in the nineteenth century has not yet received its just appraisal. He induced Englishmen of all variations of opinions to read their country's history. He awakened a historical curiosity among university men, that had lain dormant for centuries. He provoked doubts about the accuracy and solidity of their preconceived notions on these dangerous historic

themes. He created a conviction in honest hearts that too much had been taken for granted in the existent relations between Catholics and Protestants.

Genuine Spirit of Inquiry.

He excited a genuine spirit of inquiry and research, unknown since the tragic cleft made by the Reformation. He, more than any Englishman, blazed the way in true pioneer paths of progress for that miraculous stirring of the spiritual life in England which we have grown used to call the Oxford Movement. For fulness of detail, lucid arrangement of historical material, proofs of patient investigation, simple, straightforward style and power to bring truths directly to men's minds honest enough to seek them, for the skill to destroy fallacious theories, to dissipate prejudice secular in its pertinacity, to display effectively soundness of judgment, high, unimpeachable moral character, solid, varied scholarship, strong, unflinching faith, sincere piety, unshakable in its foundations, Lingard has and can have no superior.

His mind of singular clearness and rapidity of perception was the inexhaustible well-spring of an unsurpassed energy of thought. His diligence and activity moved him to untiring industry both for his own labors and for those of others, which his generosity and his universal reputation brought upon him. Scholars from every country sought advice and information from one who was capable and eager to share his knowledge with whoever asked for its rich fruitage. His simple life almost mocks the efforts of a biographer.

In a Crucial Time.

Though he shunned ecclesiastical honors with the horror of the genuine scholar, yet no one took a larger share in the important and vital ecclesiastical affairs of England, during crises and crucial epochs verging on schism, than he. Bishops consulted him as the safest of oracles on all matters of delicate and intricate import, sure of the acuteness of his critical and political sagacity. Even his bitterest adversaries succumbed to the fascination of his frankness, simplicity, and to the clear, unencumbered method he employed in his exposition of historical truth. His polemical, controversial, and literary treatises abundantly testify to his breadth of judg-

ment and to his wide range of research. His theological knowledge was unexcelled, embodying arguments so clear, forcible and convincing as to be fairly irresistible not only from their sobriety of style, but from the force of his powerful logic. The few meagre facts outlining his life as priest and historian, set down in this notice, are taken from Gillow's "Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics."

Born in 1771.

John Lingard, the only son of devout Catholic parents, was born at Winchester, February 5, 1771. His grandparents, paternal and maternal, had become impoverished even to penury, through fines and imprisonments, for their staunch adherence to Catholic faith and principles. Though his father and mother as playmates in the same parish, had been taught by the same pastor and received the sacraments at the same altar together, yet their poverty drove them to London, to seek work. Unknown to each other, they were living for years in the great city. An accidental meeting brought about a renewal of friendship, a speedy courtship, a happy, holy marriage, and a consequent desire to get back to the old home of their childhood. This boy, destined to do so much for English Catholics, was the blessing of their married life. He showed precocity even from infancy, and his quick intellect and remarkable piety marked him for the priesthood. Reverend James Nolan, his pastor, recommended him to Bishop Challoner, and to his Coadjutor, Bishop James Talbot. Father Nolan died of a fever, contracted while ministering to French exiles at the King's House, Winchester, July 27, 1779. The Gordon Riots provoked the death of Bishop Challoner, January 12, 1781. So young Lingard lost his two benefactors within a short time. But his new pastor, Reverend John Milner, now one of the unforgettable names in English Catholic history, concurred then, at least, with Father Nolan's intentions about the boy's future. Bishop Talbot agreed to establish him at the ecclesiastical school of Douay, which had been the refuge of English scholars for two centuries. With two Irish priests, on September 30, 1782, young John Lingard set sail from Margate for Ostend, bound for the Irish College at Douay. His course of studies brought him the highest scho-

lastic honors and won distinction and affection for him from the entire faculty.

A Passion for History.

To their great delight, at the close of his rhetoric course, when but eighteen, he privately read for his own profit and pleasure in the original Greek and Latin all that was extant and accessible on Roman History. His mother, from his earliest days, had fostered his passion for history, which she shared with him. She delighted in dowering him with historical books on every feast or festal occasion. With avidity he had mastered all the history she was able to get for his delectation.

The whole body of Douay professors commended him for his unique feat and supplied him with every reference available. He next applied himself to Hebrew and Sacred Scripture with such success that Maynooth College offered him the chair of Hebrew and Biblical Exegesis, only to be refused.

In October, 1791, his theological studies suffered a breach, for he was appointed a minor professor for that scholastic year. He privately pursued his divinity studies, however, until Douay was doomed to destruction by the anarchy attendant upon the French Revolution. The college had already suffered from the extravagant excesses of the savage soldiery. Bayonets had pierced the breasts of Douay students, swords had grazed the skulls of Douay superiors. In June, 1790, Lingard himself, in trying to rescue the college bookseller from an infuriated mob, narrowly escaped the guillotine through his prowess as a sprinter in adopting Falstaff's heroic tactics of running away from peril. The murder of Louis XVI. and the subsequent declaration of war against England, in 1793, placed the English students of Douay in a perilous plight.

Escaped to England.

Lingard's youthful shrewdness enabled him to elude his enemies, so that with William Stourton and the Olivira brothers, his pupils, he escaped to England. The reputation which his talents had won for him was bruited broadcast in England, even to exciting the unaccountable jealousy of Milner, his former benefactor, but now until death his implacable antagonist. Lord Stourton prevailed on Lingard to take up his residence

with him as his son's tutor. Other Douay students had found refuge in England with Reverend Arthur Story at Tudhoe, four and a half miles from Durham.

In the summer of 1794, Bishop Gibson, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, prevailed upon Lord Stourton to permit Lingard to take charge of Crook Hall, two miles from Tudhoe. Bishop Gibson had rented and repaired this estate to house the sad but sacred remnant of the once famous Douay College for English Catholics. On October 15, 1794, collegiate exercises began in Crook Hall among the eight surviving students. Bishop Gibson had placed Reverend Thomas Eyre over the college as president, and Lingard, who had in the meantime completed his prescribed theology, was vice-president. Bishop Gibson ordained him to the priesthood, April 18, 1795. He professed natural and moral philosophy, besides assuming control as prefect of studies at Cook Hall until 1804, when he almost lost the position. Bishop Gibson was planning the new college of Ushaw, and from motives of economy offered to allow Lingard to go to London to help Bishop Douglass, but Reverend T. Eyre, the president of Crook Hall, besought Bishop Gibson to allow Lingard to remain. Eyre died, May 8, 1810. Lingard governed Crook Hall until 1811, when he migrated to the now completed Ushaw College. The proximity to Durham and the daily living amid scenes made memorable by association with Venerable Bede, awakened in Lingard an intense love for Anglo-Saxon history.

Saxon Monastic Life.

He embodied his personal researches into detached theses, which he read to his colleagues at Ushaw often by the evening fireside. His themes were the sterling, sturdy faith of their Saxon ancestors, the origin and development of Saxon monastic life, religious customs, Church government, the learning, law, literature, and lives of those Anglo-Saxon Catholics who had made of England Our Lady's Dower.

Repeated requests to mould these disconnected fragments into published formulas finally succeeded in inducing Lingard, contrary to his diffidence and modesty, to have printed, in 1806, two volumes, called "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church." This wonderful work, combined with his two great later essays in the

Dublin *Review*, "Did the Church of England Reform Herself?" (1841) and "The Ancient Church of England and the Liturgy of the Anglican Church," (1844) did more in a quiet, unpretending, unostentatious way to dissipate Anglican sophistry and to annihilate Anglican pretensions than all manner of truculent lucubrations had succeeded in accomplishing hitherto.

By September 3, 1811, Lingard, thus plunged into a literary life almost involuntarily, resigned from professional labor at Ushaw, and, at his own request, begged to be stationed as a humble, unhampered missionary priest at the rude and rural parish of Hornby, in Lancashire. Silently, in obscurity, he set himself to his studies and to his unique vocation of doing the great service to religion that no contemporary could have done.

Begins with Pamphlets.

His first efforts took the superfluous shape of polemical pamphlets, models of ability, theological acumen, and learning, but even his publisher remonstrated on the dissipation of such erudite energy and suggested that he write a work worthy to engage the serious notice of learned Protestants whom he wished to influence. The professional freedom of Hornby revived in him the passion for original historical research. His modesty was alarmed at the proposal to prepare an abridged history of England for use in Catholic schools. Six years sped on without getting him beyond accumulating matter for the great work projected.

In April, 1817, Bishop Poynter commissioned Lingard to go to Rome to negotiate about restoring the English College out of the government control into English ownership. Cardinal Litta, Prefect of Propaganda, received him at first with a great show of honor and offered the Vatican archives for his use, during his stay at Rome. Milner, however, prejudiced the Roman authorities against Lingard, and had it not been for the compensating courtesy and hospitality of Cardinal Consalvi, Lingard's Roman visit would have been unprofitable. The genial magnanimity of Consalvi enabled Lingard to accomplish the transfer of the English College to Bishop Poynter's control, and Dr. Gradwell was installed as Rector. The Vatican researches amounted to little on account of the confusion caused by the French occupation of Rome. Lingard found the

Vatican manuscripts in a topsy-turvy state of turmoil.

Returns to Hornby.

In the autumn of 1817, he was back at Hornby. Through the negotiations of Mr. George Silver-top, Mawman, a Lydgate Hill publisher, reluctantly consented to take the MSS. of Vol. I. of this English History which Lingard had promised to prepare. Lord Holland happened in on Mawman when he was grumbling out his regret at having been lured into so unprofitable a speculation as a History of England. "Lingard is the only Englishman capable of such an undertaking," suggested Lord Holland. Mawman was somewhat reassured at such weighty testimony. Lord Holland consented to go over the MSS. and approved them so far beyond the publisher's anticipations that Lingard received a check for a thousand guineas as evidence of his good faith.

By 1819, three volumes, bringing up the records to the period agreed on, were in the press. By the spring of 1830, the eighth volume of the History of England down to the Revolution in 1688, was published. Scholars in England and on the Continent acclaimed it admiringly. Translations into French and German made it accessible in every European university. The faculty of the University of Paris distributed copies as prizes to their students in philosophy and rhetoric. Pope Pius VII. ordered an Italian rendition of the great history at once.

Is Named Coadjutor.

July 2, 1823, Lingard's name was sent to Rome as a worthy candidate for Coadjutor to Bishop Thomas Smith, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District. Milner deprecated the choice so vindictively that Lingard's name was cast out. Amongst other things he wrote to Dr. Kirk, October 13, 1823: "I see nothing in the office but trouble and vexation."

In 1825, Lingard paid his second visit to Rome. Leo XII. honored him as highly as had Pope Pius VII. He urged him to stay permanently in Rome. He gave him a large gold medal as a token of his esteem. October 2, 1826, he told the Cardinals in Consistory that he would soon bestow the cardinalate on a historian capable of defending Catholic truth against heretics and schismatics. Lingard was never a Cardinal, however. Leo XII.'s death prevented this

recognition of his talents as a champion of Catholicism. Cardinal Wiseman got into a historic controversy with the *Rambler*, while Lord Acton and Richard Simpson edited it, by stoutly maintaining that Leo XII. had Lamennais and not Lingard in mind as one of his new Cardinals, but the dispute was settled by a clever compromise before the *Rambler* went out of existence, by a writer, signing himself "Z.," who professed to have conclusive proof that both Lingard and Lamennais would have been members of the Sacred College if Leo XII. had lived to carry out his purpose.

Changed British Sentiment.

Leo XII. recognized then, as everybody does now, that Lingard's History of England was one of the great causes which had completely transformed English public sentiment on Catholic matters. Just about this time a Theatine, Padre Ventura, an extravagant zealot whose demagogic squabbles had incurred the Papal displeasure, circulated a savage diatribe, damaging to Lingard. Bishop Baines and Dr. Wiseman, who dubbed Ventura a drivelling, idiotic ultramontanist, urged Lingard to spend a half hour putting Padre Ventura in his proper place, but Lingard ignored all personal attacks with supreme indifference as part of the penalty of publicity and the "landscape of life."

Little remains to record in the humble, industrious life of this modest Catholic missionary priest.

In 1839, his Lancashire bank having suspended payment, through Lord Holland's influence, Queen Victoria gave him a grant of three hundred pounds from her privy purse. This year, 1839, saw him elected to the French Academy, the tribute of France to the great Catholic historian whose labors had done more good for the cause of religion in France than any other work. In 1849, though suffering intensely from a complication of aggravated complaints, all incurable, he completed his fourth edition of the History, having practically rewritten several portions in accordance with recent researches and their conclusions.

Buried at Ushaw.

July 17, 1851, at the age of eighty years, he died at Hornby. He was buried, at his own request, in the cloistral cemetery of Ushaw Col-

lege, now proud of this honor, as she is of Wiseman's and Francis Thompson's associations with her. The entire proceeds of his historical and literary labors, Lingard had for years devoted to establishing houses for needy ecclesiastical students. He had built a chapel, too, for his parishioners at Hornby, beautifying it with pictures, gathered during his Italian visits.

Lingard's personality was most charming in its simplicity. Outside of his public enemies, such as Padre Ventura and Milner, everybody, Catholic and Protestant, loved the gentle, kind, obliging priest. His playfulness, serenity, buoyancy and exquisite urbanity rendered him easy of approach. An exquisite vein of satirical, critical humor made him an affable and entertaining talker. He knew how to adapt himself to any society. His prevalent tolerance, unstinted generosity, pliancy of nature, and kindly temperament, attracted all types to his friendly self. The sturdy elegance of his literary style gave complete and unbiased satisfaction to all his opponents. He quietly opened the eyes of Englishmen to the conspiracy of misrepresentation of the ancient English Church by Protestants, and exercised a far greater influence in favor of Catholic Emancipation than any other one person, or any concerted action to such an end. John Lingard is worthy of all the honor and reverence that Catholics have too often failed to offer to his too little appreciated labors in the great and glorious cause of Catholic truth.

PROVIDENCE VISITOR.

King Edward's Last Visit to a Convent.

THE details of King Edward's memorable visit, a month before his death, to the Monastery of Our Lady, at Anglet, near Biarritz, prove of the deepest interest and edification. They are taken from the *Bulletin Religieux*, the official organ of the Bishop of the diocese.

The King arrived at 3.30, and only left at 5. On his arrival, Canon Etchebarne, the Superior of the chaplains, and Rev. Mother Isabelle at once placed themselves at the disposition of the illustrious visitor. The King expressed his wish to see all the community, and throughout showed himself most courteous and kind. He was shown the chapel, the workrooms for dressmaking and

embroidery, and the farm buildings. The King took pleasure in examining the beautiful and varied handiwork of the Sisters, and showed a special interest in some furs, which are made, up to this day, from instructions kindly given by Queen Victoria during one of her visits to the monastery. The Mother Superior proudly showed some of these furs to the King, begging him to do them the honor of accepting one—which he did most graciously.

His Majesty next visited the Orphanage, asking explanations on all its details. There he found in one of the rooms a large portrait of the Queen, his mother, sent by her Majesty shortly after one of her visits to the Refuge.

The King and his suite, with the chaplain and the Mother Superior, then walked across to the Convent of Bernardines, which is nearly the third of a mile further on in the vast property of the Sisters. On his way, the King chatted amiably, inquiring as to the manner of life of these Bernardines, and its possible resemblance to that of the Trappistines, of whom he had heard.

On arriving at the chapel of St. Bernard, his Majesty was shown the spot where Queen Victoria had knelt and prayed. The King, silent and recollected, read the inscription which recalls this fact. The Queen, who had arrived at the chapel at the Vesper hour, and had remained there during the Office, was so singularly pleased with the chant of the Litanies that followed, that she expressed a wish to have the music thereof presented to her. After the Office, she had visited the primitive straw chapel, in which she had likewise knelt and prayed. The following is the exact translation of the inscription in this chapel: "This is the original chapel constructed in 1847. The Blessed Sacrament was here from August 20, 1848, to the month of May, 1855. It is in this humble sanctuary that the Emperor and the Empress, August 17, 1854, knelt together to pray God to grant them an heir through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin.

Several great personages have visited this chapel, notably Queen Victoria, the Infants of Spain, and Queen Nathalie of Servia."

During King Edward's visit to the straw chapel, the Rev. Mother asked him if he would consent to allow an inscription recording his visit

to be placed beside that of his august mother. The King very willingly acquiesced.

The Bernardines were called to appear before the King. The Chaplain gave some details of their rule, which ordains perpetual silence. At the end of this interview, when the King was about to leave, the chaplain said to these holy penitents: "He who pays you a visit to-day, my dear children, is the King of England. Do not fail to pray for him and for all his family." The poor Bernardines then knelt and kissed the ground, as their rule directs when they take leave of a Superior who has addressed them. This act of humility touched the King, and several persons of his suite were moved to tears.

On leaving the Convent of the Bernardines, King Edward visited the cemetery of the Refuge, in the midst of the sand, with its many rows of graves, each marked by a little black wooden cross without any name and without any sign to recall the identity of those whose remains lie there. This field of the long rest, in the solitude, surrounded by the dark pine trees, and here and there a lonely cypress, slowly waving in the sea breeze, with the monastic austerity of the tombs, never fails to make a deep impression on all who visit it.

Before leaving, the King returned to the show-rooms, where he generously spent a very large sum of money, buying pieces of work made by the nuns, as souvenirs of his visit. On taking leave of the Rev. Mother, his Majesty warmly expressed to her the great pleasure his visit to the convent had given him, and even said that he regretted not having made acquaintance with it sooner.

By this act of charity, no doubt this great Sovereign obtained for himself many prayers for the last days of his life, which was so soon to close, and for the repose of his soul.

There is something in diverting ourselves from ourselves when we are in grief, which has a peculiar effect of enlarging the heart and swelling the dimensions of the whole character, and something also so particularly pleasing to God that, when it is done from a supernatural motive and in imitation of Our Lord, He seems to recompense it instantly by the most magnificent graces.

Heroic London Nuns.

In the Crimea with Miss Nightingale—Remarkable Experiences.

ONE of the few survivors of the devoted band of nurses who set sail for the Crimea, fifty-six years ago, with Florence Nightingale, is Mother St. George, of the Convent of the Faithful Virgin, Upper Norwood, England, who, after a life of happy and useful labor in several parts of the world, has now sought again the retirement of the very convent from which she set out on that immortal mission. Although she is now eighty-six years of age, Mother St. George is still vigorous of mind, though somewhat infirm of body.

Speaking of her experiences, a few days ago, to a Press representative, she said that Miss Nightingale was an ideal woman, "full of quiet goodness, of kindness, and of wonderful organizing ability. To us, her Catholic helpers, she was always thoughtful, tactful, and considerate, and there is no shadow of truth in any suggestion that she treated us unjustly. I wish all Catholics were as good as she was.

"Well do I remember the night when the call came for us to go. I had only just taken the veil then, and was supposed to be delicate. People had said when I was seventeen that I should not live till I was twenty-one. I had no experience of nursing whatever. I would faint at the mere sight of blood from a cut finger.

"It was a peaceful Sunday evening. We were just going to rest, about nine o'clock, when a horseman—for there were no telegrams in those days—came riding furiously up to the convent door. It was a messenger from Monsignor Grant, asking for five of us nuns to go out to the Crimea immediately. We were to be at London Bridge at six o'clock next morning. You may imagine the excitement.

"The message was read out. Who would volunteer? Every hand was raised! So it came to a question of choice, and I was among the five chosen. As you can understand, none of us slept that night. There was hardly time even to think about packing. We were at London Bridge punctually at six o'clock.

"There were very few people to see us off from London, as it was so early in the morning, but we had a grand dinner at Boulogne and af-

terwards at Paris, and so we went on, with receptions all the way, to Marseilles. There we were kept for three days, waiting for our ship—the *Vectis*. When it did arrive I remember it was a Friday, and the captain did not want to sail because it was unlucky.

"But Miss Nightingale had her way. Then a black cat appeared on board. They made sure then that we were going to be shipwrecked, and the animal was thrown ceremoniously into the sea. Sure enough, we were nearly wrecked in the Dardanelles. The pilot said the ship was saved because there were nuns on board. Miss Nightingale was terribly seasick and wretchedly ill when we arrived at Scutari, but there was no time to think about illness then, for there were the poor fellows waiting for us.

"Such a scene! Never shall I forget the horrors of that hospital at Scutari. It was like a huge slaughter-house—wounded men lying with mangled limbs on the open pavements sometimes, and there were no means of helping them. Most of them, even apart from wounds, were half-dead with cold and exposure. Some had been six weeks in the trenches, with their flesh frozen to their clothes.

"As you know, Miss Nightingale was very coldly received by the doctors—though they were kind enough to us—but her patience and untiring work won them over very soon. They made fun of her name and used to call her 'the Bird' rather contemptuously to begin with, but afterwards it grew to be a name of love, and what 'the Bird' wanted was always done. Miss Nightingale was always the last to take rest and the first to be up in the morning. She worked as hard as any of us, with all the responsibility and the management thrown in.

"But the men themselves were worth it all—such splendid fellows! You cannot imagine what they had to go through. There were no anaesthetics, the shell wounds were awful, and the soldiers had to have horrible operations performed in full consciousness. Yet they were nearly always gentle and gallant to us. Once I remember when I was holding an artilleryman's leg up while the bits of shell were being dug out by the surgeon, a comrade crawled over and put a cushion under my arm so that I should not be tired!

"They were strangely keen, all of them, to be

up again and fighting—especially the Irishmen, to whom, of course, I had chiefly to attend, as being Catholics. I well remember one of them, in a delirium, struggling to his feet, clenching his fist, and shouting out, 'At them Rooshuns!'

"But with it all, if I were younger, and another Crimea were to break out, I would go out again to-morrow."

At the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, St. John's Wood, London, there are two survivors of the English Sisters who accompanied Miss Nightingale to the Crimea. They are Sister Mary Stanislaus Joseph, aged eighty-eight, and Sister Mary Anastasia Kelly, aged eighty-four. The former enjoyed the friendship of Miss Nightingale, who wrote to her regularly while she was able. Then, when Miss Nightingale was no longer able to pen her own correspondence, her secretary wrote for her. "Both Sisters entered the Convent of Mercy at Bermondsey—Sister Joseph so long ago as August 21, 1846—and left there on October 15, 1854, with other Sisters for the Crimea."

They arrived at the Crimea in time for the fiercest battle of the whole campaign, when many thousands were killed and wounded, as a result of the attack by the Russians on the allied forces.

Waiting.

(To Mary and Mary.)

When the lone hour come would to lone hours
grow,

I can turn to a blissful dreaming,
And in fancy's land only gladness know;
Oh, the real becomes mere seeming!

But a picture? Ah, see them waiting stand
Where the roses are sweetly blowing,
At the open gate in my heart's dear land:
They await me, and I am going!

With these pictured faces dear mem'ries throng,
—I'm again with the converse olden;
And the laughter glad; and the jest and song;
Oh, the hours to the last are golden!

Then befall what will, or oppose what may,
To my hope naught of blight I'll borrow;
Tho' the night fall first on this far-off day.
I will surely set out to-morrow!

IDRIS.

Some Modern Irish Writers.

AS the ancient Empires of Persia, Greece, and Rome flourished and fell they left amidst their crumbling ruins one thing intact, one thing which even the dust of succeeding centuries cannot dim—the great literary works of their orators and poets.

But great as were these writings, it is now universally acknowledged that to the English tongue the treasury of the world's literature owes the most, as well as the choicest, of its valued possessions.

The first five years of the 1860's were rich in gifts to Ireland; for in that short time three of her greatest living writers first opened their eyes in a land whose heritage of woe they were destined to gladden by their songs and verses—Dr. Douglas Hyde, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and William Butler Yeats.

Dr. Douglas Hyde was born in Frenchpark, County Roscommon, not quite forty years ago. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, and, shortly after, became professor of modern languages in the University of New Brunswick. All through his college course he showed a marked interest in things appertaining to Irish history and Irish literature. The spare hours of his university life he used for making research concerning the ancient literature and legends of Ireland, written in the old Gaelic, and, soon after his graduation, he published perhaps the best translation we yet have of these early Irish writings.

Chiefly through these translations he was drawn into a literary set, who showed their appreciation of his work by electing him President of the Gaelic League, in 1893.

Not content with this line of literary work alone, he soon published "The Story of Early Irish Literature," which contains much of the valuable information gleaned from working at his Gaelic translation; and a "Literary History of Ireland," in which he has chronicled many of the old Irish legends.

So far he had aspired only to prose, and then, one day, he collected "a few little rhymes which had been written at odd times," and published them under the title of "Love Songs of Con-nacht."

This little book has been well received, for

whether instinctively or on account of his insight into the Irish through all his readings, Dr. Hyde in these little lays has come as near as any one to depicting the real feeling of a nation by no means well understood.

And it is to make Ireland a nation that Dr. Hyde is striving, striving first to make her feel and know herself, striving to give her responsible teachers not, as he himself has said, "men so blinded with politics and with religious bigotry as are the greater share of even the learned men in that English fort, Trinity College."

Lady Gregory, a contemporary of Dr. Hyde, has beautifully said of him: "Douglas Hyde, our Craoibhin Aoibhin, stooped down to make an earthenware candlestick, but when he lifted his head he knew it was not a candle he had lighted but a star he had discovered and it is now lighting up all the western sky."

I do not think you need an introduction to Katharine Tynan Hinkson. To her and to Rosa Mulholland I owe some of the happiest hours of my life. Their stories for girls have all the charm and beauty which a strong subdominant religious tone alone gives to real flesh and blood characters. They have endeared themselves forever to a whole band of enthusiastic girls by these stories, but, to the world at large, they are better known by their poetic works.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson's poetry is marked by freshness and delicacy of diction. Her "Cuckoo Songs," in particular, have all the spontaneity of the true poet, who knows the beauty of high thought fittingly expressed.

If you are trying to while away a few hours in good company, any of her novels will prove acceptable reading. Perhaps, however, "A Daughter of Kings," "The Adventures of Alicia" and "The Queen's Page" might be mentioned as her best.

To William Butler Yeats is accorded the place of pre-eminence as leader in living Irish literature. Early in his literary career he conceived the idea that, through the stage, he could make himself best heard and could more directly appeal to the people and their sympathies. He has worked long and untiringly in this particular line of his chosen art, and, since his elevation to superintendent of the Irish Literary Theatre, has achieved considerable success. His chief aim has been to restore the old Irish legends, but

into the old tales he has brought two things he did not find there: one is a certain view of beauty which he has also infused into his prose, prose that ranks with the best of any poet's prose in our day; the other is that air of unreality which seems to surround all his characters.

Mr. Yeats is at his best when his subject calls for no initiation but only a sense for poetry.

"The Shadowy Waters" is less a play than a high lyrical dialogue with poetic scenery, but in his "On Baile's Strand" and "Deirdre," the dramatist in Mr. Yeats seems to be coming to the fore. In the former he has grasped the dramatic possibilities and worked them out firmly and nobly, while in the latter, which is unmistakably his best play, he has smothered his lyrical instincts so successfully that he has painted one distinct character in a truly Shakespearean manner. Deirdre is a living girl, unmistakably human.

Although he has labored more in the dramatic field, William Butler Yeats will be remembered not only as a dramatist but as a prose writer of no mean parts, as an essayist of more than usual discernment, and as a poet of beauty and sweetness—a characteristic, seemingly, of all present-day Irish versifiers.

It was by a reference to her, and a favorable reference, by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in one of his prose sketches, that the world first heard of Lady Gregory. Oliver Elton says of her: "In level and delicate narrative her style is happy and in lyrical prose elegy it is more than that, it is free and noble. Her work has a distinct niche of its own."

One great advantage of Lady Gregory's diction is that it is tinged with an idiom which she knows intimately, the idiom of the humble Anglo-Irish speakers. The chief charm of her "Poets and Dreamers," which is undoubtedly her best book, lies not only in her fine portrayal of the indwelling fancy of the Irish folk, of their faculty for dreams and their power to see the fairies, but chiefly in her natural use of this homely Irish dialect. Lady Gregory's prose is decidedly humorous, and her plays, written for Mr. William Fay, sparkle with wit and humor.

In one short drama, or rather scene, she has shown her power to write something that is not humorous. "The Gaol Gate" is in a curious,

effective, but dangerous, rhythm between verse and prose. It is the story of a man imprisoned for a crime of which he is innocent, and deals with the wild grief of his wife and mother when they hear of his hanging. There is little drama in it, but there is pathos, the feminine counterpart of drama. "It was they that took him and not the great God at all!"

When, a few years ago, the University of Dublin conferred the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Literature on Miss Jane Barlow, the first woman to be thus honored by the ancient university, many were forced to acknowledge that they knew comparatively very little of her or her works.

And yet she is perhaps more thoroughly poetic than any other living Irish poet. In her quaint little Raheny home she lives quietly with her flowers and her books, and, from time to time, sends the children of her genius out into the big world to battle for her fame. And it was one of these children that knocked at the massive gate of old Dublin University—and was admitted—much to the surprise of Miss Barlow herself.

It is poetry that she really loves, and one word of favorable criticism of her volumes of verse, "Ghost Bereft," or "The Mockers," gives her far keener pleasure than a whole article of praise of her "Irish Ways."

These, then, are a few of the writers of present-day Irish literature, but it seems only fitting, before closing, that we should pause for a moment and look back to pay, at least, a passing tribute to the writers of the first half of the nineteenth century.

To some the name of Tom Moore will ever be immortal, not for his Lalla Rookh but for his imperishable *Melodies*, whose soft minor tones are wedded to the Irish folk-song, which, perhaps, but for him and his friend, Sir John Stevenson, would have been lost to the musical world; for no nation has such a treasure-house of minstrelsy as was sung by the ancient bard to his wild harp, whose strings were again awakened by the magic touch of Erin's lyric master.

Callanan, Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, and Kickham are not yet quite forgotten, though they wrote, perhaps, for the passing hour. It was necessary that some one should venture forth on the poetic battle-field. Noble, appealing figures,

like those of knights upon their tombs, they command our love and admiration for their sacrifices, for they bravely fought a losing battle, which seemed necessary to the victories of the future.

On an eminence somewhat removed from the rank and file of these, stands James Clarence Mangan, the truest Irish poet of his time, Elton says, "one of the truest of any time." The path of poetry was very difficult to follow in those days, and besides this, Mangan had that awful monster, the opium habit, to fight at every turn. Mangan was the pioneer of native heroic legend in Anglo-Irish verse, and he tells us, most pathetically, how the world demands tales of sunshiny joy when the poet's heart is full of the memory of dreadful hours. Yet when once assured of their art, the poets must return to their country's sorrows and sing them afresh and aright. This was the one cry of his heart and his earnest prayer:

"O Ireland! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of moral beauty
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling
soul."

GERTRUDE KELLY.

The Cause and Effect.

"In the simplicity of my heart, I give my life to Thee, O Lord, to serve Thee for all eternity."

THE cause?

Everything in this wide, wide world has a cause, but that seems superfluous, now doesn't it? God the Father is the great Cause of everything "on the earth, under the earth, and above the earth," but then, I mean an immediate and direct cause, for though we all know and admit God to be the Cause, still, human-like, we turn our eyes in search of the tangible cause and instantly forget the great and glorious Origin.

But the cause of it all?

There it lay before me—a dainty, square envelope—yes, an invitation.

To a graduation?

You are jumping at wild, impossible conclusions. Remember, it is sweltering, blistering July, and our dearly beloved Alma Mater is long since closed and her familiar assembly-hall swathed in cheese-cloth and relegated to the

loneliness of silence and—as the graduates of '10 whispered breathlessly—mice!

So exit Graduation Day.

Your eyes are sparkling—you surely have a bright idea now.

A wedding? No, no, not that—for a wedding means, even if you are not a bridesmaid, a dainty new gown, an exquisite hat and flowers. No, decidedly, you could not wear your summer dress, even if it were of the palest blue paillette and you had only worn it once. Nothing would suffice but a brand-new outfit, and a charming one at that, too, so in your heart of hearts you can candidly say you were glad it was not a wedding.

But you will never guess—you have no versatility.

It was—an Ordination!

The invitation lay on Sister's lap—an invitation to an ordination!

And the elect was a cousin whom you had never seen, but of whose cleverness, goodness and gentleness you had heard a great deal.

“Oh, 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A burden hard to bear,
For human pride would fain refuse
The nameless trials there;
But since he knows the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss—
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this?”

Would you—could you go?

Your fingers toyed aimlessly with the envelope.

“I would like to go,” you say, hesitatingly. But what is there to prevent you? Could you not accompany Sister? It would be something you would never forget. You would witness a ceremony you had never seen before—you would receive the young priest's blessing—something your mother had always taught you to value highly—in all, it would be a day to be remembered. Ah, yes!

“The scent of a flower
May linger an hour,
But the thought of a beautiful day
Will thrill through the years,
With their burden of tears,
And blossom and gladden for aye!”

Two days lay between them and your trip.

Sunday dawned, a beautiful, sunshiny day, yet hidden somewhere in her turbulent bosom, Nature concealed a poisoned arrow, and as you walked up the convent pathway, a storm of terrible fury broke. The rain swished down in torrents, the lightning flashed ominously, and the thunder's vibrations caused that faint little heart of yours to stand still in terror.

Sister was ready in the drawing-room, waiting!

You had almost an hour's time—the storm would abate presently, perhaps the train would be delayed. Ah, yes! you had heard of such things—and thus you tried to take away your disappointment.

You looked out anxiously, the rain still fell in torrents, while anon sharp flashes of vivid lightning lit up the convent grounds, revealing minutely the most infinitesimal objects and distinctly disclosing the very leaves on the shrubbery.

You once heard a missionary father say that at the hour of death every moment of our lives is revealed, every action, sinful or otherwise, just as the vivid flash of lightning reveals each separate and distinct leaf on a tree, which, up to that moment, was one huge mass of gloom.

And standing there in the convent parlors you thought of the awfulness of that moment, when all our lives, when all those trivial little nothingnesses, that so lightly fill our daily round, will come back to us, and how we will shrink from the all-seeing Judge, who, in a few short moments, will read our souls as no earthly light can reveal them.

There was a lull in the storm, and then:

“We have only twenty minutes, Sister. Shall we go?”

Sister looks at the little pink dress and flimsy parasol, a meet and suitable dress for a summer day; but for a storm—ye gods forbid! But you are adamant. Delays, even if discussing the appropriateness of a dress, are sometimes dangerous, and twenty minutes would soon pass. It was now or never!

You had gained the front entrance and then hesitated.

The rain was now falling lightly, but the ear-splitting, deafening thunder and vivid flashes of lightning were appalling. “Chain lightning,” you thought, with an inward recoil, for as a child

you had been told that "chain lightning" is the dangerous kind.

You hesitated, hating to quit the shelter of the calm, quiet convent, hating to brave the storm, and yet, hating to disappoint Sister, and—yes—confess it—yourself.

Then you started, and with you came the rain. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and Sister prayed.

"Help of Christians, pray for us. Queen of angels, Comforter of the afflicted," and on and on.

You stole a glance at Sister's face. It was calm, beautiful and trusting, while you—you came along beside her, white and tearful, without even the courage to make the responses. And then we gained our conveyance, and soon the station hove in sight, and at last—at last! the train. And you steamed out of your dear old city in a perfect torrent of rain, laughing happily over your adventure.

You had braved it, and it was over, and what mattered it now? And the storm had almost assumed a new aspect.

"It isn't raining rain to you,
It's raining daffodils,
In every dimpling drop you see
Wild flowers on the hills.
A cloud of grey engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town,
It isn't raining rain to you,
It's raining roses down."

But, next day, you were amply repaid for your discomfort and forgot all about it in witnessing the grand Ordination service and the mild, gentle voice of the Bishop; and the simple sincerity of the candidates bespoke only peace—an all-abiding peace.

But it all came back to you when the young priest came to shake your hand.

"I am glad you came," he said warmly—and you, with a silly little giggle you would have given worlds to repress, remarked—"You should be if you knew all we came through to get here."

But, dear young priest, he did not know, he did not know of the thunder and lightning and storm of yesterday, that you had braved, any more than he knew of the thunder and lightning and storms in the life before him, and, in your heart of hearts, you sent up one quick little

prayer that his life would be all sunshine, and that his work in his great field would be far remote from storms.

"Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,
As thankful we should be to Thee,
For Thine angels sent down to defend us
From the dangers our eyes never see,
From the perils that lurk unsuspected,
The powers of the earth and the air,
The while we are heaven-protected
And guarded from danger and snare."

KATE CAMILLE ADAMS.

TORONTO.

At the Sault.

TO be an exile at the Sault where people fence, and smile and make you welcome, and then—shades of mystery!—draw retiring mantles about themselves lest you come—too near. Cold at the Sault! The clouds and wind and rain, and the mud upon the earth tell you this. The trees, as they sway to and fro, like the willow in the poem, tell it, too. And you feel an exile among brethren, who act strangely cold.

Then comes your fountain pen and you write on a card—an apology.

Woe! Woe is me!—Comes the tearing before your very eyes of the card and you settle down to a wounded sensibility here, where people seem of a piece with the "Furry North."

Better friendly Indians, and shooting the rapids you go with the expert red man, whose fame as a pilot in this Sault danger-spot has been established by forty-one years of success. Commit yourself to the Indian, fear not, and you are tossed from crest to hollow; you are petrified with fear; you are eaten up with remorse. Hail, horrors hail!—and kingdoms for a touch of the shore!

Great threatening rocks gleam angrily, foam-bordered chasms of water yawn expectantly. One false stroke, one divergent hair's breadth between you and awful death! O Great Indian man—save!—and while you gasp you are landed high, if not dry, on placid waters. What an escape! Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise! Easier for Sir Galahad, for Sir Percivale to take the castle of Carteloise! What a delightful diffi-

culty though! And the American flag streams out from behind the canoe, and the composed Indian seems neither exalted nor depressed—padding “slish, slish,” with the ease and unconcern of a little child at play.

God bless the Indian!

Who could remember any more the blurring tears when great people withdrew their garments from the way of your unworthiness.

“Good for you!”

Perhaps!

Yet you strike your balances as you go along. And you lean over, pick up the water, let it stream through your fingers—thinking, thinking of St. Francis, and the spoonful of sugar, and the barrel of vinegar. Thinking, too, of one dearer still at whose word these wild waters must needs brace your eager steps. What is like the memory of one who reaches up to your ideal, the memory of one whose gentle heart is a joy and a blessedness, and before whose virtues your own heart stands reverent? There is nothing like it here, and there is no language for it. Like incense burned upon the altar of inspiration, it rises to heaven and binds you over to the ways of righteousness. It is a new sense that feels the ways of kindness and makes you a little less unworthy of the mansion in your Father’s home. “Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect,” and for those who love you thought will wander into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

You have not the heart to remember, and the “most unkindest cut of all” dissolves like magic in the water you swish through your fingers.

The “Ferry” is not as pleasant as the Indian’s canoe, but it is the only means by which you can cross the St. Mary’s river, or, at least, half of it, for the Canadian pier reaches out sufficiently far to satisfy the ambition of a vain Caligula. Surely, you have been walking over the waves when you have made the alpha and omega of this pier. Finally you step on the soil of Canada.

“The Hospital?” suggests your small companion and guide. Visions of the hospital in Buffalo rise in your imagination. There you were in excellent health winding about while hungry eyes followed from every sick-bed.

“Take my sprained ankle!” said one.

“Take my broken leg!” said two.

“Take my blind eye!” said three.

And when the hundred registered you were quite willing to take your *departure* “from the ward of the whitewashed hall, where the dead and dying lay.”

Oh, if duty called!—you could—and you would—deny yourself for Him. But visiting and sightseeing!

“Then where?” your small companion persists. You turn the corner, pass the fire-hall, the post-office, and behold! the very pretty church of the Sacred Heart rewards your search. The Jesuit Fathers have charge of it. You enter and make your three requests.

For the one who needs them?

No!

For the one who—but you have forgiven?

No!

For the one whose memory gladdens your life, of course; for this one the knowledge of whom here has made you anxious to make sure your inheritance hereafter, goes up your prayer to God.

It was a real privilege to visit this church. So much of the early Jesuit missionary life embalms the spot. You feel the ground is sacred where you tread. Memories of Brébeuf and Lalemant are with you. At Waubaushene, not far distant, these heroic men laid down their lives for the little ones of Christ.

So the present missionary Father told us. And how wholesome it was to listen while he spoke of his own experiences.

“We had been travelling through the snow for about five hours, my Indian guide and I, when he turned suddenly upon me and said: “I am going to kill you by that tree!” And you thought how much gentleness and sweetness and beautiful spirit would have been put out by the axe of that dull, fierce Indian. Could the entire red race repair the evil, or give back the gift of this saintly man’s life to an unworthy world?”

“Once I was lost; the sun was obscured. I had travelled for hours alone in the bush. Eventually, I became so weak that I was obliged to sit down and break my fast on wine and altar-bread.”

Surely, the gentle Son of Man looked down on the lost “Black Robe” that day, and no rain but manna, and no rocky ground but green moss, and no cloud but the branches of the great trees,

guarded him well. Is it not so? He has been a missionary for twenty-three years.

Yes! this was your best evening at the Sault.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

A Rosary.

(Given upwards of fifty years ago, by Right Reverend Bishop Timon of Buffalo, to little Mary Banta of Buffalo.)

Within my hands I hold,
Most lovingly,
Of circling pearls and gold
A rosary.
The one who told these beads so long ago,
Was never cross but this of gold to know!

By saintly prelate given
To little child,—
A bond to bind to Heaven
Earth's undefiled;
God willed that for a lone half-hundred years
This Rosary should know a mother's tears!

Ne'er be this sacred trust
Less fondly prized,—
Once hers who sleeps in dust,
Love's Idolized!
Now mine—the prayers with human frailty blent
I beg of Heaven to bless with *her* intent!

IDRIS.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have first seen the gate of heaven.

Those who, though conquered for the while, rise triumphant to-morrow or next year, are they who make of the mental and spiritual world as lovely and livable a place as spring, returning year after year, makes of the natural world.

These are they who gladden and better us, complaining not when winter winds smite their efforts, but waiting patiently for the day that will surely come—here or hereafter—the day of another chance to do and to be.

Letter Box.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

DEAR REV. MOTHER:

We have just returned from a most enjoyable trip to Rathfarnham, where the nuns gave us the heartiest of welcomes. Rev. Mother had just returned from visiting houses of the Institute abroad. She and the nuns made many inquiries for you, and were deeply grieved to hear that you are forced by *smoky* circumstances to leave the dear old Abbey, with its endearing associations—it does not seem probable that the Rathfarnham Community will ever be compelled to migrate from a similar cause, for all is peace and beauty in their vicinity.

After a rare luncheon of home-made bread and cake, cream from their own farm—fifty acres—and other delicacies not often enjoyed by city folks, we were shown over the spacious convent and grounds. The chapel is beautiful, the class-rooms bright, spotless and airy, and some have a prospect of the Dublin mountains from the windows. The music-room is quite startling in its unusual number of instruments, as you will realize when I tell you that there are sixty performers in the senior, and thirty in the junior orchestra. There is also a wonderful museum, the room being 20x30, and yet the space is only about half as large as it should be. The library, to me, was the most fascinating room of all, and I would fain have selected a volume from the well-filled shelves and sunk into one of the inviting chairs, and once in a while would like to glance out upon the beautiful fields, truly "with verdure clad" and reaching out to the distant hills.

Marguerite and I photographed Rev. Mother, Mother Aquinas and Mother Teresita, on the steps, and afterwards were conducted to the poultry-yard, where there are hundreds of the feathered tribe—turkeys, ducks, hens, chickens, and a monstrous gobbler that strutted about in awful rage at our invasion of his territory. There was a dear, comfy, motherly Sister ministering to the wants of the big family, who gave Rev. Mother grain for some of the pets, and, while the feeding process was going on, I appropriated another photograph. The well-cared-for

ducks have a pond all for themselves, fed by a little stream from the mountains. There is a lakelet in the park—but, dear Rev. Mother, I have just this moment remembered that I am telling all this to one who, a few years ago, visited Rathfarnham and saw all that I have described!

Rev. Mother asked me to tell you that I met two lineal descendants of the family of St. Dominic—Dolores and Conception Perez, whose mother is dame d'honneur to the Queen of Spain. They are both charming girls and are spending the holidays at the Abbey.

We were not able to kiss the famous Blarney stone—we touched the gifted spot with the tips of our fingers and then kissed them. We were not the only disappointed ones—there were gentlemen at the Castle the same day who did not even attempt the feat, as they said they valued their lives too highly.

At last, we are in London, after a lovely trip through the British Isles. I do not know whether it is because I am an "Irish Canadian," but Ireland appealed to me more than England or Scotland, and I fondly cherish the hope of another visit to the Emerald Isle.

At Henley we took the steamer along the Thames and had a splendid view of Windsor Castle and Hampton Court Palace, which we shall visit thoroughly before leaving London. Last Tuesday, on our way to Westminster Abbey, we walked directly by the spot where Charles I. was beheaded. Wednesday was spent at Madame Toussaud's Wax Works and in the London "shops." The former are really wonderful and most life-like. It is rather startling to find yourself face to face with an exact representation of King Edward, the King of Spain, Roosevelt, or an old Quaker, and see his head gradually turn to look at you; or again, to discover the form of a sleeping girl whose chest rises and falls as she breathes. We even went to the "Chamber of Horrors"!

The Tower of London next claimed our attention. There we saw the genuine block and ax used for the decapitation of many poor political victims. The Tower Bridge crosses the Thames just near the town, and it is wonderful to see the dense traffic cease and the immense bridge rise in order to permit a large steamer to pass.

The traffic here on the London streets is continuous. It would be practically impossible to cross from one side of the street to the other if the policeman did not raise his hand—a signal for all motor-busses, trams, automobiles, horses, carriages, &c., to stop and permit the pedestrians to cross in safety.

To-day we did some shopping, and then took a walk through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens to Kensington Palace—the early home of Queen Victoria—where we saw the room in which she was born, several of the toys with which she played as a child, the dress in which she appeared when first she opened Parliament, her wedding-bonnet, and a wreath which she wore on her wedding-day.

With kindest remembrance to all my friends,
I remain,

Lovingly,

ANNIE.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR FRIEND:

We have arrived in this town, so beautifully and so picturesquely situated on a lake of the same name. Before I begin to speak of it I must tell you something about the journey from Milan. There was not much to interest us until we came to Lake Como, which is very much frequented by tourists, who are attracted thither by the salubrity of the climate, and invalids find it exceedingly responsive to their urgent appeals for the restoration of health. The serpentine meanderings between the mountains and the overhanging rocks make it a place where one would delight to linger. But when we reached Lugano, we were not prepared for the overwhelming avalanche of beauty that confronted us. What a pity we had not as many eyes as there were different scenes to gaze on so that we might not allow any detail to escape us! I have travelled through many lands and beheld much scenery which was calculated to inflame the imagination, but this assuredly surpassed them all. I have seen the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Shannon, but this dwarfs them into an invisible insignificance. The Grand Cañon, the Yosemite Valley, the San Francisco Bay, the peerless Lakes of Killarney, must hold their breath and conceal their diminutive heads while

gazing on this. The scenery is entrancing, enrapturing, beautiful, solemn, and superlatively sublime. As we crawled along the edge of the mountains and looked down into the greensward below, we were simply in ecstasies. So overcome were we that we were incapable of uttering a word. In silence, solemn and delightful, we passed from one paradise of loveliness to another. The deep blue—and at times, green—waters reflecting the sun, the huge overhanging rocks, the snow-capped summit—all carried us away with the keenest pleasure. I cannot compare it with the Bay of Naples, which is of a different kind altogether. Let the artistic genius in vain throw this magnificent view on canvas, with all its delicate shades and colors—with all our modern inventions, we cannot approach the reproduction of one single blade of grass! Let the great ones, the proud and the erudite ones of the broad earth come here and learn something of their littleness, their insignificance and ignorance! God is certainly wonderful in His works. Pride, presumption and ignorance have done much to efface the ineffaceable image of God, or to degrade it. No wonder the three children in the fiery furnace called upon the sun, moon and stars to bless, exalt and praise the Lord. Read the eighteenth psalm and learn how dexterously and adroitly David presses all nature into the service of the Creator. The heavens announce the glory of God and the firmament the work of His hands. A tolerable acquaintance with the New Testament shows how Our Lord fled to the mountains in order to be afforded a more favorable opportunity to prepare, by fasting and prayer, for the better performance of His exalted and divine mission. Did not His Precursor also betake himself to the woods to imbibe knowledge and enthusiasm to prepare the benighted people to welcome their future Master and Ruler? Did not the same Master frequently draw His similes and metaphors from the abundance of nature's charms in order to impress and make more clear some point of His sacred doctrine? Yes, all the saints have loved, revelled in, and been often intoxicated by, nature's surpassing charms. Some have been carried so far by her fanciful allurements as to erroneously believe that nature is God. The poet, the man of artistic temperament, and of

vivid imagination, have to restrain their powers of penetration lest they mistake the part for the whole, the thing made for the Maker, the building for the architect, nature for nature's God. God created all these glories for man, and foolish man has often employed them against Him, to undermine and obliterate His influence.

Is it not strange and incomprehensible that my mind should be running in such strains this fair Sunday morning, four thousand miles away? But I just got started and made no attempt at restraint. It is sometimes wholesome to extricate oneself from material environment and allow oneself to wander carelessly and at random over God's works. By material environment I mean houses, lands, and men's productions. If ever you travel by this route, you will find that my description, instead of being a gross exaggeration, has fallen far below the reality.

I find the people here far superior, in every way—socially, religiously, and mentally—to those of Italy. The Sunday is well observed, and were it not for the accommodation of tourists, I think all the stores would be closed. For an hour I sat on a bench in the park and observed the people as they passed, and I was very favorably impressed with their appearance, their neatness of attire, and their general bearing. The churches are well filled at all the services with men and women, who appear to be imbued with a spirit of piety and faith. The people do not seem as if they were awaiting an opportunity to cheat and deceive. There are no beggars or vendors to annoy and tantalize one at every turn of a street corner. There is no intoxication, no loud or boisterous conduct.

Switzerland is a flourishing and progressive little republic, composed of twenty-two cantons, and comprising a population of about 3,500,000—half Protestant and half Catholic. The two rival denominations swing along serenely, although in former days there were long and sanguinary conflicts.

The President is elected every three years, and the two Houses of Parliament are elected by the people. The radical socialistic element is obliged to remain quiet, but not inactive. I fear that Americans are treating the socialistic question too much as a joke, while it is meanwhile growing in power and influence. All patriotic citizens

should unite in having the laws enforced and new legislation enacted to curb the omnivorous appetite of the money power, and prevent all kinds of injustice to the poor. Then, socialism would die a natural death, for lack of anything to feed on. Every rational man, who is even superficially informed on socialistic theories, knows that no government on earth could exist if these theories were universally adopted.

On Sunday we took the boat on Lake Lucerne as far as Vitznau and ascended Mt. Righi by means of a car pushed by a small steam-engine. The scenery from the top, in the valley four thousand feet below, and the white deep away off in the distance, was a repetition of Saturday's around Lucerne. It is useless to attempt to describe it since words are inadequate to the impossible task.

This morning we paid a visit to the glacier gardens, which are one of the greatest attractions of the place and well worth a careful and patient visit. Glaciers are ice streams which have their origin in the old snow-fields and move slowly down towards the valley. These snow-fields are formed in the regions of eternal snow by successive falls of snow or rain in the highest valleys of the Alps, as well as in the large northern and southern latitudes in the interior of the polar continent.

In these same gardens is to be seen the famous lion, hewn out of solid rock, and erected to the brave Swiss Guards who, during the French Revolution, were massacred by a superior band of rebels.

This afternoon we attended an organ recital in the principal church of the town. The volume and melody when the keys are manipulated by an expert are certainly wonderful. At one time he would imitate a mountain storm sweeping over the peaks, and the tones were louder than the loudest thunder. No harsh, disagreeable, or discordant note was sounded. Then, again, the notes were as soft, as soothing, as pleading as those of a violin. When he ceased we remained silent and overcome as if glued to the pews.

To-morrow, very early, we take the train for Strassburg, consequently, I will have nothing more to say until we arrive there.

Regards to all.

J. M. FLEMING, O. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

If you are in search of the ideal holiday, go on a cruise to Norway. I wanted to go to Scotland, to Wales, to Paris. Italy had its attractions, and a friend had suggested that I go with her to Austria. Clearly I could not go to all these places—which should it be?

I needed rest—that was the uppermost fact. The winter and spring had made a heavy demand upon me, both in brain and body, and the autumn plans were on a scale that would require my best energies and thought. Prudence, that sage yet kindly old woman, bade me seek refreshment in a restful holiday, and let France and Italy go, and abandon a tramp in Wales. Scotland remained—Scotland, the land of my forebears. And yet, a fortnight there seemed so little when there was so much I wished to see.

In my quandary, I saw the advertisement of a cruise to Norway. Norway? Why not? It promised an entirely novel holiday, with complete rest and peace. It was worth thinking about. And so I sent for the Orient Company's booklet, which set forth the charms of a cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

I remember how eagerly I read the itinerary, and how I lingered over the entrancing pictures of deep fjords and the towering mountains that enclosed them. There was a reposefulness, a solitude, an appeal, about them that captivated my fancy. Norway? In my school-days I had mapped it, and learned to trace its rivers, to name its towns, and recite its products. I knew that it stretches into latitudes where the sun never sets for months, and where the long night is made glorious by the Aurora Borealis. I had heard of its salmon; that its rivers and streams are an angler's paradise. All this had fired my imagination—and now the youthful hunger to see Norway had returned.

It was no hardship—far from it—to visit Norway. The sea voyage was no more than a day, and the cruise of the Ophir would give me one long-drawn-out panorama of most delightful scenery.

There would be no fatigue in such a holiday—comfort of an almost regal sort was assured. Moreover, the cost was within the sum I felt I

could spare—only thirteen guineas for a fortnight's cruise. This left me something for my holiday appropriation to spend on little indulgences, land excursions, and films for my camera. Thus my problem was solved, and I engaged passage for the cruise.

I went on board the *Ophir* at Grimsby, on a Saturday afternoon. I had a great curiosity to see this vessel, for was it not chosen from the huge fleet of the Mercantile Marine as the one boat worthy of bearing their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall, the present King and Queen, and their suite, in that memorable trip round the world? I had seen, too, in Warring's, in Oxford Street, the actual rooms occupied by the royal pair, and their surpassing richness and beauty had impressed me mightily. And when I saw this fine double-funnelled steam-yacht of 7,000 tons, there was nothing left to be desired. This was to be my home for a brief period—almost too fine, and yet, in these days, we insist that the ships we travel on should equal the very best hotels. I can never forget my first sight of the magnificent dining-saloon, with its great dome and rich carvings—a most sumptuous room in white and gold.

The journey across the North Sea was uneventful—unless one counts seeing the fleet of trawlers off the Dogger Bank, an incident worth noting. What a harmless fleet it is; yet, it terrorized a Russian navy!

It was Monday morning when we drew near to Bergen, and had our first glimpse of those white-topped hills which were to be our ever-present companions during our windings in and out of Norway's bays. From the sea their majestic height is not felt; it is only when one is at their base that one gets a true conception of their loftiness. They rise from the sea with a rugged grandeur that is oppressive, and our boat looks a tiny craft by comparison.

Before entering the Kors Fjord, we must pass those grim guardians of the Norwegian coast—the rocky islets that form a barrier against the assault of angry seas.

How we all drank in the wonderful beauty of the sail up the By Fjord, at the head of which Bergen lies! We were realizing our dreams, and the reality exceeded the extravagances of

fancy. What a difference from the monotonous sea voyage! To think that such delights are to be ours for many days! Our cameras go "click!" in concert—we wish to secure lasting pictures of these delectable scenes, and later, in the dark room on board the *Ophir*, we take our turn to develop our films and plates. The album of my Norway cruise creates in me a fresh yearning for the peace and rest I found in these northern solitudes.

I do not mean to tell of Bergen, Gudvangen, Balholmen, Loen and Merck. I shall leave this to Murray's "Norway" and other books, and to the publications of the Orient Company. And here let me say, in passing, that one should send to the Orient Company for their brochure, "Bound for Norway." It is a seductive little volume, and its many illustrations very successfully suggest the beauties of this land of silence. I desire rather to speak of the good to the body, the mind, and the soul, of a cruise among the innumerable rock-islands and the unspeakably magnificent hills and waterfalls and mountain torrents of Norway.

I left the ship at certain points, and travelled across the deep peninsulas, to go aboard again at a new point of call. By rail, by foot, and by the quaint two-wheeled carts, drawn by odd little horses, I made my way when on an inland excursion, seeing the people at their work on their little farm patches on the hillside or in the valleys; seeing the fishermen and the fisherwomen; meeting with courtesy everywhere without being importuned to buy this and that; going now up, now down the steep sides of the mountains, often in mortal terror of my life, distrusting my guide and driver. There were the waterfalls and the tumbling streams, a mass of foam; rock-churned. There were the peasants' mills for grinding their corn, driven by a water-power great enough to supply a city's needs. There was a glacier, fountain of torrents and cascades—the ice-cap of the giant hills. There was the indefatigable sun, withdrawing himself but for a single hour in all the twenty-four, prolonging the day and our pleasure. Though low-hung in the sky, his radiance and warmth were not diminished. Truly, it is a holiday worth taking again.

And what a better holiday than that I had

taken many times before—vacations that wearied rather than refreshed, that exhausted an already tired body and brain, that found me returning to my post of duty thoroughly fagged.

A cruise to Norway—with its Viking legends, its strange names, its mediæval simplicity, and its endless charms—makes a matchless holiday, both for the tired worker and for the sated rich. And what could be more ideal than to make such a cruise on the *Ophir*? It is a holiday with a constant shifting of the scene, with one's hotel accompanying one, where baths and comfortable beds give the body refreshment; where the table is lavishly rich in its bounty; where music attends one morning, noon, and night; where everything possible is done to satisfy one's extreme demands; and where comfort and beauty are found at every turn. It was Norway and the *Ophir* last year. It is likely to be Norway and the *Ophir* again this year. My soul craves for it all over again.

K.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Our coming to Winnipeg saved us three other trips,—one to Rome to be presented to His Eminence, Cardinal Vannutelli, a second to England to hear the celebrated lecturer, Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., and a third to Australia to hear the famous singer Melba!

Rome, London and Australia meet in Winnipeg.

Melba's audience consisted of those who came to hear her sing, and those who came to hear her—voice! The latter who delight in dissecting the anatomy of the possibilities of the human or inhuman voice, were doubtless well pleased with results; for Melba ran scales—O horrors!—and, I fancy soared to the very limit of her operatic themes, especially in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," where she yelled, yelled, and screamed in notes becomingly blood-curdling. But the transition came; she was really quite down to singing in "Comin' Thro' the Rye," which has nothing in it of music or anything else. Melba, loyal to her Scottish forbears, might have risen to "Annie Laurie," "McGregor's Gathering," "The Standard in the Braes o' Mar," or something equally worthy!

Her "Good-by" song made amends for all,

and was worth a whole evening of other selections. That song, of notes sweet as the warblings of a bird, appeals to every ear and heart.

The Diva's support was all that could be desired. M. Quesnel, the famous French-Canadian tenor, deserved the plaudits he received. Mdlle. Sassoli's playing on her golden harp suggested that of an angel in Paradise. And the flute—the enchanted flute—responsive to the magic touch of M. Lemmone, recalled the "Vision of Mirza," which always brings with it the sweet and desirable atmosphere of the soul. Thank fortune, the flute is again coming into its own.

Melba the beautiful, the mature, the matronly, the magnificent, was attired in pink satin and diamonds. We regret to say that, to the Australian Diva, could not be addressed the compliment paid to Albani by a high ecclesiastical dignitary here, who commended his countrywoman upon her modesty of dress!

IDRIS.

Misery loves company and is never lonesome.

We ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only to be happy ourselves, as this is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

We are children to the very last, we must lose our own will by degrees and wait for life to be measured out by the Father and be content with what proportion and at what time He shall please to measure.

Truth is always truth—no more of it and no less of it, though you and I have of it little or much. Truth is whole and entire—perfect—Infinite.

"What IS worth while?" we ask, storm-tossed and battered. What has this gold purchased but responsibility and an added appetite for more gold? Why is it that the feeling of satisfaction still lingers afar off?

Deep down in our hearts we know why this is. If we think at all, we know it is because we have listened to every call but that of the soul; that we have answered many a call but the ONE from on high; that we have put our faith in matter and our trust in men.

**School Chronicle, Loreto Convent,
Niagara Falls.**

September the sixth—Registration Day. A number of new, as well as old, faces greeted us on our return to school life—both among teachers and students.

September the seventh—One first peep into the dear old class rooms brought back "Happy Days Gone By," and, if resolutions count for aught, we should be the richer for all the knowledge we are determined to glean during the new scholastic year.

September the eighth—Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. After Mass and special devotions in honor of Our Blessed Lady, our wonted tasks were resumed. One of the day's pleasant happenings was a short visit from our school companion, Mary V. Leary, a graduate of the class '09, who was on her way to the novitiate at Loreto Abbey, Toronto. Henceforth, Mary will be known as Sr. M. Teresita. All happiness to our little Mary in her new career!

September the eleventh—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The special feast of the Institute was celebrated in a manner worthy of the occasion. By a happy coincidence, the great Eucharistic Congress terminated on this day, and, in accordance with the orders of His Grace Archbishop McEvay, as conveyed in his Pastoral Letter, Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament was held in all the churches and chapels of the diocese.

September the twelfth—A visit from the Reverend Father Bonaventure, O. S. B., missionary of North Dakota; and Monsignor Piat, Vicaire à Sainte Marie Madeleine, à Lille (Nord), France.

September the thirteenth—The Reverend Father Lynck, Editor of "The Christian Family," Techny, Ill., spent a few pleasant hours at the Academy, renewing old acquaintance.

September the fourteenth—Monsignor Lorain, Archprêtre de St. Armand, France, paid us a short, informal call. This distinguished clergyman was a personal friend of the late Archbishop de Charbonnel, first Archbishop of Toronto, and, during his visit to Toronto, on the day previous, enjoyed the privilege of using, during the Holy

Sacrifice, the chalice which had been presented to Archbishop de Charbonnel by His Holiness Pius IX. This precious treasure is in the possession of the present incumbent of the Toronto episcopacy.

To-day brought us the further pleasure of a visit from Archbishop Gillow, of Ansequera, Mexico; Bishop Herrera of Tulancingo, Mexico; Reverend F. Chaurand, Apostolic Missionary, Mex.; Reverend F. Carolus Veler, Aeconomus Pontificiae Universitatis Mexicanae. The following morning, the venerable Mexican Archbishop offered the Holy Sacrifice in our convent chapel.



REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

September the sixteenth—Great was our happiness on learning of the arrival at Loreto, Niagara, of the renowned orator, Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose name has resounded through Canada during his recent active participation in the Eucharistic Congress, and whose fame had preceded him here, by his fearless attacks on modern society.

The general impression of the man and of his style of oratory, as expressed by the *Montreal Daily Herald*, is, that "Father Vaughan has a

way with him, a very distinctive personality; he knows how to do what he has to do, but the main impression one gets from his manner and method is, that he feels he has a mission to do it. He has his eye on 'Society,' the kind of society that sapped the virility of Rome and of France, and whose manifestations he finds very much the same now as they were then. Against society, perishing amid soft Capuan delights, he appeals to the individual, to personality. That is his whole scheme, apparently, and to the enforcement of the doctrines invoked, he brings all the resources of scholarship and oratory, with the something more, which is Bernard Vaughan and nobody else."

Scarcely had we counted on the great favor of listening, even for a few moments, to this brilliant and soulful speaker, but, on this, his first visit to the Falls, he brought us—to use his own words—"a message from beyond the seas—a word of greeting from the Loretos in the Old World."

Father Vaughan, in his own original way, likened Loreto, which he has known for almost a lifetime, to a bridal cake, beautiful without, and, wherever you cut, as fair and beautiful within. Then, the famous speaker directed our thoughts from Mary's children to the Queen Mother herself, and bade us, throughout our lives, look to her who is the masterpiece of His Creation, the trophy of His Passion and the triumph of His Love. As Jesus had come to us through Mary, through her, must we go to Jesus. Having asked to see the young lady who was leader of the school, one of the Religious presented Miss Madeleine McMahon, on whom the honored guest bestowed a very beautiful medal of Our Lady, a personal gift to Father Vaughan from His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Reverend Dr. Burke, Editor of the *Toronto Register and Extension*, accompanied the Reverend Father Vaughan. While viewing the glorious cataract, the visitors' book was handed to the distinguished clergyman, with the request for his autograph and "one little additional line." As Father Vaughan wrote his name, some one near at hand queried, "What message do those rushing waters bring you?" Laughingly, he turned and said, "What are the wild waves saying, Sister, the whole day long?" Then he entered the familiar couplet beneath his

signature. Up to the present moment, the great English orator is, probably, ignorant of the clever answer to his question, which Dr. Burke, when writing his name, vouchsafed to offer, viz., "Vaughanitas Vaughanitatum, omnia Vaughanitas." Previous to their departure, Father Vaughan expressed a wish to visit the "Master of the house," and, there in the quiet little chapel, he spent a few moments in converse with the Mighty One, to Whom he owes his wondrous gifts.

September the twenty-first—The Eucharistic Congress was the occasion of our being favored with a second visit from His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland. At one o'clock, the Cardinal arrived, accompanied by the Very Reverend E. J. Walsh, President of Niagara University; Mgr. Segrave, V. G., Armagh; Reverend J. Cassidy, P. P. Monasterboice, Reverend Edward Conor Mulhern, D. D., Bundoran; Reverend B. J. O'Neill, O. C. C., Reverend S. G. McDonald, O. C. C., Falls View; Reverend Bernard G. Fink, O. C. C., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Reverend T. W. O'Reilly, Montreal; Reverend F. Scullin, Reverend A. Madden, Reverend J. D. Birmingham, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Reverend W. F. Krampf, Cattaraugus, N. Y.; Reverend F. J. Flanagan, Moundsville, W. Va.

After luncheon, all repaired to the concert hall where a joyous welcome was extended by the students to the venerable prelate. Marzo's song of greeting formed the introductory number to a short, unique programme, after which, Miss Madeleine McMahon voiced the sentiments of her companions in a very appropriate address. Two half-choruses—"Erin, Home of my Childhood," and "Oft in the Stilly Night"—followed the address, and, as a glorious finale, our beautiful school-song, "Ave Maria Loreto," was sung with the usual zest and loyal enthusiasm. His Eminence seemed highly delighted with the reception tendered him, and referred to his visit of two years ago. It was a surprise to him, he said, to find himself again in this charming spot, as he had not counted on the good fortune of a second visit to Niagara, and had, accordingly, calculated merely on living on the joyful memories inspired by that first visit; however, as living in the past was indicative of old age, and, as he enjoyed the present so keenly, he was obliged to admit that he was always young and foolish.

Special reference was made to the Loreto nuns in Ireland. His Eminence stated that the first nun that he, as a wee tot, ever knew was a Loreto nun, and, therefore, he always had a particular regard for this great teaching Order. Previous to leaving the concert-hall, His Eminence granted the boon of three days' holidays, which won the heartiest applause from the youthful recipients.

Owing to an attack of La Grippe, M. M. Purification, a native of the Emerald Isle and a Diamond Jubilarian, was unable to meet the Cardinal, whereupon, the great dignitary visited the humble religious and interchanged views with her on the educational and religious possibilities of the home-land.

His Eminence next proceeded to the chapel where he gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. In contrast to the concert-hall, which was tastefully decorated with green, was the chapel, wherein cardinal was the predominant color, the many rich-hued bouquets adorning the altar being the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Bealy of Niagara Falls, Ont. The gorgeous robes of the Cardinal, likewise, formed a contrast to the sombre, religious habits of the two attendant Carmelite Fathers—the Reverend B. J. O'Neill and the Reverend S. G. McDonald. The Reverend Thomas O'Reilly, D. D., of Montreal, also assisted in the sanctuary. Cardinal Logue returned to Niagara University about three o'clock, having bestowed his blessing on Loreto, Niagara, and leaving behind the happiest recollections of his charming personality.

The Reverend Dr. Emil Zepf, Vice-Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, 115th St., New York City, in the afternoon of this memorable day, paid us a brief visit. This eminent clergyman spent twenty-one years in the Eternal City, and was associated with Cardinal Merry del Val in San Silvestro in Capite. Dr. Zepf was accompanied, on this occasion, by his niece, Miss Konstance Zepf, of Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. Freysing of Toronto.

September the twenty-second—The Reverend T. Malone, S. J., of Our Lady's Church, Guelph, paid us an enjoyable visit and brought us tidings of some of our last year's teachers, who are now on the staff of Loreto, Guelph.

To the several former Loreto pupils, who have recently worn the wreath of orange blossoms,

we extend our very best wishes for a happy future. The happy brides are Mrs. G. Townsend, of Rochester (née Bernice Rochford, of Buffalo); Mrs. Leadley, of Winnipeg (née Marguerite Simpson, of Toronto); Mrs. Hawkes, of Lockport, N. Y., (née Angela Mudd, Chicago); Mrs. Nicholls, of Toronto (née May Hennessy, of Lynn, Mass.); Mrs. J. T. Wogan, of Lynn, Mass. (née Prudence Van Depoele).

September the twenty-sixth—We are indebted to the kind forethought of Miss Anita Henry, former Associate-Editor of the *Church Progress*, St. Louis, Mo., for a brief call from the celebrated French writer, the Reverend Henri Beaudé, O. P., Officier de l'honneur de l'Académie Française, better known to the literary world by his nom de plume, Henri d'Arles. Father Beaudé was accompanied by his cousin, Miss Cayé, a devoted pupil of the Convent, Villa Maria, Quebec.

September the twenty-eighth—Masses were offered in our chapel, this morning, by His Lordship Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Ill., Reverend Francis Kelly, of the Church Extension, Chicago, and Mgr. Lega, Uditore di Rota, Rome.

The usual custom, which originated in our old, historic St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York, England, of venerating St. Michael, in an especial manner on this, the eve of his feast, was carried out in accordance with past traditions. The picture of the Archangel was carried into the chapel by little Miss Elsie Grafius, while her two little attendants, Miss Madeleine Grafius and Miss Doris Shreve, acted as candle-bearers. The "Te Deum" was chanted during the procession.

September the thirtieth—The Reverend Father Kreidt, O. C. C., President of St. Cyril's College, Chicago, a warm friend, and former chaplain of our Convent, celebrated Mass here this morning. Father Kreidt, who is an accomplished linguist, accompanied Cardinal Vannutelli from Chicago to Niagara Falls, acting as his interpreter during the visit of His Eminence to the Falls and Buffalo.

During the past month, we were favored by the visits of several other eminent personages—Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster Cathedral, England; his Secretary, Reverend Dr. Jack-

man, Mgr. Butte, Rector of St. Bede's College, Rome; Bishop Colton, of Buffalo; Mgr. McCann, V. G., of Toronto; Reverend Dean Morris, of St. Catharines; Reverend Father William McCann, Toronto; Reverend J. Cruise, D. D., of Port Colborne; Reverend F. Williams, Toronto; Reverend Chas. Maxwell, D. D., St. Columba's Church, Buffalo; Reverend F. Dollard, Toronto, our poet-priest; Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, accompanied by his Secretary and the Chancellor of the diocese.

October the first—At the reorganization of the St. Catharine's Literary Society, this evening, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Madeleine McMahon; Secretary, Miss Marjorie Vrooman; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham. Our Honorary President gave us an inspiring, helpful talk on the aim and scope of our literary work for the coming year, and we are looking forward, with the utmost delight, to the recurrence of the weekly meetings.

The Junior Literary Club, composed of the members of the First and Second Academic Classes, held, also, their first meeting of the term, this evening, and elected as President, Miss Louise Golden; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Josephine Meyer.

A pleasant little week-end visit was made us to-day by our dear old school-friends, Mary and Helen Lundy, who are now residing in the "Ambitious City." Not *adieu*, dear girls, but *au revoir!*

EDNA DUFFY AND MADELEINE MCMAHON.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Through a regrettable oversight, no reference was made in our last issue to a charming mid-June wedding—that of Miss Grange Banfield, of Troy, N. Y., to Mr. Robert Goodman, of Cristobal, Canal Zone.

To Grange, who spent the greater part of her school life at Loreto, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, and, who is lovingly remembered by the many to whom she endeared herself while here, sincere felicitations are extended.

After a brief sojourn at Silver Bay, Lake George, the summer home of Mr. Goodman's parents, the happy young couple, continued their

wedding trip to their far-off home in Panama, where their friends prophesy for them the enjoyment of many blessings—the reward of their individual efforts, for some years past, in the uplifting of humanity.

September the eleventh—Feast of the most Holy Name of Mary. By a Decree from the Holy See, many years ago, the privilege of celebrating this day as a Feast of the First Class was granted to the Institute of Mary—the official title of the Loreto Nuns.

It was a happy coincidence to be privileged to share, in spirit and in truth, the special solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament with the Eucharistic adorers at the great International Congress, during its closing hours, and to add another Invocation to the Mother of God—Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us!

A pleasing memento of the occasion is the artistic picture card of the Foundress, Mary Ward, which each student received, in commemoration of this joyful day.

September the sixteenth—Mr. and Mrs. W. McDevitt and Master Joseph McDevitt called at the Mount on their return to Pittsburg from the International Eucharistic Congress, and were very cordially welcomed by their many friends, some of whom had seen the interesting young scion of the house for the first time and enjoyed his boyish pranks.

From our guests, fresh from this greatest of all Congresses, we heard particulars of the proceedings—the open-air Mass, celebrated in Fletcher's Field, with its beautiful settings,—the great altar of white and gold nestling at the base of the green-clad mountain, the impressiveness of the scene—the tens of thousands of worshippers—the chiming of countless bells—the chanting of choirs—all blended in harmonious effect. Especially beautiful was the description of the culmination of the week's devotion in the magnificent religious pageant for which "summer lent to early autumn her last and choicest day," when the Blessed Sacrament was borne by the Cardinal Legate over a pathway of bloom from Notre Dame to Fletcher's Field—a distance of some miles—followed by a guard of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, while, in front, incense-bearers and flower-boys swung their censers and strewed their flowers.

September the twenty-third—A visit from Mrs. Charles Green, née Annie Henderson—a pleasurable surprise for her former teacher, who rejoiced to meet again, after a lapse of some years, this dear alumna of Loreto Abbey, with all the promise and charm of girlhood so fully developed.

Her eldest daughter is named for the gentle, winsome little Laura—a younger sister—whose brilliant career was so suddenly cut short by death during her school-days, and whose loss is still deplored. No fairer flower was ever transplanted from the garden of earth to bloom in Paradise.

September the twenty-sixth—For a whole month, the old familiar sound echoed from the "Busy-Bee" class-rooms at the end of the great recreation hall.

Although birds still sang and leaves still danced in the gaily-colored woods, the wee tots had bent their tired heads over the old, old story—m-a-t—c-a-t. School had reopened, indeed, and even the wistful eye had ceased to look longingly for the forbidden fruit of holiday time. Great was the joy, therefore, and wild the excitement when a final excursion to Dundurn Park was proposed. Eager little maids, with small baskets, well filled, appeared at 1.30, and soon the juvenile party was on the way. The Park seemed more beautiful and attractive than ever in its autumn garb, and the joyous shouts and songs of the picnickers echoed and reechoed far and near. Then came the crowning joy—and an appreciative cheer from the tots—cake and candy and fruit and all kinds of dainties—and when these had disappeared as if by magic, lo! a "good fairy" arrived, laden with a fresh supply of luscious fruit—and "wise heads" marvelled at the possibilities of childhood.

Another frolic, and the merry-makers, perfectly satisfied with their afternoon outing, wended their way homeward.

Tired laborers and busy wayfarers turned, as the car whirled by, to look at its winsome occupants, and listen to the music of their laughter.

September the twenty-seventh—Cards have been received, announcing the marriage of Miss Olive Wheaton, of Toronto, to Mr. Roger Philip Strickland.

The ceremony took place at the Nuptial Mass

celebrated by Reverend M. Whelan, in St. Michael's Cathedral, at which all the Ritual prescribed by the Church to bless the marriage of her children, was fully observed.

After an extended bridal-trip to Washington, New York, and the principal cities of the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Strickland will make their home in Saskatoon, where our good wishes follow them, and we trust, the ideal Christian home, such as dear Olive has left, will be fully realized.

September the twenty-eighth—Can you picture the delighted appreciation of a bevy of Mt. St. Mary maidens on being bidden to attend the Reception of His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli at Loreto, Niagara Falls? Perhaps you can when I tell you that, rising at the witching hour of 4.30 a. m., to catch an early train, was looked on in the light of an unexpected pleasure, and the walk in the grey dawn, as a novel experience!

But when we reached our destination and the mighty Cataract—that stupendous and most beautiful manifestation of the power and munificence of God—o'erarched by the bluest of blue skies and spanned by the loveliest of rainbows, burst upon our view, we felt disposed to do as, later, we heard His Eminence had done when he stepped from a train and gazed for the first time on the sublime reality of what he had oftentimes seen pictured—stand still for a moment and make the sign of the Cross.

A short walk brought us to the welcoming portals of the great stone mansion on the heights, and there stood beloved Reverend Mother Victorine, with kindly smile and outstretched arms, ready to greet the Hamilton girls, who flatter themselves on having a very warm corner in her motherly heart, for was she not *their* mother a little over a year ago, at Mt. St. Mary, and had they not distinct recollections of her constant care and solicitude in their behalf, and of her words of comfort and encouragement when days were, perhaps, dark and dreary. For some an introduction was not necessary, but the newcomers were presented personally, and, after a few minutes' conversation, breakfast was announced.

All was expectancy now—at any moment the Cardinal might arrive. So we betook ourselves to the verandas which command such magnif-

icent views of the vast panorama and, ere long, automobiles began to appear, evidently heading for the convent. In the first was a Cardinal's hat—it goes without saying, the wearer was a Cardinal. An instantaneous rush for the Assembly Hall—a getting into place—and, in less time than it takes me to write it, the stately, imposing form of His Eminence entered, and the exultant strains of “Long Live the Pope” rang out.

Our impressions? How gracious he is!—How Christ-like in his love for little children, to whom he seems especially drawn. Every inch a Prince of the Church, from the tip of his tiny red cap to the ground.

As an account of the proceedings appears elsewhere in our columns, I shall only add that, in the corridor of Memory, a nobler figure shall never appear than that of the great Cardinal Vannutelli.

The picturesque beauty of Uncle Sam's dominions on the other side of the river, through which we had roamed at will during the afternoon, had so fascinated those of his daughters who were of the party, that it was with difficulty we induced them to retrace their steps, in order to reach the convent in time for tea. Little did we dream of the pleasant surprise that awaited us at Falls View, where we met our Reverend friend, the ever-genial Father Rosa, C. M., of Niagara University—an authority on Niagara lore, whether geologic, historic, or legendary. The good Father spoke most interestingly of the historic spots in our vicinity, and, pointing down the river, on the left side, told us that the first settlers there used to signal to the next settlement—he seemed to indicate Goat Island or the mainland behind it—and from there the signal was passed on to the next settlement up the river—in the direction of Chippewa. These signals were to warn the settlers of the approach of the Indians. Father Rosa directed our attention to a place near Navy Island, where Joliet and his companions came, after having spent the winter at Stoney Creek, within twenty miles of Lake Erie, of whose existence they were unaware. La Salle spent that same winter journeying through the wilderness, from the St. Lawrence up by the Ottawa, across to Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, and down again, till he discovered Lake Erie. When La

Salle met Joliet here he told him of this great Lake. It was strange that La Salle should have travelled so far to discover it, and that Joliet, who spent the winter near it, should have failed to discover it. Father Rosa indicated the position of, and gave the names of several small islands of historic interest, he also showed the direction in which the famous battle-fields of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa lay.

Evening brought us home, and we felt that our day at Niagara had been crowned with a full measure of gifts.

MARY GORDON.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

In spite of the late flood-tide of eastern-bound travellers, which threatened, but failed, alas! to bear some unfortunates among us, along on its waters, to the great Eucharistic Congress, already a world-renowned event, we found ourselves back again in the Abbey study hall, ready for the roll-call, at, or very close upon, the appointed hour for resuming class-work.

“For men may come and men may go
But we ‘peg’ on forever”—

so it then seemed from our point of view. Just as well be philosophers, however, we concluded, and endure the incurable.

One wistful, backward glance, one sigh for the happy summer days, “Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon,” and then a manly bracing up for a year's earnest discharge of duty.

But our act of resignation was scarcely made when, lo! the return wave had begun to wash our own shores, and the old truism was again to be confirmed by illustration, “Fly happiness and she will follow you—pursue her and she will evade.” Many of those whose presence lent distinction and honor to that wonderful pageant, many who had crossed the seas and traversed continents to do homage to our Eucharistic King, found their way to the Queen City of the West, and we were privileged to receive them within our walls. And one and all came from that great gathering, “Their hearts glowing within them” and their countenances shining with a light which could not fail to enkindle our own, so that, in a sense, we were present at it all.

First, in order of dignity, not of time, came

the great Primate of Ireland, the direct successor of St. Patrick, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh. His elevation to the Cardinalate, in 1893, was a dignity never before attained in the line of 108 Primates, from St. Patrick down.

He was a very popular figure during the Congress, being the possessor of a deep vein of wit, which, added to all that goes to the making of a great and holy man, rendered him peculiarly attractive. The banquet tendered to his Eminence, in company with the venerable chancellor of the diocese, Monsignor McCann, and many distinguished members of the clergy, was followed by a presentation of the religious of the Institute, in the reception parlors.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, his Eminence assisted at a short programme in the Concert Hall, given by the young ladies, at which Miss Hope Morgan, one of Toronto's favorite nightingales, and a former pupil of the Abbey, contributed a few charming numbers, several of which were heartily applauded and commented upon by the great Prelate.

The Cardinal's remarks at the close were full of interest and brimming over, of course, with humor.

A few days before the Cardinal's visit we had in our midst the great Archbishop of Westminster, Most Reverend Francis Bourne, a man of charming personality, having all that courtesy and affability that is the true mark of culture and refinement.

After saying Mass in our chapel and having a pleasant chat with the community, he left for Niagara Falls, and was entertained at luncheon by our sister-convent there.

And then came the great central figure of the Eucharistic Congress, Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose presence was an honor for which almost the entire city vied. His is a very striking personality, and as all acknowledge, he is the greatest and most distinguished of English speakers and pulpit orators. He spent several hours at the Abbey, paying a visit to the study hall, where he addressed the pupils in a few touching and beautiful words, exhorting us to model our lives upon that great model of womanhood, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Other names upon our guest-book, entered during the past historic fortnight are as follows:

Mgr. O'Riordan, rector of the Irish College in Rome. L'Abbé Boudinhou, Chanoine Honoraire de Paris et de Nice, Professeur à l'Institut Catholique de Paris.

Mgr. P. Muller-Simonis, Camerier Secret du S. S. Président de la Fédération Diocésaine des Oeuvres, Strasbourg.

Reverend Father Vachon, O. M. I., from Saskatchewan; Reverend Father Lynck, S. V. D., from Techny, Ill., Mgr. Prior, English representative of the Sacred Congregation of the Rota.

Reverend Patrick Murray, Superior-General of the Redemptorists, and Reverend A. E. Burke, President of the Catholic Extension Society.

Special interest attaches itself to the recent marriage of Miss Paule Lemoine de Martigny to M. Martin. The happy couple were privileged to have the ceremony performed by His Grace Monsignor Bruchesi, of Montreal, and afterwards to receive the blessing of His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin left for a wedding-trip to France, Belgium, Holland, England and Scotland. THE RAINBOW wishes them bon voyage.

A pleasing incident in connection with the visit of Very Reverend Canon Michael Turner, of Lennoxton, Campsie, Stirlingshire, Scotland, was the discovery of a member of his flock—Sr. M. Anna—not strayed—but safe in the fold of the Institute of Mary. The unexpected meeting was a source of mutual pleasure to Pastor and parishioner, and we shared the happiness it brought.

Before leaving, Canon Turner presented a *brochure*, entitled "Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress, Montreal, September, 1910. 'Coming of Age' in Catholic Canada," translated by him; and in which touching tribute is paid to Mgr. Louis Gaston de Ségur, the illustrious organizer of the first Eucharistic Congress, held at Lille, in the north of France, in 1881.

Every page in the little pamphlet makes an appeal for greater love for our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the source of all our strength; the living Christ, "really present in the countless sanctuaries built and adorned to receive Him," and whose delight is to abide with His own.

We are deeply grateful to the Reverend donor for the treasure he has placed in our hands.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

On the twenty-first of June we kept the Feast of St. Aloysius. The great feature of the day is usually that we have our meals in the garden, but this year the weather was too unfavorable. Notwithstanding the disappointment, the day passed very pleasantly, thanks to the kind efforts of the nuns. The Optical Lantern entertainment, in the evening, was enjoyed by all.

On the twenty-fourth of June, the Distribution of the Certificates of the Royal Academy of Music took place at Government House. The successful candidates and their friends were assembled at half past four. His Excellency the Governor first said a few words, expressing his great regret at the omission of the usual concert, which, on account of unavoidable circumstances, had to be postponed. He then proceeded to distribute the Certificates to the successful candidates—the pupils of our two convents forming not a small portion. Tea in the garden followed, and the visitors having spent a most enjoyable evening, soon departed.

The annual Examinations of the College of Preceptors, London, took place, as usual, towards the end of June. Reverend L. Matthews, C. F., presided.

A few days before the pupils went home, there was a reception of Children of Mary in our chapel, which was beautifully decorated for the ceremony. Monsignor Chincotta having spoken on the solemnity of the occasion, received the children. The absence of the Bishop was greatly felt, as he had always performed previous ceremonies.

The Governor, Sir Frederick Forestier Walker, left Gibraltar on the eighteenth of July. He had just recovered from a severe illness and his state of health prevented the usual farewell functions from taking place. A salute of seventeen guns was delayed until the ship was out of sight.

During the first week of August the results of the College of Preceptors' Examinations arrived from London. They were exceptionally good. Gladys Lane obtained the highest marks in first class drawing in the United Kingdom; and Isabel Peña likewise obtained the highest total in third class in the United Kingdom.

During the holidays we were honored by a visit from Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B., a benefactor of the Institute, whom the Religious delighted to welcome to Europa. THYRA CLARK.

P. S. Following is the statement of Certificates from the Gibraltar *Official Gazette*:

It gives us great pleasure to be able to record the list of the year's successes which have been gained by the young lady students of the Loreto College, Europa.

Never since the London College of Preceptors' examinations were undertaken here have the results been more gratifying to all concerned. The nuns, the parents and the girl candidates themselves have reason to be proud of the proof, as seen below, of thoroughness and method on the part of the nuns and of earnest endeavor to cooperate with their kind and efficient teachers on the part of the pupils.

We offer congratulations to Miss Gladys Lane who has risen so high in art, though so young, as to obtain first place in the United Kingdom for Drawing. This subject in the higher classes includes both model and memory Drawing.

Miss Isabel Peña is also to be congratulated on winning first place in the United Kingdom in third class total. And Miss Lola Netto for having scored maximum for her Literature paper. We read that the Passes were cent. per cent. in all the classes.

STATEMENT OF CERTIFICATES.

FIRST CLASS.

Miss Elise Rodriguez—Pass Certificate. Distinction in Spanish and Drawing. Passed in Scripture, History, English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French and Domestic Economy.

Miss Gladys Lane—Pass Certificate. Distinction in Drawing. Passed in Scripture, History, English Language, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Music and Domestic Economy.

Miss Isabel Dotto—Pass Certificate. Passed in Scripture, History, English Language, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish, Drawing, Music and Domestic Economy.

SECOND CLASS.

Miss Maria Peña—Pass Certificate. Distinction in Music. Passed in Scripture, History,

English Language, Arithmetic, French, Spanish 1st. Class and Drawing 1st. Class.

Miss Cicily Mosley—Pass Certificate. Distinction in Drawing. Passed in English Language, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish 1st. Class and Music 1st. Class.

THIRD CLASS.

Miss Isabel Peña—Honours Certificate. Distinction in English Language, English History, Algebra, Drawing 2d. Class and Music 2d. Class. Passed in Arithmetic, French and Spanish 1st. Class.

Miss Thyra Clark—Honours Certificate. Distinction in English Language, English History, Arithmetic, Drawing and Music 2d. Class. Passed in Geography, Algebra and French 2d. Class.

Miss Adelaide Pogue—Honours Certificate. Distinction in French and Spanish. Passed in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing and Music 2d. Class.

Miss Peggy Smith—Honours Certificate. Distinction in Drawing 1st. Class. Passed in Scripture, History, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French and Spanish.

Miss Lourdes Netto—Pass Certificate. Passed in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish and Drawing.

Miss Emmie Imossi—Pass Certificate. Passed in English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish and Drawing.

LOWER FORMS:

Miss Lola Netto—Dictation and Composition,* Arithmetic,* English Grammar,* English Literature,* English History, Geography, Algebra* and French.

Miss Rosa Segalerva—Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic,* English Grammar, English Literature,* English History, Geography, Algebra,* and Drawing.

Miss Dorothy Preston—Dictation and Composition,* Arithmetic, English Grammar,* English Literature,* English History, Geography,* Algebra and French.

Miss Lolita Ordoñez—Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar,* English

Literature,* Geography, Algebra, French and Drawing.*

Miss Olive Smale—Dictation and Composition,* Arithmetic,* English Grammar, English Literature, Geography, Algebra, and Drawing.

N. B.—Subjects marked with an asterisk obtained 75% or upwards.

Just as the above brilliant results arrived there came news of the departure of the kind and efficient Superior, M. M. Assumpta, who, within six years, won all hearts among the nuns and pupils, and a sincere and lasting friendship with all who came to know her both in Gibraltar and Spain.

She has been transferred by the Superior General to Loreto Convent, Manchester, where she has already taken up her new duties. Her newly-acquired field for labor for the Glory of God and the training and education of the young includes some thousands in the Elementary Schools, and some hundreds in the Secondary Schools and College there.

While deploring the great loss her departure means to Gibraltar we are glad to know that her goodness and talents have been so rightly appreciated by her Institute. Gibraltar wishes her a full meed of happiness and success.

Personals.

"How are you now?"

"You behold me the remnant of a wreck!"

"Elsie, I'm afraid I'm never going to meet you in heaven."

"Why, isn't that just too bad. Whatever have you done, Sister?"

"And were you up the Rhine?"

"I should think so; right to the very top. And what a splendid view there is from the summit!"

"I wish I knew the best thing I could do for charity."

"Keep quiet; charity begins at home."

"Tell me what you know of the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there."

"Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—"

"Really, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

"Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked 'rest'?"

"Yes, but I aren't tired."

"The trillium is a herb."

"One example of an aquatic plant is the water-melon."

"What did you learn to-day at school?"

"Didn't learn anything."

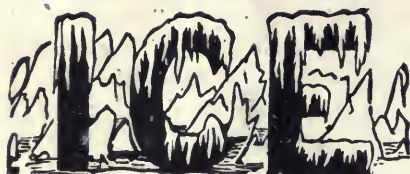
"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything. There was a lady wanting to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

"Why were you punished?"

"I was punished for taking my own part."

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